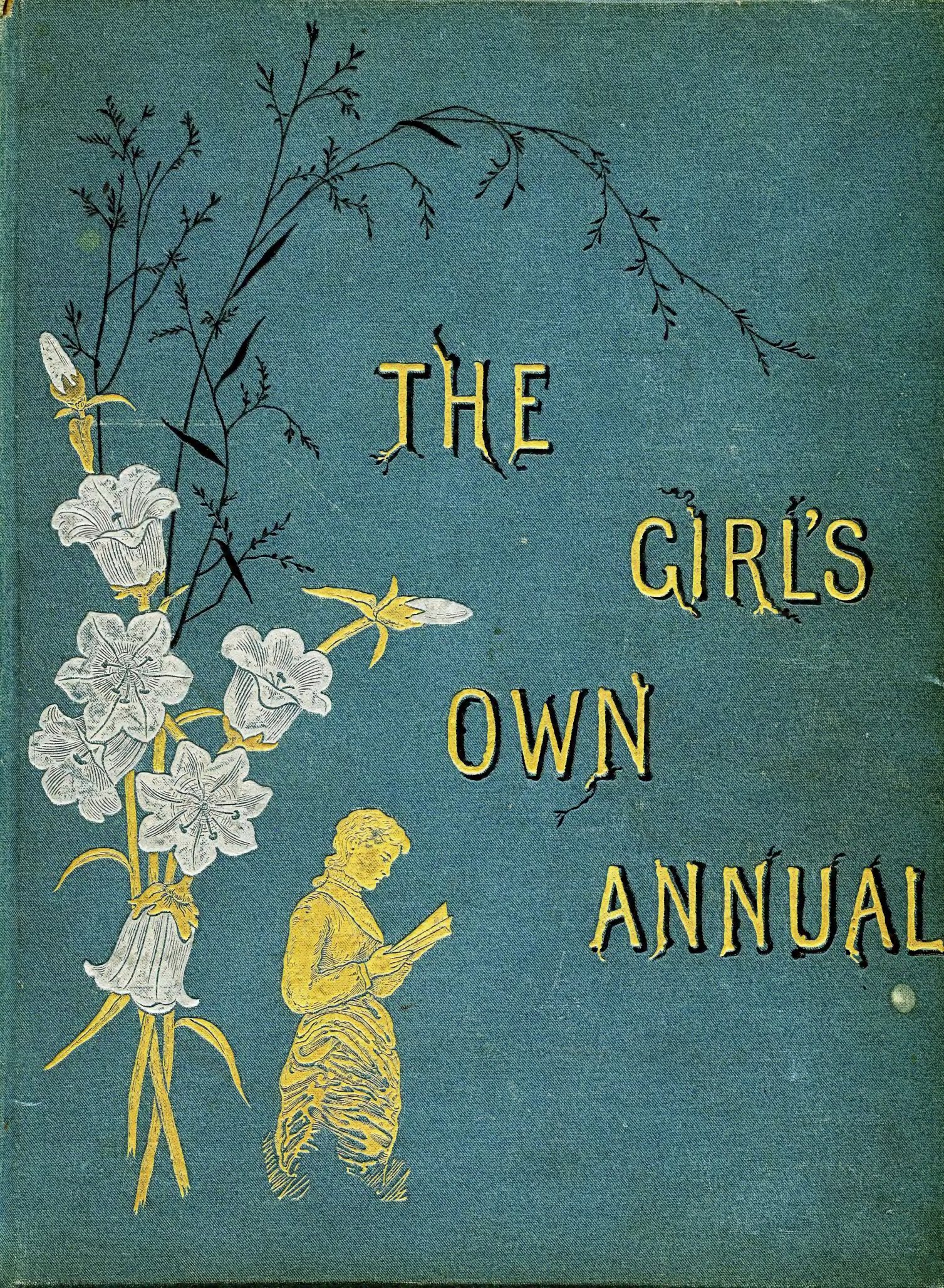

THE
GIRL'S
OWN
ANNUAL



VOL. II.—NO. 40.] OCTOBER 2, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"I PROMISED FATHER."

A TRUE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.



WHO is it that says there is no romance in humble life?—that because a man may be wanting in outward refinement he cannot know the meaning of the word? He who says so proves that he has but very superficially studied human nature, and that there are heights he has not climbed and depths he has not fathomed. There are

[*All rights reserved.*]

romances in humble life. Thousands of stories might be told of noble endurance, self-sacrifice, high-souled devotion, and faithful long-tried love, that would go to prove the fact. The simple country girl may be as true and noble a woman as the high-born lady; and a man may be a hero though he wear fustian and be utterly ignorant of what is called good society.

The true *noblesse oblige* is not confined to any rank or class, and is to be found amongst the poor and lowly as well as amongst the wealthy and high-born. Let the following little story, taken from real life, prove this.

It is only a simple village tale of a girl who held justice, duty, and honour dearer than love and happiness. A girl who, though she had no high attainments and not very much education, was in her unconscious way as true a heroine as many a noble woman of whose names history has made household words.

* * * * *

The sun was setting redly behind the western hills, throwing a ruddy glow upon the cottage windows, a glow which was reflected at one angle of the village street upon a young girl sitting on a low chair in a dark doorway, that framed her figure like a picture. It was a picture such as Birket Foster loves to paint.

Sunlight falling in golden flakes through the leaves of the creeper that draped the doorway; a box of mignonette and scarlet geraniums on the sill of the diamond-paned window; an old grey cat leisurely eating her supper out of a blue and white saucer; while the centre piece of the picture was the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked maiden, with her fresh, clear complexion, browned by constant exposure to summer sun and winter wind; a tall, well-rounded figure in a simple lilac print gown, scrupulously neat and clean, and a blue worsted stocking in her hand, whose length was rapidly increasing under her deft fingers—fingers that were neither very small nor very white; how could they help being rough and coarse when gloves were a thing almost unknown in the village, and when so much household work fell to their share?

The background of the doorway, where the girl sat, was sombre enough; and through the gathering shadows you could catch sundry glimpses of flitches of bacon hanging from the ceiling of the room, rows of glass jars arranged in the window, filled with what the village children knew as "goodies," drawers and boxes with the names of the contents written in large text hand, rolls of drapery, strings of onions, and other articles too numerous to mention, showing that the house was indeed a general shop—the village emporium, where you could buy almost anything, from a linsey dress or a "double Gloucester" to a quarter of a pound of raw sugar or a pennyworth of slate pencil. In fact, this was almost the only shop which the little village of Cleasthorpe afforded, and was, besides, the post-office and what stood for a club, for when public affairs, or, more often, narrower local interests, were to be discussed, the men were accustomed to meet and talk in John Hayes's dark, little shop, amidst the odours of cheese, smoked haddocks, and lamp oil. Thither, too, the young ladies from "The Manor" did not scruple to come when they fell short of embroidery cotton, postage stamps, or some such trifles. And Mary Hayes—our bright-eyed heroine—would stand and serve them with her ever-ready smile and pleasant voice, a smile that was just as ready and voice just as pleasant when addressing the little fellow coming in eager and self-important, enjoying the rare treat of a halfpenny to spend in some of the tempting goodies in the window, which he had so often regarded with wistful eyes and longing little mouth. She was a great favourite with the children, and never grew impatient with them for their anxious delay in coming to a conclusion respecting the various merits of bull's eyes or acid drops against toffee or peppermint lozenges.

She was a favourite with their mothers, too, for whom she always had a bright smile and cheery word when they came for their usual Saturday marketings. In fact, she was a general favourite, and held her own, as the saying is, with all in the village. Also—and perhaps this spoke as well for her as anything else—she was the friend of all the girls, too. They might at times feel a little feminine jealousy of her, when the young men seemed to value her society so much more than that of any of them; but there never was any real ill-feeling. Mary was so good-natured and kind-hearted, so forgetful of self, so careless of attracting attention, so ready to help in any difficulty—from the settling of some dispute to the trimming of a bonnet in the latest fashion—that the girls could not have quarrelled with her even if they had wished.

But of late a change had seemed to come, and the young men had begun to draw back. Not because Mary was losing favour with them, but because one of their number had begun to appropriate the village belle to himself, in a quiet determined sort of way, that seemed to say that he would admit of no rival, while Mary in her simple innocence thought it no shame to show her preference for him. He was so superior to all the other young men, she thought in her girlish imagination; so tall and handsome, so noble, good, and clever. They both sang in the village choir, and many a time Mary's clear notes had dropped into silence while she listened in admiration to his deep, strong voice. She had never heard Sims Reeves sing, but even if she had, she would doubtless have awarded the palm to her village admirer; she had never heard of Sir Galahad, but he was *her* Sir Galahad, the impersonation of all that was true and brave and noble.

But after all it was only Tom Altham, whose father acted as the village butcher, and was bringing up his only son to the same trade. But that prosaic fact did not take away any of the romance in Mary's sight, and she thought herself the happiest and proudest girl in all England because his choice had fallen upon her.

No real love-making had as yet passed between them; people were slow to act in Cleasthorpe, and Tom was not a man of many words. A sort of silent understanding was all that existed between them, and Mary was well content.

It was Saturday evening, and Tom Altham's business was done for the day, and as soon as the early tea was over the young fellow had hastened to change his working dress, arranged with much care a pink rose and a sprig of southern wood in his buttonhole, and sauntered slowly down the street, trying to look entirely unconcerned.

"Off to the Hayes's as usual," said his mother, with a shrewd smile, as she peered out of the window, watching her son's tall figure, which was throwing a preternaturally long shadow behind him in the setting sunlight.

Mrs. Altham was right. Tom was a very frequent visitor at the shop, and Mary was not at all surprised to see him arriving, though she was coquette enough to make believe she did not see him until he was close upon her and had bidden her good evening. Then she looked up with a feigned start and a deepened colour.

"Why, whoever would have thought of seeing you here to-night, Mr. Tom? Why aren't you down in the meadow playing cricket? Everyone else is there but father and me. Maybe I'd have gone, but father seemed a bit worried, so I stayed at home to keep him company."

"I didn't want to go," the young fellow answered, rather sheepishly. "I thought I'd come here and get some herrings; mother wants some."

"You'd better go inside, then; father's there, and he'll serve you," Mary answered, laughing inwardly at his lame excuse.

"All right," he replied; "there's no special hurry."

So saying, he put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the door-post, well pleased to watch the bonny bright face and deft fingers, clicking the knitting needles. The shop behind looked very dark and gloomy, and in the little parlour beyond, Tom could just catch a glimpse of an old man, white-haired and round-shouldered, sitting at a table covered with slips of paper, much thumbed and very greasy.

"Father's worried," Mary repeated, after a pause, seeing that her companion did not seem talkatively inclined. "He won't tell me his bothers, for fear of making me worry too, but I know he's got some bad debts. I wish he *would* tell me; maybe I could help him."

"How's that?" asked Tom.

"The shop's not done very well lately, somehow. Prices have gone down, you see; and father's lost some money I know, and there's a lot owing that father can't get in. It would set him up finely if he could get hold of it, but he just can't, and so there he is." And an anxious shade came over the girl's face.

"How so?" Tom demanded, in a sympathetic tone.

"Oh, for lots of reasons. There's one account, and a very big one, too,

owing from Mr. Brownlow for ever so long. Then he died, you know, and Mrs. Brownlow has gone away, no one knows where. Then there's a lot of bills owing from poor folks who say they can't pay, and father's that soft-hearted he won't make them. He's lots to bother him, has father." And Mary ended with a sigh.

"He's nought to bother him with his daughter," answered Tom, with a clumsy attempt at gallantry.

Mary flushed a little, tossed her head, and tried to look scornful as she gave him a glance from under her lashes.

"I say, Mr. Tom, you're complimentary this evening," she said.

"Well, I mean it," he replied. "Your father's a happy man to have such a daughter. I wish you were mine, Mary. No, I don't mean that," he hastily corrected himself, "for then I'd have to be an old man. But when I see you kissing him," jerking his head in the direction of the little back-parlour, "and filling his pipe, and petting him as if you loved him ever so, why, it makes me feel like—like—I don't know what it makes me feel like!"

Mary blushed rosy-red at the awkward speech, and was about to answer him when a querulous voice came from the parlour. "Mary, I wish you'd come here."

"All right, father; I'm coming," she answered, unwillingly enough it must be confessed, while Tom's countenance fell dolefully.

"I say, Mary, it's too bad," he began; "I wanted to have a talk with you. Can't the old gentleman wait?"

"I should think not! Wait for you indeed!" and she spoke impatiently, to hide her own vexation.

"Well, no, I didn't really mean it," he replied, penitently; "but I say, Mary, won't you come a walk with me after church to-morrow evening, just down by the river, where it's so nice and quiet and no one there? I want to tell you something."

"I don't know; perhaps," very coyly and hesitatingly, as she rolled up the long blue stocking with unnecessary care and precision.

"No, but promise," he pleaded, eagerly: "say you will. I'll never ask you again, if you don't choose, but just promise this once!"

"Well, then, I promise," she answered, unable to resist his pleading tone, and gave him her hand at parting. He held it firmly in both his own, as if he never meant to let it go, and gazed down into her face with a look there was no mistaking—a look that told more plainly than words the deep love that possessed him, a love that was, perhaps, all the more earnest and concentrated because he found himself so unable to find fitting words in which to give it utterance.

"Mary! Mary!" came fretfully from the dark back parlour.

"Coming, father," and Mary drew her hand hastily away from the detaining clasp.

"To-morrow evening; don't forget," he whispered.

She nodded brightly with an answering smile, and tripped away out of the bright sunshine into the gloomy little parlour, trying to look unconscious, and feeling glad that the room was too dark for her father to notice her face too closely.

"What a long time you are in coming, Mary," the old man complained, turning round and pushing his spectacles up on his forehead. "I want you to cast up these figures for me; your eyes are younger than mine, and I don't know what's come over me to-night — I'm sorely pottered with 'em."

She took the well-thumbed papers out of the old man's shaking hand, and sitting down by his side; did her best to understand his difficulties and help him out of them. But his explanations were so vague, his calculations so confused, and his mind so thoroughly bewildered that she found it difficult to know what he wanted her to do, and after spending some time in vainly trying to make his meaning clear, the old man fairly lost his temper, and declaring that his head ached until he was "fair muddled," he swept all the papers into his desk, locked them up, and bade Mary see to supper.

"You're tired, father," she said soothingly; "I'll get supper while you shut up shop, and then you shall go to bed and get rested, and then on Monday we'll do the bills together, when you are bright and fresh."

But when the old man sat down to supper he could not eat, and Mary looked at him with concern, for he did not seem at all like himself. "I can't eat, Mary," he said, fretfully, pushing his plate away from him; "I can't think what's come over me."

"You'd better go to bed, father," she said; "I'll bring you a basin of something hot when you're laid down, and you'll likely sleep sound and be all right to-morrow."

According to his wont, the old man submitted, and went slowly upstairs to his own room, whither Mary soon followed him with a steaming basin of soup in her hand. She saw him comfortably settled down for the night, and placed a handbell within his reach.

"Just you ring that, father, when you want anything," she said, "and I shall hear it and come to you at once; but I hope you won't be awake to do it, but sleep straight away."

"I think I shall," he answered, in a weary tone; "I'm very tired, some way, Mary. Good night, my lass, and God bless you!"

It was an unusual speech for John Hayes, and Mary wondered over it a little as she gave him a good night kiss, but soon forgot about it in the crowd of pleasant thoughts and anticipations that would fill her mind.

She set out her best muslin dress for the morrow's wear; took carefully from its box her new Sunday bonnet, handling it tenderly, and wondering if Tom Altham would admire the blue ribbons and scarlet geraniums, put it carefully back; undressed in the moonlight and knotted up her flowing hair; then, kneeling by the uncurtained window, she looked out marvelling at the splendour of the night and going over in her mind the short conversation on the doorstep. What happiness the recollection gave her! There was no drawback to it. Tom Altham was all she could desire, and a great favourite with her father. There could be no difficulties in the way. She knew he meant to put the final question to-morrow, while she ——; but at this stage of thought Mary's head sank upon her clasped hands and a very earnest prayer arose that she might be worthy of this great happiness.

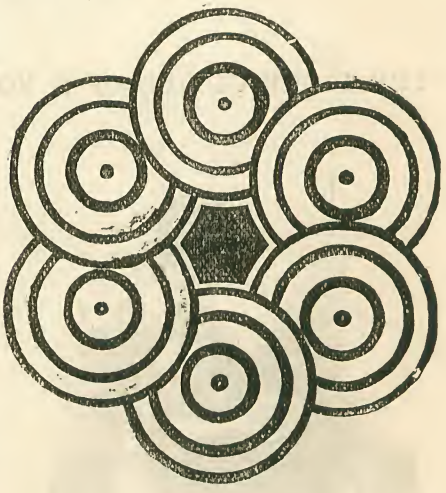
The moon shed its silver radiance over the earth; one or two stars were shining in the dark sky; the sounds of village life were hushed, and, kneeling at the window of her little chamber, Mary Hayes told herself there was not in England a girl so blessed and happy as she.

(*To be continued.*)

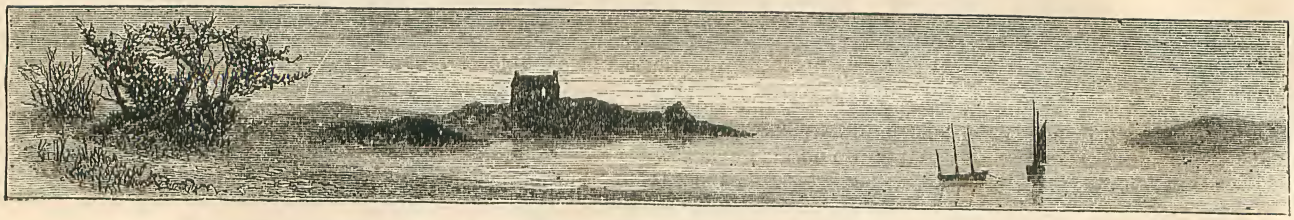
AN EXTRAORDINARY MOVING PICTURE.

"Let me see wheels go wound."
—*Helen's Babies.*

By means of the accompanying diagram we can produce a remarkable and singularly amusing optical illusion. It was popular, some of our older readers may remember, in this country some years ago, and used to be sold printed on a card by the street vendors of the metropolis.



The way to manage it is this. Hold the figure at such a distance from the eye as will afford the most distinct vision, and then move the page in a small circular sweep, just as in rinsing out a saucer. The surprising effect will then be seen of the exterior wheels all going round in the direction of this motion, whilst the cog-wheel in the centre will also appear to move. The best effect seems to be produced when any point on the paper describes a circle of about the same diameter as one of the outer circles in the diagram. The illusion, no doubt, arises in some way from the persistence of vision, by virtue of which the image of any object remains on the retina for a very short time, about the thirty-four hundredth part of a second, after the removal of the object. The appearance of a flash of lightning and the apparent movement of the figures in the wheel of life supply familiar illustrations of this. Perhaps figures such as that here given might furnish an idea to the artists of the future. The principle properly worked out might result in the institution of a Royal Academy of moving pictures, in which every tree would wave its branches and every beast wag its tail.



THE MARCH OF LIFE.

Marching onward, ever onward,
Struggling on for truth and right,
We are letters of earth's hist'ry;
Shall this page be dark or bright?
Fighting, though but feeble maidens;
Powers of ill are on each hand;
Yet, we dare not plead our weakness,
When the word has gone forth—"Stand."

Marching, gaining ground each minute,
Yet unhurried aye our tread,
Stopping not to mourn past failures;
"Let the dead past bury its dead."

Marching, with our faces upward,
Shaking off earth's clinging dust;
We are bidden to "press forward,"
And we can do what we must.

Marching on, for time is precious;
Ev'ry moment, set in gold,
Of high aims, enshrined in action,
Shall be blessed a hundred fold.
Learnt at last the hard life lessons,
Trained each virtue, pruned each fault,
Mid the setting sunlight glory,
Then the word shall go forth—"Halt."

E. A. S. K.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By DORA HOPE.



"No, Joanna, I'm quite sure I never shall manage the housekeeping as well as you have done, if I live to be ninety and practise it all the time; I feel it is not in me," said a young girl to her sister, as they sat together, having a confidential chat.

"I can understand that it seems a great undertaking to you now, Madge dear. I felt quite as helpless at first, when I had to take the reins into my own hands after dear mother's death, but it is wonderful how soon one gets accustomed to having the responsibility."

"I hope I have been a tolerably apt pupil during the last few weeks. Have I?"

"That you have, dear; in fact, I am inclined to think you have a great deal of housewifely skill 'in you,' as you call it. The one thing for you to bear in mind is to be methodical over everything, and never get into a slovenly way of letting things go till a more convenient season. With but one servant, my experience is that the only way to keep domestic affairs from utter confusion is to have a regular time for doing everything, and to do it then in spite of all obstacles. I mention this particularly, because I think your weak point is a habit of procrastination, and perhaps a little tendency to unpunctuality too."

"Yes, I know," said Margaret, dolefully. "But, oh dear! what a bad thing it is when elder sisters get married."

"There is one thing I have to suggest, Madge, that might be a help to us both, which is that you should write me a regular housekeeping-letter, say once a month, and tell me how you get on, and about any difficulties you meet with, and how you get over them, and I think by comparing notes of our experiences we may very likely help one another."

"Agreed; it is a splendid idea—it will be the greatest comfort to me. I shall not feel left so entirely to my own resources; whenever I feel despairing I shall write to you for advice; but in the meantime it is getting late, and I have several things to prepare for my personal adornment to-morrow. The toilet of a first bridesmaid is not a matter to be left till the last moment, and you have to finish arranging your presents, you know."

Joanna's wedding had only been deferred till Margaret was old enough to take her place as housekeeper. No very easy post for a girl coming straight home from school; but she had plenty of spirit and determination, and was resolved not to be easily beaten. The household consisted, besides herself and sister, of the father, and two boys, aged respectively 13 and 15. Though not by any means a poor man, Mr. Colville was neither able nor willing to indulge in extravagant expenditure, and the children had been brought up to understand that though they might have all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, anything like waste, or needless extravagance, could never be allowed.

Margaret left school six weeks previous to the wedding, in order to have the benefit of a little instruction from her sister, whom some years' experience had formed into a first-rate manager and skilful housekeeper. In fact, it was whispered in strict confidence that the bridegroom elect had at first been attracted by the admirable way in which she managed her father's house.

Margaret threw herself heart and soul into the work of learning. She felt that her only chance of filling her sister's post, even fairly well, lay in the good employment of these few weeks.

The time flew by all too quickly for Margaret's peace of mind; as the day approached she redoubled her efforts to imbibe the greatest possible amount of information, till on the eve of the marriage she declared that she felt her brain was as "crammed with observation" as that of the clown in *As You Like It*.

It was some days before the excitement and upset of the wedding had subsided, and the Colville family had resumed its ordinary quiet; but at the beginning of the week following Mr. Colville gave Margaret the customary sum for the week's expenses.

"My dear," he said, "if you make me as comfortable as your sister did, I shall be more than contented; but, of course, I do not expect that just at first. My only advice is—do not get into debt."

So Margaret began her work; Monday had always been a particularly busy day with Joanna, and Margaret made up her mind to keep to all her sister's arrangements until she had had a little experience.

At half-past eight Mr. Colville and the boys always started, the former to business,

not to return till tea-time, at six o'clock; the latter went to a day-school in the neighbourhood, and came home for dinner in the middle of the day. Immediately after their departure, Margaret betook herself to the kitchen to make her arrangements for the day. It had been a strict rule of Joanna's that the weekly supply of groceries should all be bought at once, and no more allowed unless under exceptional circumstances; this plan she had found a great saving of time and trouble. Accordingly, Monday being the day fixed for it, Margaret proceeded to inspect the jars of sugar, rice, and all the other contents of her store cupboard, and having made out the list of things required, she set out on her marketing. Weekly books had been long ago abolished, as being an unsatisfactory arrangement when there is a small and limited income. It is difficult to remember how much one has in hand, and how much must be reserved for those dreadful books, which come in stern and unrelenting, and generally amount to considerably more than one has reckoned upon, and is prepared to pay.

The abolition of books, of course, also does away with the convenience of tradesmen calling for orders, and necessitates the housekeeper herself going to the shops. In some cases this might be an obstacle to the ready-money system, but Joanna being strong and energetic, felt it anything but a grievance to be compelled to go out every day, wet or fine, because, as she said, "If I were not compelled to go out, some days I should think I was really too busy to do so just for pleasure, and so should lose a walk altogether, whilst as it is, I am sure of having at least one every day."

Besides the advantage of getting a regular walk (a very important advantage, by the way), Joanna strongly advised her sister to keep to the arrangement, on the ground that it was so much easier to buy economically. Suppose she wanted fish, for instance, it very frequently happened that the particular kind she had ordered happened to be very dear that day, while by going to the shop to see for herself, she would find that some other sort was very plentiful, and consequently cheap; in the same way she would often find the greengrocer's shop crowded with some fruit or vegetable of which there had been a glut in the market, but which she would never have thought of ordering if she had not seen it.

The milkman and baker alone were permitted to call, and keep a weekly account, but as Joanna found that they trusted entirely to memory for the quantities they had left at each house, and she suspected that they were frequently remembered wrong, she had always kept a slate hanging up in the kitchen, on which Betsy put down the amount taken each morning. As they always saw her write it down immediately, the men were willing to accept the authority of her slate in a case of a discrepancy in the accounts.

Directly the family had begun breakfast, Betsy went upstairs to the bedrooms, stripped the beds, opened the windows, and so on, after which she had her own breakfast, and was ready to receive Margaret's orders when she came into the kitchen.

While Margaret was out, Betsy was expected to have washed up and put away the breakfast things, and finished the bedrooms, her mistress having helped her to make the beds before starting. This was one of her duties which Margaret strongly objected to, but Joanna had painted in such glaring colours the disastrous effects upon the beds if they were not properly turned and shaken, and the great difficulty of the servant doing it alone, that she could not make any more objections. She soon found that after a little practice had taught her the knack of shaking the beds effectually, without at the same time shaking her whole frame immoderately, it really was not at all unpleasant work, and she began to take a pride in making them look smooth all over, and square at the corners, beauties which she had never before properly appreciated.

It happened rather unfortunately that Betsy was a new and inexperienced servant, her predecessor having had to leave suddenly. Under these circumstances Joanna had thought it prudent to write out a sort of plan of each branch of the household management for her sister's guidance. The order of cleaning rooms for the week, for instance, was arranged as follows:

Monday, the drawing-room to be cleaned.

Tuesday, one bed-room to be swept, and the dusters and kitchen towels washed.

Wednesday, two small bed-rooms, and the stairs to be swept.

Thursday, the two remaining bed-rooms.

Friday, the dining-room and hall.

Saturday, the kitchen to be cleaned, silver polished, and general putting straight for Sunday.

In these arrangements it was understood that the servant was only expected to do the actual cleaning; the dusting and re-arranging of ornaments was left for Margaret, who took this opportunity to look over the antimacassars, toilet mats, and other things in the rooms, to see which required washing and mending

Monday was a busy day for both mistress and maid, for while Betsy was sweeping the drawing-room, Margaret had to put away, and very often mend, the boys' Sunday clothes.

Then there was the linen to be collected for the wash, and the list made out, so that frequently Betsy came to say she had finished her part of the drawing-room and was going into the kitchen to "peel the petaters" before Margaret was ready. The finishing touches in the drawing-room took a long time, as Mr. Colville had a taste for china, and the room was full of fragile ornaments, which Margaret never allowed anyone but herself to touch, so that she had hardly time to begin the mending of the clean clothes which had come home from the wash on the previous Saturday, and which was considered part of Monday's regular work, before the boys came in from school, and dinner was ready.

The afternoon Margaret intended to spend in paying visits, reading, or sewing, but she often found that so many unexpected things occurred to occupy her attention that by the time she had done and could settle down to read and enjoy herself she was sure to hear her father's well-known and unmistakable knock.

On this particular Monday, she flew to open the door. "Oh, father!" she cried, as she kissed him and relieved him of his hat and coat, "I shall be able to repeat with the greatest sincerity to-night that little poem of our youth—

'How pleasant it is at the close of the day
No follies to have to repent;
But to lie down to sleep, and be able to say,
My time has been properly spent.'"

"That's right, my little daughter, and I assure you I shall be able to take up the strain, and say to myself:—

'Down I lie content and say
I have been useful all the day.'

For I have been very busy too. Are the boys home?"

"Yes, father; they have gone upstairs to make themselves presentable, and tea will be ready in a moment."

In this household, tea, that most pleasant and sociable of meals, was lingered over and prolonged to a great extent. Mr. Colville wisely considered that in the absence of a mother to guide and counsel them, it was necessary for him to do all in his power to win his children's confidence, and as breakfast was usually too hurried a meal for much conversation, he always took this opportunity of chatting with them over the day's occupations, and encouraged the boys to tell him of any school escapades or successes.

This day's doings may be taken as a fair sample of Margaret's occupations. As time went on, she found some parts of her duties grow easier with practice, while at the same time little things arose to puzzle and perplex which were not thought of at first. For example, though it sounds but a trifling matter, it was a considerable difficulty to Margaret to procure a variety in the way of breakfast. It had never occurred to her that it was possible to get tired of fried bacon, with the occasional addition of boiled eggs, until one morning, on lifting the cover at breakfast, and observing, for the fifth consecutive morning, a row of crisp little rashers, Mr. Colville gently hinted that a change might be agreeable, whilst Dick was heard murmuring,

"Bacon hot and bacon cold, bacon young and bacon old,
Bacon tender and bacon tough, we thank you, Madge, we've had enough."

After this a change was quite necessary, but Margaret racked her brains in vain to think of something new.

It happened that Joanna, whilst at home, had kept a small manuscript book, in which she was in the habit of jotting down any favourite new recipe, or any hints or ideas which occurred to her on domestic matters in general. This miscellany book she bequeathed to her sister, with some reluctance, as she had found it a very useful institution; but it stood Margaret in good stead now, as on many subsequent occasions, for here she found the very thing she wanted, an entry in Joanna's neat handwriting, headed, "Varieties for breakfast. Sheep's kidneys, fried. Fish left from previous day's dinner warmed with milk. Ditto, potted. Sausages (do not forget to prick them all over before cooking). Poached eggs on toast. Buttered eggs (break four in a basin and beat well; put 2 oz. of butter in another basin and melt; pour both into an enamelled saucepan, hold over a slow fire, keep stirring until hot, but do not let them boil; serve on hot buttered toast). Small pieces of cold meat, potted; different sorts can be used together, and, unless very fat, will be improved by the addition of a little bacon or ham. Omelettes (you must make these yourself; ordinary servants always spoil them). Stewed fruit, when not expensive; watercresses, or radishes, when in season."

With these to select from, Margaret was no longer at a loss for ideas, but unfortunately Betsy was not only an "ordinary" servant, but had even less than ordinary ideas of cookery, so if Margaret departed from the regular routine of bacon and eggs she would have to get up and prepare the dish herself, or at least superintend its preparation; and of all things her greatest difficulty was rising in the morning. She was rarely quite punctual for breakfast, and the idea of coming down in time to cook these little dishes was, she thought at first, impracticable. However, she decided to try it for a week, and she made a firm resolution to get up the moment Betsy knocked at her door (fortunately, Betsy was an early riser). She succeeded better even than she had expected, and her father's commendation more than repaid her for the exertion. He suggested that since she was in the kitchen so early, she might at the same time try if it were possible to improve the quality of the toast, which, as he pointed out to her, was usually tough, and nearly cold when put on the table. Accordingly, the next morning Margaret inquired into the matter, and found

that, to save herself trouble, Betsy put the slices of bread into the oven first, by which process they became dried up and hot through, so that the actual toasting took a very short time, but the result was highly unsatisfactory. She showed her how to make it better for the future, to cut the bread about a quarter of an inch thick, hold the slice a minute before a clear fire, to make it thoroughly hot through, then turn it, and when that side is hot, begin to move it gradually backwards and forwards till the whole side is equally browned all over. When the other side is done, instead of laying it down on a plate as Betsy had been accustomed to do, she stood each piece in the toast-rack on the fender before the fire, to keep it light. Betsy appeared to think all this very unnecessary trouble, but Mr. Colville's exclamation at the wonderful improvement in the toast convinced her that it was worth taking a little trouble over.

It was not until some three weeks after Joanna's wedding that Margaret took advantage of a leisure afternoon to begin the promised correspondence with her sister. Though a brisk interchange of letters had been kept up in the meantime, Joanna's were filled with accounts of the beautiful places they were visiting, while Margaret's consisted principally of apologies for their own brevity, the invariable excuse being that she was too busy to write. Let us look over her shoulder this afternoon, as her pen flies rapidly over the paper.

"Dearest Joanna,—Be prepared for a good long letter at last. I am going to take you at your word, and tell you about our domestic affairs. I have come to the conclusion, like you, that housekeeping in all its branches is nothing but a delusion and a snare. I do not know that you ever said so in those very words, but at any rate you tried to show me a little of the dark side of the matter, while I persisted in seeing only the bright side. My eyes are *wide* open by this time, I can assure you, and the difficulties are extremely visible to me now; so I hope you are satisfied.

"First of all, let me thank you again and again for the many kind hints you gave me about different things. It is very true that 'forewarned is forearmed,' and I should have been in despair long ago if I had not laid your wise saws to heart and acted upon them.

"I am getting quite to enjoy the shopping every morning, and it certainly is a very good thing to be able to choose just what one wants instead of being obliged to take whatever they like to send. Thanks to your teaching I can judge tolerably well of the quality of meat and fish by the look of it. I think your formula was that, if the meat be fresh and good, the flesh adheres firmly to the bone; and in beef is of a deep red colour, and the fat is firm and waxy, and not friable. Is that right? And that the best beef will have the lean intermixed with fat, so that it looks mottled. And I really think you would be gratified to see the 'cute' way in which your pupil selects fish that looks very bright and silvery, and the scorn with which she rejects as stale all that are limp and have a dull leaden appearance. In my heart of hearts, Joanna, I really believe the only true way with both fish and meat to find out if they are perfectly fresh or not is to smell them, but it *does* so offend my delicate nostrils that as often as possible I trust to the look of them.

"I have not forgotten your exhortation to keep accounts, and I do so, though it is rather irksome. Still, I begin to see that it is very necessary if one intends to be at all methodical. Father made me a present of a regular housekeeper's account book, on condition that he might be allowed to 'audit and find correct' whenever he liked. There are columns ruled for each of the ordinary expenses, such as butcher and baker, and a line drawn for each day, so that at the end of the week the total expenditure and also each item can be clearly seen. I was not very successful in my accounts at first, as by the time I reached home I had forgotten how much the various items cost, but I have adopted the brilliant expedient of always carrying a scrap of paper in my purse, on which I put down the price of each article before I leave the shop. When I can afford it I shall buy one of those purses with a washing tablet in it, but at present I have the utmost difficulty to make both ends meet without indulging in any superfluities such as new purses. It really is the greatest comfort to know exactly what I have spent and how much I have still in hand, instead of the dreadful feeling that last week's books will be coming in soon, and I shall have to pay for what was all eaten long ago. The 'sundry' column in my account book is rather a snare—it is so pleasant to put down all unaccounted-for money under that head, but I suppose you would insist on the nature of the sundry being mentioned, would you not?

"I think I can hear you say at this point, 'Well, Madge need not have harrowed up my feelings by beginning in such a doleful tone, for she seems to have a tolerably good opinion of her achievements so far.' Quite true; and I only wish I could carry on this jubilant strain a little longer, but I am now going to plunge headlong into the valley of humiliation, and tell you about a very painful thing that happened last week.

"You told me I must not trust to Betsy to make the pastry, as she is so careless in measuring quantities. On Wednesday morning accordingly I put on an old dress (very old indeed), and retired to the kitchen to spend the morning in the exemplary occupation of making puddings. No sooner had I, so to speak, warmed to my work and got myself thoroughly sprinkled with flour and other materials (you know what a mess I always do make of myself) than the bell rang, and Betsy announced Mrs. Symonds. I should like just to say in passing that I think morning calls ought to be made criminal offences and punished with the utmost rigour of the law, don't you? especially when they know there is only one person in the house. Well, I could not go to see her in that state, for, as Betsy remarked with a cheerful smile, 'Even my 'air was a mask of flour.' So I rushed upstairs, huddled on another dress, pulled out about half of my raven locks in the attempt to make my hair tidy quickly, and walked into the drawing-room, flushed and breathless, having kept the poor lady waiting ten minutes. Was it not shameful? and she seemed rather angry about it, not unnaturally I must confess. When I told father about it in the evening, he was quite severe, and said it was a most unladylike thing to keep a visitor waiting, just because I had an old dress on, and it would have been much better to go in as I was. (I wish he could have seen me.)

"Accordingly on Saturday morning when Betsy announced old Mrs. Trent, as I was in just the same predicament, I only stayed to wash my hands and shake my dress. When I went into the room, imagine my dismay at seeing that she had brought her nephew with her! that young Mr. Trent whom father thinks so highly of, you remember, and is always talking about. I saw in the pier glass that I had a patch of flour arranged coquettishly over my left eyebrow, so as all hope of disguising the fact that I had been cooking was gone, I thought I might as well tell the candid truth about it, which I did, and Mrs. Trent only laughed, and was very kind. But her nephew looked quite scandalized. I am sure he thought a young person in that state was not fit company for his aunt and himself.

'After that I thought I should have to leave the puddings to fate and Betsy after all. However, this morning I met Mrs. Trent, and she was so very kind that in a burst of confidence I told her my difficulty. She advised me to wear a large apron which would completely cover my dress, and promised to send me one for a pattern. It has just come, and is really splendid. It is made of rather coarse linen; the skirt is large enough to meet behind all the way down, and the bib reaches the neck, where it pins on to the dress. There are sleeves as well, made to slip on over the dress sleeves, and reaching the elbow, but Mrs. Trent says if one's sleeves are wide enough it is better to roll them up, and dispense with the linen ones.

"I am going to set about making myself some aprons at once; then I shall be able to put on a respectable dress without fear of spoiling it—and if a caller should come, I have only to nip off my apron, and, hey, presto! I am as neat as if I had never seen a pudding in my life. But, then, there is my hair! Should you advise a nightcap? Or shall I let the people think that it is an idiosyncrasy of female members of the Colville family to wear powder in the morning?

"You will perhaps wonder how I get on in the matter of making both ends meet. Alas! the very first week I had to ask father for another sovereign. My money was all gone by Saturday, and no meat in the house but the carcase of a sirloin of beef to offer my hungry relatives for their Sunday's dinner, so there was nothing for it but to ask for more money.

"The next week I resolved that nothing should induce me to run short, and accordingly I carefully measured the appetites of the household, and ordered only just as much of everything as was absolutely necessary. In consequence, one evening when a gentleman called, and father told me to order up some supper for him, there was literally nothing in the house, and Betsy had to race round to the nearest shop to buy something. That rather annoyed father, and considerably damped my ardour for economy, especially as an attempt in another direction was not more successful. I thought the washing-bills were too large, so made up my mind that one clean table-cloth should last a week, and the very first day that troublesome Dick spilt gravy on it at dinner-time. Thus the second piece of economy was knocked on the head. I felt that a remonstrance to Dick was not only allowable but quite a matter of duty, and perhaps I was rather too angry, but at any rate he did not at all like it, and went off sulkily to school, muttering that keeping house did not seem to agree with my temper.

"Now, Joanna, how am I to act to the boys? Am I never to scold them? You know what harum-scarums they are; there is no chance of keeping the house in any sort of order if they are left entirely to their own sweet wills, and yet, as there is so little difference in our ages, they resent my lecturings very strongly.

"And also, how am I to be strictly economical and yet be prepared at any moment for an unexpected run upon the bank, or rather larder?

"Please send me your opinion upon these points as soon as you can, and any other hints you think would be useful. The smallest morsel of advice thankfully received."

Margaret's letter was here interrupted by a boyish voice calling,

"Madge, Madge, where have you hidden yourself? Do come, it's just upon tea-time!"

This Margaret knew to be a slight exaggeration; but, bringing her letter to a hasty conclusion, she gathered up her writing materials and ran down stairs to join her brothers.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO FORM A SMALL LIBRARY.

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good."
—*Wordsworth.*



It would be easy to fill a whole number of this magazine with the good things that have been said from time to time about books and reading. Some of these have been far-fetched, no doubt, just as we find man's expressions inclined to extravagance when he speaks of her he cares for most, but in the main they are no more enthusiastic than the subject deserves.

In books, be it remembered, we have the best products of the best minds, and in such a form, too, that we can conveniently appropriate them for our own use. Through books we enjoy the companionship of the most noble spirits, not only of the present but of the past. Think of this, and you will be inclined to re-echo the words of Sir John Herschel, "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading."

We must be fully alive to all the advantages of reading or we are not likely to be much interested in anything that can be said on the formation of a small library. Unfortunately, ignorance with its narrow views gives bad counsel in many a home, and the reading of books is often regarded as a refined species of trifling. instead of being, as it is, the most economical pleasure, and the most profitable of employments.

Those in the habit of observing what goes on in the circle of their friends will readily acknowledge that reading good books, if it does no more, at any rate does this, it raises the tone of the mind and purifies the morals in much the same way as the frequenting of good society. No one, it has been said, can write in a vulgar style who is in the frequent habit of reading the Bible, and the remark may be applied, though in a less degree, to all books. A girl becomes a reflection of the graces of her favourite authors, and though she may have no wealthy or aristocratic friends, if she moves at home in the society of Shakspeare and Milton she can never be commonplace, and will always make herself respected.

By reading, too, we learn how best to make our way in the world. Almost everything worth our knowing is to be found in books, and if a girl has to earn her own living, let her read till she makes herself mistress of all connected with the business in which she is engaged. This is a way to succeed that will seldom be found to fail.

The study of books, to mention another advantage, enables us to take our place with credit in society. When people meet together it should be to exchange ideas, and the trifling conversation one hears nowadays, in the company of otherwise very charming women, arises in a great measure from the fact that they have never acquired a taste for reading.

But one of the greatest charms connected with books is that by their aid we can support loneliness with tranquility. Take the case of a girl away from home, and working every day for her living amongst strangers. How invaluable books are to her, supplying her with the most friendly counsel, the most wholesome instruction, the most rational amusement, and the best of companionship. There are thousands of young women in London and other large towns, who, if they could only be induced to form a small library, would find in it the surest safeguard against the perils which surround their solitary condition.

We might show, also, how reading puts us in the best possible position for doing good in the world, and how the formation of a taste for it is one of the best preparations for the old age that will insist on coming all too soon. But the subject is one which you girls can work out for yourselves; so think it over, and you are all so sensible, that I anticipate your coming to the conclusion that every one who can afford anything beyond the necessaries of life should set apart a definite sum at regular intervals for books, and form the habit of always looking out for new ones.

You may have it cast in your teeth that you are nothing but a book-worm. Never mind; have the answer ready, that a book-worm is one of the most respectable of worms, and that you are in company to be proud of. There is certainly one class of book-worm which I hope you will never be like; to it belong all those who love nothing but books, and are so absorbed in them that they forget their duties in real life. But this sort of book-worm in our busy age is fast becoming an extinct animal.

A well-chosen library, growing larger year by year, is an honourable part of a girl's history. No one whose opinion is worth having, but will love and esteem her the more for it.

To all girls I say, never marry a husband who has not a collection of books of more general interest than his cash-book and ledger. The reading young man makes a stay-at-home fireside-loving husband. Like to like. Unhappily, it is not always so. The book-lover marries, and is linked for life to one who thinks books an encumbrance, and the money spent on them a waste. When he comes home with a newly-bought treasure he has perhaps—it is no overdrawn picture—to slink through the shrubbery, and drop his book in at the library window, before he goes round to his own front door to ring the bell.

Alas! It is a difficult thing to convince some people that there is any necessity for buying and owning books. They point out how many circulating libraries there are in the country, and how there are public libraries and free libraries everywhere for the express benefit of earnest students and those of voracious literary appetite.

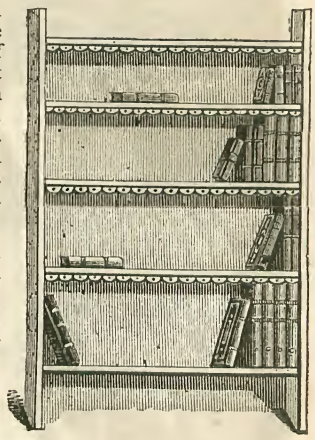
Now the value of these institutions no one can deny. But the fact remains that to get real benefit from the best books we must buy them and keep them always beside us. Think of sending to a circulating library for a copy of Spenser, or Milton, or Dante, to be read and returned in fourteen days. No; books like these are not to be run through as you would a volume of travels or a popular story.

Books of reference, also—dictionaries, commentaries, and such like—we should own. Asking at the library for the loan of a dictionary would show about as ill-furnished a house as begging your next-door neighbour to lend you a teapot or a frying-pan.

However, though it cannot be stated too emphatically that no one who really loves books should abandon the pleasure of possessing them, and that, however small, everyone should have a collection of her own, we do not advise the neglect of circulating libraries. In them we find the literature of the day, and with that it is the duty of everyone to be more or less acquainted. We live in the present, not in the past, and if we are to be of any use in our time we must understand what is going on.

How many books should our small library contain?

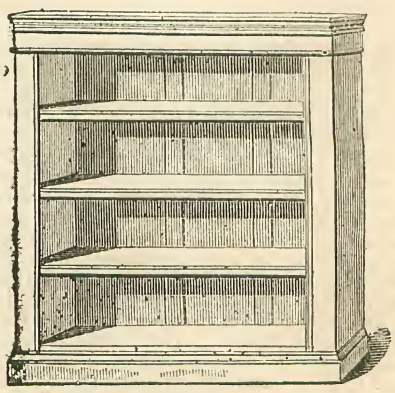
This is a question of considerable difficulty, but as we are bound to name some number, suppose we say fifty. Fifty volumes of good books form a respectable library, and they may be so selected as to contain a vast fund of beauty, wisdom, and information.



Of course, compared with the number of books that have been published, fifty is but a millionth part of a drop in a bucket. You might, if your tastes lay that way, gather together over a thousand volumes on the subject of chess alone, and a fully-appointed library in theology must contain far over 30,000 volumes. But it is impossible to buy all literary works, and it is perhaps not desirable even to buy a great many, unless you wish your room to be like that of one of my friends, in which you cannot sit down for the books piled up on the chairs. Fifty will do very well to start with.

Fifty, then, be it. It will be a matter of great surprise if you stop at fifty. In book buying the appetite increases with every purchase. I began—if by way of illustration one may be permitted a scrap of autobiography—not so many years ago with modest notions and a handful of half a dozen books. Now I have considerably over four thousand volumes, and the modest notions have given place to extravagant visions of additional spoil. But none of you girls are ever likely to be in such a bad way. The famous founders of libraries have for the most part been old bachelors.

Now what will be the cost of our small library of fifty? The purse of the fairy tales that was always full of gold and silver has either been lost, or the present possessor keeps it all to herself; otherwise, we might speak of cost with perfect indifference. But as it is, we must look the question in the face, and in times when people are reluctant to spend because money is hard to obtain, we shall do our best to be economical.



At one time books could only be obtained at great expense, but things have changed since then, and the best literature is to be had



TRUST.

Do you remember? Yesterday was bright,
And fresh and fair;
The sea was sunny blue—and rippled o'er
By soft sweet air.

"But look how those wild waves, foam-tipped and dark,
Roll in to-day;
Listen how sadly those great restless winds
Howl round the bay.

"Their moan and roar *will* strike upon my heart
With sudden pain;
Oh! will my boy—my bonny sailor boy
Come back again?"

* * * * * * *

"O faithless heart! be still. For God is God
As much to-day
As when the world and sea and sky were fair
And bright and gay.

"Are not the winds His messengers of Love,
Doing His will?
'His path is in the sea,' and His dear voice
Has said, 'Be still.'

"And He can say it now. Trust then, O heart!
And be at rest;
Your sailor boy is in His Father's hands,
And *must* be blest.

L. A. M.

at a figure which it is no exaggeration to say is no cost at all. The fifty books will cost, on an average, two shillings apiece; thus five pounds will cover the whole library. It might even be done for less, but in giving a quotation it is better to err on the safe side. Should it cost quite five pounds, it will, I hope and believe, prove the best investment of that sum you ever made or can make.

The five pounds need not be paid out all at once; indeed, ought not. The accumulation of your library should be spread over a long time, or it is not likely to do you much good. Besides, what is the pleasure of going into a bookseller's shop and ordering fifty books to be sent home in a box, compared with the delight of paying the bookseller visit after visit, looking over his shelves, picking out treasure after treasure, and carrying them home in your hand?

You might begin by laying aside for the purposes of your library, say a shilling a week. What would be the result? A shilling a week makes fifty-two shillings in a year, and amounts up to a hundred and four shillings—more than the five pounds you require by four shillings—in two years. If a shilling a week is too much, say sixpence, and if a girl cannot spare sixpence, there is no reason in the world why she should not set aside threepence. True, she will not have completed her fifty books for eight years, but she will know them in the end quite as thoroughly as if she had bought them in two, and that is the great matter.

It is impossible to gather together a library, however small, without making some sacrifice for it. And the books are all the dearer if to purchase them we have denied ourselves something. Reduce the amount you spend in dress, if that can be done without ceasing to be tidy and respectable, and your library is already gained and an incalculable addition made to your chances of happiness and usefulness.

There is no reason why we should not buy almost all our books second-hand; it makes a great difference in the expense, and the books are often none the worse for having previously formed part of another's library. Avoid, however, forming a ragged regiment. There is a joy in thumbing one's own books out of existence for oneself, but none in using books half thumbed out of existence by other people.

The best plan in buying second-hand books is to make the acquaintance of some large dealer who has a general stock which he is frequently turning over, not one who deals in any particular class of books. Tell him the books you wish to buy, and if you have any skill in the art of management, you will not be long in making his experience of material service to your inexperience.

You cannot buy expensive editions; that is understood. But, after all, we want books to read, not to look at, and they will serve our turn if they are so clearly printed as not to try the eyes. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that there is a real enjoyment in reading a fine edition, and it would be affectation to say that we would not invariably buy the best copies if money were always at command.

Neither can you indulge in extravagant bindings. Dictionaries and books that are frequently handled should have strong leather binding; for all others the ordinary cloth is good enough. Some people who have only a half-hearted interest in paper and print, recommend that we should never bind up our magazines. On the other hand, bind up everything, say I, magazines, pamphlets, prospectuses, and programmes. You have no idea of what interest a few such odd volumes will become in the course of a few years.

While on the subject of magazine literature, we might mention that every girl should by this time have had the numbers or parts of the first volume of the GIRLS' OWN PAPER bound up, so that they may not become dirty and untidy-looking. Every girl who is not extravagant, and who wishes to make the best use of her paper, should have the "Annual" already on her bookshelf, so that, with the aid of the index, she might be able to refer to any information that has already been printed relating to matters requiring immediate attention. This is the more important to a wise girl, as it is the editor's intention to decline to repeat any assistance or instruction that has already been imparted in the first volume.

Now we can speak about the bookcase—the house in which our family of books is to be lodged. About it there is no great difficulty, for fifty books do not require much space. Between sixty and seventy inches of shelf-room will be quite enough for that number. We must, however, provide extra accommodation for library books, and for books borrowed from friends, as well as for magazines and other periodicals, so I think we would not make quite a satisfactory start unless we had at least nine feet of shelving. This would not be a tight fit.

But beware of having too much space. Nature abhors a vacuum, and so does every well-regulated mind detest a bookshelf with nothing on it. Many a one has been seized by all the symptoms of bibliomania just from possessing a bookcase a few feet larger than he actually required.

The material of which the bookcase is made should, according to the laws of artistic furnishing, be the same as the principal furniture of the room in which it is to stand. Circumstances, however, must be our guide, and as I am always in favour of economy, especially in starting a new pursuit, my advice is in favour of a bookcase at first of the cheapest wood that looks respectable.

There is not much choice in the matter of form. The hanging bookshelves and the dwarf bookcase shown in the illustrations on the previous page are very neat, and will be found to answer admirably, whilst they are so simple in construction that a girl's brother, if accustomed to the use of tools, might put them together in a few spare hours.

We have now discussed the accommodation for our books. Next, about the books themselves. What are the fifty to be? JAMES MASON.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THE ANTAGONISTS.



IT was towards the end of the Christmas holidays, and the principal of Crofton House sat in her own private study, bending thoughtfully over two letters which had just arrived.

One of the letters was the recommendation of an English governess, whose age appeared from that letter to be the only thing against her. She was barely twenty-one, but she had great abilities highly developed, was skilful in teaching, a strict disciplinarian and grave in her ways.

"And we must hope," murmured the principal, as she decided to engage her, "that tact may make amends for youth, and self-control temper inexperienced strictness."

Unfortunately, this hope proved vain.

"Guard yourself. Oh! my daughter, guard that temper of yours. In trying to conquer others strive to conquer yourself," murmured a mother, lovingly, as she anxiously bid her daughter good-bye.

And in reply to the earnest admonition, the new English governess for Crofton House gave her widowed mother a cold kiss, and with a cool "I daresay I shall do my duty," she, too, said good-bye, and set out for her new post.

The mother turned back into her home, praying, with hot tears, that it would please God to soften her child's stubborn heart, and to guide her into the paths of peace.

The other letter which on that winter's morning had called an extra shade of thoughtfulness into the principal's pleasant, truthful-looking face was from the parents of an only child and proposed new pupil.

In writing of her the mother said: "Our Helen has been brought up so differently from most girls, that I fear she would appear to you in some respects almost eccentric. And I cannot deny that we have very greatly indulged her. She has been the queen in her own home and is very high spirited. But she is singularly generous-hearted and frank, and easily led by kindness. She is the sunshine of her home, and I do think that even the well-known pleasant atmosphere of Crofton House would gain in brightness by her joyous merriment."

Crofton House was so noted for its high moral tone, for its girls' bright faces, brave bearing, and well developed minds, that its gifted and highly esteemed principal had never any trouble to fill vacancies, as Mrs. Edison well knew when she absolutely pleaded for her child's admission, and even as it was Miss Crofton hesitated some time before she answered the letter.

But she had seen and liked the parents, she had seen the bright, handsome girl herself, and the end of the matter was that she engaged the strict disciplinarian and she accepted the high-spirited pupil.

The combination proved rather troublesome.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW PUPIL.

"CLARA BOSWELL, Sybil Pinckney, and all of you, I bring you another companion," said Miss Crofton, one rainy Wednesday afternoon at the beginning of February, as she threw open the door of the largest class room and ushered in a tall slim girl of about fourteen.

The two eldest girls who had been thus addressed by name came forward, and with a few more words of mutual pleasant introduction, and with a nod and smile of encouragement to old pupils and new to make friends with each other, the principal left the room, and for a few moments she seemed to have taken the general power of speech with her.

Thirty pairs of eyes looked at the stranger, and the stranger's one pair looked back at them with glances that greatly puzzled her new companions. None of them could decide whether those glances were merry or grave. At last, Miss Pinckney said in soft, half-shy tones—

"Will you tell us your name, please? Miss Crofton forgot to do so."

The stranger's lips parted with a smile, and the expression of the bright, dark eyes was unmistakable now, as she came a step or two further into the room, and answered with a quickness which startled her hearers and, at the same time, banished their timidity. "I was just wondering who would speak first. My name is Helen Edison, otherwise called Topsy, in polite allusion to my head. I tried yesterday the effects of a whole pot of warranted prize medal best bear's grease on it, but you see it hasn't had very much effect, unfortunately; and mamma scouted my proposal to buy a smooth flaxen wig to make my first appearance in."

"Did you really want to wear a wig?" asked a fair, golden-haired child, looking up with big wondering eyes at the olive, oval face before her. She added, gravely, "I think your great heap of little black curls must be much prettier than a wig would be. Don't you?"



TOPSY.

"No, indeed. I'd rather have the lankiest of long lank carrots. I tried the effect of some thin slices of real carrots one day in a charade, and found the transformation in my appearance quite wonderful."

"I should think so," said roundabout, rosy-cheeked Milly Wilmot, with a laugh, in which most of the others joined. "What a queer girl you must be!"



"CONVERTING HER THRONE INTO A SEE-SAW."

"Oh, very queer," was the calm, grave answer. "You'll soon see how queer when you've asked the regulation string of questions."

"The what!" exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"Why the regulation string of questions, to be sure. I know exactly what they are. I've read about them ever so often. I'm a new girl, and you are all old girls, and so of course you begin by asking me, "Is your father a chimney sweep or——?"

"Oh! How can you!" in chorus from most of the wide-eyed listeners, while Clara Boswell looked indignant, and two or three exclaimed, laughing, "Oh! Don't stop. Do go on. What do we ask next?"

"Well. Let me think. Ah! to be sure. Next you ask me if I am older than I look, or if I look older than I am; and I answer that depends upon individual opinion. Then you naturally want to know whether my woollyish black hair proves me a Hottentot or a Zulu; and whether my father keeps a carriage; and if my mother has a lady's maid; and if the doctor has ordered that I am to have extras for breakfast; and whether I shall have a hamper once a month. There! I can't remember anything more; but I know there are lots of other things you want to know. Do ask me some of them, please. I am in one of my polite moods to-day; to-morrow I may be quite different, and not at all nice to questioners, so do please ask me what you like now."

"Well, in the first place," exclaimed Milly Wilmot, "do pray tell us where in the world you come from, from Robinson Crusoe's island or where? For you are quite different from the rest of us, I'm sure."

"Am I really? Mamma said she was afraid I should be. But all the same, I had no such fortune as Crusoe," was the regretful answer; "although I might have been 'Leila on the Island' over again; for there was a great storm at sea seven years ago, when we all came over from India."

"Oh, dear, how funny!" murmured that golden-haired little Rosa Bell. "Then your father was an Indian, I suppose?"

"A what!" cried the new pupil, her cheeks flushing hotly for a moment. The next instant memory returned to her, and her face cleared as suddenly as it had clouded. Throwing her arms about the child, she danced with her round the room to the accompaniment of her own rippling peals of laughter.

"But what is the matter? What have I said?" asked Rosie. "You did say your father was an Indian, didn't you?"

"Not exactly, you very small finisher. My father was a commissioner, if you know what that means; something rather high up, with a lot of hard work and looking after other people to do, and a great deal of anxiety, and now he is done with India for good and all, and he's a great deal older than mamma, and a good deal older than I am, and—but wait a minute. What capital balancing chairs you have here! I do like chairs that won't topple over the instant you try to sit on their backs. Now this," suiting her actions to her words, "is quite deliciously safe and comfortable."

Whether Miss Helen Edison looked really safe and comfortable was a matter, as she would herself have said, that depended upon individual opinion, but she certainly looked very contented as she sat perched on the top back rail of one of the heavy, old-fashioned chairs, with her feet patting up and down on the seat, and converting her throne into a see-saw. Once the chair tipped back over far, and Rosa Bell caught at it hastily with her hands with a little cry of fear.

"Thanks," said the new pupil, calmly; "but pray don't be frightened for me. I always sit on the backs of chairs, and there's no fear for my neck, for I wear very stiff collars on purpose to guard it. But, while I think of it," turning to the others, "how comes this little mite of a long-curled thing amongst all us finishers?"

Rose answered for herself, quickly. "Because my papa and mamma are in India, too. And Miss Crofton let me come here with my sister, so that I should not have to be somewhere all alone."

"Oh! I see. My sister and the world, and the rest all desert island. Where is this wonderful sister who is the only person who prevents your being all alone?"

"She is in the study learning her lessons. She's always learning lessons," with a little sigh; and Rose went off to join her, as the new pupil remarked—

"Dear me! What a pleasing contrast she and I will make. When mamma introduced me to Miss Crofton just now, she said, gently, "My Helen has good abilities, but a slight want of application! And you can't think how wonderfully true those last words were, at least about lessons. But I've tremendous application about some things."

"About learning how to sit on the backs of chairs, you mean, for instance?" asked Milly Wilmot.

"Just so. You see my father always wished I'd been a boy, so as I am fonder of him than of all the rest of the world put together, excepting mamma, I have done my best to please him in my manners and customs."

"And of course he has been pleased at having a sort of tomboy daughter?"

"Well—no—I can't say he has, unfortunately. But, then, as King Lear's daughters say, 'How hard it is to have a thankless pa!'"

"Fancy quoting Shakespeare," exclaimed Milly. "I've never read a line of him."

"Fancy misquoting Shakespeare," said a classical-faced companion, looking up from a volume of Tennyson's, out of which she was learning the "May Queen' for her elocution lesson. Shaking her shapely little head at the irreverence, she once more bent it over the poem, while the misquoter continued—

"But then, thinking of application, there is another thing. Did you ever, any of you, try how difficult it is to make yourself look absolutely stupid? It took me a whole week's tremendously hard practice before I could do it. But I have succeeded at last. Application met with its full reward. Just see if you don't think so?"

The new pupil had scarcely asked her question when there was a general start and exclamation. The transformation in the brilliant young face, a minute ago sparkling with intelligence, was marvellous.

The expression now was one of weak, pitiful helplessness; the lustre of life seemed to have faded away beyond recall, and the look in the eyes was strained and dreary as she turned them slowly from one to another, and muttered, "I don't think the masters and governesses will expect very good lessons from me, will they?"

As she spoke, Clara Boswell, Sybil Pinckney, and two or three others turned and walked away. The rest greeted her questions with a suppressed titter, which continued and increased as the stranger, still maintaining her most dismal aspect, began to imitate the repetition of a lesson in a mumbling, uncertain tone.

"Augustus and Elizabeth were both great men—I mean, Augustus was a man, and—the population in the time of Elizabeth was Augustus—at least——"

And then, with an instantaneous change to an expression of most grave and sober sense, the incoherent repetition gave way to the following entreaty, uttered in a tone of quiet, pathetic reproach—

"Girls, girls, don't giggle! It *is* so unladylike. Whatever else you do, let me implore you not to giggle."

For some seconds the giggling was worse than before, as the young Mentor shook her grave, curly head with an air of pitying sadness for her companions' levity. But, piercing through the sounds of merriment, at length a hard, dry cough was heard approaching the room, and Clara Boswell flew back to the group gathered about the chair throne, exclaiming in a voice choked with strong emotion:

"Surely you are going to leave off this cruel nonsense now, and don't mean to wound poor Josephine for the sake of a stranger we know nothing about?"

"If I am the stranger you mean," remarked Miss Helen Edison, calmly, "I think you are most unfair after all I have given you in the way of personal information; and as for poor Josephine, whoever she may be, if her sense of the proprieties is so strong as to be wounded by hearing us laugh and seeing me sitting on the back of a chair, the sooner it is wounded the better, I decide."

"No, no, it's not that, though; it's not that. Clara is right, you will see. We ought not to have laughed," said Milly Wilmot, quickly, in contrite tones, and with flushed cheeks.

The new pupil looked round her, and saw that most of her companions' faces began to give more or less evidence of penitence or shame.

The next moment the door opened, and little blooming Rosa Bell reappeared hand in hand with a very tall, thin, almost

white-haired girl of about seventeen. The pale, careworn face and stooping shoulders gave the impression of a poor, half-starved seamstress, just emerging from her close, ill-lighted garret to carry home the needlework by which she earned her miserable food and shelter. The lustreless look which Helen Edison had conjured up for a few minutes' fun was an abiding reality on the face of Rosa's sister.

Instinctively the air of merry defiance dropped away from the new pupil, and she slipped quickly and quietly down from her perch, as the golden-haired child came forward with her companion.

CHAPTER III.

POOR JOSEPHINE.

"MISS EDDY——," began Rosa, and stopped. "I forget what you said your name was?"

"Helen Edison."

"Oh, yes. Then, please, Miss Edison, this is Josephine; and she is the only one," added the child, with a tone of affectionate pride, "who is allowed to sit in the study alone when she likes to work. She is the oldest of us all here."

"Pray don't remember that," said the elder sister quickly, and for the first time raising her sorrowful-looking eyes. "Try to think that I am the youngest here, younger even than Rosie, and you won't despise me so much. Rose says you are very clever, she expects, and I am stupid, so stupid."

"Are you? Then I expect I shall find I like stupid people," was the distant answer. "You look very kind. If I crack my head or cut my fingers off, I'd rather come to you than to anyone else here, I believe, to get mended."

An eager, startled look of wonder appeared suddenly in the schoolgirl's sad eyes, such a look as not even her companions of two or three years' standing had ever seen before. It seemed as though light had suddenly been shown to her where all had hitherto been dark. And it was even so. Pity she was accustomed to. Forbearance had been her portion from others ever since she came to school. This was the first time that any one had even hinted at the possibility of turning to her under any circumstances whatever for help or comfort. A new sun had suddenly flashed its light into her life. She might be of use instead of useless. Books were not the only path, after all, to esteem.

The new pupil's first half-hour at school had not been lost.

Ten minutes later Milly Wilmot drew her away with her to the further end of the room, and whispered, "It was very kind of you to say that to poor Josephine about going to her if you hurt yourself, and you really must be clever to have thought of it. But, of course, you did not mean it?"

"It would not have been very kind of me to say it, if I didn't," retorted Helen Edison, indignantly. "And I don't know what school girls may do, as I have never been one before, but girls at home are taught not to tell stories."

"And so are girls at school," said Milly, in her turn, half indignant, but she was of too light and careless a nature to take such a reproof much to heart, and, whatever faults she might have, she had at any rate the virtue of good temper, and very soon added:

"But you must confess that I had some reason for thinking you were not in earnest when you said you would get Josephine Bell to do anything for you. You must be able to see with half an eye, even though you are a new girl, that she is quite right, poor thing, in saying she is awfully stupid. Indeed, stupid is hardly the word for it."

"No. Fear would be a much better one," was the quiet answer.

Milly Wilmot turned and stared at her companion. "What do you mean? If you suppose that Miss Crofton herself frightens her, or lets anyone else be hard to her, you are very much mistaken. And you have seen already how all the elder girls look out for her and take care of her. There isn't one of even the hardest of us that does not pity her tremendously for being so wretchedly stupid."

"And between you, you have made her wretchedly afraid of your pity, and afraid of having always to be pitied. And just because she cannot learn a lot of lessons so quickly as most people! My father once said, when some friends were talking of people like that, that God had given a great many good gifts to men, and the least of them all, in his opinion, was the power to learn a great heap of lessons out of books."

"And what did he think was the greatest of them?"

"The grandest of them all, he said, was the power to see the best qualities of others."

There was a slight pause; and then with a quick change of tone and expression, Miss Nellie gave her companion's arm a little pinch, and muttered, "To save you trouble, I might as well tell you that my prime virtue is a singular skill in mischief; and as yours, I am sure, is a laudable love of fun, I hope we shall be good friends."

Milly looked up with eager delight at the suggestion. As a rule, new girls had to wait to be chosen, but there was something about this new girl, her handsome face with its keen bright eyes, her daring, her merry impudence, and her dignified self-assertion, that made it appear quite fitting that she should usurp the right of choice. Milly Wilmot felt that a distinction had been conferred upon her accordingly, and earnestly declared that, as far as she was concerned, she was sure they would henceforth be quite inseparable.

"We can walk together, you know, and learn together, and sit together," exclaimed Milly, rapidly enumerating the privileges and pleasures, according to her ideas, of a real school friendship. "And we can talk together, and——"

"And eat together out of one plate, like two cats," interrupted Helen Edison. "I hope I eat quickest. If I don't, I'll soon learn. I learn all those useful sorts of things very easily."

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

By LADY BENEDICT.



As this is to be a little article on how to improve your piano playing, I should like to begin with a few words on the *art of practising*, for I believe the great obstacle to the rapid progress of pupils in general is the entire want of system in practising, the very inadequate time allotted to it, and last, though not least, the faulty selection of music, which, in many cases, instead of advancing the pupil, only throws her back for months and years.

Let us take it for granted that you have received the necessary, indispensable instruction in all the rudiments of music—value of notes, time, accent, rhythm, &c. Of course, no positive rule can be laid down as to how long you should practise, but we will suppose that you can give three hours a day to your piano. This, I think, is sufficient for an amateur, without being too much for a girl of average strength. One hour of this should be devoted to mere mechanical studies, commencing with *five finger exercises*, and going on to *scales* in every form and variety—in *thirds*, *sixths*, *octaves*, *contrary motion*, &c.

You will find the exercises of Plaidy, Kalkbrenner, and Czerny's "Daily Morning Practice" most useful. These should never be missed; and for that reason I should advise you to begin your day's work with them. Refrain from practising *octaves* until the hand is sufficiently developed to take them with comparative ease, otherwise you may strain the muscles, or acquire the bad habit of playing them from the arm, instead of loosely from the wrist, a practice which has been adopted by some *virtuosi*, but which should, as a rule, be deprecated. *Wrist playing* may, however, be cultivated, commencing with one finger and single notes, and going on to a succession of thirds, and afterwards sixths, reserving octaves for a more advanced period. This system you will find fully explained in Plaidy's book of Exercises.

The cultivation of *sight reading* is another most important branch of musical education, and one in which all may acquire facility by practice. The pupil should take at first the very easiest pieces, and those in which the rhythm is clearly defined, such as waltzes, quadrilles, &c., playing slowly and deliberately, and going on to the end without ever stumbling. Half an hour daily may be devoted to this, and the progress made in a few months will be really astonishing. You must acquire the habit of looking ahead, so that you may not be taken by surprise at any abrupt modulation; and, in fact, you must not be satisfied till a page of music is as easy for you to read as a page of ordinary print. The advantages arising from reading well at sight are so manifest that it is unnecessary to enumerate them.

And now as to the study of new works and the recapitulation of those already learnt, which should occupy the remaining hour and a half. It should be borne in mind that there is no greater waste of time than the but too common habit of scampering through a piece over and over again with the idea of learning it without bestowing particular attention to those difficulties which should first be over-

come. In order to save time be sure to procure the best editions, and those carefully fingered, and then, having once or twice played through the piece and thus acquired a general idea of its purpose and difficulties, single out the latter and *practise them slowly*, each hand separately, and then together, and having mastered these unavoidable obstacles, play the whole piece. Much will still remain to be done before the work will present a complete and finished whole, but the hardest part of the task will be over.

To avoid that but too common and unbearable fault of stumbling, you ought to have the courage to sacrifice any amount of time, to be satisfied with one page thoroughly well played, instead of eight indifferently rattled through, to repeat difficult passages fifty, nay, a hundred, times till they are completely conquered, and to abstain, at first principally, from compositions such as by their complications, by the stretch of the hands, &c., require the consummate skill of the master.

I know there is much dry practice to be gone through, but the results will reward you for all your trouble.

An instance of almost unexampled patience is to be found in the life of the late John Field, the first composer of the style of musical composition called the Nocturne, and an admirable performer on the piano. He kept a bag containing 1,000 numbers, and was so indefatigable in practice that when he came to a difficult part he caused a boy to take out one number each time he played it through, and continued thus until the bag was empty, having, of course, by that time played the passage a thousand times, and, as you may well imagine, thoroughly conquered it.

The want of this perseverance in most pianistes gives rise to the constant excuses made by young ladies at evening parties when asked to play. Some say they have nothing ready. This means that they know the easy parts of the piece, but that they cannot play the difficult ones. Others think it sounds better to say they are nervous, which really amounts to the same thing. They are nervous about the wrong notes which they foresee in their performance. And what more painful than when one of these is persuaded, much against her inclination, to give a specimen of her talent? She seats herself at the piano and commences. All goes smoothly for a bar or two, when she suddenly remembers that dreadful run in the left hand at the top of the third page; she never could manage that run. She wishes she had begun the piece more slowly; that she had not begun it at all; her excitement increases as she nears the fatal spot; she puts down the pedal and forgets to take it up again; the page is turned; there it is staring her in the face; it is in the next bar; she makes a frantic snatch at the piano, and there is a pause. Hereupon the indiscriminate public take the opportunity to applaud, and our young friend rises from the music stool very red and very unhappy. To the probably small number of *connoisseurs* present such an exhibition gives more pain than amusement, and these infliections might be spared them were it not for the silly vanity of the performers, and of their relatives and friends, which prompts them to attempt what is far beyond them, or that which they have not the leisure or the patience to study properly.



The confidence, self-possession, power, and mastery which make the difference between the artiste and the ordinary amateur, and which add immensely to the effect of a performance, are only the outcome of that indomitable perseverance, of that severe judgment of the artiste with her own execution which will never let her appear in public or private without having overcome every difficulty in the work she produces.

Do not suppose that professional players have always an enormous *répertoire*. Doubtless they have learned much, but their stock of pieces ready for performance is limited, and therein lies the secret of their success. They have perhaps a dozen works with which they are prepared at any moment, and if you have half that number always at your fingers' ends I think you may be very satisfied. When you once know them play them straight through every day; let no error, however minute, creep in, and you can then give real pleasure to your musical friends, however critical they may be.

A few words may well be particularly devoted to the *left hand*, which, having become by custom a weaker member, requires more time and attention bestowed upon it than the right. I believe there is no reason, except the force of habit, why one hand should be stronger than the other in the same individual; and in piano playing, especially in the compositions of the more modern masters, it is absolutely necessary that we should have the same facility in both. Therefore, to overcome the inequality which you will be certain to find, you must give the left hand double work, you must be a severe taskmaster with those rebellious pupils, your fingers, and do not be content till you find that you can reverse your right-hand passages and perform them with equal ease in the left.

A sure sign of an ignorant player is the utter indifference with which she seizes upon any bass note which first presents itself, forgetting that the harmonies are built up upon the bass, and that it is therefore the most conspicuous and important part.

Suppose, by way of example, that an explosion of gas occurred in your house and blew off the roof, or even destroyed your top story, the affair would be very serious, the damage great; it might however be remedied. But imagine the disaster happening to the foundation; of course the whole of the upper structure would fall and collapse, and utter ruin would result. Now the bass in music is the foundation of the harmonic structure, and if the bass fails the whole is destroyed, and becomes a shapeless and meaningless mass.

Be careful, too, to observe the *crescendos* and *diminuendos* equally in both hands, unless there is an indication to the contrary.

An excellent study, and one which I would suggest as a great help to the perfect understanding of a work is to read it through to yourself before taking it to the piano. Of course a complicated piece would be to you at first as a series of hieroglyphics, but you should commence with a simple air or hymn tune; sing it over and then play it, and see how near or far from the mark you were, and by constant trying you will gradually improve, and find that you can acquire a general idea of an ordinary song or tolerably easy piece in this way. The renowned pianist, Dr. Hans von Bülow, has been known to play a work from memory after having studied it from the book alone, and never having previously run through it at the piano!

I cannot in an article on piano-playing omit to say a few words on the subject of *touch*. It must be borne in mind that, unless most carefully manipulated, the piano is a cold instrument, but the varieties of tone which *may* be produced from it form the most interesting portion of its study. It is almost impossible to define in what a beautiful touch consists; each must find it out for herself by repeated trials, and by watching the most eminent pianists. The position of the hands in playing, attention to which is so necessary in order to secure tone and elasticity, was dwelt upon by Madame Arabella Goddard in the masterly essay which she published in this paper a short time ago (vol. i. page 164), and to which I cannot do better than refer you for information on the subject.

Above all, be cautioned against the too frequent use of the *soft pedal*. Indolent pianistes invariably resort to it when the music is marked *piano*. But the effect of this pedal is quite peculiar, and it should be reserved for those parts marked *una corda*, or in other rare instances at the discretion of the player. A soft and distinct touch is, I know, very hard to acquire; but I think you will find that the stronger your fingers become, and the more control you gain over them, the better you will be able to play *pianissimo*, the perfect equality of the sounds making them appear even softer than they really are.

There are various opinions on the advisability or otherwise of playing from memory, and of course it must be left more or less to individual judgment, but it seems to me that, if you really know a piece, it is better not to have the book before you, as without it you can concentrate your thoughts more, and keep your attention fixed on your fingers, which in difficult passages, with skips, &c., is very necessary. Do

not, however, neglect to go over it occasionally with the book, so that any little mistake which may have crept in may be at once rectified.

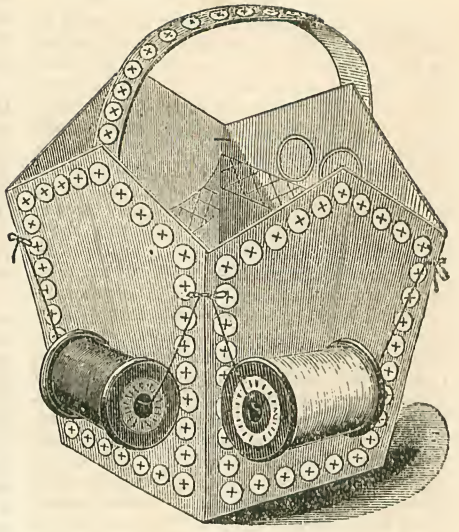
I have said very little as to what pieces should be chosen for study; but, as a rule, if you take up those of the acknowledged masters which are within your capacity, you will not be far wrong. You cannot be too strongly recommended to work at the preludes and fugues of John Sebastian Bach. Schumann says in his advice to young pianists that the "Wohltemperirte Klavier" of Bach should be their daily bread, the staff of their musical life, so to speak. You will find that they are excellent exercise for the fingers and for the understanding; and, moreover, of them you never tire — they are ever fresh, ever modern; witness particularly the prelude in B minor in the first book, than which I never heard anything to my mind more harmoniously beautiful.

And, to conclude—for I fear I am wearying my kind readers—do not be discouraged when your progress seems slow; if you are conscientious, it must be sure. The more we learn the more we find how much there is to learn and to enjoy. Music is like the princess in the wood, of whom, as children, we have all read. We must cut our way through the difficulties and entanglement surrounding our princess; the nearer we approach, the brighter glimpses we shall have of her beauty, and those of us who love her worthily will surely win the goal at last.



MY WORK BASKET.

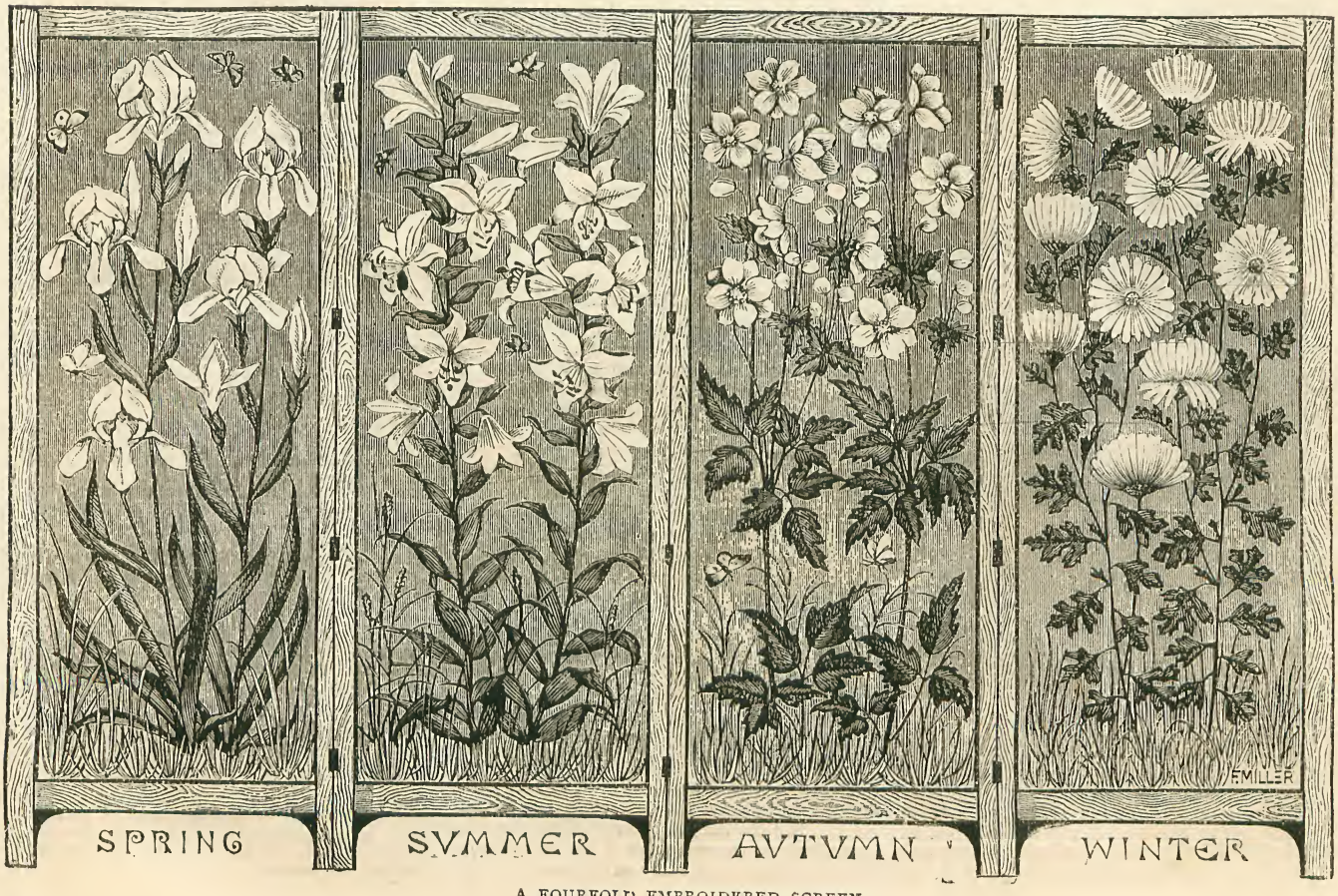
Toilet Necessaire.



This novel little *multum in parvo* is a most saleable article for fancy bazaars, being easily and cheaply made; and, whilst taking up but a small space on the dressing-table, will often prove of the greatest use. Needles, cottons, buttons, scissors, thimble, and pins, etc., so often required at the last moment, being close at hand.

The basket is made of firm cardboard, consisting of twelve pieces; six for the outside, and six for the lining, care being taken to cut them exact.

The foundation is two inches each way; the eight pieces for the four sides, are each four and a half inches deep in the middle; three and a half at the sides, and two inches across at the bottom, to fit the square. The handle is seven inches long and half an inch wide. Each piece of cardboard is tightly covered with any dark and not too thick a material. The one we have as pattern is covered outside with a lovely shade of violet cashmere, and lined with white silk. Tack the cashmere on four of the pieces of cardboard for the sides, and sew a row of small china buttons round the edges with violet silk. Cover the other four pieces with white silk for the lining, and sew them to the outsides with violet silk. Across two opposite sides of the basket inside are bands of violet cashmere, worked with coarse white silk in double feather stitch. Another side has a cashmere pocket worked to match, opposite which is a small hassock emery cushion, crossed with very narrow white braid. The bands are tacked to hold a thimble on one side, and a small pair of scissors on the other. When the four sides are complete they are sewn to the foundation and up the four sides. The handle is fastened between the outside and inside cards. It is also made of double cardboard with a row of buttons arranged closely together. Small holes are pierced in the upper corners of the sides, through which a narrow white braid is threaded, on which reels of black and white cotton and black and white silk are suspended. The size of the reels must suit the width of the lower part of the basket. The upper edge round the points is stuck with pins. A housewife, or papers of needles, may be kept in the pocket, and small rolls of tape, elastic, and boot buttons laid in the bottom.



A FOURFOLD EMBROIDERED SCREEN.

FOUR-FOLD EMBROIDERED SCREEN.

Now that the autumn days are upon us and the lengthening evenings are reminding us that winter is at hand, we do not think we can give the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a better idea to carry out in their leisure moments than the subject of our illustration. There is no article of furniture in a room more conducive to the feeling of cosiness and warmth than a folding screen; and there is nothing that gives greater scope for the display of artistic ability than this most beautiful adjunct to a room. The ordinary scrap screens are passably good, but are poor and commonplace by the side of an embroidered one such as we give in our illustration. The outlay need not be considerable, as four plain deal frames hinged together and stained black, or even polished without staining, could be made very reasonably by almost any intelligent carpenter. The rest of the effect, with the exception of the material for working upon, is left to the girls, and we feel sure that if our readers only knew how charming a hand-worked screen looks in a room, they would lose no time in setting about working one as a present to their parents or friends at this approaching Christmas.

The plants chosen, taking them in their order, are—1, the iris; 2, the white lily; 3, the anemone japonica; 4, the chrysanthemum. The iris grows in many colours, from pure white to rich purple, but we should suggest that this and the other end panel of chrysanthemums should be worked in any other colour than white, so that the two centre ones, being necessarily white, can be framed in, as it were, by the two outer panels.

Grass should be worked at the base of each flower to give the appearance of growth, and also to form a base to the design. Keep the greens harmonious in tone, the iris and chrysanthemum greyer, and the lily and anemone warmer in colour.



WATERPROOF MIXTURE.—To waterproof tweed or cloth, dissolve ½lb. of alum in 2 quarts of water, which must be perfectly boiling; pour this into 2 gallons of spring-water, put in the tweed and leave it for 24 hours; after this time wring the tweed, and put it in the following solution: ¼-lb. of sugar-of-lead, dissolved in 2 quarts of boiling water, then turned into 2 gallons of spring-water; leave the cloth in this six hours, and again wring it, and hang in the shade to dry.

BAKED MILK.—It is not generally known that baked milk is an admirable food for consumptive people and most invalids. It is made in the following manner: Put half a gallon of good milk into a stone jar, and cover with writing paper, tied down. Leave it in a moderately hot oven for eight or ten hours, till it has become the consistence of cream. The amount of nourishment to be derived from it is marvellous.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Take a plain mould with a fancy top, pour into it, to the depth of half an inch, some jelly flavoured with liqueur, arrange into it some candied cherries in some sort of pattern, and when it begins to set pour in a little more, and, by judiciously turning the mould round, get the sides thinly coated with jelly. Cut some Savoy biscuits to fit exactly, and line the sides of the mould with them. Beat up half a pint of rich cream with 1 oz. of isinglass or gelatine (previously dissolved in sufficient water just to cover it). Sweeten to taste, and flavour it at will with liqueur or essence. Pour this into the mould, tie it with paper, and put it on ice to set.

PLAIN CAKE.—Rub ¼ lb. of butter into 1 lb. of flour, add 1 lb. sultanas or currants, ¼ lb. moist sugar, ¼ lb. candied peel, sliced finely, one teaspoonful carbonate of soda, half-a-pint of new milk, and one egg. Beat well together, and when mixed pour into a cake tin and bake at once.

JOHNNY CAKE.—3 cupfuls of Indian meal, 2 do. of flour, 1 do. of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix all the above ingredients together with buttermilk, or with a pint of cream.

CURE FOR WARTS.—Rub the warts, night and morning, for about five minutes, with the *inside* of the pod of what is called in England the *house-bean*, and in Scotland the *broad-bean*, and the warts will die away in a week's time.

TO EXTRACT GREASE FROM SILKS.—Scrape French chalk upon the spot, and hold it over a warm iron, or water-plate filled with boiling water; then shake, and lightly brush off the chalk, repeating the operation if required.

VARIETIES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

This pleases all,
Both great and small.

1. A bishop's see lies near an inland sea,
   Where mighty western forests used to be.
2. Here sons of merchant learn with sons of lord;
   To ploughmen this is a familiar word.
3. Northumbrian King, who pushed his conquest north,
   And raised a fortress to command the Forth.
4. Dickens confers on me my world-wide fame—
   Even my old umbrella bears my name.
5. Paris, upon this hill, a judgment speaks,
   Which gives his Troy to the victorious Greeks.
6. Napoleon's General, who Dantzig held,
   Till famine his surrendering compelled.
7. By this shire's name 'tis evident and clear
   A Roman colony was settled here.
8. The name Columbus gratefully bestowed
   On the first Indian isle to which his seamen rowed.

XIMENA.

MANNER AND DRESS.—Flavia is ever well dressed, and always the genteelest woman you meet. But the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners of any of her sex. This makes everything look native about her, and her clothes are so exactly fitted that they appear, as it were, part of her person. Everyone that sees her knows her to be of quality; but her distinction is owing to her manner, and not to her habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but not all allurement. There is such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb you one day see her in for anything so becoming, until you next day see her in another. There is no other mystery in this, but that "however she is apparelled" she is herself the same; for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures that a woman must think well to look well.—*Sir Richard Steele.*

MORE FORMS OF FALSEHOOD THAN ONE.—It should be pointed out with continual earnestness that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye, attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence: and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance; and, finally, according to Tennyson's trenchant line:—

"A lie which is half the truth is the worst of lies."—*Ruskin.*

A RIDDLE.

My first is seen in frost and snow,
On mountain top and lowly ground,
And in the brooklets as they flow
There also is it to be found.

My second part describes what boys
So wish and think themselves to be,
That e'en the youngest, in their toys,
Delight the mimic form to see.

And girls, it seems, too, nowadays
Would like to be my second half;
They'd better keep to the old ways,
Lest friends derisively should laugh.

My whole's a word of letters four,
Not very difficult you see,
A sign it is, and nothing more,
You'll guess it very easily.

K. F. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

PORTIA.—1 We believe that the best method of obtaining situations is to advertise, and answer the advertisements in the different first-class newspapers. 2. The blue Japanese silk would look better if turned, and done up with some black grenadine, of which you could make a new polonaise, and kiltings for the skirt.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—Michaelmas day is the 29th of September; you will find an explanation of this term at page 336. The socks must not be washed before being sent in.

INQUISITIVE.—The "spectacled bear" is so called from the marks round his eyes and over his nose, which resemble spectacles; and in some of these animals they are very evident.

48.—The Governors of the Blue-Coat School have the right of giving presentations to it. We believe that *sal volatile* is sometimes put into pastry and cakes to make them light.

Ivy.—Schools and masters are cheaper in Germany than here, but there is no uniform price for lessons; terms for board or education you will find advertisements in some of the daily papers. Your English composition is very incorrect; as, for instance, in ending a sentence with a preposition.

Janet Cameron and Sunbeam.—1. The word "Helicon" is Greek, and should be pronounced as if there were a double "l." "Kyrie eleison," and "Christe eleison," mean respectively, "Lord, have mercy," "Christ, have mercy." These are likewise Greek words. 2. Your parrot may have any kind of nuts and ripe fruit, but no meat, butter, nor greasy food, which would injure his plumage. "Sunbeam" writing promises very well.

Currer Bell.—Apply for such special information respecting compulsory subjects and the certificate awarded for a partial success in passing, to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College.

Sukey.—The Cambridge and Oxford higher local examinations are open to women over eighteen at a fee of £2. They have a smaller number of compulsory subjects than the London. The local centres are at Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, Dublin, and Queen's, Belfast, and Edinburgh. Queen's College, Harley-street, W., and Bedford College, York-place, W., are places of higher education to which authorised boarding houses are attached, and both instruction and certificates may be obtained from the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-road, W.C., the latter also certifying "teaching power," that to acquire knowledge not necessarily accompanying the ability to convey it. Diplomas are also granted by the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, W., to teachers. The fee to be paid at the Edinburgh examination, which is held in the month of June, is £1 10s. Apply for information to Professor Calderwood, the University, Edinburgh.

WORK.

Nausicaa.—According to the newest rules, lawn-tennis nets should be 36 feet long and 4 feet wide. The twine should be stout, and the net steeped in boiled linseed oil, which ensures its preservation if exposed to rain or dew. Square netting is employed with the double stitch, or fisherman's netting; for so the fingers are less liable to be cut, as they would be by the string, and all unevenness in the loops will be avoided. Make the loop by passing the needle over the mesh, under it, and through the loop; and then drawing it up tightly to the mesh, pass the needle to the left, and then to the right; and insert it between the last loop on the mesh, and under the thread passed from left to right. Now draw tightly. "Square netting" is formed by commencing with one stitch, and working two stitches in the first loop of each row, until the complete width be made. Then work the length required, and decrease at the other end in the same manner as at the beginning of each row.

Ada.—Many thanks for the cards, we have sent them to a hospital for the very poor sufferers. We will remember your request about rag dolls.

A Happy Little Girl might make a scrap book by pasting pictures on brown holland or on the brightly-coloured glazed calico, which would be a very amusing present.

A. E. Y.—Knotting is hardly important enough to require a paper to itself; especially as, in our paper on crewel-work, we have illustrated and described it. The "French knot," is the same exactly, the only difference being that the needle, after the making of the knot, is returned to the same place where it came out. See page 140, No. 9, Girl's Own Paper.

Dolly Varden.—Hold the needle in the left hand for threading it. See recipe for "Pot Pourri," at page 335, vol. I.

Etty Swallow.—Use cold starch for the shirts and collars, rinse them afterwards with cold. If you use the best starch, clean irons, a stout iron-holder, and do not get nervous, we do not see how you can fail to be a good ironer in time. We have repeatedly said in our answers that nervousness is best cured by self-forgetfulness. Perhaps your sister's health needs strengthening; in this case consult a doctor.

M.—1. Either procure paper patterns or rip some well-fitting under-garment, and cut out a pattern in stout brown paper by it, remembering to allow a margin for the turnings-in, when sewn. Pin the pattern upon the linen or calico, the straight way of the stuff, and so cut by the outline of the paper. 2. Classes for instruction in cookery are held by the National Training School for Cookery, Exhibition-road, South Kensington. Here young ladies may take any number of lessons, as well as persons intending to make it their profession.

Gladys.—We think you would find oatmeal cloth too rough a surface for painting upon either with oil or water-colours. The pleasantest, to our mind, and the newest foundation is the American cloth, which can be got at good shops in all colours, as well as gold and silver; and is suitable for screens, wash-stand-backs, and dados.

Valentine.—Ribbed knitting, two pearl and three plain, is a very pretty way of knitting a scarf for the neck.

Ayacanora.—1. The work satchels may be bound with ribbon at the edges. None of the work sent in is returned to the competitors. 2. Of course all certificates of examinations passed are of value to teachers, when mentioned in their advertisements and cards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

One who Wishes to do Good.—We are very glad to hear that you are so anxious for the welfare of your scholars, and show your interest in such a useful way as teaching them to make their own dresses. If you have not already taught them how to cut out and make their underclothes, you should try that this winter. Very few poor girls have any idea of cutting out, and even if they are not in want of clothes for themselves you might suggest that they should make some to help their poorer neighbours. Having first shown them how to take the necessary measurements to ascertain the quantity of material they require, the easiest way to teach cutting out to a large class is to draw on a slate or blackboard the shape of each portion of the garment you are describing. When you have finished your explanation let each girl cut out a pattern in newspaper, and when she has succeeded in making a correct one she should keep the pattern for future use. Teach them to knit stockings, too; it is most useful work for the poor, as it can be taken up in odd minutes when they have not time, or are too tried for sewing. You do not say if you have tried teaching them cookery; if not, we strongly recommend you to try. With a little thought and study you may show them how to prepare good nourishing food at even less cost than the poor fare they are accustomed to.

E. K.—How dare you write to us about the enamel paint? Write to your own magazine, *The Boy's Own Paper*. We delight in affording pleasure and benefit to the fair sex only.

Queen Dido.—Your letter is both well written and well expressed, and we should imagine from it that your education had been thoroughly attended to. We should think that you will find it easy to obtain pupils in drawing and painting in Canada, as masters for those branches are not so easily obtainable as here. We are glad that your mother finds our paper so conducive to "a happy spirit" amongst her eight daughters, and we think that is because we endeavour to make religion the golden thread on which we string our "pearls of thought," so that, whether we speak of "dress, or work, or healthful play," we desire anxiously that all should be done to the glory of God.

Margarite.—The shadows of clouds may produce the effects you observe on the sea; or sudden blasts of wind, called by sailors, "cat's paws"; or else they may be currents running in opposite directions, and eddies caused by the presence of rock below, if not above the surface. We are glad you find our answers so useful.

Lady Cheveley is thanked for her kind praise of this paper. 1. Long shreds of letter paper cut as narrow as the blade of a penknife will prove a fair substitute for feathers to stuff a cushion. 2. Your straw hats would need re-blocking if cleaned, and would have to go a cleaner's. You might dye them with Judson's dyes.

A. E.—How many more girls are going to ask us to give them particulars of making Everton toffie? We have given it once or twice. Look in the index of Vol. I., for of course you have got your numbers bound. Whether you have or have not, however, we cannot waste our space by repeating these things. Your writing is abominable.

Hilda Winifred S.—1. No one should have less than eight hours of sleep in the twenty-four. 2. Try laying a handkerchief across the forehead when you go to bed dipped in Eau sedative and water, or Vinaigre de toilette diluted, or eau de Cologne and water. 3. Questions of salary cannot be decided by merit. Competition demands that you should be satisfied with what may be offered.

A. M. D.—1. We thank you for your encouraging and considerate letter. To clean copper use oil of vitriol and water, and some fine sand or ashes, rubbing with a coarse flannel. But, beware how you employ the vitriol, and polish well afterwards. 2. Inquire of a silversmith, as we give no prices. 3. We think that they would look better as a bracelet than a watch chain.

Inquisitiveness.—"Cinderella Teas" in America appear to mean "high teas," where the visitors wait on themselves entirely.

D. D. Drumsticks.—1. Not being prophets, we cannot say how long the present or any other Government will last. When they cease to have what is called a "working majority," or have lost the confidence of the country, they are expected to resign. 2. Several species of the geranium grow wild in many countries.

Grey Hairs.—Anyone, with half an eye, can see that "The Girl's Own Paper" is intended for girls of all classes. Girls of a superior position—belonging, we mean, to the "upper ten thousand"—should read everything, and be well up in *every* matter upon which we give instruction. Their money, time, and superior intelligence admit of this. For girls of a less high position there are papers on economical cookery, plain needlework, home education, and health. Servant-maids communicate to us well-written letters, and by their tone we can see that our magazine has indeed helped them to an intelligent carrying out of their humble work; that it has been a companion to them in their isolation and a counsellor in times of sore temptation. There is much in our paper we humbly believe that will train these girls in living a pure and honest life, and we rejoice to help them, for their letters convince us that there is honesty and nobility even in the kitchen. From our daily letters from the girls, written upon coronetted notepaper by those of noble birth, and by others from the kitchens of humble houses, we gather that there is help needed by all, and that our paper has given a high aim to their lives and a practical and wise assistance in their various engagements.

Mabel.—A great deal of the theory of music can be learned without a master. Buy, if you are a beginner, Henry Leslie's "Manual of Music"; or if you can do a little of harmony in four parts, purchase the late Sir John Goss's "Harmony," and then with your own brains, pencil, indiarubber, and blank music paper you have everything cut out for you.

Amy Thomas.—There are musical scholarships to be won at the Royal Academy of Music and Trinity College, London. If you are an able pianist or vocalist, and want finishing lesson, write to the secretaries of these institutions, and they will probably help you.

Eden Baptist.—Thank you for your kind letter. We are pleased to hear that you value the cold bath as it should be valued. Your handwriting is peculiar, but not unpleasantly so. Be careful with your f's. They are very awkward-looking.

Flossie.—It is absurd inmusicians still to use the 𝄵 and 𝄶 as time-signatures, as the time could be better represented by figures. The sign 𝄵 is a corruption of the semicircle (, which was used to denote duple or imperfect measure, the whole circle O being used to denote perfect or triple measure. The stroke through the sign 𝄶 has two distinct meanings, namely (1), a halving of the contents of the bar; (2), a halving of the pace of the music. Thus 𝄵 formerly denoted four minims in a bar, and 𝄶 two minims in a bar, that is, half-measure. In modern music, however, 𝄶 generally indicates four minims in a bar, *allegro*, that is half the pace. Your handwriting is rather nice.

Truth.—Thank you for your suggestion, We will think the matter over. Your handwriting is not good.

Middie.—We are rejoiced at the earnest tone of your letter. Can you not teach in the Sunday school and help a little in district visiting? If your daily work prevents this, be sure that your personal example alone will do much good to your little day-pupils and surrounding friends; and remember that

> "The trivial round and common task
> Will furnish all we need to ask,
> Room to deny ourselves, a road
> To bring us daily nearer God."

Your handwriting wants to be a little freer, rounder, and smaller. Thank you for your cheering commendation of our magazine.

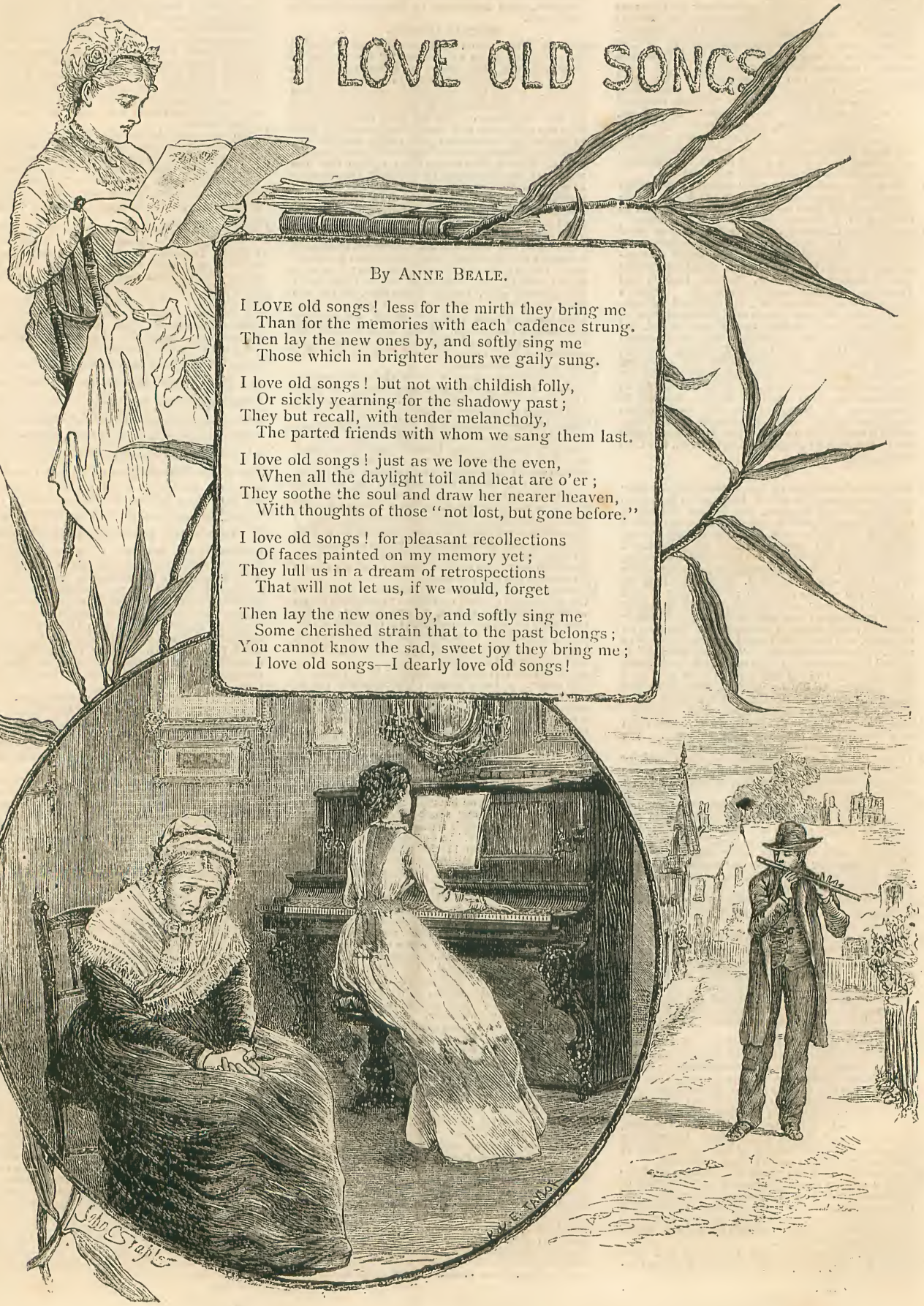
Mara.—What a strange lot of confessions you make to us! There is nothing so difficult to explain as the exact workings of an intricate piece of machinery and because you cannot always do so when called upon it does not follow that you should give yourself up as a "bad job." How many girls are there who know literally nothing of science! We do not believe that you are not better informed after conscientiously reading Hume's "History." Your object in life should be to love the Lord your God with all your heart and your neighbour as yourself. Then, in whatever position you find yourself placed, you will be happy in His love and energetic in the interests of others. You say, "I think I am a Christian, but I do not know." Read your Bible, as pointed out to you on page 483, Vol. I., earnestly and prayerfully, for yours is a fearful position, although one from which the Comforter may speedily release you.

E. M. C.—Read the latter part of the answer to Mara. Do you think you pray enough? We will remember what you say about the G.O.P., and are very glad that you like the cookery articles. We think uncommonly well of you, although you call yourself but a "servant of the lower orders." We quite wish you belonged to our own household! Cannot you try to improve your writing and spelling?

Virgo.—The private branches of telegraphy are, we believe, over full, and it cannot be recommended to intending female clerks, except in connection with the Post Office telegraphy under Government. Candidates must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age, and must apply in their own writing to the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, sending two testimonials from respectable persons. Forms will be sent on application for them, which you must fill up.

*** Our next number will contain the opening chapter of a new and most interesting six-months story, called "The May Queen." By Anne Beale, Author of "Quite a Lady," "The Miller's Daughter," "Idonea," &c.

I LOVE OLD SONGS.



By ANNE BEALE.

I LOVE old songs! less for the mirth they bring me
Than for the memories with each cadence strung.
Then lay the new ones by, and softly sing me
Those which in brighter hours we gaily sung.

I love old songs! but not with childish folly,
Or sickly yearning for the shadowy past;
They but recall, with tender melancholy,
The parted friends with whom we sang them last.

I love old songs! just as we love the even,
When all the daylight toil and heat are o'er;
They soothe the soul and draw her nearer heaven,
With thoughts of those "not lost, but gone before."

I love old songs! for pleasant recollections
Of faces painted on my memory yet;
They lull us in a dream of retrospections
That will not let us, if we would, forget

Then lay the new ones by, and softly sing me
Some cherished strain that to the past belongs;
You cannot know the sad, sweet joy they bring me;
I love old songs—I dearly love old songs!



VOL. II.—NO. 41. OCTOBER 9, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"I PROMISED FATHER."

A TRUE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

CHAPTER II.

THE Sabbath sun rose bright and clear, and shone warmly in through the window of Mary's room. The birds twittered under the eaves, and from the sky above came the lark's clear notes, carolling his morning hymn of praise.

Mary was up and dressed early—not in the clean sprigged muslin, for Mary was a careful girl, and there was the fire to light downstairs, and various household duties to be performed before she would be ready to don the Sunday dress and bonnet, and set out for church with her father down the green lane. She moved briskly about; lit the fire and laid the breakfast-table, drawing it up to the open window, where her father could enjoy the scent of the roses and sweetbriar, singing to herself the while out of the very lightness and gladsomeness of her heart.

When the table was spread with the frugal repast and the kettle singing on the fire, Mary went upstairs and tapped at her father's door. He had not come down yet, and she reproached herself for having been so much absorbed in her own thoughts as to have forgotten that he had complained of not feeling well the previous evening.



THE DAY WAS SPENT BY HER FATHER'S BEDSIDE.

"Breakfast 's ready, father," she said, and then tapped again more loudly, as she met with no response. "Perhaps he's oversleeping himself," she said. But a still louder knock meeting with no reply, she began to grow anxious, and softly opening the door, she peeped in.

Her father was lying on the bed, and at the first glance Mary thought he was asleep, but when she drew nearer she saw that his eyes were open and that he was looking at her earnestly, and, as she thought, imploringly.

"Breakfast 's ready, father," she said in her cheerful voice; "you've gone and overslept yourself. I've rapped three times."

There was still no reply. The old man lay there silent and speechless, with nothing to show that he was conscious of his daughter's presence except the piteous expression of fear and dumb entreaty in his eyes. His daughter, little accustomed to illness, was terribly alarmed. She raised her father's head, tried to make him drink, spoke to him again and again, begging him to answer her; and when she found that all her efforts to rouse him were unsuccessful, she laid him back gently on the pillow, and ran downstairs and into the next house for help.

"Oh, Mrs. Carter!" she cried, throwing open the cottage door without the

[*All rights reserved.*]

ceremony of knocking, "do come back with me! Father 's took bad, and I can't make out what ails him. He won't move nor speak, and takes no notice of anything I do."

Kind-hearted Mrs. Carter, who was just sitting down to her breakfast-table, rose hastily, and leaving her untasted tea to cool in the cup, hurried across the road, and followed Mary's eager footsteps up the steep stairs and into John Hayes's bedroom.

The old man lay just as his daughter had left him—speechless and motionless, with the same troubled look in his eyes, and his face strangely livid and distorted.

"What ails him, Mrs. Carter?" asked Mary, as she anxiously watched the good woman's face to read her verdict there.

"It 's a stroke he's had, my lass. You'd better send for the doctor at once, though it 's little he can do when a man's struck."

"But will he die?" whispered the poor girl, in her terror and distress.

Mrs Carter shook her head. "Wait till the doctor comes," she said in tones meant to be reassuring. "He'll tell you better nor me. Happen he'll live long enough; happen he'll get better of it, or happen," sinking her voice to a whisper, "he'll just go out like the snuff of a candle. But put your bonnet on, my lass, and run down for the doctor. I'll wait here. The air'll do you good; you look ready to faint."

Dr. Winter came, but could do nothing. Mrs. Carter had been right in saying the old man had had a stroke, and how it would end no one could say. He might pass away any moment, or he might live for days or months.

Mary's place in the village choir was empty that day. Neither was there any walk for her by the riverside after evening service. Instead, the day was spent by her father's bedside, while the summer sun shone without, the birds sang gaily, and the church bells filled the air with their solemnly joyful music. Patiently Mary sat by the stricken old man. The shadows crept round and lengthened; the soft breeze, laden with the scent of roses, hay, and sweetbriar, came in through the open window, and mingled with it came the distant lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep and lambs. Now the clang and the clash of the bells ringing for evensong had ceased, and in the silent chamber Mary could catch the faint rise and fall of the hymns, sung to the dear familiar tunes. It soothed her anxious sorrow listening thus, and presently she found herself humming softly in accompaniment to the distant music, and the very words fell like balm on her heart.

'Oh, God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

She wondered if her father took in the meaning of the beautiful words. Surely they ought to soothe away the terrible anxiety in his eyes. He was always fond of hymns, and liked to hear Mary sing them; but now he seemed insensible to their meaning and to the hope and comfort they conveyed.

She had repeated his favourite texts over and over softly in his ear, and had read him short passages from the New Testament; but nothing seemed to calm the trouble which was evidently on his mind, and which the dumb lips seemed to be longing and striving in vain to tell.

"What is it he wants, Mrs. Carter?" Mary asked, when the old woman came in for the sixth time that day to see how her neighbour was. "I'm sure he wants something, and I can't make out what. I can't bear to see him look so, and not know what he wants. I'm sure he wants me to do something."

"They mostly look so," answered the old woman. "Maybe they are thinking of things they had meant to say; but there's no use wondering when they can't tell us. Try not to think of it, honey; don't bother yourself worse nor you can help. Go and take a little walk and I'll wait here till you come back. He won't want anything just now but what I can get him as well as you."

Mary thanked the kind old woman, and did as she was bidden, as far as going out into the fresh air. But she was not inclined for a walk, and shrank from meeting any of the little groups of friends and neighbours who were congregated here and there, discussing the news of the village, or sauntering by the riverside, or along the meadow paths. Instead, she seated herself in the open doorway, and leaning her head against the oak frame, abandoned herself to sad thoughts.

A voice at her side roused her, and she turned to meet the face of Tom Altham, who stood close by with a look of pitying tenderness on his face.

"Poor little Mary," he said, softly; "there was no walk by the river for us this evening."

The tender tones were too much for the poor girl. She had borne up bravely through the day, but Tom's pity and the yearning love shining so unmistakably in his eyes made her break down. Her lip began to quiver, and then, hiding her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Mary; don't cry," pleaded Tom, with an odd little quiver in his voice. "I can't bear to see you cry. I wish I could take all your trouble from you." He possessed himself of one of her hands as he spoke, and it was not withdrawn. His kind pressure was gently returned, for Tom's love and sympathy were very precious to the poor girl then. She was soon calm again, and had raised her face and wiped her eyes.

"I can't bear to see you in trouble, Mary," the young man went on. "It cuts me to the heart to see you cry, when I'd lay down my life cheerfully to make you happy. I'd meant to tell you a great deal this evening, my dear, if things had gone right, and you'd have met me by the river. Maybe you'd not be in a humour now to hear what I'd got to say?" he questioned, hesitatingly and doubtfully.

"No, not to-night, Tom," she answered quickly, while her thoughts flew to the old father upstairs lying in his living death. "It seems I oughtn't to think of anything but him just now, when he's so as he might go off any moment."

"You know best, Mary," he answered, with a heavy sigh, in which there was no trace of impatience. "I'll wait till you're ready to listen to me, and if you want anyone to help you any time with the old man, you know how glad I'll be to do it."

"Thank you, Tom," was all she said, but the look she gave him spoke more than words, and he was content; while to her in her sorrow his patient unselfish love came with a wonderful power of soothing comfort.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO WASH AND IRON.

By Ruth Lamb.



CHAPTER I.

Cottage Washing.

"For it's thump, thump; scold, scold; wash, wash away;
There's not a bit of pleasure upon a washing day."

Many a time, in my childish days, have I heard the "Washing Day" verses of which the above two lines form the chorus. The verses themselves have escaped my memory, but I know they were a vivid description of the domestic misery and discomfort which accompanied washing day. There were the scolding wife, the truant husband, crying and neglected children, meals ill prepared, or not prepared at all; the sloppy kitchen, deserted by the cat; and the favourite dog kicked out of doors, and not daring to show his honest muzzle until his instinct told him that the chief business of the day was over.

A certain amount of discomfort is almost inseparable from washing day in a cottage home, and where there are few conveniences; but the mother who directs, and the girls who help, may very materially lessen this if they go about the work in a neat and orderly fashion.

Order is like a fairy helper, and has been represented as such in many a juvenile story. It not only reduces discomfort to the minimum, but actually lightens labour.

In arranging my chapters on washing, I will

first take cottage work, where space is small and mechanical appliances are few. I will then tell something about the modern improvements, and the more expensive machinery of various kinds which are used in laundry work on a large scale, and which equally save time and diminish labour.

The materials required for simple laundry work are wooden tubs or earthen pancheons—or both, if possible—wicker clothes baskets, pegs, lines, props; a wooden clothes-horse, or "maiden," as some call it; a thin calico bag, to boil clothes in; a long, smooth stick, to turn them in the copper; blue-bag; soap of two kinds, pale yellow and white curd; some soda, starch, and blue. Soda softens water, and is valuable for dissolving the grease and cleansing very dirty articles; but it should not be used in water intended for flannels, or it will turn them yellow, and it would also spoil most prints. Many washing powders are advertised, but I cannot recommend or condemn any from actual experience. I have heard ladies complain of the use of strong powders by laundresses, and say that clothes were made tender and rotted by them. A pint of boiling water poured over a quarter of a pound of quick lime, and drained off *clear* into the copper before clothes are put in to boil, helps to whiten and bleach such as need it. It must be well stirred in. In most old-fashioned cottage homes, and, indeed, in many new ones, the Peggy tub is an important article, and a much-borrowed one amongst neighbourly people. Properly used it is a great help, especially for coarse things and the much-soiled clothing of working people. Old-fashioned as it is, numbers of cottage laundresses prefer it to some of the newer washing machines. I say some, because there *are* excellent articles which lighten labour, and there are others so heavy and clumsy that they rather increase than diminish it.

The number of washing utensils, the length of lines, &c., must be regulated by the amount of work to be done, and the space available for drying purposes. The copper in which water is heated and clothes are boiled should be kept scrupulously clean, as, indeed, should every other utensil. Baskets, pegs, and lines ought to be regularly washed and brushed; the lines, when stretched, rubbed with a clean coarse cloth, and the wooden rails carefully dusted before the ironed garments are hung on them to be aired.

Soap goes further when dry. It is more economical to buy it a week, at least, before it is wanted. It should be cut up into squares and hung in a twine net in a dry place. When boiled starch is used, it is advisable to strain it through a muslin bag, which ensures perfect smoothness and no lumps. Solid blue, which I prefer to the powdered article, should be tied up tightly in double flannel, and the bag kept in a clean place when out of use.

These details may seem very trifling, but it is just want of attention to these little things which makes all the difference in the appearance of the linen.

Who has not been annoyed at seeing a dingy patch on the hem of an otherwise clean garment, and manifestly caused by dirty peg or line? Who has not chafed over a shiny patch of starch on the surface of a dainty shirt-front, or cuffs flecked here and there with dark blue, instead of being evenly tinted, as the linen was when new?

Yet all these oft-recurring disfigurements might have been easily prevented by regular attention to mere trifles such as I have enumerated.

In my early home it was an article of faith that girls ought to learn how to do everything connected with the house, not merely in theory, but practically; from cleaning a saucepan, blacking a grate, and scrubbing a floor, to the concocting of a dainty dish, or the "getting up" of lace as fine almost as cobwebs. I will not say that *I* attained perfection in all these branches; but I had to try my hand at them, and I have a very vivid recollection of the indignation I once felt when set to do something which *I* considered *infra dig.*

My dear, sensible father put his hand lovingly on my shoulder, and said, "My dear child, if, during your future life, you are so favoured by fortune as to have servants to do *all* these things for you, the knowledge you are gaining will enable you the better to estimate the work of others. You will know both the time and labour that should be bestowed on each, and this will teach you to be reasonable and patient with other workers. If your servants are ignorant you can teach them, and your knowledge will command their respect. If, on the other hand, you have no servants to teach, experience will render the work you have to do far easier to yourself."

The lesson went home. I believe that was my last grumble, and I have known what it is to feel very proud of many a bit of household work which my mother commended, and of the nice appearance of my white muslin frock, "got up" by my own youthful hands.

These lessons in domestic economy were not, however, allowed to interfere with my school duties, which were regularly attended to. Time was found for both, and I remained a daily pupil until I was nearly eighteen. My French lessons at school were not less attractive because I could boxpleat a French cambric frill, or my Italian translation less carefully prepared because of my intimate acquaintance with an Italian iron. And now, as I look back, after being many years wife, mother, and mistress of a home, I assure you I value more than ever the lessons which my own mother taught me.

Let us now suppose ourselves preparing for a cottage wash. All articles, except prints and flannels, should be soaped and put in to steep the night before; and this points to Tuesday as the best for washing, because in hot weather especially the water is apt to smell badly if dirty clothes lie in it from Saturday to Monday.

The articles should be carefully sorted, according to texture, &c. Those which are comparatively little soiled should not be mixed with the coarser and dirtier. Fruit and wine stains on table linen should be taken out before they are touched with soap, as follows: Stretch the stained part over a bowl, cover it with salt, and pour quite boiling water over it. Some stains may be removed by dipping in sour buttermilk and drying in a hot sun, afterwards washing in cold water. This process may require repetition. By putting salt on a port-wine stain while it is wet, the mark will not become fixed; or the immediate application of a little sherry will have the same effect. For the removal of iron-moulds, fill a basin with boiling water, cover it with a pewter plate, on which place your linen. Cover the spot with essential salts of lemon, and then slowly pour boiling water from a kettle upon the powder to dissolve it. Then lay a dry portion of the linen lightly over, so as to keep in the steam, but not to touch the stained part. If your salts be good the marks will quickly disappear. The article should then be washed out separately, or the salts will curdle the soap, and make all the water in the wash-tub hard and useless.

Perhaps it may seem out of place to introduce these instructions preparatory to a cottage wash. But it is in cottages that a very large proportion of the laundry work for much larger houses is carried out. This is almost wholly the case in our watering-places and other summer haunts, and very sweet does the linen smell when it has been dried in an old-fashioned cottage garden; very different from the smoky odour which country people complain of in town-washed linen.

When the clothes are put in soak, all the most soiled parts should have a special rub after an extra soaping—such as collars and wristbands, grease spots, &c.

Early rising is essential on washing morning. The first thing to be done is to light the boiler fire to get the hot water ready. While this is heating let the kitchen, house, place, or by whatever name you call the apartment in which the family take their meals, be put into its proper state of cleanliness. In towns washing is mostly done below stairs in the cellars; in country cottages it may be in a little lean-to washhouse, or, perhaps, in the one room that serves for parlour, kitchen, and every purpose, except sleeping. But even if this last is the case, there is all the more need for order. What makes the old jingle, "There's not a bit of pleasure upon a washing day," a truth?

Is it not the unswept hearth, the unmade beds, the unwashed breakfast crockery, the absence of everything in the shape of a decently-prepared meal?

So let your hearth be bright, if the wash-tub has to stand under the window; and do those little things *which you know must* be done at the proper time.

When ready to commence, work the clothes that are in soak about with the hands; pour off the soiled suds, and add fresh hot water to each lot. Begin with the cleanest, lightest articles, and, as each is washed through, soap it again and pass it into another vessel with fresh, warm water. The articles should follow each other according to fineness and colour, a portion of the dirty water being poured off from time to time and fresh hot added. After a second washing through, all white articles should be scalded. Lay them in the pancheon—the coarsest at the bottom, and so on, till you finish with collars, cuffs, and muslins at the top; cover with a clean towel, to prevent grit or sediment from being mixed with your clothes, and then pour on boiling water till the vessel is full. When cool enough wring out, and rinse through plenty of perfectly clean water, into which enough blue has been squeezed from your flannel blue-bag to give it the necessary tint. Too much blue is a great mistake. It looks ugly by daylight; and, by gaslight, gives, what should be white articles, a grey appearance.

Most articles are dried before being starched, but I remember my mother had such as required only slight stiffening passed through what she used to call "water starch," after being blued. It was a little of the thick, boiled starch strained and immediately diluted, until it seemed scarcely thicker than water. The bodies of shirts were passed through this, and the wristbands, fronts, collars, &c., squeezed through some as thick as jelly afterwards. A little white was scraped into the pan when the starch was boiling, to prevent the sticking of the iron later on.

Fine white articles which require boiling should always be tied up, very loosely, in a thin calico bag. Coarse towels and aprons do not need this precaution. Flannels and prints of the common kinds will follow each other very well. They should not be soaped in places, but washed in a strong lather, made of white curd soap, boiled and prepared beforehand. These ought also to be *quickly* done, and never allowed to lie in a lather, as it would shrink flannels and fade prints. They require twice washing through, but no scalding. Flannels are sometimes wrung out from a clean, light lather; others rinse them in clear water. The following is said to make flannels keep their colour, and not shrink: "Put them into a pail, and pour boiling water on them, letting

them lie till cold the first time of washing." I presume they would be first clean washed, as scalding dirty articles helps to fix the dirt.

Before making up flannels I always soak the lengths for twenty-four hours in cold water, and hang them out dripping, in order to do the shrinking in advance.

Prints should be put into plenty of clean, cold water after washing, and a handful of salt dissolved in this will sometimes help to fix the colours. Delicate prints are best washed in a thin solution of bran.

A word about using plenty of rinsing water. I once heard a lady remark, as she cast a discontented glance at the linen which the laundress had sent in, "I do not know how it is that our clothes always have a muddled look. The creases are out, and there are no absolute marks. It seems as though the clothes were well rubbed, but they are grey instead of being white."

No doubt the greyness arose from using too little water. Where it is scarce, or has to be fetched from a distance, there is a strong temptation to stint the clothes; but where water is near and plentiful, there is no excuse for not giving them an abundant supply of it. In any case the improvement in the colour consequent on its use well repays a little extra trouble.

Coarse woollen stockings and other odds and ends in the shape of dusters and household cloths come in last, and require nothing but washing. For all these the Peggy is a valuable help.

A word about wringing clothes. The little inexpensive wringing machines, which press out the moisture and serve also as mangles, may be found in the possession of most cottage laundresses, especially those who "take in washing." In large cities, a person in a poor neighbourhood will make a living by such a machine, a trifle being paid per dozen for wringing large things, and again for mangling. Articles with many buttons are best wrung by hand. Care should be taken that no part of the garment is tightly strained over the rest. A nightdress, for instance, should be gathered up at the collar and the garment lifted up and down and allowed to drop in loose folds. For want of care in this apparently trifling matter, new material has been cracked into slits, and unsightly patches rendered needful.

Every article should be thoroughly shaken before being pegged to the line. Black and delicate coloured stockings require great care, boiled curd soap or bran water used, and thorough rinsing. They should be hung up by the tops and dripping wet.

Apropos of clearing. A laundress, whose linen and prints were noted for whiteness and brilliancy of colour, told me that she used to place her tubs of clothes before using blue water, under a running spring in her garden.

After the actual washing is done, the last business is to scrub and clean all the utensils, clear out the copper, and tidy the cellar or washhouse. Let us hope some thoughtful little girl has the tea ready, so that there may be a refreshing cup for mother.

When writing about utensils, I forgot to mention the shaped tub which seems to me the best and the one always used in my native county, Lincolnshire. It is oblong, and narrower at the bottom than the top, so that the suds do not flow over so readily, but run back down the sloping sides. There is a little triangular shelf at one corner, to hold the soap.

Young laundresses, when learning, are very apt to rub the skin off the wrists. This is owing to the rubbing on the wrist instead of making one portion of the article come in contact with another. Some, too, wet their own clothes very much in the front. This is both uncomfortable and dangerous, as damp garments must be when near the chest or stomach. To obviate this a washing pad, as it is called, composed of several thicknesses of flannel or a stout material, may be tied on under the large apron.

In very poor homes there are a good many makeshifts on washing days. Clothes have to be boiled and water heated in the pot and kettle, which on other occasions serve for potato boiling and tea water. Or, they are stewed in brown earthenware, covered up with a dinner plate, and on the oven shelf.

I was once in a very tidy cottage home at dinner time, when a little lassie brought in a baked rice pudding, cooked in a small back kitchen. The mother noticed a peculiar odour, as the steam arose from the dish, and said, "Polly, the pudding has a queer smell." "Yes, mother," replied the child, "the stockings have boiled over on the oven shelf. But nothing went in the pudding for *it* was on the top, and the stocking pot was at the bottom."

This was reassuring, but the soapy liquid having boiled over on the hot shelf had burned there, and raised sufficient steam and smoke to give the pudding an undoubted flavouring of essence of stewed stockings.

The drying of clothes in close city neighbourhoods is a great difficulty, and, in small streets with little traffic, is often done on lines stretched across the street itself. Sometimes the neat garments, dried under such difficulties, excite one's admiration. At others, the wretched, dingy rags call forth a mixture of disgust and pity.

Not long ago I was going to pay a visit to a member of my mother's class, when the coachman brought his horse to a dead stand, instead of turning down the street. I soon discerned the reason. There were rows of lines across it, laden with garments, and the appearence of a coach excited a grand flutter. The women rushed out, slackened the lines, and lifted the props to such a height as to allow the coach to proceed. And so we passed through a series of arches, the flapping garments reminding one, in a ludicrous way, of trailing flags on so-called triumphant erections at gala times.

The very queerest mode of drying I ever saw, though, and the strangest collections of duds, were in Edinburgh. It was on a Saturday afternoon, the washing day of the locality—the closest of closes in the auld toun. The pieces of garments—for there was not a whole one amongst them—were fastened to sticks and hung from the windows, story above story.

Our driver said that, in all probability, the adult male owners were in bed whilst the fragments were being washed, and the children ditto, unless the younger mortals were too restless, in which case they were probably careering up and down in, let us say, the primeval costume of the Garden of Eden.

With this last sample of laundry work under difficulties I will close this chapter. In my next I hope to describe the cold starching, folding, ironing, and mangling of garments, table and bed linen, and to show my girl friends how very easily they may get up their laces. I will also describe some laundry machinery, and, if space permits, tell something about the way in which washing is done in other countries.



HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD AND HOW IT IS GOVERNED.



THE Queen was married in 1840, and as early as 1841 the Prince, her husband, began to set on foot the reorganisation of the royal household. We read in "The Life of the Prince Consort" how difficult this proved, for it is a little kingdom in itself, and enjoys a peculiar reverence from its antiquity. But he succeeded in making the royal establishment, as it was first in dignity, also first in purity, in efficiency, and in well-regulated economy; and waste, the canker of all, but especially of great, establishments as difficult as possible. All this was done without detracting from the splendour befitting a great monarchy and without incurring any debts'; for, in the Queen's own opinion, "a wise system of economy is the only source of true magnificence." Nearly every bill is paid within three months, equivalent to ready money. George III., when he realised how much pilfering was going on at Windsor, caused inquiries to be made of the different functionaries who, according to their showing, received little or nothing beyond their respective appointments. They were then directed to make an average statement of their perquisites, which they put down at a trifling sum. The king adopted the report; and from that time, in lieu of any extras, the sum named by each was to be added to their salaries. They were caught, you see, in their own wiles.

I daresay my girl readers, who will most probably have some household cares resting on their shoulders in course of time, may care to hear how the first home in the country is regulated.

Presiding over all are three great officers of State. First, the Lord Steward, now the Earl of Sydney, G.C.B., to whom "the state of the Queen's household is entirely committed to be ruled and governed by his discretion." All that appertains to eating and drinking comes within his province. In early days not only did he punish the servants at his discretion, but he was the judge of life and limb for the dwellers in the palace; now his rule does not extend to chapel, chamber, or stable. He is a member of the Privy Council, takes precedence of all dukes not of royal blood, and carries a white staff as a sign of his office. At the death of the sovereign he breaks the staff over the corpse.

The duties of the Lord Steward were more arduous erewhile than they are even now, seeing how in Elizabeth's time most stringent rules were laid down "that no forrayn meate or dishes being dressed out of your Majestie's court be brought to your food without assured knowledge from whom the same cometh;" and that "special orders should be given with regard to the charge of the back doores to your chamberors' chamber, where laundresses laytors, wardrobers, and such used to come." Poisoners and traitors were always to be feared.

Secondly, the Lord Chamberlain, now represented by the Earl of Kenmare, on whom devolves all matters connected with the furniture of the several palaces and royal residences, the royal wardrobe, state ceremonials, private audiences, and the licensing of plays. He issues the invitations to balls, concerts, &c., and he it is who holds sway over the long list of physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, dentists (thirty-two in all), chaplains, comedians, the band, the trumpeters, and many other members of the household.

Thirdly, The Master of the Horse, at present the Duke of Westminster, K.G. He regulates all matters connected with the horses, stables, and the locomotion of the royal personages generally. He is the only officer of the household who, as a matter of right, can use royal carriages and servants. All the holders of the office do not avail themselves of the privilege except on state occasions, but the Duke and Duchess of Westminster this summer were frequently to be seen with the Queen's carriages and outriders.

The three great officers change with the Ministry; the present ones entered upon their duties this spring.

When Her Majesty ascended the throne there was found to be no uniformity of system, no general understanding among these three departments, and no responsible resident officer to see that discipline was maintained. The male and female servants, having no master in the house, came and went as they pleased, committing many excesses, with no one to correct them. One part of the palace was under the control of the Lord Chamberlain, another of the Lord Steward, while the outside came under the sway of the Woods and Forests, so that to this department fell the supervision of the outside of the windows, while the Lord Chamberlain saw to the cleaning of the inside. The Lord Steward found the fuel and laid the fire, the Lord Chamberlain's people lighted it. He also provided the lamps while the Lord Steward trimmed and lighted them. Before even a pane of glass could be mended so many officials had to be consulted that it took months to do. All this was set right in 1844 by the heads of the several departments conferring upon the Master of the Household (now Sir John Cowell) absolute authority over the whole internal economy of the palace, and, as this officer does not change with the government of the country, there is a continuous and responsible rule. He selects the servants, and is the one general mangager.

In the "Imperial Calendar," published annually, will be found a full and complete list of those who constitute the Queen's household at Buckingham, St. James's, and Kensington Palaces; Windsor Castle, Balmoral, Osborne, Hampton Court, Frogmore, Kew, Claremont, and Cumberland Lodge, all royal residences; and though since George II.'s time a quarter of the number has been struck off the list, the aggregate is still very great. Under the Lord Steward there are over 150. First, the Treasurer of the Household, then the Comptroller, with their messengers and secretaries. The Treasurer, now the Earl of Breadalbane, is a very exalted personage, who, like the Lord Steward, carries a white wand of office, and is a Privy Councillor. At the coronation he distributes the silver medals commemorating the event. This was done by Lord Surrey on the last occasion, and the specetators in the choir and lower galleries of the Abbey scrambled for them with eagerness. He has to check and examine all the accounts of the Board of Green Cloth for the expenses of the household. This Board of Green Cloth, or Marshalsea Court, was, as early as Henry III.'s time, a court of justice, with exclusive jurisdiction in the palace, dealing with murders, treason, and other offences; now it is a sort of head housekeeper and butler rolled into one, and consists of a few clerks, whose duty it is to check the bills from the vouchers sent in by the first clerk of the kitchen. For nothing is allowed to be received from a tradesman unless he produces a voucher of one of the three departments, the Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse. When the Queen is away, the servants are on board wages, and it is part of the duty of the clerk of the kitchen to know who is fed at the palace and to ascertain the market price of each commodity, the only price recognised. The Board of Green Cloth gives orders for the payment of wages and board, looks after plate and linen, and the wine cellars situated beneath St. James's Palace. They are presided over by a gentleman and some yeomen, and extra assistants. This term yeoman occurs over and over again in the enumeration of the Queen's household, and is only one of several interesting examples of old nomenclature.

Many cooks evidently do not spoil royal broth. Besides the clerk of the kitchen, office clerk, comptroller, and many clerks and messengers under them, in the kitchen itself, there are Eugène Thiou, the chief cook, and four master cooks under him, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, four apprentices, five scourers, three kitchen maids, one extra woman, a storekeeper man, two green office men and a steam apparatus man. But that is not all. In the confectionery department there are yeomen, assistants, and three women; and in the ewry department (a term derived like our word "ewer" from the old Southern French word for water, *acquiére*), supervising the glass and china, there are yeomen of the ewry, three table deckers and assistants, and, lastly, waxfitters and assistants. In the silver pantry there are three yeomen and groom assistants, groom being used, as yeoman, to designate a young man between the sergeant and assistants, and under butlers. Still we have not yet done with the list of underlings. There are a coal porter and four assistants for each palace, and two lamplighters and seven assistants. Under the head of porters, there are state porters, including sergeant, yeomen, and under porters, as well as gentlemen porters. There are also eight marshalmen and yeomen and assistants of the steward's room and of the servants' hall, with ushers and assistants. Then there is a coroner of the verge of the palaces under the Lord Steward, and the gardeners at Windsor, Hampton Court, and Buckingham Palace, with eleven gamekeepers at Windsor Great Park.

Another and very important department comes beneath his jurisdiction — viz., the almonry for the distribution of royal charities. The Earl of Exeter is the Hereditary Grand Almoner, who attends at the coronation to distribute alms. The Lord High Almoner (now the Dean of Windsor) formerly gave the fragments from the royal table and the cast-off clothes of royalty to the poor. He has a sub-almoner and secretaries under him, and an office in Scotland-yard. He comes specially before the public on Maundy Thursday, when he distributes the Queen's Easter bounties at the Whitehall Chapel. This day was specially selected, because the Saviour is supposed to have then washed the disciples' feet. Until William III.'s time many of our monarchs performed the same act of humanity. Now woollen and linen clothes and money are bestowed on old men and women whose number coincides with the age of the sovereign. When George II. reigned boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, bread and fish, were given away, the term Maundy being derived from the "maunds," or hand baskets in which the alms were placed. Now the money is an equivalent. The previous week the Minor Bounty, Discretionary Bounty, and Royal Gate Alms are distributed from the office, and the week following there are more doles, some 1,000 persons being thus relieved. All the old household linen from the palace is given to the hospitals.

When our Saxon kings dined the poor sat in the streets, waiting for the broken meats from the king's table, which this official had then to bring them. The old clothes of the royal family were sold and the proceeds given to the indigent, and it was the High Almoners' duty to see that the distribution was made. But the cast-off habits had other uses, and sometimes found their way to theatrical wardrobes. The mimic queens of the day trod the stage in the very robes worn by ladies of royal blood. The Duchess of York presented Mrs Barry with her own wedding dress to play Queen Elizabeth in a piece called "The Unhappy Favourite," a character, by-the-bye, in which another actress so completely lost her own identity that, when Queen Anne, who occupied a stage box, dropped her fan, she, without interrupting the piece, desired one of her attendants to "take up our sister's fan." A burst of applause made her realise the position, and overwhelmed her with confusion. Anne, however, took it in good part. Up to 1780 actors wore the royal livery of scarlet and gold; Baddely was the last to do so.

The money comes out of what is called the Privy Purse, which was first instituted during George III.'s long illness; and it is strictly limited to the private expenses of the sovereign. The Keeper of the Privy Purse is one of those who constitute the Queen's personal household, together with the private secretary, who, with the pressure of business matters in which Her Majesty's takes an active interest, has no sinecure. The list of her immediate surroundings includes a personal attendant; the personal attendant and page, John Brown; the director of Continental journeys, *Jäger*, Highland servants, a resident medical attendant, the bailiffs on the several farms, and the head keeper.

The long array of housemaids and footmen are very strictly ordered. They have no perquisites; indeed, nothing is allowed to be taken from the palace, and no followers are permitted, but a kindly interest is shown in their welfare. They form part of a household where every member is studied. If they remain many years and become past work, they have pensions of £20 and upwards, according to their pay; and if they marry respectably their children are educated. The Queen, on her accession, pensioned the servants of the late king who were superannuated, and of these one only is left.

ARDERN HOLT.



A POEM FOR TO-DAY.

HERE is a little poem, entitled "To-Day," written by Carlyle. We have often thought that if those daughters of England who lead aimless lives would only commit it to memory and repeat it to themselves every morning, society would experience a great revolution, and listlessness and discontent be almost unheard-of:—

Lo! here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime,
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning,
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

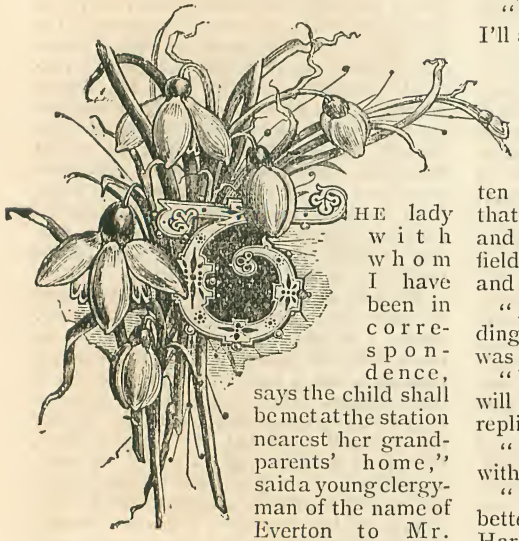


THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER I.

"For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother; I'm to be Queen o' the May."—*Tennyson.*



"THE lady with whom I have been in correspondence, says the child shall be met at the station nearest her grandparents' home," said a young clergyman of the name of Everton to Mr. Hardman, master of a London union.

"We had better speak to the guard, sir. He will be responsible when my responsibility ceases. The child will be like so much luggage, directed and labelled, and put under his care," replied Hardman.

"I hope you do not consider all the children committed to your tender mercies, luggage, Hardman?"

"That would be impossible, sir, for they have to be fed, clothed, and educated; and, between ourselves, trouble enough they give us. But nothing compared to the casuals."

"Yet have they all souls to be saved," sighed the clergyman.

"There is the guard, sir," returned the master, shrugging his shoulders.

This conversation took place at the Paddington Railway Station. The subject of it was a little girl whom Mr. Everton held by the hand, and who walked with him towards the guard aforesaid. Hardman followed, muttering, "The parsons give themselves a deal of unnecessary trouble. I could have disposed of the matter in five minutes."

"This little girl is going into Wales. Will you see to her?" said Mr. Everton, to the guard, slipping a coin into his hand.

"All right, sir. What's her station?" was the reply.

"She is duly ticketed," returned Everton, pointing to a parchment label hung round the child's neck.

"Don't go beyond Llanelly, sir. But I'll see her into the hands of the other guard," said the man, examining the label. "Third class, I suppose. Here's a through carriage. Passengers are always kind to a child. Ten minutes before we start."

Mr. Everton employed five of these ten minutes in pressing on the child that she was to be good and keep quiet, and that then she would see the green fields, and the mountains, and the sheep, and all the wonders of the country.

"I know," said the little girl, nodding mysteriously. "Where mamma was born. Shall I see her there?"

"Your mother is in heaven, and you will see her there if you are good," replied the clergyman.

"Yes, I know," replied the child, with another peculiar nod.

"Only five minutes more. You had better put her in, sir," broke in Mr. Hardman, who was growing impatient.

"Good-bye, then, little May," said Mr. Everton, stooping to kiss her.

"Good-bye," she said, and put her arms round his neck. In so doing she knocked off her hat, and displayed a mass of golden hair so remarkable that the bystanders pointed it out to one another. "I will write you a long letter," she whispered, as she tried to replace the obstreperous hat. "And I will come and see you."

Here Mr. Hardman took possession of her, and lifted her into the carriage, with the sententious words, "Be a good girl."

"Yes, I know. Kiss matron, and governess, and teacher, and Polly, and ——" she nodded, but the whistle of the engine interrupted further speech, for she started and put her fingers in her ears.

"Will you kindly look after this little girl?" said Mr. Everton, poking his head into the window of the carriage and addressing its inmates generally, while Hardman watched her small box placed in the van with the other luggage, and pointed it out to the guard.

"I'll see to her," answered somebody; "and, take care," screamed another body, as the train began to move and Mr. Everton retreated amidst the crowd that still half-covered the platform, albeit the long alligator of a train was full.

The child put her head out of window to look after him, and again the hat fell back and displayed the threads of gold, through which the light glanced. A fellow-passenger held her by her skirt, or she might have fallen from the window in her eagerness to see the last of her friend. She was, however, drawn back into the carriage, and placed upon a seat by the kindly hand that had protected her. In another moment the train had started, and in a few seconds more it was free of the great glazed roof of the Great Western station and bearing its freight of human beings towards their various destinations.

No individual of that freight could be more lonely than the child, though many might be more unhappy, sickly, or dispirited. She was young enough to enjoy the present, without much thought of past or future.

She was about six years of age, and small for her years. She was dressed in shabby black that had evidently belonged to some child better circumstanced than she. It had, in fact, been procured for her by Mr. Everton, who had interested some of his friends in her behalf. That portion of her clothing which her mourning dress concealed, was good, and the neatly tucked petticoat and drawers showed that she had been at least well cared for, before the black was put on. She was fair, pale, and somewhat attenuated, with an unnaturally old and wise look in her young face. Her small features were regular, and her inquisitive eyes blue; but her hair was the most remarkable part about her. Many a fashionable young lady of the present day would have given hundreds of pounds for such a coiffure, for it was so arranged, either by nature or art, that it surrounded her head like a ball of gilded thistledown. It was soft, fine yet crisp, and each hair seemed separated from its fellows in a way that a Parisian *friseur* might have envied, in these days of mops and bristling brushes. But, had he stood over a Paris belle for a twelvemonth, he could not have produced the effect that was produced by little May's threads of burnished gold. Indeed they were as inimitable as indescribable, but once seen were never forgotten. As the sun shone in upon

her through the open windows on that glorious August morning, his subtle rays literally played at hide and seek amid the curiously intertwined yet open network of that strange little head.

As she sat, prim and silent, between two women, one of whom had a baby asleep in her arms, it attracted general attention. She appeared, however, for the moment unconscious of this, for she was looking from window to window on either side of her at the country she whirled through. At last she put her hand quietly into her pocket, and drew out a very small doll, attired as a ballet-dancer.

"Terpsichore, I s'pose that's a field," she whispered to it, pointing with her small fore-finger to the emerald meads whence the hay had long been carried, and where happy cattle grazed in the sunlight.

She was startled by the words from her next-door neighbour, "Yes, that's a field. Did you never see one before, child?"

Quickly restoring Terpsichore to her jacket pocket, she glanced up at the speaker and surveyed her inquisitively. The question was repeated, and she gave a wise little nod in reply, that might have been taken either negatively or affirmatively.

"Where did you get that wonderful head of hair?" was the next question.

"God gave it me," she replied.

"But who frizzled it up like that?" asked the other neighbour.

"Nobody; it grew," she answered.

"It is surely a wig," put in a kindly-looking man opposite. "Take it off, my little dear."

"I can't. It was born so," she said, shaking the poor head vigorously, to the amusement of her surroundings.

The man laid his hand suddenly upon it to feel if it really proceeded from the scalp, upon which she drew back, and pulled on the refractory hat. It seemed as if the headgear would not, or could not, remain upon the elastic tissue, which also refused to be confined within proper bounds. It was, however, the means of interesting all her travelling companions, and even those in the other compartments tried to catch sight of the remarkable hair. Moreover, pieces of cake, sandwiches, peppermints, and various fruits were soon showered upon her; for no sooner was the train in the open country than its passengers began to eat and drink.

"Thank you, thank you," she repeated over and over again, nodding and surveying her new friends.

Her appetite appeared capacious enough for anything. All that was given her disappeared down her throat, save a crumb or so of each gift, which was put into the pocket where her doll lay.

"That's for you, Terpsichore. Don't you wish mamma had some?" she whispered, bending over the said pocket.

"What's your doll's name?" asked one of her friends.

"Terpsichore."

"Why did you call her that?" said another.

"Because she dances in the pantomimes."

"Where's your mamma?" a third.

"In Heaven."

This last reply, made with much solemnity, silenced her inquisitors for a time, and caused the one with the baby to present to her a small bottle containing some sort of strong-smelling liquid.

"Take a little drop, my dear. 'Tis only gin and water."

The child shook her head more sagely than ever, but the woman pressed her to drink.

"I'm a teetotaller," she whispered, putting back the bottle.

The women laughed, but a gentleman, seated in a remote corner, who had been listening, but not joining in the talk, leaned forward.

"What do you mean by a teetotaller, child," he asked gravely.

"I know," she replied, with her queer little nod.

"It would be well if all England did," he added, glancing about him. "Can you read, little one?"

Another assenting nod, and he presented her with a small book, with a picture frontispiece. Taking the opportunity thus offered, he distributed a number of his books amongst the passengers, which caused a temporary lull, and many a sly wink and expressive gesture. But happily the time has gone by, or nearly so, when people scoff at the efforts made to improve them.

"A missionary gent," remarked somebody when he got out at the next station, and returned with a glass of water for the little girl, which she drank eagerly.

"What is your name?" he inquired, as she gave him back the glass.

"Madeline Goldworthy," she replied.

He examined the parchment suspended to her neck, took the glass, patted her on the cheek, and disappeared.

"How did you become a teetotaller?" asked her *vis-à-vis*, laughing.

"Mamma signed, and I signed, and Terpsichore signed," she answered, and there was so much laughter that she appeared offended for the first time. She deliberately shook her head when questioned further, and declined to reply.

At this point of the journey, the baby, who had been unusually quiet, began to cry. The mother tried to hush it in vain, and Miss May quickly condoned the offence by turning towards it, and nodding and smiling. The infant ceased its roar with a sudden gulp, and opened its big eyes wide at the little girl, who began to use her hands as well as head in her efforts to amuse it. She succeeded so well, that the obstreperous youngster soon crowed with delight, and when May's hat once more fell off, dashed its chubby hands right into the silken meshes of the hair.

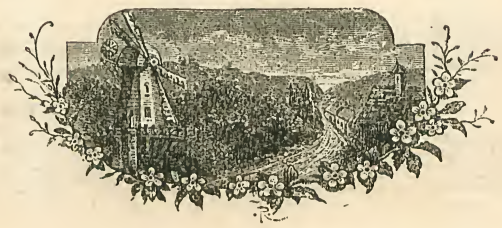
"'Tisn't a wig after all!" exclaimed her opposite neighbour.

At Swindon the guard looked in upon her, and a few minutes afterwards the "missionary gent" re-entered the



carriage, and asked her to come with him and have some tea. She followed him gladly, but instead of the scalding tea he took himself, he gave her a glass of milk. When he returned with her to her carriage the scene had changed, and fresh people filled it. She looked round alarmed, as if a new phase of her life had already begun, but the gentleman re-assured her by saying that he was going as far as Llanelly, and would bear her company. He was a tall, thin young man, with a pale face and scant yellow beard and whiskers, but he had a pleasant, kindly, unostentatious manner, which reminded the child of her friend, Mr. Everton, and she at once placed confidence in him. He seated her by his side and began to talk to her, but she was weary with the journey and excitement, and even while nodding or shaking her head in response to his enquiries—for her words were few—her eyes closed, and she fell fast asleep on his shoulder. He put one arm gently round her, and drew her towards him, and so she slumbered on undisturbed, until he finally lifted her upon his lap, and she slept with little intermission until they reached Llanelly.

(*To be continued.*)





To be sung with simplicity. *mf* *Music by* JOSEPH BARNBY.

VOICE. PIANO.

O lit - tle child! lie still and sleep; Je - sus is near, thou need'st not fear, No one need fear whom

cres - - cen -

do. *f* God doth keep By day or night; *p a little slower.* Then lay thee down in

f *p a little slower.*



O little child! be still and rest,
He sweetly sleeps, whom Jesus keeps;
And in the morning wake so blest,
His child to be;
Love every one, but love Him best,
He first loved thee.

O little child! when thou must die,
Fear nothing then, but say "Amen
To God's commands, and quiet lie
In His kind hand,
Till He shall say, "Dear child, come, fly
To heaven's bright land.'

Then with thine angel-wings quick grown
Thou shalt ascend to meet thy Friend,
Jesus the little child will own,
Safe at His side.
And thou shalt live before the throne,
Because He died.

EMBROIDERY ON NET.

DARNING on net is the oldest style of embroidery, and, being strong and bold, it was much employed in church ornamentation. A few rich specimens are still extant. The work consists in representing a pattern by taking up and leaving down a given number of meshes or holes; very often two kinds of thread are in requisition—a coarse one for outlining and a finer one for filling in. These patterns of yore, too complicated and tedious, did not suit our love for railroad speed; they therefore fell into oblivion.

However, quite lately, Parisian ladies have revived this branch of embroidery, and have improved upon it. Light and easy designs are the only ones in favour, some being darned, but many being copies of the stitches familiar in canvas, crewel, and linen work. With these stitches lovely things are made, both for furniture and dress; for instance, curtains, holders, blinds, chair-backs, and cosies, valances, quilts with coloured linings, covers, fronts and backs of pianos, etc.; also ball-dresses, jerseys, dainty aprons for tea and lawn-tennis, fichus, capes, prettily lined satchels, etc. As the vogue of many of these items may change, I have selected for your first attempts charming little patterns, which, while effective, are easy enough to be worked, "almost in the twinkling of an eye." Ah! that is capital, is it not? What a pity all other work cannot be done in the same way!

To begin at once. Do not trouble yourself with either frame or traced pattern; merely look at the cut and reproduce it exactly on the net you have chosen. When I say net, I use the word here in a broad sense, as including any open-meshed material, such as mosquito net, black and white, hand or machine-netting gauze, grenadine, muslin, *toile Colbert*, or the new single-thread canvas, called darning canvas. This coarse fabric has square meshes formed with stiff twisted thread; sold only in cream and black. It measures about 27 in. across, and costs but 1s. 3½d. per yard. Hence, you see, you are not at all restricted as to stuff, and even now I have not named half of those that could be used. With regard to the thread, you have darning cotton, but, far better, Trafalgar thread, coarse and fine, crewels, single Berlin wool, embroidery silks, arrasene, and, of course, to follow fashion closely, you may indulge in the metallic threads, or the new gold and silver braids at 1d. per yard. Indeed, though I have not yet tried it, I should think China ribbons would be very handsome, provided they are judiciously employed according to the mesh. The size and length of the needle will necessarily answer to the fabric and kind of pattern. An ordinary blunt wool needle will be the very thing for our simple illustrations.

Just try this little meandering border (Fig. 1), darning over and under two, three, or four threads, according to the intended width. Worked in white floss silk it would be a



FIG. 1.—BORDER OR STRIPE.

tasteful finish to the hem of a bridal veil.

A tiny star gives a most delicate powdering for fichus, caps, tunics, &c.; it is composed of six darning stitches branching from one centre hole. Grouped in sevens, as in Fig. 2, it affords a heavier powdering, very suitable to aprons, chair "night-caps," and antimacassars. Perhaps before going further I had better explain to you what is meant by a "chair night-cap." As its name implies, it is a cover to be slipped over the top of a chair and a straight-backed sofa. Sometimes it merely consists of a doubled rectangular piece tied

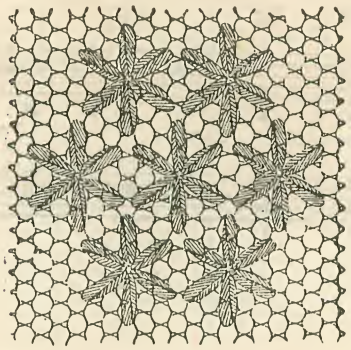


FIG. 2.—DARNED STAR.

at the sides by ribbons, but in most cases it must exactly fit the furniture; therefore you need to be very particular in first cutting out a pattern in brown paper of both the front and the back, which, when put together, generally give the impression of a tea cosey. From these two pieces you shape your stuff, but stay—are you going to cut it "tight size," as upholsteresses say? That, indeed, would be a great mistake. Not only must you allow for turnings, but also for ease, and to remove it at will even for lining, when any. But, to return to our tiny star, it may be enlarged or diminished at will, and fancifully placed in various figures. In Fig. 3 it encircles the

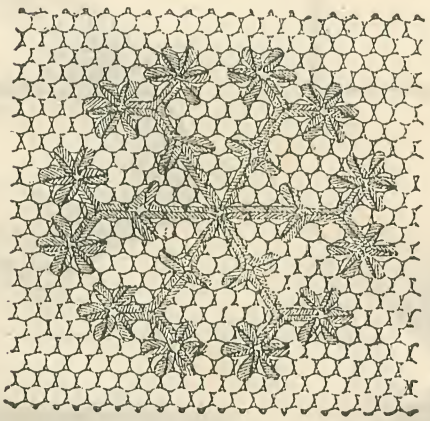


FIG. 3.—WHEEL WITH STAR TYRE.

spokes of a wheel, which are made by two rows of straight darning.

I particularly recommend you this wheel dotting, for I have been able to judge of its exquisite effect on boudoir curtains, when worked singly in pale blue, gold and soft green filoselle, and again, on other hangings, wrought with multi-coloured crewels.

Next to powdering, delicate stripes are the most pleasing, and you will find in the following diagrams five quick stitches, which may moreover be utilised as edgings. The Knot Stripe is easily executed by passing the wool, silk, &c., diagonally downwards, over several meshes from right to left, up again half way, then, after coiling round the long stitch it is continued slantwise upwards till two meshes to the left, ready to pass out and commence the next stitch.

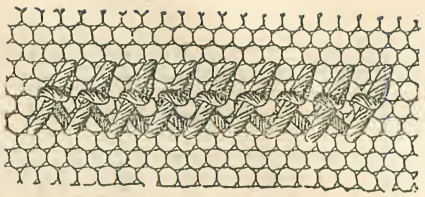


FIG. 4.—THE KNOT STRIPE.

This stripe is a variety of herringbone, made with the needle held perfectly straight,

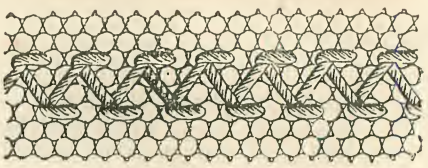


FIG 5.—FANCY STRIPE.

while in the next, the Fishbone Stripe (Fig. 6), the needle is inserted on the bias.

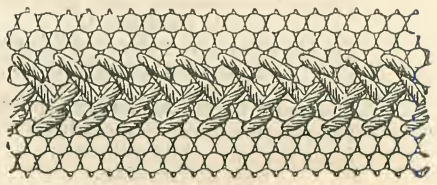


FIG. 6.—THE FISHBONE STRIPE.

The Double Cross stitch, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Point de Diable*, will surely offer no difficulty to any of our readers, being so popular for grounding. After having made the ordinary cross on four holes, instead of two, you bring the needle out between the two arms, and cover your first cross with another one, the Greek cross.

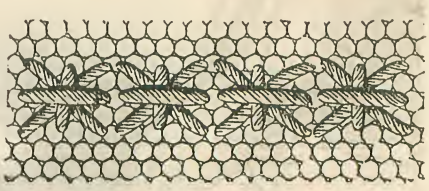


FIG. 7.—DOUBLE CROSS.

Whenever a closer kind of stitch is required, or there is a join or defect to be hidden, the feather stitch stripe (Fig. 8) will be found invaluable, either in plain or shaded colours.

Do not confound this stitch with the two other feather stitches, associated with crewel and linen embroidery. The one here shown is only intended for stripes or groundings on

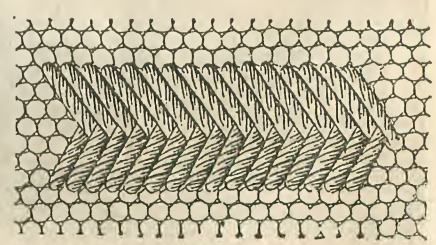


FIG. 8.—THE FEATHER STITCH STRIPE.

canvas work. It represents the barbules of a quill as well as one made of straw-plaiting.

The stitch has only two moves, viz., upwards slanting to the right over 4 threads, then downwards over the same number in the opposite direction, the needle being slipped under at the centre, so that the branches dovetail.

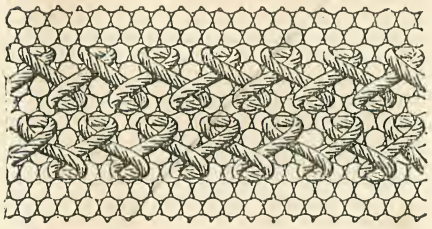


FIG 9.—HERRINGBONE INSERTION.

The ever-useful herringbone is too well-known and clearly illustrated in Fig. 9 to need any special remarks. I will merely state that its effect is enhanced by the use of two contrasting colours. The same can be said of Fig. 10, which presents a good combination of chain-stitch and darning.

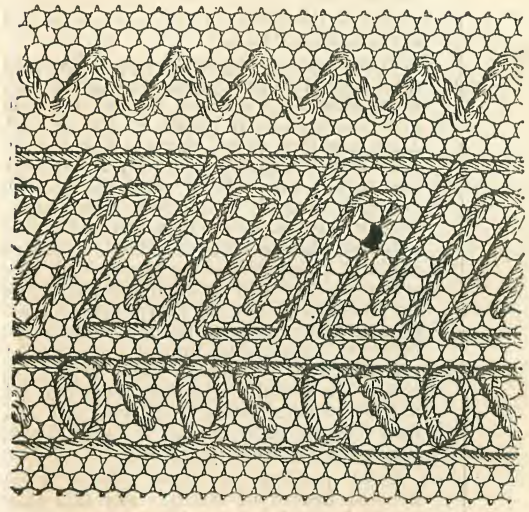


FIG. 10.—CHAIN-STITCH AND DARNING.

The chain is introduced as the vandykes, the thorns, and one side of the turrets. In making the latter be careful to bring the thread out properly, so that it does not twist at the corners. Indeed, the old tambour-stitch is very often the sole ornament of the net, and by its means regular pictures are, so to speak, painted on the surface, to be afterwards mounted as panels, blinds, etc.

But, as I told you at the beginning, almost every kind of stitch is applicable to net embroidery. Besides those already exemplified, and the satin stitch, the feston or buttonhole stitch must not be forgotten. The loose-spread one in the Witney style, termed abroad the *point Mexicain*, has no rival for its rapidity. (See Fig. 11.)

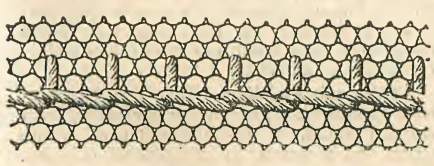


FIG. 11.—LOOSE BUTTONHOLE EDGE.

To take off the flatness of darning, and to obtain a pleasing play of light and shade, the workers can have recourse to three different methods—two sizes of cotton, chain, and raised buttonhole stitch. Therefore, before commencing, the eyelet-hole, Fig. 12, trace the circle by rows of running stitches, which form a kind of padding over which the feston stitch is made.

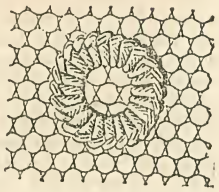


FIG. 12.—RAISED EYELET-HOLE.

PUDDINGS.

By PHILLIS BROWNE.

PUDDINGS are by many supposed to belong especially to children and young people, but there are to be found here and there in the world "grown ups" who say that they, too, are very fond of them. By this they mean that they are partial to particular puddings that have taken their fancy. There is pudding and pudding; and we may enjoy one kind and be very decidedly indifferent to another kind, and puddings are of all sorts.

It would be a very disgraceful thing if, after all the talk we have had together about cookery, the girls belonging to our cooking class were not able to make puddings. I propose, therefore, that we give a little attention to the subject, and discuss the general principles connected with their concoction.

Puddings may be rich and expensive, or they may be plain and economical; but if they are to be good and wholesome, the ingredients used in making them must be fresh and of good quality. If one of the articles used in making a pudding be in the least tainted and musty, the pudding into which it enters will be spoilt.

Especially is this the case with eggs, suet, and milk. The taste of suet that is not perfectly sweet is particularly disagreeable. The taint may seem very slight before the suet is mixed in the pudding and cooked, but if it is there at all, heat will bring it out, and it is sure to be obtrusively evident when the pudding is served. In the same way, milk that shows a very feeble disposition to turn when cold will act in a more decided manner when mixed with eggs and baked, and will curdle and spoil the pudding altogether.

As to eggs, their condition is perhaps more important than that of any thing that can be used. One bad egg introduced into a pudding would spoil the effect of a dozen new laid ones. However anxious a girl might be to mix a pudding quickly, I would advise her never to allow herself to break a number of eggs into a basin without first trying them separately in a cup. She may have bought them at the best shop in the town and paid the highest price for them, but there is an element of uncertainty about eggs that no good cook can afford to disregard.

There is one thing connected with eggs that always astonishes me very much, and that is, how few cooks trouble to remove the "speck," or thick knotted substance that lies by the side of the yolk. When the egg is turned into a cup, the speck can be taken out easily with the point of a fork, and it is very unpleasant to come into contact with it while eating. We are often told that, "in delicate cookery," the specks should be removed from eggs. They should be removed in all cookery, for they never improve a dish, and they are always objectionable.

When there is time for it the whites and the yolks of eggs should be beaten separately, the yolks put in first and the whisked whites dashed in at the last moment before cooking the pudding. The reason of this is that white of egg can be so easily whisked into a foam, and if this can be introduced into the pudding before it has time to fall, the little air bubbles that were beaten in it, and that made the white of egg rise, will expand still further with the heat, and will lift up the pudding in the same way that they lifted up the white of egg, and so make it light.

When suet is used in making puddings it should have all the skin and fibre taken away, and be chopped till it is as fine as oatmeal. If we have a machine this can be easily done, but if not it is rather a troublesome business; nevertheless it must be well chopped, for we should never be willing that our puddings should have large lumps of fat in them. If a knife must be used in chopping suet, it should be a very sharp one; and we shall find that the best plan we can adopt is to shred the suet finely first, then turn the pieces round and chop them with the point of the knife, raising the upper part so as to make the knife a sort of lever. We must, of course, remember to sprinkle a little flour over the suet every now and then to keep it from being sticky.

Sometimes it happens that suet is objected to altogether. When this is the case, butter or, for plain puddings, sweet dripping may be substituted for it. A smaller quantity of butter than of suet will be needed, so that if we were going to use half a pound of suet we should find that six ounces of butter would be amply sufficient for our purpose.

Currants are a particularly dirty fruit. They should, therefore, always be washed before they are used. The best way of doing this is to put them into a colander, sprinkle a little flour over them, then rub them round and round for a minute or two, shaking the colander vigorously every now and then to detach the stalks and make them fall through the holes. When this is done we may pour cold water gently over them, drain them, lay them on a towel, and dry them gradually at the mouth of a cool oven or before the fire. When quite dry, spread them on a white cloth or on white paper, and look over them carefully to discover the stones if there are any. As currants must be dry when used, they should be washed as soon as they come in from the grocer, and be put into jars for use. If they have not been washed it is better to content oneself with sprinking flour over them and rubbing them, a few at a time, between the folds of a soft cloth, rather than to wash them and to use them wet, for they will be very likely to make a pudding heavy.

Sultanas should be prepared like currants. Raisins should have all stones taken from them and be chopped small before being used. Sultanas are not nearly so full of flavour as ordinary raisins.

Candied peel should be freed from the sugar and cut into very thin strips before being used. There are three sorts of peel ordinarily used. The thick green peel is citron, the dark peel is orange, the light peel is lemon. Orange peel is not so hard and difficult to cut as lemon peel.

When fresh-orange or lemon peel is used for flavouring, it should be grated off on a coarse grater so as to leave the bitter white part of the fruit untouched. When this method is not convenient the thin yellow rind may be cut into thin strips for use. When flavouring essences are used they should be dropped into a small portion of liquid before being added to the pudding. It is not safe to drop them at once into the pudding mixture

because a larger portion might inadvertently be put in than is wanted, and this would quite spoil the taste of the pudding. A very small pinch of salt, sufficient to bring out other flavours though not to proclaim its own presence, should be put into all puddings, even sweet ones.

When bread crumbs are wanted for puddings, they should be made by rubbing stale bread through a wire sieve. Sometimes it is considered desirable, for economical reasons, to use stale crusts of bread. When this is the case, the bread should be scalded with boiling milk or water, and afterwards drained thoroughly, and beaten up with a fork.

Sugar should always be sparingly used in making puddings, especially boiled ones. The reason for this is, that the sugar becomes liquid when cooked, and this may make the mixture too thin.

Puddings are either baked, boiled, or steamed. The dish or mould in which a pudding is baked, should always be buttered well before the mixture is put in it. The heat of the oven required for baking puddings is not always the same. Custard puddings of all kinds, whether made of eggs and milk only, or of eggs and milk mixed with grain, whole or ground, should be gently baked or boiled; if put into a fierce oven, they would be watery. Batter puddings, on the contrary, should be put into a well heated, though not a fierce oven; if cooked slowly they will not be light. They should also be served as soon as possible after they are taken from the oven. All puddings are done when they are quite firm in the centre. Puddings that are sufficiently solid to admit of it should not be served in the dish in which they are baked, but should be turned upon a dish and have white sugar sifted thickly over them. And if it should happen that they set and acquire colour before they are baked through, a sheet of paper may be laid over them to prevent their being over done. Boiled puddings may either be tied in a cloth, or put in a buttered mould. Opinions differ as to which of the two methods is to be preferred. Soyer says that every pudding is better cooked in a mould or basin than in a cloth. Other authorities, quite competent to speak on the subject, are in favour of a cloth. They tell us that all puddings made of pastry, or which contain bread or suet, as well as batter puddings, though they may look best when boiled in a mould, are lighter and more equally cooked when boiled in a cloth, and in my opinion they are quite right. Custard puddings, however, of all kinds may be boiled in a mould, though even they would be better to be steamed. All puddings that are boiled in a mould should have a buttered paper laid over them before they are covered or tied up.

When puddings are boiled, they should be plunged into plenty of fast boiling water and kept boiling until done. If the water boil away and more has to be added, it must be put in boiling. A wooden skewer or a dish should always be placed under them in the saucepan, in order to keep them from sticking to the pan. The pudding cloths also should be well looked after. They should never be washed with soap, but should be laid in cold water as soon as they are done with, afterwards washed in hot water, dried in the open air, and folded away to keep them from getting dusty. Before being used again, they should be rinsed out of boiling water, squeezed dry, and floured well.

When bread, or anything that is likely to swell, enters into the composition of a pudding, room should be allowed for its probable enlargement, and it should be loosely tied. Light puddings should stand a few minutes after being taken from the pan, before they are turned out. Solid puddings, on the contrary, should be served immediately, though they may be plunged in and out of cold water before being turned out. Puddings made of pastry should be closely tied, and served as quickly as possible after they are taken up, as they soon become heavy. It is a good plan to make a hole in the top to allow the steam to escape, after turning a pudding of this kind out. Puddings boiled in a basin need to be boiled longer than those that are in a tin mould. Those made with suet and flour should be stiffly mixed; if made too thin they will break when turned out.

Light puddings are more delicate when steamed instead of boiled. For this they should be put into a mould, and have a piece of buttered paper laid over the top. They should then be put into a saucepan with boiling water to come half way up the mould, but not to touch the paper. If the water touches the paper, the latter will become moist all the way through, and that will spoil the pudding. Keep the water boiling round the pudding and cover the saucepan closely. When the preparation is firm in the centre it is sufficiently cooked.

In summer-time cold puddings are frequently preferred to hot ones. When these are well made and nicely flavoured they are very good, and people who are tired of puddings in general and imagine that they do not care for them, are very often induced to partake of cold ones. I will, before closing, give recipes for two of these puddings to be served cold, which, so far as I know, are not very commonly met with. The first one, the diplomatic pudding, is a superior dish for high days and festive occasions; the second, red rice, is moderately economical, and is very delicious.

Diplomatic Pudding.—Take one ounce of stale sponge cakes, one ounce of ratafias, both crushed small, a dessertspoonful of white sugar, and a quarter of an ounce of gelatine. Soak the gelatine in milk, then melt it in a saucepan. Boil half-a-pint of milk and the sugar in a stew-pan, then pour it over the yolks of two eggs, and add the whole

A SONG FOR JULIA.

By Sarah Geraldine Stock.

A poem long and musical my darling asks of me,
Without the least suggestion what the subject is to be;
So for her sake my harp I'll take and seek a tuneful strain,
And if it gives her some delight I shall not sing in vain.

But whither shall I turn and seek, in earth, or sea, or sky?
Where sun and moon and stars unfold their wondrous tale on high?
Where ocean's solemn chant is heard in solitude sublime?
Or where the whisp'ring breezes wake the woodland's fitful chime?

There's music sweeter e'en than these, where in the golden day
The happy laughter rings around of children at their play,
And where at night the little lips are hushed in snug retreat,
And softest breathings rise and fall in measured cadence sweet.

And music rich and full peals out where noble deeds are wrought,
And swelling notes are heard afar from heights of lofty thought;
There's music where the secret depths of nature ope to view,
In desert lone, in busy streets, there's music ever new.

There's music when the glowing morn unveils her glowing light,
There's music when the winds are hushed, and softly falls the night,
Oh! sweet is all the music heard on earth, and sky, and sea;
But sweeter far the name of One who died for thee and me!

Of Him who from His throne on high in pitying love came dow
And bore our sin and misery, that we might share His crown,
Who burst the fetters of the grave while yet the dawn was dim,
And rose again to save and bless the souls that trust in Him.

Still from His glorious seat above in tenderness He bends,
For evermore the hope and joy of those He calls His friends;
And should dark clouds o'erspread their sky, and dawn seem far away,
In one short moment He can flood their souls with heavenly day.

Oh! morning suns are fair and bright, but brighter far the hour
When Christ, the "Sun of righteousness," shines forth in all His power!
When mountain height and lowly vale reflect those wondrous beams,
And e'en the smallest thread of life with heav'nly glory gleams!

Oh! sweet and soft the hush of eve, when daylight folds her wings,
But softer far that "still, small voice," that truest comfort brings,
The voice of Jesus speaking peace to hearts with care oppressed,
"Come unto Me, ye weary ones, and I will give you rest."

Grand is creation's hymn of praise that rises day by day,
But grander far the Word of Him who took the curse away!
The Word that on the cross proclaimed the wondrous work was done,
The Father's perfect will wrought out, accomplished by the Son!

Oh! pleasant is the children's mirth, so simple, pure, and bright,
And pleasant is the downy sleep that cradles them at night,
And yet no mother's breast e'er knew a rapture so complete
As that which fills the hearts of those who sit at Jesu's feet.

All lofty thoughts, all noble deeds, their centre find in Him,
Before His face the brightest page of nature must grow dim,
The music of His onward march is heard from sea to sea,
And myriad worlds shall sound His praise to all eternity!

of one previously whisked. Stir the custard over the fire till it thickens, put with it the melted gelatine, and pour it over the biscuits, and stir the mixture briskly. Take half-a-pint of clear jelly nicely flavoured. If it is not thought worth while to make jelly for the purpose, it may be bought in a bottle of the grocer; it will then have to be flavoured. Take a small, plain mould, scald it with boiling water, then rinse it out with cold water. Ornament it with angelica, cut into strips, or with pistachio nuts, blanched like almonds, and chopped small. Pour gently into it, not to disturb the ornamentation jelly, to cover the bottom to the depth of half an inch. Let it get quite stiff, then put a gallipot on the jelly, and fill up the mould on the outside of the gallipot with jelly. Let this also get quite stiff, then take away the gallipot, and fill the vacancy thus left with the mixture already prepared. Let it stand till firm. Turn it out very carefully upon a glass dish and serve. It will look and taste like a very good pudding surrounded with jelly.

The ornamentation of this pudding may be varied in many ways. For instance, two or three spoonfuls of the jelly may be coloured with cochineal, and this may be put very lightly here and there in the mould, which is turned upside down till the jelly is stiff. Or the jelly may be coloured red altogether, or dried cherries or preserved fruits may be used for garnishing instead of pistachios. The quantities I have given here will make a very small pudding. If a larger one is wanted the proportions must be increased.

Red Rice may be made either with fresh fruit or preserved fruit. It is best made with fresh fruit, red currants and raspberries being more suitable than any other kinds of fruit. Take a pint and a half of ripe, red currants; pick them, and put them into a jar, with a pint and a half of water; set the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and let the water boil round them till the juice of the fruit begins to flow, then add half a pound of raspberries, and stew a quarter of an hour longer. Squeeze the juice from the fruit and sweeten it; mix four tablespoonfuls of ground rice, very smoothly, with a little of the liquid (cold). Boil the strained juice, stir the ground rice into it, and keep stirring till it is thick, and leaves the saucepan with the spoon. Pour it out, put two or three drops of cochineal with it to improve the colour, turn it into a damp mould, and leave it in a damp place till wanted. If preserved fruit has to be used, take a pound jar of raspberry jam, and boil it with water to fill a quart mould; strain away the juice, put two tablespoonfuls of red currant jelly with it, and two or three drops of lemon juice; then boil it with ground rice, as described above. Cochineal may occasionally be dispensed with, when the juice of fresh fruit is used, but it will certainly be needed for preserved fruit. Red rice is exceedingly good served with cream. If preferred, corn flour or arrowroot may be used to make it, instead of ground rice.



THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."



CHAPTER IV.

"TOPSY" AND THE JUNIOR GOVERNESS.

A YOUNG lady, small and neat in appearance, of a paleness and gravity that made her look two or three years older than she was, and with a mass of brown hair arranged in the very tightest and smoothest of bands. Such was Miss Rowe outwardly, and her deliberate, even-toned voice was in exact correspondence to her appearance, as she stood before Helen Edison, and with a slight bow said formally—

"I have the pleasure of seeing our new pupil, I believe? I am sorry that I have forgotten your name."

"And yet," said Helen in her clear, ringing voice, and with its very calmest tones, that well matched her questioner's —"and yet the one I go by is such a very easy one to remember if you have ever read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin!' If you haven't, I'll——"

"Have not," interrupted the governess quietly, and with raised eyebrows.

"Oh! yes, thank you. Of course. Only that takes so long to say, doesn't it, and I didn't—I mean did not and does not—like to keep you waiting."

There was a titter from the other end of the schoolroom, and a frown took the place of the flicker of a smile that for one instant had gleamed over Miss Rowe's face at the peculiar effect produced by the new pupil's self-corrections. She said more deliberately than before—

"You are very considerate; but perhaps you will show more regard for my time if you answer my question at once, instead of entering upon other matters."

Miss Edison's lower jaw dropped slightly and her eyelids drooped. A general air of timid dejection came over her as she repeated with hesitation—"Question—your question. About 'haven't,' was it?"

Some of the listeners in the distance were suddenly seized with very bad colds, and the English governess looked quickly round, and then back at the young stranger, who was nervously plucking at her fine India-worked pocket-handkerchief, and looking the picture of half-idiotic misery.

Miss Rowe glared at her fiercely, and then mentally glared at herself for wasting fierceness upon such a worthless object. Her stock of respect and patience for clever girls was small enough; for stupid ones and ignorant ones she had an utter, overbearing contempt. Having anything to do with them wearied her unspeakably. She almost groaned as she said—"My question had nothing to do with your slipshod way of speaking. I asked you your name. I suppose you have not forgotten it?"

"Oh, no," with an innocently infantile look of glee, "I have not forgotten that. It's so nice and short. It's Topsy."

"It is what!!"

"Topsy. 'Specs I growed' in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' you know. Papa says it suits me nicely. He always calls me that."

"Your father ought——" began Miss Rowe, and then she checked herself abruptly, and turned away from her new charge with a heavy heart and a frowning countenance. Fortunately the tea-bell rang, as Milly Wilmot flew back to her latest friend to show her the way to the dining-hall, and to murmur an astonished question as to how she dared act in such a manner towards Miss Rowe. Helen Edison threw her arms round her waist, and having held her back until pupils and governesses had all streamed off, she broke into a peal of silvery laughter, and whirled her companion round the room in a mad waltz.

"My dears, the tea is ready," said a pleasant voice unexpectedly at the door, and in a tone of surprise. The dance came to an abrupt end, and, blushing deeply, Milly began—

"I began your pardon, Miss Crofton, I——"

But the new pupil ran forward and broke in upon the apologies with a frank fearless—

"Oh! please, I hope you don't mind. But I am so glad to find that I am almost sure I shall like being here, and I generally dance when I am happy."

A gratified smile brightened the schoolmistress's face, and the mild tone of rebuke was exchanged for a cheerful, "Then I hope, my dear, that I shall very often see you dancing. But run away to the dining-hall now, for if you have as healthy an appetite as you should have you will not feel much inclined to dance when the tea is waiting."

Milly Wilmot, at any rate, needed no second bidding, and with a sigh of relief she pulled her companion quickly with her out of the class-room and along the wide corridor. Half-way down it Helen made a resolute stop, and began to look about her.

"What is it now? Do come on!" remonstrated Milly. "We really are very late, and Miss Rowe would think nothing of giving the signal to rise from the table before we had eaten even our first slice, or of drawing such general attention to us that we could not eat in any comfort. And I am so hungry."

"All right; so I am, too, so don't be afraid. I've been a match for that bugbear of yours once to-day, and I daresay I shall manage the matter again. Where did that door in the archway that I stopped at lead to?"

"Forbidden premises, I can tell you. It is the entrance to the governess's own private sitting-room. But——" as she opened the door of the dining-hall, and looked quickly at the long table occupying its centre—"I pity you," in a whisper. "Miss Rowe has actually had the barbarity to keep you a place next her. It's too bad for the first night."

"Too bad! nonsense!" was the low, laughing answer. "I feel truly grateful for the honour done me."

"I only hope you may feel as grateful two minutes hence," was the equally low reply, as Milly hastily passed to her own chair, and left the new pupil to make her way alone to the head of the table, to the only seat still remaining unoccupied.

The French and German governesses had their places at either side, but as the senior English governess, owing to illness, had not yet returned from her Christmas holiday, Miss Rowe was the presiding genius, and took good care to make her presence felt. Milly Wilmot generally indulged in vigorous moanings over her own shortness, but on such occasions as the present she was far from envying Clara Boswell, poor Josephine, or the new pupil their height, and she slipped in between her two table companions with very unusual silence and want of commotion. Meantime Miss Nellie nodded a smiling return to Miss Rowe's peremptory invitation to come up beside her, and as she sat down she asked brightly—

"Do you like dancing, Miss Rowe? I do. We have been having a little dance just now, Miss Wilmot and I; it was such fun."

"Fun for which your companion will unfortunately have to pay a fine," was the slow-spoken reply. "You escape because it is your first day here; but I have never before known a quite new pupil to disobey the rules, or lead a companion into disgrace. You are a new

and unpleasant experience for me, Miss Edison."

A pair of shining brown eyes were turned up to Miss Rowe's steel-grey ones with a wide-open, innocently surprised looking stare, and a very clear, soft voice said with calm distinctness—

"I am very sorry, I am sure, ma'am. But what a funny school this must be. The very head of the school herself saw us dancing, and said she was quite pleased, and kept us to have a little talk, and now you tell us that we are to be fined for staying to listen to her. Is that always the way things go here?"

For a moment the junior English governess was nearly losing outward control as well as inward command over her temper. She found those innocent-looking bright eyes and that musical voice most intensely exasperating, and she had to swallow down nearly a cupful of tea before she could steady her voice to say shortly—

"If Miss Crofton countenanced your want of punctuality, of course there is no more to be said. But even under such circumstances young ladies, who have been educated as such, would have offered some apology for being late."

"Oh, yes, of course. And so I meant, to, really, only you see the thoughts of dancing put it out of my head for the minute. I do beg your pardon, but please may I have another piece of sugar in my tea? The doctor says that sugar is good for me."

"Did the doctor also say that chattering was good for you?" was the cold reply. But the new pupil was apparently not easily frozen. She greeted this question with a laughing—

"I don't fancy the doctor has ever thought to give any opinion on the subject. Though papa often says that he is sure it comes as natural to me as to a magpie."

"So I should think. But as we have not yet learned to be as fond of the sound of your voice as you seem to be yourself, you will oblige me by being silent for the next five minutes, and eating your bread-and-butter. I shall ring for leaving the table at the end of that time."

To show that she intended to keep her word, Miss Rowe detached her watch from the chain, and laid it beside her on the table. Miss Edison munched away quietly at her bread-and-butter with the calmness of a young lady who had the whole evening before her for her meal. She finished her first piece of bread-and-butter just as the five minutes came to an end, and the governess laid her hand upon the top of the small table bell standing amongst the tea things on the tray.

But there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and so there is sometimes a hindrance to the sounding of a bell, even though the hand be already on it. Before Miss Rowe could press down the brass knob she was startled into withdrawing her fingers by an eager, agitated exclamation—

"Please is the silence time up? May I speak now?"

"Have you anything worth saying?" was the angry reply. "What is the matter?" more anxiously, seeing the new pupil's eyes fixed very intently upon herself. "Do you hear, what is the matter? Is there anything on me?"

"Yes. I have been watching it crawling up, only you said I must not speak, so I could not tell you. The nasty thing is on your shoulder now—near your——"

Miss Rowe's one known moral weakness was a loathing for creepy-crawlys of any and every description, and consequently the old pupils were no more surprised than was the astute young new one when the governess bounded up from her chair, almost shrieking—

"Near what? Where is it? What is it? Take it off, take it off!"

Everyone jumped up, everyone gathered round.

"Oh! it's a slug, it's a slug!" screamed one girl after another.

"Ah—h—h!" shrieked Miss Rowe, "then take it off, take it off, take it off!"

In her abject misery her voice for once descended from imperious command to entreaty. But the girls looked, and shivered, and gathered up their upper lips with sympathetic disgust and—did nothing. The new pupil calmly stretched forth her slender fingers at last.

"Stand still, please, a moment." The governess managed to command herself sufficiently to obey, and in an instant she was free from her unwelcome ornament, and the slimy little insect was between Helen Edison's left thumb and finger.

"Thank you," said Miss Rowe, striving to speak with some degree of graciousness to her deliverer, who stood demurely eyeing her captive, and busily thinking the while. She looked up quickly when she was thanked.

"Oh, it is nothing to me, thank you. I don't mind them; but I should think that any of you who don't like slugs had better go out into the garden and shake yourselves. Where one has come there are generally more."

Tranquilly as that little piece of information was given, it was not so tranquilly received. There was a universal stampede, and in less than a quarter of a minute Miss Nellie, the slug, and—the bread-and-butter were left alone. The slug was soon disposed of, and then the young lady seated herself comfortably, pocketed a good-sized piece of bread, took two slices of bread and butter on her plate, tilted back her chair, put her prettily-slippered little feet upon the ledge of another, and peacefully finished the meal that Miss Rowe had threatened to cut so short.

"Won't you have a little more tea now to finish with?" asked a timid voice. And turning her head quickly round, Helen met the sad eyes of poor Josephine, and her own instantly softened.

"Have you been here all the time?" she asked wonderingly.

"Oh no! I ran out with all the others. But I don't think I am really afraid of things that cannot hurt, and I came back to ask you not to kill the poor little creature, or, if you thought you must, to do it as quickly as you could."

"And were you satisfied with what I did?" asked Nellie, with a keen glance at her companion. She was evidently, for some reason or other, greatly contented when Josephine answered that she had returned too late to see the fate of the insect.

"You were only in time, then, to see me enjoying myself," said Nellie laughing; "and now that you have reminded me of it, I think that I really am thirsty enough to like a little more tea to finish up with."

"May I pour it out for you?"

"No thank you. You might get scalded, or scolded, you know."

"But so may you, I am afraid, and I should like to spare you if you will only let me."

Nellie looked at the wan, pale girl with a tender, beautiful light in the dark eyes that could be so brimful of mischief, and putting her arm round her as she stood beside her chair she laid her head against her and said gratefully—"You may be quite certain that when I really want to be spared, or helped out of trouble, I will come to you. But just now I think I shall rather like to see what a little scolding and bother will be like. You must know I have never yet had any in my life, and I am quite hoping for some here by way of fun," said Helen, calmly, as she sweetened her tea, very much indeed according to her own taste, drank it with much satisfaction, and then, before Josephine could stop her, gave four vigorous pressures to the bell, whose loud ting—ting—ting—ting seemed to ring out with something of defiance. At any rate, Miss Rowe thought so as the sounds met her ears even in the garden. She rushed in to discover what unauthorised fingers had had the audacity to touch that bell.

"The school shall be searched," she exclaimed, "to discover who has been guilty of such impertinence."

But no searching was required. Quietly seated in the dining-hall sat Miss Helen Edison, and when the breathless governess paused momentarily in the doorway to master her wrath sufficiently to speak, Miss Nellie rose and came towards her with a sweet smile, saying meekly, as she slipped the piece of bread from her own pocket to Milly's—

"I suppose I did right to ring the bell? You were about to ring it, I know, when I disturbed you about the slug, so I thought you might like me to do it for you as you had forgotten it through my fault."

A sound very like a snort was the only answer vouchsafed to this gently-spoken little speech, and then Miss Rowe turned round abruptly and went off to her own room. She left all further supervision for that night to her colleagues and Miss Crofton. The new pupil and the slug combined had been too much for her. Quiet and a night's rest were absolutely necessary to enable her to regain her shaken self-control. Something else might have helped her more effectually, but of that she had, as yet, no practical understanding. Her mother prayed for her, but she did not pray for herself.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

GIRLS' BURIED NAMES.

1. Oh! are you going? We never do.
2. Yes, I am quite sure I saw it run.
3. Roro sees something, I know.
4. Is Mabel ill? I eagerly asked.
5. We sat in rotation, first Ella, then Flora, and the others followed,
6. That pool gave proof of its depth.
7. Did Walter ask her?
8. Do have the net taken down, mamma.
9. So he wrote with his gold pen "Elopement of a Young Lady."
10. He has gone to get his dog a licence.
11. Oh, yes, dear, Phill is in the garden, playing.
12. The hands followed, I thought, very well.
13. In Peru, by the bye, bicycles are very scarce.

The initials form the name of a well known paper.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 14).—(THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER):—

T O R O N T O
H A R R O W
E D W I N
G A M P
I D A
R A P P
L INCOLNSHIR E
(*Lindum Colonia*)
SAN SALVADOR

ANSWER TO RIDDLE (p. 14).—Omen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



ART.

ENGLISH ASTER.—1. You need only to write to the secretary of any hospital respecting your wish to supply the wards or patients with your artistic works, and they will accept them thankfully. 2. It does not appear that there is a likelihood that you will get orders for painted cards. You might show some designs for stained glass to one or more of the great firms for their manufacture.

QUEEN MADGE OF THE MAY.—1. We think that the back of your screen might be covered with the uncoloured engravings. 2. With reference to a method of curing yourself of answering with rudeness, when annoyed, we have only three things to recommend. First, confess to God every night all the occasions on which you have so forgotten yourself during the day, and ask for the grace of meekness and forbearance; secondly, make a rule of acknowledging your fault to the person you have offended. Thirdly, count sixty before you answer. We thank you for your kind letter, and return your good wishes.

ENID.—We could not possibly tell you the value of your water-colour pictures by their size, without seeing their artistic merits. You must try to get one or two into some shop to be "on view" for a time, if not into some gallery.

WORK.

AN OLD MAID.—1. Trim the dress with a red or old gold *balayeuse* round the edge of the skirt, and drape the skirt with scarves of the colour across the front. Also trim the bodice and sleeves with folds and scarves to match. Coloured linen-backed satins, suitable for the purpose, may be had as low in price as 2s. 6d. a yard. 2. If your writing were properly sloped and not quite so large, it would be improved, but it has many good characteristics. 3. A life of the late Prince Imperial has just been published, written by a lady.

LIZZIE C.—We have pleasure in acknowledging so nicely expressed and written a letter. 1. You may already have seen the explanation of "double knitting" in one of our numbers. 2. Your use of soda is not injurious as a means of cleansing. We thank you for your recipe.

MIZPAH.—We do not give addresses, nor did we ever hear of anyone who would purchase scraps of silver paper which had been used to wrap chocolate in.

MIGNONETTE.—Mark the trousseau in the married name as well as the house linen. The first with Christian and surname, the second with combined initials or the surname only. One of the bridesmaids removes the left glove of the bride during the ceremony. Thank you for your promise of constant support, and for your pleasant letter.

PEARL AND RUBY.—1. We have to thank you both for a most affectionate and appreciative letter. Even amongst the many we receive of a similar kindly nature it stands pre-eminent, as being from two people who read our paper carefully and make use of the contents. 2. The best material for black petticoats is what is called by drapers Italian cloth, which has a satin-finished face. It wears admirably. You would find the pattern at page 414 a good one. For your own stockings use Merino, Shetland, Lady Betty, or any of the soft and pleasant kinds to be found under different names at the shops.

A. B. C. D. E.—1. Jersey costumes are of all prices. The bodice alone can be obtained for about 8s. 6d., according to quality. 2. Inquire of any artists' colourman. You do not say whether the colour be for china-painting.

ITALIAN GIRL.—Natural flowers may be worn in mourning, white ones, or violet, being the most suitable. Many ladies, however, consider that scarlet are better. Select "beige" for the material of your travelling costume. It is best both for economy and for warmth. Perhaps a fine serge would not be too expensive.

LIZZIE.—The edges of the stamps for snakes require cutting squarely and neatly, not painted. It is better to put your hair up, as curls are not worn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAY BLOSSOM.—You may compete each quarter, if you like to do so, for our several prizes, one and all. You should procure a manual on china-painting, which will probably suggest the various causes of failure after the firing of the porcelain or pottery.

BOOKWORM.—The derivation of a word will usually assist you to the spelling. The word about which you inquire is French—"gauffer,"—though somewhat Anglicised.

ANNE.—We hope that your question on the supposed privileges of ladies during leap year was only put to us in fun. No girl, having any self-respect, would do such a thing.

GWENLLIAN JONES.—The Black Watch derived their name from the dark colour of their tartans, which is still called by that name. They were originally companies formed to watch the highlands of Scotland, and were formed into the 42nd Regiment by the Earl of Crawford.

ANXIETY.—Such a dress would be most unsuitable for wearing at a wedding.

NINA.—You will find a number of small articles suitable for selling at a bazaar described in "My Work Basket." We could not give prices.

CAROLINE BUSH.—White straw hats require bleaching by a cleaner. Black straw can be stiffened with a little gum arabic water. Rinse your coloured things in alum water.

A YOUNG HORSEWOMAN is referred to the answer given to "Lorelei." She ought to consult her mother or guardian as to the propriety of riding after hounds under the guardianship of a gentleman. Much depends on who he is, and, if suitable, whether he never leaves her side.

LORELEI.—1. It is by no means fit for a young lady or any lady, to ride alone in the country. 2. The quotation,

> "After life's fitful fever
> He sleeps well."

is from *Macbeth*, and refers to the murdered king.

WILD ROSE.—If you cannot repaint the top of the washhandstand, nail on a piece of white or marbled American cloth.

SLIPPER.—Rinse the blue Shetland shawl in alum and tepid water.

GWENDOLINE.—1. We hope that your writing is not quite formed, as it needs improvement. 2. The "h" is aspirated in the words "which," "while," and "when." If you drop the "h" in any of these words you confound them with others of a different signification, such as "witch," "wile," and "wen."

FOUR SCOTCH SISTERS.—Dry the feathers in paper bags in a warm place, and when thoroughly dry they must be picked over by hand, trimmed, and the larger quills cut off. After this they are sometimes baked in an oven.

RINGA.—August 29th, 1862, was a Friday.

TAFFY.—Gas is considered heating, we believe, to the eyes; and a good lamp giving a steady clear light would be preferable for reading or writing.

HELIOTROPE.—The pale pink precious stone is a topaz; there are likewise yellow ones. The colour of the amethyst is violet, the opal is that of the white of a duck's egg, but changing in prismatic colours of every hue; the sapphire is an indigo blue. The sardonyx varies in colour; some are of a semi-transparent violet white.

OSBERGA.—We regret that it is not in our power to help you to obtain literary work as a translator, though we respect the good and kindly motives which actuate you.

JESSY F.—1. The pinatore could be cut out by any dressmaker. 2. Cuttlefish shell is placed in cages for the birds to take as they do gravel, and to clean and sharpen their beaks upon.

SWEET PEA.—It is no longer the fashion to send bridescake, but if sent to you, and you are intimate with the family, write to the bride and wish her happiness.

PINE ENEMDE.—You can never send visiting cards by post. On removing from a neighbourhood leave cards marked "P.P.C." on all your friends. You may write to them, and inform them of your new address if you wish to do so.

ANTOINETTE.—You may lengthen the sleeves of your ulster, by putting new cuffs to it; and perhaps the waist also, by taking it in below the present waist line, and making it longer.

MARIAN.—1. The letters written as you describe were found inscribed on tombs in the catacombs at Rome, and date from the first century. They mean "In peace in Christ"; the X always means Christ. 2. The author of "Abide with me; fast falls," &c., was the Rev. H. F. Lyte, who was born in 1793, and died in 1847.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—The only meaning for M.P.C. that we know of is Member of Parliament in Canada.

FLORENCE.—The beautiful hymn sung by Cora Forest, the second verse of which we printed, is to be found in "Church Hymns" (S.P.C.K.), No. 16, and in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," No. 19. The music is by the Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., who composed for us the "New Hymn for Girls," vol. i. page, 424.

MADGE WILDFIRE.—With your knowledge of English, and foreign languages, and your facility in imparting knowledge, you ought easily to obtain a good situation as governess. As we do not know which are your best notes, we cannot say what your voice is. Look at the average compasses of the several voices given on page 560, vol. i., and decide for yourself. Your handwriting certainly needs great improvement.

TOPSY.—We are glad that you have found THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER such a help, but we cannot tell you of anyone who would sell their set of numbers cheaply. We hope no girl would esteem the magazine so lightly as to wish to part with her numbers. You can buy the volume beautifully bound for six shillings, the cheapest book in the market, "although we say it, as should'nt." Your writing is very good.

LILLIE MORE.—We feel very much the enormous responsibility that you have placed upon us in asking us to advise you on entering the profession to which you refer. But we dare not do other than counsel you to abandon all ideas of thus engaging yourself. Believe us you are not alone in your particular aspirations. Most girls above the ordinary abilities have the same unhealthy craving at some particular period of their life, but when they grow older and see how incongruous is that position to a good honest girl's they are filled with a life-long thankfulness that they did not join the profession. In addition to great abilities, unusual physical strength, and personal attractions, a Christian girl or woman would need the steadfastness of a more than Job or St. Paul to come out unscathed from the fiery ordeal. We happen to know many things of the life and character of the lady you mention which would lead you to either despise or pity her very much.



VOL. II.—No. 42.] OCTOBER 16, 1880. PRICE ONE PENNY.

REST.

WIDE fields and moors in russet garments vested;
A lone hill lifted calm and still and fair
Above the dark'ning haze, and faintly crested
With tender brightness in the moon-lit air.

Brown, withered leaves, some shelter mutely craving,
Lie heaped in clefts and hollows of the bank
Whose scarlet berries gleam, and fern plumes waving
Shadow the mossy velvet, green and dank.

Over the trees a silver network, airy
And delicate as woven ray of light,
Wrought by the fingers of some silent fairy,
In the clear moonshine of an autumn night.

I listen,—for this quiet wind is singing
A penitential psalm in undertones,
Breathing faint sadness in its sighs, and swinging
The solemn fir-tree, crowned with clustered cones.



(Drawn by Frank Dicksee.)

[*All rights reserved.*]

I know not why the stillness and the sweetness
Of nights like this bring out that subtle sense
Of our own life's mysterious incompleteness,
Its little knowledge, and its sad pretence.

O that the calm of God were resting lightly
On weary spirit and on striving hand,
Like these soft moon-lit beams that shed so brightly
A Sabbath quiet over all the land!

O, to be hushed and feel His presence shining
Around our lives, to keep them pure and still,
To stay our fevered and eager pining,
And trust in meekness to His holy will!

Earth hath her times of peace,—we struggle vainly,
In ceaseless action, toiling to be blest;
This autumn calm may show us all too plainly
Our restlessness that chafes against God's rest.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

"I PROMISED FATHER."

A TRUE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

CHAPTER III.



ALL the next day the shutters of old John Hayes's shop were up. The villagers shook their heads in friendly condolence over the poor old man's illness, and postponed their purchases until such time as business should resume its sway in the little store.

Little Benny Mills, a would-be buyer, stood in front of the shutters with a look of woeful disappointment, and with a bright new penny clutched tightly in his small damp fist. There was no chance of bull's eyes or peppermint drops to-day.

Mary spent all that day by her father's bedside. The old man lay still in the same state as on the previous day; motionless and speechless, but still with the same hungry, longing expression in his eyes. It haunted Mary, who wearied herself with vain attempts to make out what he wanted.

At last an idea struck her suddenly: could he be thinking about the bills that had worried him so on Saturday evening? They had troubled him then, and it might be that he was thinking of them still. She moved across the room to her father's side, and, bending over him, she looked into his eager eyes and asked gently, "Is it those bills you're thinking of, father?"

A light seemed to come over the poor distorted countenance; the eyes seemed a little to lose their hungry gaze.

Mary went on:

"And you want me to make them out for you, father? To see what they are all about and settle them for you?"

She was right at last; there could be no mistaking the relief on the old man's face.

"Then I'll bring them and settle them all here in your room. I'll soon arrange it, never fear, and don't you trouble about it any more." She stooped and kissed him lightly, and then ran downstairs to fetch the pile of greasy, well-thumbed bills and papers.

A wonderfully confused assortment they were: a mixture of bills to pay and bills owing; badly spelled and worse written. Poor Mary — not a brilliant scholar at any time—was half inclined to throw up her task as hopeless more than once. "I can't make head or tail of them!" she said to herself in despair. But a glance at the face of her father, comparatively calm and contented now, spurred her on to further attempts, and after two or three hours groping in darkness she saw her way through at last, and set to work to make with great care and trouble a little account of all that was owing to her father and all that he himself owed. The total startled her. What was owing to him consisted mostly of bad debts, which Mary knew well enough there was little if any chance of being paid; while on the other side the amount owing fairly staggered her. Accounts for things bought for the shop supplies long ago were there unsettled; bills for articles which the old man had bought recklessly and which had not sold again.

"There's a lot owing, father," she said, trying to speak calmly. "And you've been worrying over it as you've lain there."

The eager eyes seemed to assent, but still regarded the girl imploringly. Still the old man was not satisfied. Mary glanced from her father to the bills, and again from the bills to her father.

Then with a sudden inspiration she said, "You want them all paid, don't you, father? You were meaning to pay every penny before you were taken ill, and you don't know what will happen now if you don't get up again. That's it, I'm sure it is! Well, don't worry any more, dear father," this very gently and soothingly; "you leave 'em all to me, I'll see to them, and take care that every penny is paid, if it takes all my life to do it," she added under her breath.

She had found the clue at last. The hungry, eager look seemed to die away from the poor old face.

"You will promise, Mary?" it seemed to ask.

"Father, I promise," she said, kneeling down by his bedside and tenderly stroking one of his helpless hands. "I'll pay every penny that you owe, God helping me, and no one shall suffer for us. Does that content you?"

The peaceful look was sufficient answer, and then as if rest had come with Mary's promise, the old man's eyes closed, and he seemed inclined to sleep. She drew the bed-curtain so as to shield him from the afternoon sun, and then went and sat down by the low window-seat with a troubled anxious face, as if a burden of care had fallen upon her.

She had made a solemn promise to a dying man, and she meant to keep it if it took a lifetime to fulfil. But what did that entail? Instinctively her thoughts flew to Tom Altham, and a wild impotent pain surged up in her heart, for did not this promise mean separation from him? Oh, she could not give him up! she cried inwardly in dumb anguish. She could not lay aside the gift that had been offered her; and yet there was the promise she had made. Not for any love or any happiness could she go back from it. But oh, how cruel it all seemed! Was she bound to sacrifice herself so? Was she bound to spoil Tom's happiness and blight her own life? Was duty such a hard thing? Could it be that such a sacrifice was demanded of her? Then she glanced to the bed where the old man lay with closed eyes as if asleep, and she thought of the look of peace and contentment that had come over his poor old face when she gave him her solemn promise. No, she *could not* go back from it, cost what it might.

In deep trouble of soul the poor girl fell on her knees by the low window-seat, and burying her face in her hands, raised an earnest wordless prayer for strength to do right without counting the cost. Long she kneeled there, but she rose at length with a light of holy courage and steadfast purpose on her chastened face, which told of a hard struggle and a victory won.

There would be no going back now. With God-given strength she would keep straight forward, laying aside all vain regrets and selfish longings.

For a week longer the shutters of the little shop remained up, while old John Hayes still lay in his living death. But the troubled look had passed away from his eyes, or if its shadow ever seemed to be returning, a whispered "I promise, father," from Mary was sufficient to restore them to calmness.

On the evening of the eighth day the release came, and the bell tolled its solemn notice to the village that the old man had passed away. He had gone without word or sign; but his daughter, holding his hand in her loving clasp as he entered the dark valley, felt that all was well, and knew that she had had power to soothe his last hours with the promise that death had made sacred.

They laid the old man to rest in the green churchyard, where the willows waved and the roses bloomed, and the little river that ran by the side of the low moss-grown wall seemed to be for ever singing a gentle monotonous dirge for those who slept beneath the grass.

Relations there were none to follow the old man to his last resting-place, but friends and neighbours flocked to the graveside out of respect to his memory, and from a real affection for the poor girl, left so solitary now. Their presence and sympathy soothed her in her sorrow and loneliness, and yet it was an unutterable relief to be alone at home once more—away from their kindly condolences, and alone with her grief and anxiety.

She had shut herself in, and was relieving the weary weight at her heart with a quiet fit of weeping, when she heard a low, hesitating tap at the outer door. Very unwillingly she rose to answer it; she did so long to be alone. But on the doorstep, standing there with a face full of the deepest, tenderest sympathy, she saw Tom Altham.

"You must forgive me for coming to see you so soon, Mary," he said, "but I could not rest without coming to tell you how sorry I am. I could not bear to think of you all alone and never a soul near you, and so I came. You must forgive me, Mary, if I've vexed you with coming, but I could not help it."

"You're very kind," she said, and then stood silent, not asking him to enter the house.

But Tom leaned against the door-post as if he did not mean to go away directly, and Mary waited with a palpitating heart, dreading what he would say next.

"You're all alone now, Mary," he said, after a pause of a few moments; and the words were spoken so gently and tenderly that the poor girl felt the sobs rising in her throat.

"You mustn't stay alone, Mary," he went on. "Won't you come to me? You know I wanted to ask you before, though maybe I sound sudden now. But I can't leave you all alone, Mary; won't you come to me? You know I've loved you faithful a great while now; and I think the old man liked me too, and I think he'd be glad, if he could see now, to know as how you'd got some one to care for you. I think he'd rest better in his grave if he knew that; and, Mary, though I can't say a great deal, I do know I love you so that I'd die for you gladly any day."

"Oh, don't, don't!" she wailed, interrupting him with a sudden cry of distress; "don't say any more, Tom, for it can never be!"

"But why, Mary? What do you mean?" he asked, in some surprise. "Why, when I spoke to you before I thought——"

"Don't think any more, Tom," she answered, making a brave effort to speak calmly, "for it can't ever be now. Didn't you know as how poor father died sadly in debt?"

"Yes, I heard something or other about it, but what's that got to do with us?"

"He was sorely troubled about it, was father, when he lay ill. I could see well enough, and I found out what ailed him, and then I promised him I'd pay the debts for him, and he seemed satisfied and content like; and I must pay them, Tom, if it takes me all my life to do it."

"I don't see why you should," he answered, a trifle impatiently; "you never ran 'em up, you know, and I don't see why you ought to pay them. I'm sure it could be arranged some way, and the folks you owe would be satisfied when they knew the old man was gone and only you were left."

"I know you don't mean that, Tom," she answered him, with a grave reproachful look; "why that wouldn't be honourable, and you know that as well as I do, and when I've promised father, too! Why he'd never rest in his grave, and *I*, Tom, *I* couldn't rest and know as how folks were suffering by us, and perhaps cursing father's memory. No, Tom, you know a deal better than that, and you don't mean it really."

"No, I don't, Mary; forgive me," he answered, penitently. "I didn't mean it, only it seemed hard on you; but never mind, my dear, we'll manage it somehow, never fear. Only you consent to come to me and we'll soon pay everything between us; two's better than one, you know, and when we are married we can save fast enough, I'll warrant you. I've got a tidy little sum laid by in the bank already."

"You're very good, Tom," she replied, wistfully; "but it can't be. I wouldn't take your savings, and I wouldn't let any man marry me while I had these debts hanging over me; besides, if you paid, it wouldn't be me doing it, you see, and I promised father, and I must keep to my word, or he'd never rest."

"How much do you owe, my dear? Perhaps it ain't so bad as you think."

Mary named the sum, which was so much beyond Tom's expectations that a low whistle of dismay was all the opinion he gave.

"It's a good bit, you see," she said. "But I'll manage some way, and I thank you kindly all the same, Tom."

"But it'll take you your life to scrape and save all that money, Mary," he persisted. "Let me help you, and we'll manage it ever so much easier between us. You can't bear such a burden alone. Only let us get married and trust to the future. My business is good, you know, and we'll live as careful as may be. *Do* be persuaded, Mary."

But Mary shook her head resolutely. "It wouldn't do, Tom; I daren't risk it. And I *must* pay the money my own self, or father would never be satisfied; and I promised him, you know."

And Tom found all his entreaties vain. To all he could plead and urge she still replied with the same words, "I promised father." And his own good sense told him she was right. And the truth and honour of his nature applauded the girl's steadfast resolution, though his love fought so hard against it; while her heart was pleading so earnestly in his favour that she would give him love for love, that at last she broke down utterly, and burst into a fit of hysterical tears.

"Oh, go away, Tom!" she cried sharply in her pain; "it's killing me! And I tell you it can never be. I've promised, and I can't go back. *Don't* urge me any more!"

Her distress was so real that Tom could not but desist.

"Well, then, I'll not trouble you any more, Mary," he said. "Only look here, my dear, won't you give me your promise? If I have that I'll be content to wait any time for you. I'll be patient for any number of years. Only let me have your promise, and we'll be as happy as we can."

But Mary shook her head. "It won't do, Tom. It wouldn't be fair to you to keep you waiting for years and years. You'd get tired of it in time, and you'd be too good to tell me, and you'd keep true to me—I know you would—though all the time I was growing old and ugly and ill-tempered, and you were wanting to marry some sweet little girl who was young and pretty, and who'd make you such a good wife."

And here again she was firm and proof against his eager disclaimings and his indignation at the bare idea of his ever growing tired of her or of his love changing.

"I'm sure it's all for the best," she said, in a sad, weary tone, but so firmly withal that Tom felt that further appeals were useless. "You'll thank me some day."

"Well, then, I'll say no more," he answered, "for I see your mind's made up. But just tell me one thing, Mary—if things had turned out differently, say you could have cared for me just a little! Say I wasn't mistaken in thinking you'd not meant to quite turn me off!"

And simple-minded Mary, who was no coquette, placed her hand in his, and answered, "Why, Tom, I love you with all my heart."

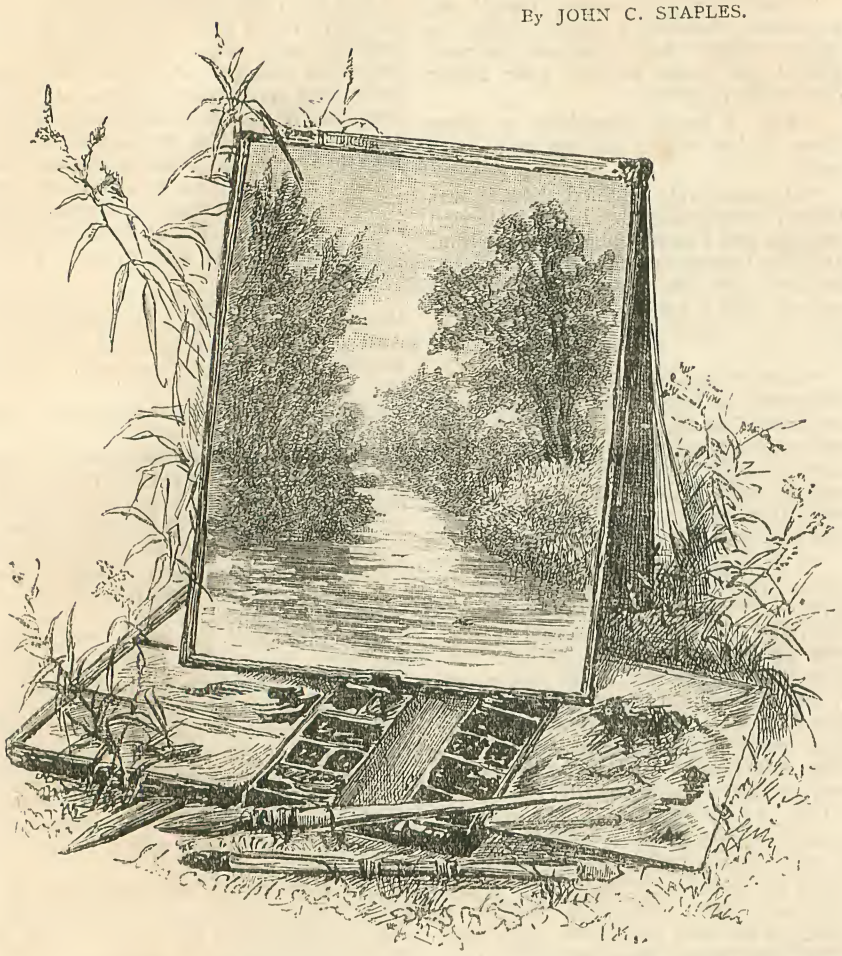
"Thank you for the word," he replied, holding her hand firmly; "then I can wait. You'll find me true, my dear; and when you are ready I shall be waiting. I shan't grow tired or changed, you'll find, whatever you may think now."

And though the young fellow went away that evening with a very heavy heart, yet he could not but admit that the girl was right. "God help her!" he said to himself; "she's as noble a little soul as ever was, and if I loved her before, I love her ten times more, though I could not turn from what she thought was right. She's better than I by a long score. Bless her!"

(To be continued.)

ON SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

By JOHN C. STAPLES.



THERE are many considerations which, more or less consciously, influence young people in desiring to attain a facility in drawing and painting.

If you, who are now taking up this paper with the intention to profit by it, do so merely in the hope to emulate this or that friend, "if you desire only to possess a graceful accomplishment, to be able to converse in a fluent manner about drawing, or to amuse yourself listlessly in listless hours,"* I beg you to pause. Believe me, the end which you propose to yourself, when attained, will not repay you for one tithe of the labour which must be expended in the pursuit. But, if your purpose is that of honest self-culture, if you would be able to understand and appreciate the treasures of Art handed down to us by the great masters; if you desire to produce good and useful work as a means of livelihood, or if you feel a genuine and strong impulse to reproduce and interpret the beautiful in Nature, then no pains which you may bestow on your object can be wholly unfruitful, and the labour which you devote to it will be both pleasurable and profitable.

But few words are needed to guide you in the choice of materials for your early efforts. Those required in the first stages through which, in this and the following paper, I propose to pilot you, are few and simple.

Choose a sketch block, of a size that will slip easily into your pocket, containing leaves of ordinary machine-made paper. The cheapest you can get will be the most suitable for you. Procure an HB pencil and a knife to sharpen it with, a fine steel pen, and some black writing ink. You may also get a piece of indiarubber. I prefer the vulcanised rubber (*not* ink eraser), but the less you use this the better for you. These are all the tools with which you need provide yourself at present.

The progress which you make in the art of sketching from Nature will depend, among other things, largely upon the ease with which you take each successive step. In art the best results are seldom produced with a conscious effort, but are rather the outcome of precedent efforts, which, in the aggregate, no doubt, represent a very large amount of thought and labour. It will be well for you, therefore, if you can feel pleased with yourself and your work at each successive trial, and if, while devoting your matured judgment and your most faithful care, at each step, to getting your drawing well and, above all, *rightly* done, you can preserve a placid and a happy mind. If at any time the work is irksome to you, if you feel yourself becoming fretful or over-anxious, leave off at once, for you will only be wasting time and energy. For these reasons, and that you may preserve a useful and encouraging sense of confidence, it will be important for you to choose objects that are easy to copy and not beyond the scope of your powers.

Do not be in a hurry to attempt ambitious and extensive landscapes. *Festina lente.* Trust me, you will have no reason to regret your patience. But it is just in this very matter of choice that you will feel the most urgent need of an experienced eye and hand to guide you. I can do little more than point out a few of the things which you should avoid and give you a few hints to aid your own judgment.

And now, in the first place, if you have not had much preliminary training, I would advise you to take any single simple object that lies near to your hand, avoiding for this purpose anything that is too smooth, symmetrical, or polished, a fragment of coal, of a size that would fill the hollow of your hand, a bit of broken branch, devoid of leaves, but having one or two twigs, a tennis ball—one of those covered with leather and showing the seams (though this is certainly symmetrical) — a large, old fashioned door key, or indeed any convenient object that tempts you. I will suppose that you have chosen a bit of branch, such as that represented in figure 1. Place it on a sheet of white paper, at a distance of about three or four feet from your eye, where the light will fall upon it from the left, and then copy it carefully, taking great pains in the first place that your copy is neither too stout nor too slim, and next, that the general set of the curves is right and the angles at which the subordinate branches start off. Draw at first very lightly, only just marking the paper, and do not be too careful to rub out false lines; leave them and draw over them, always very lightly, adding a bit here, taking away a slice there, until you have got your drawing as nearly right as your best endeavours and your ripest judgment can make it. Never mind though it may look an ugly mass of tangled lines just now; it will be better, in the end, for you to trace the form through this net-work than to smear and roughen your paper with the india-rubber. When at last you think, honestly, that your copy is as accurate as you can make it, strengthen the true outline with a firm and steady hand. You may if you like, use for this purpose either the pencil or the fine pen that I told you to provide with ink; then add, still with the greatest care, any markings on the bark and any knots or irregularities, putting in only those that are prominent, and well defined. Go over these with your pen or pencil, giving them their true relative strength, and your study will be complete. The same treatment, varied a little, according to circumstances, as your intelligence many suggest, will be applicable to any other object which you may select. Make a dozen or more drawings of this kind, always using the best endeavours of your mind and hand to get all very right at last. Do not mind about making your drawings pretty, at this stage. Make them accurate. The rest will follow.

Next take a branch with half-a-dozen leaves on it, and draw this with the same care and under the same conditions, except that you may, if you choose, place it upright in a vase, or in the neck of a bottle, and put your white paper behind it. Do not shade the leaves nor the stem at present, but put in all the markings, such as the veins on the leaves, &c., which can be expressed by lines.*

* Ruskin.

* It will aid you much in getting your drawing accurate if you will carefully observe and copy the shapes, not only of the stems and leaves, but also of the interspaces of white paper seen between these. And, again, it will be useful to get into the habit of regarding the objects you copy, *not* as the rounded solid substance you know it to be, but as an irregularly shaped patch of coloured shade on the white background; and this you may more readily succeed in doing, by looking at the object with only one eye, or by half closing both eyes until you see only a blurred image.

When you have practised in this way until you have a good command of pencil and pen, and the hand obeys the eye with fair facility and accuracy, you may select any object which you have seen in your walks and which strikes you as being picturesque. A cottage-gate, with its rough stone steps, a shock of corn, a turnstile, a bit of tree trunk (and if the roots happen to be exposed through the moss and fallen leaves, or on a chalky bank, so much the better), or even a group of cottages or a mill—any simple scene which inspires you with the desire to reproduce its form on paper will do. I will suppose that you have chosen the first in the list—such a gate with its sunken steps as that represented in fig. 2, and I make this supposition, not because the subject chosen is very picturesque or attractive, but because in explaining to you a method of setting to work in this case, I shall more conveniently be able to say several things which I am anxious to say and shall economise my space, which is an object of some importance to my editor.

Your first difficulty will probably be to determine at what distance from the object you should place yourself. This you may find out, roughly, by holding your paper or sketch book at arm's length in front of your eye and walking backwards or forwards until the object, as well as a liberal margin surrounding it, is concealed from you by the paper; now settle yourself comfortably and again hold your sketch book at arm's length, so that the upper edge cuts across the centre of the subject you have chosen. Then mark, with your pencil, on the margin of your paper, the position of the post on the left, the two gate posts, and the post on the right. Then shift the position of the sketch book (still held upright before you at arm's length) until the side edge cuts through the subject vertically, and mark off on that edge the positions of the top of the post, the bottom of the same, and the lower lines of the steps, taking good care not to shift the book during this operation.

These points you will find, in the illustration, marked with distinctive letters, and if you will draw upright lines through *a*, *e*, *f*, and *b*, and horizontal lines through *c*, *g*, *h*, *i*, and *d*, you will get, at their intersections, some important points of departure. For instance, the lines drawn through *a* and *b*, on the one hand, and *c* and *d* on the other, will enclose the material part of your sketch. The lines marked *e* and *c*, intersecting, give you the top of the left-hand gate post; *e* and *g* will give you the bottom of the same. Now draw this post between these two points, trying to give, by the eye, its true proportions of thickness. Proceed in the same manner to get in the right gate post, its position being marked on the line *f* by the lines *c* and *g*. Next count the number of palings in the gate; there are nine. Mark the position of the centre one with a single light upright line, somewhat shorter, you will observe, than the posts, and then arrange four similar lines at equal distances on each side of this centre one, for the other eight palings. Now look well at the horizontal rail on the right. Observe its position relative to the other points, its form, and its slope downwards, and draw it, to the best of your ability, not caring, however, to get at present more than the true set and position of its outlines. So, again, with the corresponding rail on the other side. Now sketch in the general form of the crooked post on the extreme right, which is just within your boundary line *b*, and then the other post, on the left, which is cut by the line *a*. The stone steps remain. The line *h* will give you the general position of the lower edge of the first of these, and you will see that its length lies between the right hand gate post and the eighth paling. Similarly, the lower edge of the second step lies on the line *i*, between the second paling and a point a little beyond the left gate post. By the like observations you may determine the position of the lowest step. Now draw in the palings with double lines on each side of those which already mark their position. Add the horizontal and diagonal bars of the gate, where you see them, and sketch in the three upright palings on the right with unremitting care. Your sketch should now present a fairly accurate copy of the object before you, drawn in faint and delicate lines.

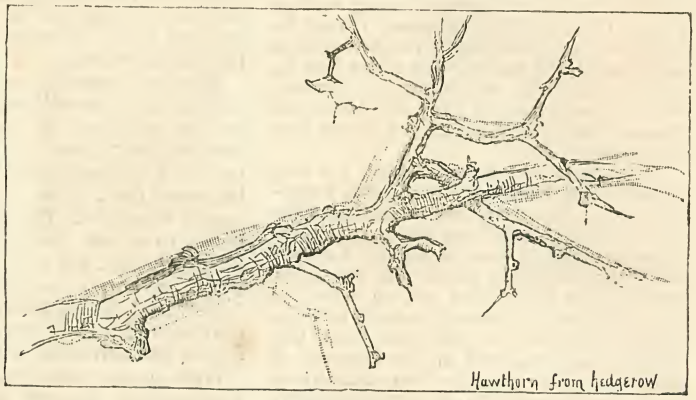


FIG. 1.

Before proceeding any further you must prove your lines and proportions by a process which I will try to make clear to you. Take your pencil between the finger and thumb of the right hand, and hold it upright before you at arm's length, so that the upper end of the pencil appears exactly opposite the top of the right hand gate-post and mark off with your thumb on the pencil the point where the bottom of that post comes. Now, without moving the thumb, and keeping the pencil still at arm's length, turn it to a horizontal position and you will find that the gate from outside to outside of the posts is as wide as it is high. See, therefore, if your sketch is right in this particular; *if not, alter it.* Never mind the pains. No trouble is too great, if it gets your drawing right at last. Of course, if the posts are wrong, the palings are wrong too, and you must correct them. Again, with upright pencil at arm's length, and thumb sliding up and down to mark the distance, compare the height of the gate-post with the length of the middle step. You will find they are equal. Are they so in your sketch? If not, alter the step to the length of the post, which you had better assume to be right in your drawing, for you may then take it as a standard to which all other dimensions may be referred. Again, the horizontal rail on the right is a little—very little—less than the height of the post. Is yours shorter in the same degree? Similarly you will find the horizontal rail on the left is about half as long as the post. The extreme length of the bottom step is equal to the height of the sketch from *c* to *d*, and so on, and so on. Now, at last, when you have tried and proved the accuracy of your drawing to the utmost of your power, you may take your pencil or your pen, and with a firm, steady line draw in the correct outline, still looking carefully and continually at nature as you go, copying the irregularities that you see, breaking off a line where it is interrupted and beginning again when you can again see it clearly, and putting in the knots and cracks and stains, &c., where they occur. Last of all, you may, if you will, mark in the position of the tufts of grass and

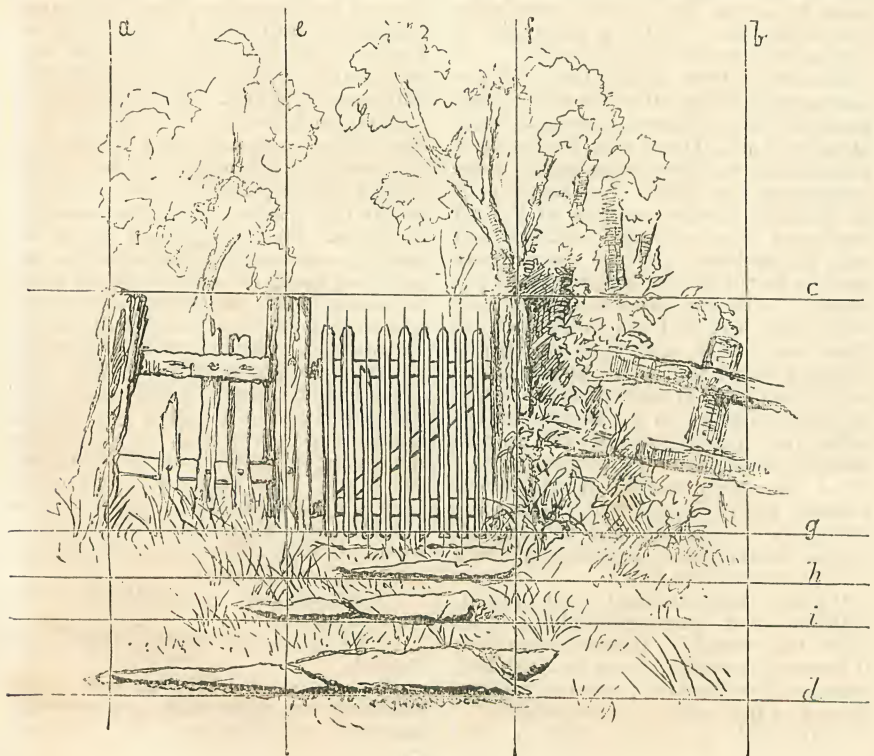


FIG. 2.

weeds and a few branches and masses of foliage indicating *only the extreme outlines* in the manner shown in my sketch. But this is not necessary. If you do it, do it with every care of which your mind and hand are capable. The lines which are intended to express the shape of a tuft of grass should express the shape of that individual tuft with as much truth as if you were copying a cottage roof or porch. On the whole, however, it may be better for you to leave out for the present these matters of detail, for your one object now is, as I have said, not to get a pretty drawing, but an accurate drawing; and with leaves and grasses it will be difficult for you to test your own accuracy.

As you feel your powers extend, you may attempt more extended views. It is impossible for me, here and now, to anticipate the difficulties which may beset you in your progress; and, indeed, were it possible, I am not sure that it would be always and altogether desirable. It will, in the end, be better for you to find out for yourself methods of overcoming difficulties as they arise, and this chiefly because you need in Art dexterity of mind much more urgently than dexterity of hand. Every production of the artistic faculty, if it possess any value at all, owes nine-tenths of that value to the power of the mind that thought it, and but one-tenth to the facility of the fingers that wrought it. Therefore, if you aim high in Art, cherish the simplicity and purity of your mind. Above all things, cultivate a faculty of ready apprehension and appreciation of the beautiful and the suggestive in nature. Train your mind to devise modes of artistic expression, just as you train your fingers to execute them. The former will be more important to you than even the latter.

[You will wonder, perhaps, that I have said nothing to you about perspective. Well, if you have a taste for abstract rules, you may get a treatise on the subject, one may be had at a very cheap rate, and, if you find the subject easy and interesting, you will, I think, get some good out of it; but, if you find any serious difficulty in comprehending the rules and methods sought to be explained, you may lay it aside and trust to the training of your eye and the obedience of your hand to get your drawings into perspective. Perspective is, I imagine, of practical importance to architects and engineers; to you in your sketching it is chiefly useful in explaining the reasons of certain appearances, which may puzzle you at first, but which it will not harm you to take upon trust.]

A CAT THAT INTRODUCED A SUCCESSOR.—GREY TOM.

A LITTLE invalid boy found great comfort during a long illness in the possession of a number of pets. Cats and birds, sworn enemies by race, were his special favourites. When the child died his collection was dispersed amongst his friends and relatives. A magnificent grey cat, of great size and peculiar marking, was given to an aunt, and he remained for some years a contented and useful member of her household. At length he suddenly disappeared, and after much search and many inquiries was given up for lost. A week later, Tom re-appeared; but not alone. He brought with him another grey tom cat, a fac-simile of himself. He was, everybody said, a younger, sprightlier copy of the old cat, and probably a near relative. For just one day and night the older cat remained in his former home with the young one, then disappeared a second time, but returned no more. The family never knew what became of him or why he forsook his abode. They came to the conclusion that old Tom had formed an attachment to some other fireside; but, deeming his old place too good to be lost to the family, had brought a young relative, stayed with him a day by way of "settling him" and seeing the youngster well received, had finally abdicated in his favour.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT GRANDPARENTS.

"THIS is the little girl. You must see that she is put out at Derwen Road," said the Great Western guard to him of the Welsh valleys.

May had already been aroused by the "Missionary gent," and placed by him on the platform of the junction. She was looking sleepily around her when he said "good-bye" hurriedly, and hastened back to his carriage. The new guard examined the label round her neck, to which her railway ticket was fastened, took her through a small gate, where a porter peered into the said ticket, and finally lifted her into a compartment of a train that had been waiting for the arrival of that from London.

Here a new experience awaited her. The carriage was full of women returning from market, and they were talking Welsh. They were also, for the most part, dressed in the Welsh costume, and had on high hats, flannel shawls and gowns, and carried, either on their knees or by their sides, large market baskets, filled with all sorts of commodities, from a new gown to a red herring. They were too busy talking to take particular notice of her, so she was able to examine them with her shrewd little eyes and speculate upon what they were saying.

The train, being no longer the express, went, if one may so say, at a foot's pace, and when she had completed her scrutiny of her companions she stood up and looked out of the window. Glancing round to assure herself she was unperceived, she drew Terpsichore from her pocket and began to whisper to her confidentially. "That green must be a field, but I don't know what the yellow is. That's a mountain, I s'pose, and there's a little river."

The breeze blew off her hat, and she soon attracted the attention of her companions, who exclaimed, simultaneously, upon her hair. Theirs was, for the most part, black, and they began to speculate concerning the child. As they did so in Welsh, she was unaware of it, and continued her one-sided conversation with Terpsichore. All that she saw was new to her, and she had much to say upon it. The tiny ballet dancer listened attentively and did not contradict, so there was always amiability and peace between them; and if all young ladies could emulate Terpsichore there would be fewer disputes in the world. Meanwhile the speculations of the women merged into something like certainty.

"I shouldn't wonder if it's Evan, Derwen Fach's grandchild," said one. "There's been a talk that he's expecting one from London; and she must be a Londoner with that hair."

"Evan has children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren all over the world," pursued another. "Some in America, some in Australia, some in New Zealand; you can go from Wales to the world's end nowadays."

"And yet 'tis strange that he and his wife should have no child with them to cheer them up in their old age," remarked a third.

"Better without 'em," put in a fourth, who stepped out of the carriage as she spoke, displacing May and Terpsichore.

The train had stopped at a small roadside station, where it disgorged many of its passengers. There were several such stations before May reached her destination, and when she did so there were only three women left with her in her portion of it. These were the trio who had been discussing her, and who had made one or two attempts to speak to her, but, not understanding them, she had only replied by her customary mysterious little nods.

"Sure enough there *is* Evan, Derwen Fach," exclaimed one of the women, as the guard came to the carriage and called out "Derwen Road," with an accent that startled little May. Opening the door, he repeated, "Derwen Road. Here you are. Come, you;" and lifted her out of the carriage.

Folding Terpsichore in her arms, she stood for a few seconds on the platform looking about her. It was a lonely little station, surrounded by fields and hills, and she saw no human habitation near. Only the three women, with their market baskets on their arms, her small box and small self, the station master and an old man were on it, as the train went puffing off, more quickly than before, for the station master had informed the guard that he was late. The child involuntarily held out her arms after it, as if it had been her last friend, and let fall Terpsichore.

Before she could pick her up, she was greeted by the man whom her former companion had called Evan, Derwen Fach. Her shoulder was pressed by a tender and trembling hand, and she was addressed in Welsh. One word sounded familiar to her—the word *merch*—and she suddenly remembered a Welsh song her mother used to sing to her called *Merch Megan*, and that she was wont to say that she was her little *merch*, or daughter. So May glanced up at the speaker and nodded affirmatively. He took her hand, or rather essayed to do so, for she had not forgotten Terpsichore, whose robe of gauze was literally under Evan's foot. She looked up at him imploringly, and he withdrew his foot with a smile so beautiful, that no sooner had she picked up her doll than she laid her hand confidingly in his. He led her to the wooden shed that served as station, sat down, took her in his arms, and kissed and blessed her. Tears were in his dark eyes when she threw her arms round his neck and returned his embrace with compound interest.

"You are *my* grandfather?" she whispered.

"Thy great-grandfather, child," he replied.

The three market women were watching the scene with praiseworthy patience and feminine curiosity, and

no sooner was it over than they greeted Evan with a volley of questions. Whose child was she? Where did she come from? Was her father dead as well as her mother? Was he going to burden himself with a young thing like that? What would Peggy say to it? What would 'Lizbeth and the rest of 'em say?"

"Peace, women!" he replied, with a wave of his hand and a twinkle of his eye. "Remember the curse. It was female curiosity that brought sin into the world. You will know all in time. Kindly lend me a hand, for my back's stiffer than usual with the rheumatics to-day. 'Tis change of weather."

The good-tempered women laid down their baskets, took up May's small box, and carried it to a cart that was waiting in a lane at the back of the station.

"If you've got the rheumatics, Evan, they only make you straighter than ever," laughed one. "I only wish I was half as upright. There's smart the little girl is."

"That's the worst of it, Molly. I can't stoop," returned Evan.

"Stiff's the word for you, mind and body," was the reply.

They put the box into the back of the cart, and lifted May to the front. Evan mounted with difficulty, the reins in his hands. The horse continued to munch the leaves of some pleasant shrub by the wayside until his master was seated, then trotted off of his own accord.

"Thank'ee; I'll do as much for you when you're my age," said Evan, turning round; and "Thank you" nodded little May, politely, turning also.

"We'll send round Thomas, the bellman, to-morrow, with my great-granddaughter's history," cried Evan.

"Go you off with your preaching and your jokes," cried the women.

May, understanding nothing of all this, found herself seated on a hard deal plank by the side of her grandfather, having had the foresight to consign Terpsichore to her pocket. The vehicle they were in was a market cart, painted a neat brown, and looking as young as its owner. May had occasionally been jolted in an omnibus in town, but she had not realised what jolting meant until she felt it in the country. The horse jogged on at a solemn pace, through deep ruts, over large stones, and across a pebbly brook, and May laid hold of her grandfather's arm unceremoniously, feeling sure that she would be jolted out. He perceived that her legs were not long enough to reach the bottom of the cart, and, saying "whoa!" to his horse, who stopped forthwith, he pulled her box forwards, in order that she might rest her feet upon it.

"She is but a little one. What will the old woman do with her?" he muttered in Welsh; then in English to May, "How old art thou, child?"

"Six and a quarter," she replied. "Please, what is that?" She pointed to a field of corn, ripe for the harvest.

"That! Why, the wheat that makes thy daily bread. Where hast lived all thy life?"

"In London," she said, shrinking back, ashamed of her ignorance; but another hard jolt soon obliged her to stick to her grandfather again.

"Lay hold of my arm," he said; and so they proceeded arm in arm—he lost in thought; she wearied, yet wondering and longing to get out of the cart to gather some of the masses of wild clematis, convolvulus, and foxglove that adorned the hedgerows and looked fair even in the hastening twilight.

When they reached the bottom of the long lane their road lay through a field surrounded by gigantic oaks. Here in the solitude the child started at what seemed an accustomed sound. She looked towards the side whence it came, and saw some sort of engine at work on a distant mound and a flame of fire and a cloud of smoke rise from amongst the trees. It was getting dusk, and the scene was almost ghostly. The big black shaft stood forth like a spectre in the midst of the smoke, while the hideous sound of the engine disturbed the peace of nature.

"The gas works! Terpsichore, the gas works!" exclaimed May, with delight. "Where's the lamp?"

"That's a coal mine," corrected her grandfather. "Hullo, Meredith, where do you spring from?"

The latter part of this speech was addressed to a lad who came running across the field from the said mine and stopped breathless at the side of the cart. He terrified May, for his face was as black as a chimney-sweep's, and his whole appearance was grimy. "Perhaps he's a crossing sweeper," she thought, "and wants a copper."

"Here's one of thy three hundred cousins, child. Shake hands with him. Meredith, here's a little new niece for thee," said Evan, pulling up his horse.

May did as she was bid, and held out her small hand; but the boy looked at her in a puzzled sort of way, and took off his cap, displaying on his side almost as curly a head of black hair as hers of golden. The eyes that looked from the darkened face sparkled like stars, and, together with the red lips and white teeth, made May think he was a negro, or, at least, dressed up as one.

"Are you Sambo?" she asked, half jumping out of the cart.

"No, I'm Meredith," he replied, offended. "A collier, not a blackamoor. Who is she, grandfather?" he added, in Welsh.

"Jump up and come home with me, and you shall hear," was the reply.

'I can't, for I'm on the watch. Father left me in charge."

"Then you've no business here, sir. Go back directly," said Evan, severely, jerked his reins, and set off.

May watched her cousin run back to the mine, and he glanced at his niece, as their grandfather had respectively called them; for Meredith was her mother's first cousin, and she would, in Wales, be called his niece—a Welsh niece, in fact, or cousin-german.

"I never knew the boy neglect his duty before," grumbled Evan. "I shall tell his father. Nothing but curiosity. He saw someone in the cart with me, and couldn't resist coming to see who it was. That must be flogged out of him."

Fortunately for May's repose of mind, she did not understand this, or her personal fears might have been great, for, although she had never been flogged herself, she had seen others flogged, and knew that they had deserved it, although milder measures might, perhaps, have been equally beneficial. However, she had never studied the subject philosophically; she had only a great horror of any sort of blow, having, unfortunately, witnessed the brawling of a poor London neighbourhood.

"Now, you must hold the reins, for I'm going to walk up this hill," said her grandfather, suddenly. "There; just so. Sit in the middle of the seat and say, 'Gee up, Siriol.'"

May took the reins, obediently, said "Gee up, Siriol," and felt more important than she had ever felt before.

"Now I'm a 'bus driver and you are conductor, Terpsichore;" she said aloud, as her grandfather walked by the side of Siriol; but she could never have imagined that "Siriol" meant "lightsome," inasmuch as he was a remarkably slow and lumbering steed. Still, he had been lightsome, like his master, in his youth, and we must not despise old age whether in biped or quadruped; indeed, if we could but realise it, there is no more pathetic sight in nature than an old horse or an old dog doing his utmost to please his master and to work on till the end. They read us a fine lesson if we could but learn it, and if we could all only learn it aright there would be no need of a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"That's a brave girl. I daresay you never drove before," said Evan, when they reached the hill-top and he mounted again.

May shook her head, as she relinquished the reins, and was delighted to see Siriol set off at something like a trot. It had been but a short hill after all, and she spied a small house in the distance, with smoke curling from its chimney straight up into the big oaks that surrounded it. These oaks looked red, for their leaves were already beginning to change colour, and the glowing western heavens, with the sun just about to dip below the horizon, were exactly opposite them and cast their roseate hues upon them. May looked on the scene with amazement, and murmured something about pantomimes to Terpsichore as they drove through another very rutty lane, by the side of which tripped a frolicsome brook, and finally pulled up at the small wicket gate of a whitewashed cottage.

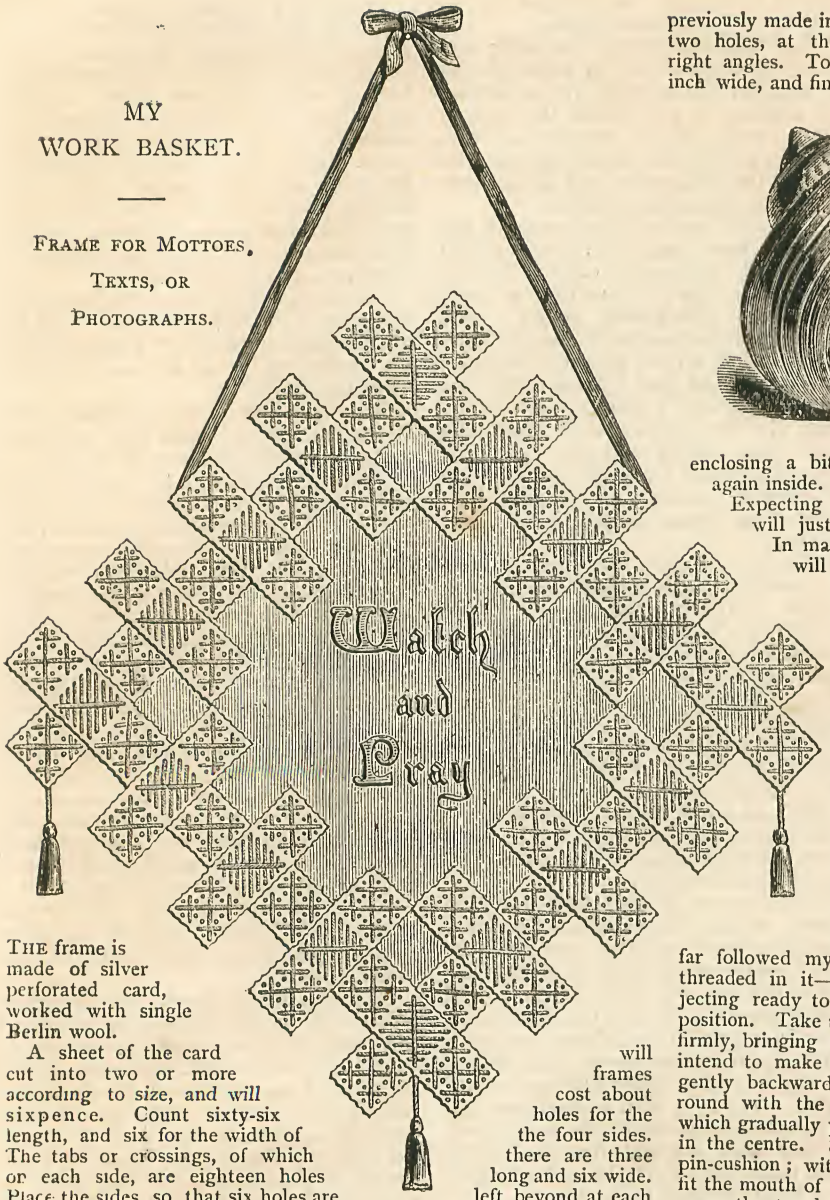
Out came a sheep-dog, barking merrily, followed by a stout woman in cap and pinners. The good dame waddled with some difficulty down half-a-dozen rough steps and met May just as her grandfather had lifted her from the cart. The child's hat had fallen off, and she stood in trembling awe, awaiting the greeting of this her great-grandmother. It came, happily for May, in Welsh, for, as the good woman stooped to embrace her, she said—

"Hach! she's no more like her mother than my old cow; and she's got a head like a fuzz-bush."

(To be continued.)

MY WORK BASKET.

Frame for Mottoes, Texts, or Photographs.



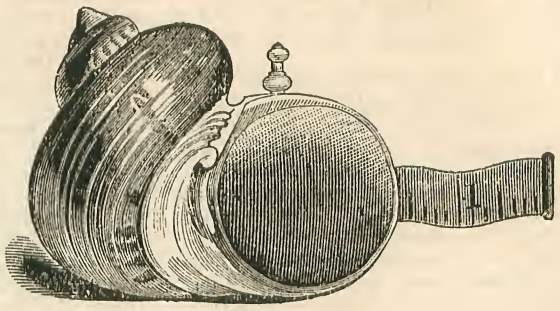
The frame is made of silver perforated card, worked with single Berlin wool.

A sheet of the card will cut into two or more frames according to size, and will cost about sixpence. Count sixty-six holes for the length, and six for the width of the four sides. The tabs or crossings, of which there are three on each side, are eighteen holes long and six wide. Place the sides so that six holes are left beyond at each corner, forming a kind of Oxford frame. The corners, as well as the spaces between each tab, are worked in marking stitches, with the wool carried across from each corner. The bands are laid across, and worked in lines from corner to corner in graduated long stitches, with a crossing of the wool. All stitches must be in the same direction. When all the work is done on the silver card, it is fastened on the picture or text, and sewn round the edges of the bands; after which, the plain card is cut away on the outer edges. The illuminated texts or photographs must be placed corner ways in the frame, as it is intended to be hung from one corner, to which a ribbon loop or chain of crochet is attached. The other three corners are ornamented with tassels made with wool, in which a little silver cord is mixed.

These frames are very effective, and suitable for couplets or mottoes intended for the nursery, or to be given to hospitals; brightly illuminated, they have a most cheerful and pleasing appearance, and will be found to be greatly prized.

Pincushion and Tape Measure Combined.

This handy knicknack can easily be contrived with a whelk, snail, or cowrie shell, or, in fact, any spiral shell, provided with an aperture either oval or round. Having bought the shell ready cleaned and polished, your first step will be to bore through it two holes, opposite to each other, for the insertion of a large pin,—kept in place at one end by its flat head, and at the point (which must be blunted) by an ivory knob, just like the one you see projecting on the illustration. This knob serves as a handle to wind or unwind the measure, which is secured by a few stitches round the centre of the pin, then rolled up till within an inch or so, to allow the end to pass through a slit previously made in the shell; thus the ribbon will emerge between the two holes, at the distance of about an inch below them, forming right angles. To avoid clumsiness, choose very thin ribbon, half an inch wide, and finish it off, like all other similar measures, by a runner

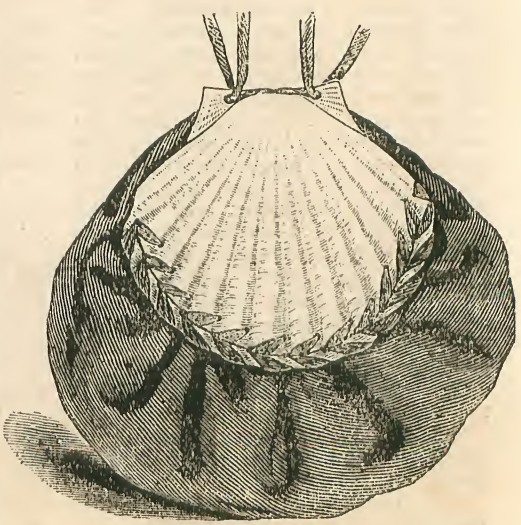


enclosing a bit of cord or wood, not to let the tape slip back again inside.

Expecting you will find some difficulty in boring the hole, I will just try to give you a few hints to simplify the task. In many cases a strong stiletto or, still better, a bradawl will answer the purpose, but when the shells are very brittle you must go to work more carefully, and for this a different appliance is required. First procure a small cane or bamboo, say half a yard long, bend it, and connect the two ends by catgut so as to form a bow. Next get a carpenter's cork rubber, sold for sixpence at any tool shop, and slip it through the left side of your waist-belt; this will be a soft yielding rest for the tool or boring-needle, previously passed through a short reel like those for marking-cotton. Here I must call your special attention to the way in which the reel is fixed, for the little instrument becomes, in reality, the pivot on which the whole apparatus turns. Holding the bow in your left hand, raise the catgut in the centre on the fore-finger of your right hand and twirl or loop it once round the reel. This kind of looping permits somewhat of a rotary motion in the reel, as you will see presently. Have you thus far followed my directions? Is your reel twisted and your needle threaded in it—one end buried in the cork rubber, the other projecting ready to pierce the shell? If so, you are in true working position. Take the shell in your left hand and poise it lightly, yet firmly, bringing the point of the needle to the very spot where you intend to make a hole. Now, with the right hand move the bow gently backwards and forwards; as you do this the reel winds round with the catgut, and at the same time propels the needle which gradually pierces its way; this tool should properly be flattened in the centre. So much for the yard measure; turn we now to the pin-cushion; with a scrap of coarse linen or muslin, make a bag to fit the mouth of the shell, stuff it with sheep's wool or wadding, and cover the top by a piece of bright satin or velvet. Lastly, glue the cushion so as to perfectly fill up the cavity.

The Pilgrim Satchel.

Take a piece of satin, velvet, brocade, or any rich material, cut it on the bias, and gather it slightly on either side, and attach it to the ready ornamented shells by a row of stitching. Hem the mouth of the bag and, to enable it to expand and close easily, insert double drawing strings, crossing them



THE PILGRIM SATCHEL.

from hole to hole over the shells. Our engraving represents the pouch shut; to open it, you have to pull up the string stretched on each side; this motion brings the long loops down, and naturally allows the bag to inflate.

Pianoforte Front.

The design for a pianoforte front shown in the accompanying illustration consists of four panels representing the seasons, and must be enlarged to the size of the piano to be ornamented. Commencing with spring, we have the apple, whose delicate white and pink blossoms and gay green leaves would be highly effective when worked in silks. The yellow jasmine is a typical summer flower, the foliage of which should be a rich, deep green. The blackberry, the plant of so many pleasant recollections, provides us with the most suitable panel for autumn, and we gain additional character by introducing both the flower and fruit, which is strictly true to nature. The scarlet pear, or *Pyrus japonica*, is sufficiently representative of winter to allow of its being employed in the fourth panel. It flowers often in midwinter, and we have gathered it actually at Christmas time, though, being somewhat eccentric in its growth, it can also be seen in late summer. A material to be embroidered should be dark, and as the designs ought to be finely worked, silk is preferable to crewels.

The border would look well worked in tones of golden yellow and brown, but the colours should be sufficiently rich so as not to interfere with the flowers or leaves. The ornamented border might be omitted, and only a line placed between each panel if the piano is short, but it should run all round the outside to form a kind of framework to the design.

The peach blossom is one of our most beautiful spring flowering shrubs, and, being extremely delicate in colour, is a very suitable plant for silk embroidery. The small design here given would do as a mat for a drawing-room table, or the covering for a chair or stool. It must be worked in pale tones of pink, with a slight variation in colour, as some of the flowers of the peach are darker than the rest. The stamens are deeper pink, and the leaves yellow-green, slightly reddish in tone. The stem is a warm brown.

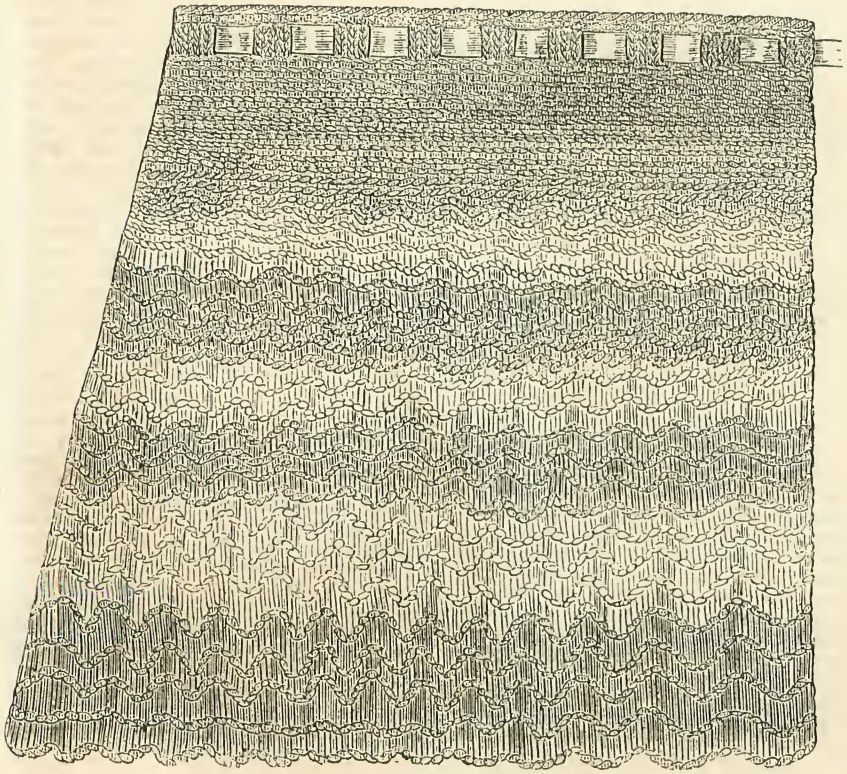
A nice variety would be given the design by employing crewels for the leaves and stem, and silk for the flowers.

Knitted Petticoat.

The petticoat is made in three breadths, with five thread fleecy and large-sized wooden needles. The number of patterns across each breadth depends on the size required. Mount sufficient stitches to divide by nine, and work a row in plain knitting. Each alternate row is plain knitting.

1st Row.—Eight purl, one plain, repeat.
2nd Row.—Seven purl, two plain, repeat.
3rd Row.—Six purl, three plain, repeat.
4th Row.—Five purl, four plain, repeat.
5th Row.—Four purl, five plain, repeat.
6th Row.—Three purl, six plain, repeat.
7th Row.—Two purl, seven plain, repeat.
8th Row.—Eight purl, one plain, repeat.
9th and 10th Rows.—Plain knitting.

Begin again at the 1st row and work the length needed. When each breadth is done, join them together with a needle and the wool. For the waist, knit two stitches together, one plain, and repeat to the end of the row, then work three plain rows. The petticoat is finished at bottom with a crochet border. Commence on the first stitch of a breadth with one double crochet stitch, miss three, three trebles into the next stitch, three double trebles, and three trebles into same stitch, miss three, and double crochet into next stitch. This will form a scollop for each pattern of nine stitches on the petticoat. A ribbon is run through the holes at top to tie it to the waist.



KNITTED PETTICOAT.



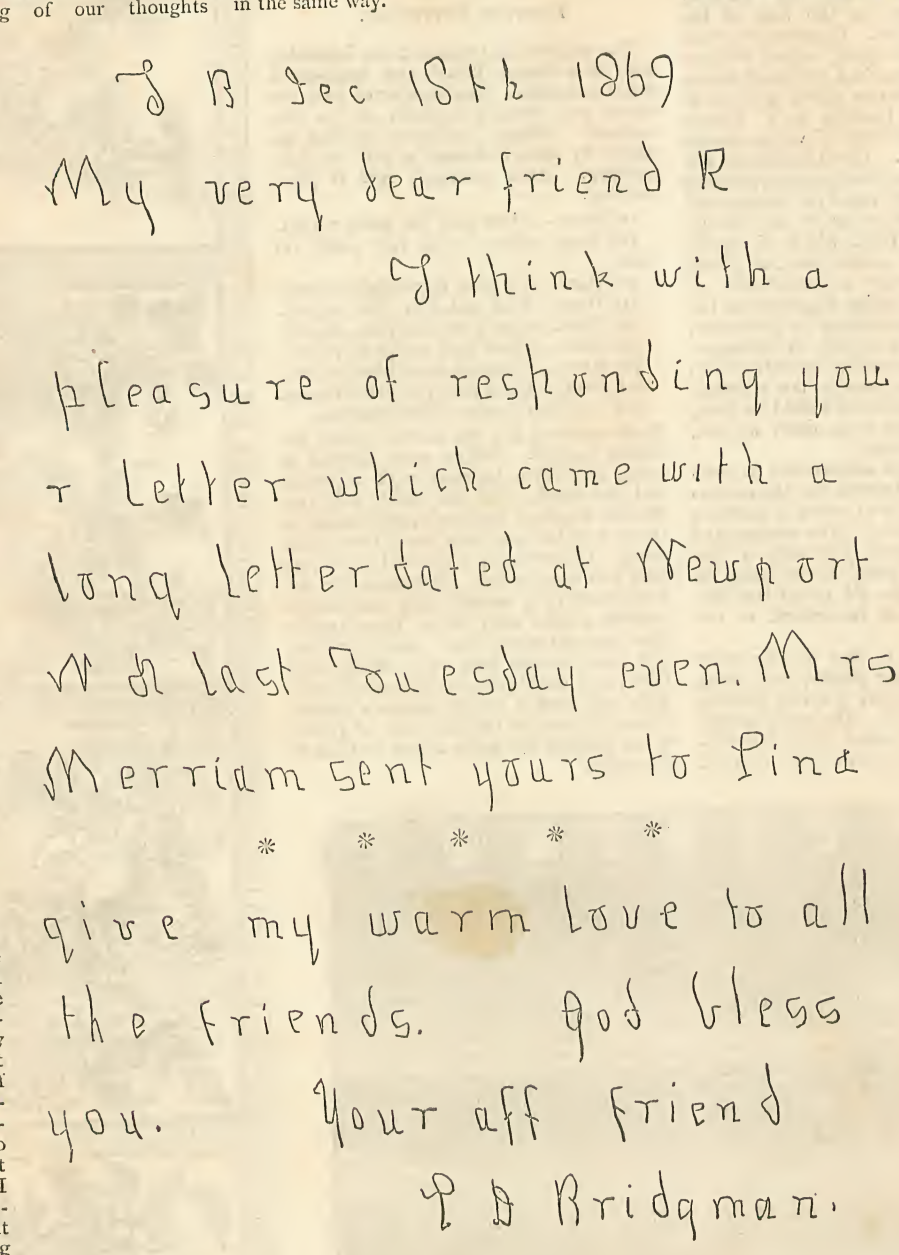
A PIANOFORTE FRONT.

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING.

THE art of letter-writing is divided at least into two departments—the intellectual and the manual. I commenced my articles on this subject with a consideration of the first and superior department of the art—that which may be compared to its soul. I then discussed the second, representing, as it were, its body, or external form, by which its origin may be identified as proceeding from certain hands. This clothing of our thoughts should be rendered in every respect suitable and worthy of them, not equivocal in its outlines, not coarse, angular, nor slovenly. Nothing is too trifling to be well done; nothing unworthy of being rendered attractive, since "God so clothed the grass of the field," and "made everything beautiful in His time", for our enjoyment.

But it is necessary to direct your attention to the fact that a third accomplishment is intimately and indissolubly connected with the art of writing, without a thorough knowledge of which you could not possess what the Psalmist describes as "the pen of a ready writer." Yet multitudes in the present day, who can use the pen with the skill of an artist, and whose thoughts flow freely, too, are sadly deficient in this third acquirement. I refer to a thorough knowledge of orthography. In the various competitive examinations open to both sexes a large proportion of students fail solely through a neglect of this branch of merely ordinary education. It is a disgrace to any girl to send out an ill-spelt letter, although I admit that the arbitrary and inconsistent method of spelling which obtains in the English language necessitates a good deal of careful study. To those who feel themselves deficient in this branch of their education I have two suggestions to make. Impress on your memory all words about which you feel doubtful by invariably seeking for them in your dictionary yourself, instead of asking information from another person. Let your dictionary lie beside you, ready for reference, whenever you write a letter; and do not spare yourself any trouble in satisfying yourself that you have made no mistake.

I would also advise you to pay very particular attention to those peculiarities that present the greatest difficulty to the student—viz., to the doubling of letters, the dropping or retaining of the final "e" when followed by "ment" or "able," and the few exceptional cases in which it is retained in the active participle, terminating in "ing." Make yourself well acquainted with these, the most troublesome words in our language; and write them in long lists, over and over again, all those with and all without the "e," each list respectively by itself, and all doubled letters in the same way.


J B Dec 18th 1869

My very dear friend R

I think with a

pleasure of reshonding you

r letter which came with a

long letter dated at Newport

W last Tuesday even. Mrs

Merriam sent yours to Pind

* * * * *

give my warm love to all

the friends. God bless

you. Your aff friend

P B Bridgman.

There is also another small matter to which it is necessary that you should pay attention. An error in the division of words, commenced at the end of one line and concluded at the beginning of the next, is a mark of an illiterate person. Divide them always at the syllables; and if there be not sufficient space to complete the second in a word of three syllables, do not begin it, but rather add the hyphen and leave the space.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to some to read a letter written by one of our nobility in the sixteenth century, which will give some idea of the great change that has taken place in the spelling of our language since then. It is from the Duchess of Norfolk to Cromwell, Earl of Essex:—

"My ffary gode lord,

"Her I sand you in tokyn hoff the neweyer, a glasse hoff setyl, set in sellfer gold. I pra you tak it in wort. An hy wer habel. Het shoulde be bater. I woll hit war wort A.M. (1,000) Crone."

Another specimen of orthography from the pen of Dr. Bayle, Bishop of Ossory, in reference to the destruction of valuable libraries at the time of the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., 1536, may be worthy of quotation:—

"A greate nombre of them whyche purchased those superstychouse mansyons reserved of those librarye bookes some to serve theyr jokes, some to scoure thyr candlestyckes, and some to rubbe theyre bootes. Some they solde to the grossers, and sope-sellers, and some they sent over the see to the book bynders—not in small nombre—but at tymes whole shyppes full to the wonderynge of oren nacyons. Yea, ye universytes of thys realme are not all clere in this detestable fact. A prodygyouse example is thys" . . . .

In reference to the mechanical part of letter-writing, there is less excuse for any failure amongst the young people of the present day, than there is for defective orthography. For the latter there is, of course, but one invariable rule, and, certainly, all deviations from it are disgraceful in a scholar. In penmanship much license is permitted, much liberty of fancy; and for every style of writing there is a suitable pen. The hand may be accommodated with soft quills, broad or pointed metal pens, smooth or rough paper, and lines if required. How different from the state of the case in ancient times of the world! The Egyptians wrote on pieces of limestone, on leather, linen, wood, and papyrus leaves, using a brush or pen cut out of a reed, very unaccommodating to the hand. The Assyrians and Babylonians wrote on cylinders and hexagonal prisms of terra-cotta. The Romans used tablets of wood, ivory, metal, and wax; and their pen was of iron, called a *stylus*. Reference is made by the Prophet Jeremiah to this description of writing implement when he speaks, metaphorically, of "the sin of Judah written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a

diamond . . . graven on the table of their heart," and so rendered indelible. In the ages succeeding all these remote times horn-books, covered with wax, were chiefly employed, which also were scratched with a metal style.

After the Carlovingian era leaves of vellum were employed, and the writings and illuminations executed on these were indeed beautiful and artistic. But the art of writing in the western nations was confined for a long period to the literary monks, and our William the Conqueror, and Charlemagne himself, could only sign their names by a characteristic "mark."

But more curious, more wonderful by far than any other productions of the kind that I could possibly illustrate, are the letters of the celebrated Laura Bridgman, of Boston, Mass. This talented woman can neither see, hear, nor speak, and thus is beyond the reach of the teachers of "lip reading"; she has nearly lost also the senses of taste and smell, and it has been by the one sense of *feeling* alone that she has had any communication opened between her and the world around, or with the God in whom she has learned to believe. A *facsimile* of a part of one of her wonderful letters I here subjoin, kindly lent to me by a lady who has seen her, and devotes her life to the teaching of deaf mutes by means of the system called "lip reading." The following is a transcription of the whole of the letter:—

"L. B., Dec. 18, 1869.

"My very dear friend R.,

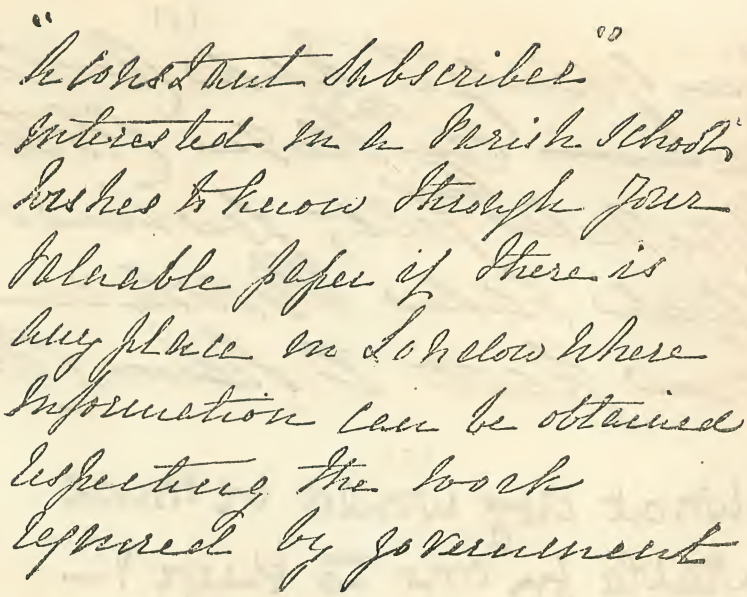
"I think with a pleasure of responding you the letter which came with a long letter, dated at Newport, on the last Tuesday even. Mrs. Merriam sent yours to Lina; it afforded much delight to hear from you and Lina at ——. My health failed fast early in Aug., and was the result of my being unable to do anything, even talking with my fingers. I was so sickly, tired all summer, and suffered from chills; that was essential for me to wear more clothing. I sat up but a little for many weeks, and wore a wrapper and a shawl. In late Sep. I became a convalescent. How good the Lord was to restore me to health. I had a good and tranquil time at home, excepting my ill health; the nights seemed to pass heavily, and bed too—because of breaking slumbers and rest. John went to Leb. (Lebanon) and called on the Dr. and consulting his advice, he sent a bottle of medicine to me, it lasted me as long as 3 weeks. I was happy to hear of many old friends through you. Grace is a holy name. I hope that Grace—may be graceful with I——and his Father, when in her growth. I rejoice at the return of Mrs. L. next year. I wish to see her and Mrs. B. and other friends much. Mr. B. called to see me with some gents a week ago. He said that Mrs. B. was well at present; but went away soon in haste. I came back the 1st of Nov. I am so happily engaged in pricking poems, &c., for blessed Christmas and new year. I am so weary. Please to give my warm love to all the friends. God bless you. Your aff. friend,

"L. D. BRIDGMAN."

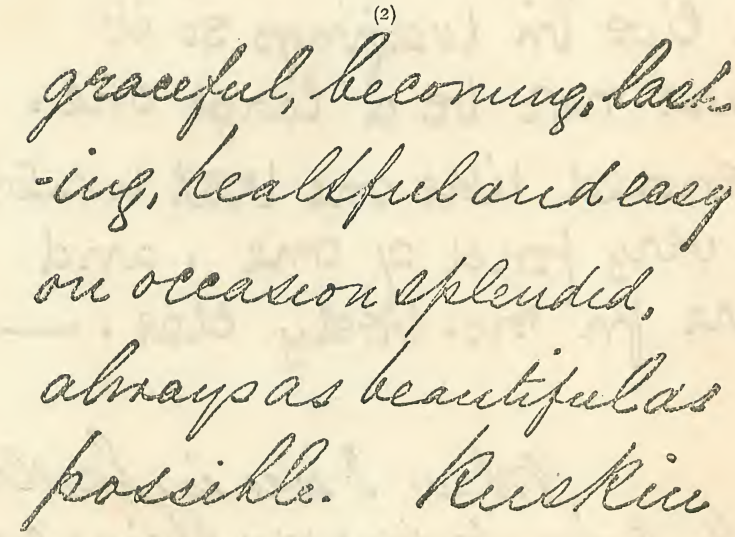
Observe how much decision of character there is in the hand, how good the spelling is, how few omissions of small connecting words. How she tells all that was likely to interest her friend: particulars about herself, her employment, the friends who had seen her, the news received of others. Observe how the signification of the name "Grace" has not escaped her notice. Last, and certainly not least, how grateful she is to God for convalescence, and "weary" as she was, she found happiness in active work of a religious tendency.

All three essentials in good letter-writing—composition, writing, and spelling—are combined in a remarkable manner in this unique letter.

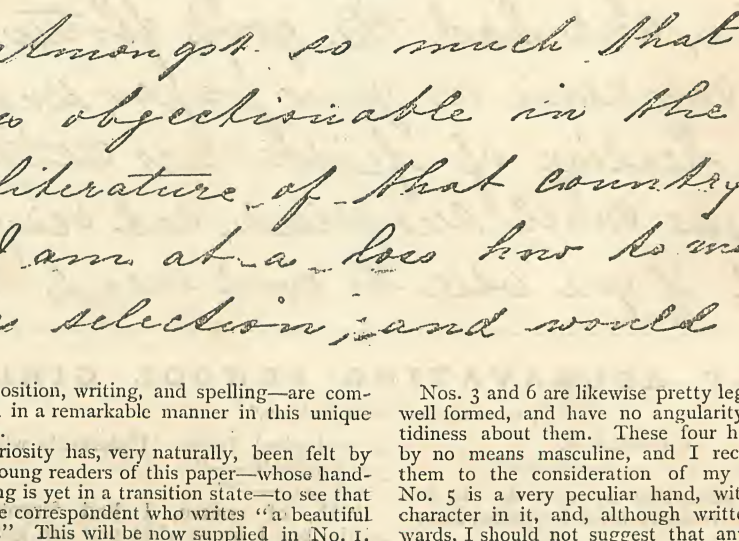
(1)



(2)



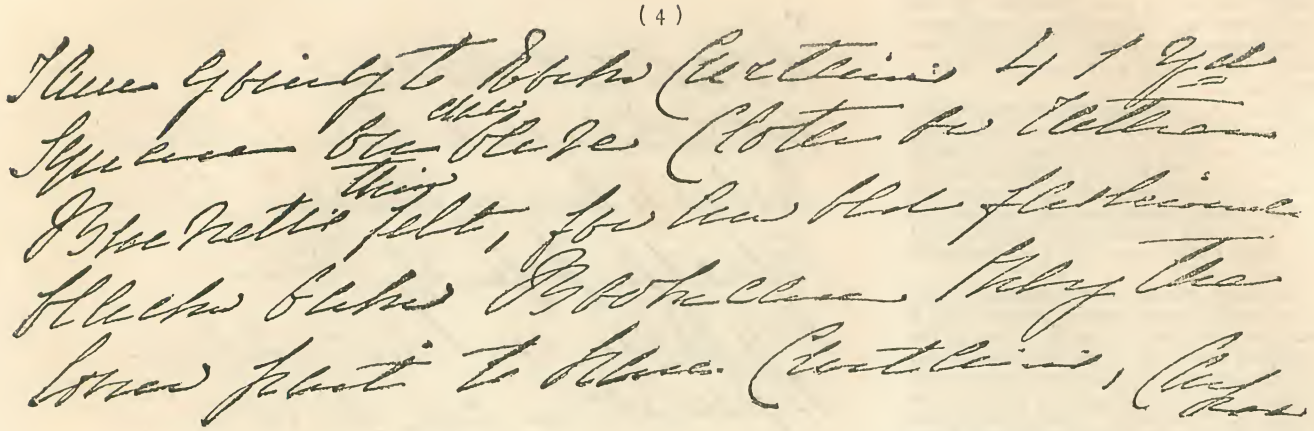
(3)



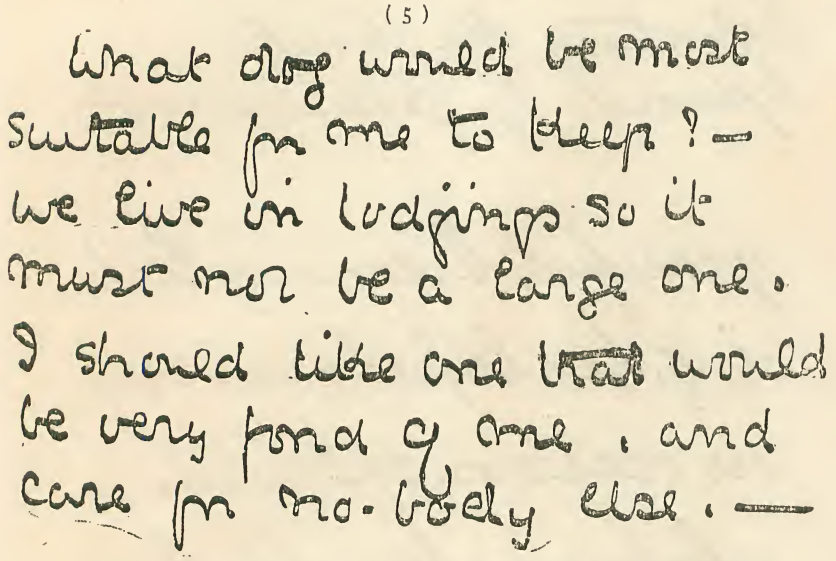
Curiosity has, very naturally, been felt by the young readers of this paper—whose handwriting is yet in a transition state—to see that of the correspondent who writes "a beautiful hand." This will be now supplied in No. 1. Another much to be commended also as a fine, bold hand is No. 2.

Nos. 3 and 6 are likewise pretty legible and well formed, and have no angularity nor untidiness about them. These four hands are by no means masculine, and I recommend them to the consideration of my readers. No. 5 is a very peculiar hand, with much character in it, and, although written backwards, I should not suggest that any change be made in it by the writer. No. 4 is a specimen of a very illegible hand. S. F. A. C.

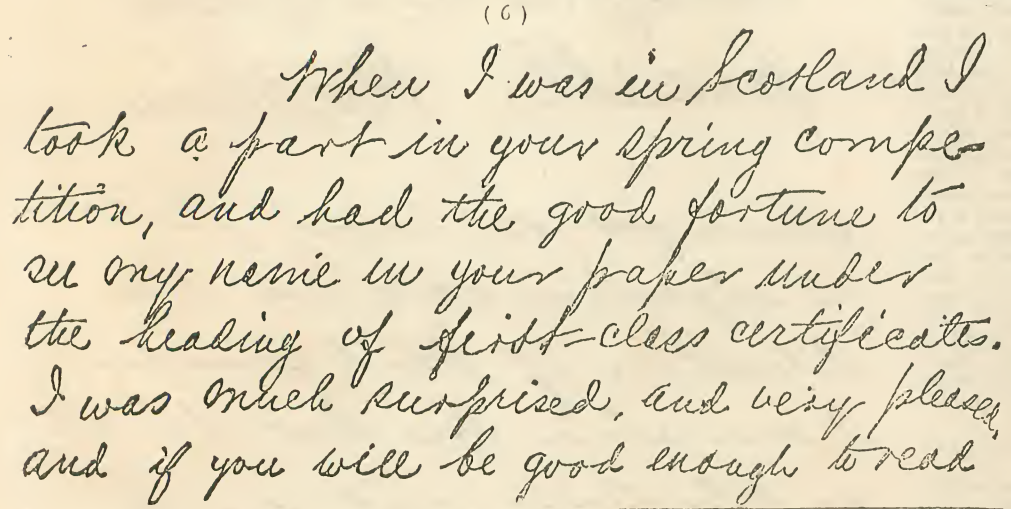
(4)



(5)



(6)



THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER V.

HER CHIEF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"YOUR education appears to me to have been hitherto most irregular, Miss Edison."

"Most irregular," assented Miss Edison, with a grave shake of her head. "Papa says it is only to be compared to a geological fault. Upheavals where you wouldn't——"

"Wou——?"

"Ah, of course, I had forgotten again, but I know what you are going to say. Would not look for them, and depressions where they ought not to be expected. Perhaps you won't mind my just telling you that when papa says that he always says wouldn't. I've noticed that particularly, whatever other changes he may make in the words."

Miss Rowe looked sharply at the new pupil. Could she be daring to make fun of her? But no. That was impossible, and the young lady's face bore the innocently grave expression of a child really wishing to give a curious piece of information.

"You are dreadfully stupid in some things," said the governess, shortly, while the pupil with an absent air tied two loose knots in her pocket-handkerchief corners, inserted her slender white forefinger and thumb in them, "parson and clerk" fashion, and began solemnly bobbing them at each other, the more important thumb wagging its pointed turban in a most impressive and imperative manner at "poor me," as Miss Helen murmuringly addressed her forefinger.

Helen Edison, the new pupil, was undergoing an examination by Miss Rowe as to her attainments, before having her place apportioned to her in the classes. In the ordinary course of events this examination would have been undertaken by the senior English governess, but, as has been already mentioned, she was absent through illness, and her energetic junior had to fulfil double duties, not only now but throughout nearly the whole of the term, with some help from the foreign governesses and the principal herself.

It was so highly satisfactory to the young governess's pride and love of dominion to be thus paramount in the schoolrooms that she cared very little for the extra work and responsibility thrown on her shoulders, and to do her justice it must be confessed that during the three weeks that passed between the commencement of the Easter term and the advent of Miss Edison, the principal, had been more than satisfied both with her teaching and discipline. The generally mild sway at Crofton House easily tempered any little extra sternness.

But Miss Nellie made her appearance on the scene, and, as the complaisant doctor said to the patient who dismally announced that he ate well, and slept well, and felt well, "*Nous allons changer tout cela.*"

Even sensible, hopeful-tempered Miss Crofton herself had said to her sister-in-law the day before Helen Edison arrived, "Do you know I really feel almost frightened. Everything has been going on so smoothly?"

And young Mrs. Crofton laughed more merrily than she had done for a long time. But if she could have seen a few weeks into the future she might have looked grave enough. Even if she could have been a spectator of that examination of the new pupil by the thin-lipped governess her merriment would have been checked.

Whilst we have been giving these few words of explanation Miss Rowe has been bending over a small manuscript book containing some notes she had jotted down as a guide to her in her present task. How the pupil was employing herself you know. Miss Rowe having at length decided on what branch of learning she would next question the enigmatical girl before her, began with thoughtful deliberation to raise her head. But it went up with a jerk as her eyes fell upon Helen Edison's knotted-up fingers, while at the same moment a sepulchural voice asked—

"Who married the king of the Cannibal Islands, and was she his first wife?"

"Dunno," was the squeaked out answer.

"Then you'll be swallowed," was the reply. And accordingly, by the help of the other three fingers, it was swallowed, just as the spectator of the tragic end of this little play in one act recovered presence of mind and breath to remark in a tone of cold, withering sarcasm—

"It is a pity, Miss Edison, that I did not know an hour ago that you took pleasure in those sorts of amusements. We might both have been spared the trouble of this examination, for I should presume that a share of Rosa Bell's lessons would best suit your tastes and intellect."

"I am afraid not," said Helen, hastily pulling the knots of her handkerchief off her fingers, and putting the little mass of Indian cambric and embroidery into her pocket. "I don't think I should like to share Rosie's lessons, though they would be easy. I do so hate spelling and English grammar, you see."

"I see nothing," retorted Miss Rowe, angrily, "but that you are very likely, I should say, to have to do very many things you hate while you are here, if you do not take care what you are about. You inferred a few minutes since that, ignorant as you are of much that at your age you ought to know, there are some studies in which you consider yourself proficient. Pray what are they?"

"Well, for one," said Helen, slowly thinking over her attainments—"for one there is French reading, and, then, I think, history, and—but, oh!" with a sudden change to beaming annimation, and speaking with a rapidity there was no checking, "Oh, you know all my cleverness in these is nothing, absolutely nothing, to my cleverness in whistling and playing cricket. Papa says no boy could be more perfect in the rules, and that I can hit a ball as well as Grace himself, barring his strength."

"Doing what?" exclaimed Miss Rowe, managing at length to make her voice heard above the torrent of eager words. And at that moment the door opened, and the principal came in to learn how the examination was progressing. She walked up to her new pupil, and passed her hand caressingly over the boyish-looking, curly head.

"What are you looking so bright about, my dear? she asked, kindly, but certainly with some surprise.

Miss Nellie's face flushed a little.



"TOPSY AND MISS ROWE."

"I was just telling Miss Rowe that papa says, with plenty of practice, I might make as good a cricketer as Dr. Grace, bar strength, and—and—" with a tiny mischievous quiver of the crimson lips, "I don't think she quite understands what 'bar strength' means."

Miss Crofton bit her own lips for a moment, and then broke into a laugh as she said, "No, missie, I don't suppose she does. Miss Rowe has not the fancy that you have for boys' pastimes, and she has been entirely with girls all her life. But although she is not acquainted with boys' expressions she knows a very great deal more than I fear either she or or I will ever be able to instil into this rough little head. I think I must take my turn now at trying to find out whether there is anything at all in it already worth keeping there. If you please, Miss Rowe, will you kindly now take the reading class in the garden room, and leave Miss Edison to me."

"Gladly," said the young governess, rising with a sigh of relief she did not care to stifle. She had not liked the new pupil when she first saw her yesterday, and she liked her still less now. There was, in fact, nothing in common between them but strong will and a love of aggravating those with whom they were not friendly. And in the aggravation given she had certainly received the worst of it that morning.

Under the wise, gentle influence of Miss Crofton, Helen was like another girl. Instead of showing her poorest qualities, she began insensibly to display her best ones, and when Miss Crofton at length dismissed her they parted with mutual feelings of goodwill.

"She will be a very pleasant acquisition, I believe, my dear Miss Rowe; but she will require a little tact in dealing with her," said Miss Crofton an hour later. And Miss Rowe drew back her head, and answered with a short laugh—

"I cannot say as to the tact, madam, but I should imagine she might try the far-famed patience of Job."

And then with a bow she went off to get ready for the morning walk, and Miss Crofton returned to her study with rather an anxious look on her face. Meantime Helen Edison was giving a lesson, instead of learning one. When the principal ended her chat with her she delivered her over to the German governess to sit by her and listen while the class was held. In an interval between explaining exercises and hearing repetitions, Fraulein Honpeland asked the demure young damsel beside her—

"And has you, perhaps, learnt already some leetle ding this morning since you are here?"

"Oh, yes, Fraulein!" was the instant answer. "I have learnt a whole heap of things. One of them, the nicest, is that Miss Crofton is a brick, a regular brick."

A good many eyes were raised rather suddenly from their books at this announcement, and Miss Wilmot whispered, "Oh, dear me, how dare you?" While Fraulein, opening her light blue eyes to their roundest, exclaimed—

"She is a breeg! What is den das? My English goes not so far."

"What a pity," said Helen, compassionately. "It is such a nice word, so expressive. Some people say 'cheese' for the same thing, but I don't like it myself. But all *really* fashionable gentlemen say one or the other, so which would you prefer me to help you to remember. Shall it be cheese? I don't like cheese, but if I did I expect I should call Miss Crofton a cheese, at——"

"Oh, you wouldn't," exclaimed Milly Wilmot. "At least if you did you would get banished to the attics, or, at any rate, sent to Coventry."

"And you would have to join me in that delectable region for talking of it," retorted Helen, and then she added—"Never mind her, please Fraulein, but next time you get the sweetest, crustiest bit of a beautiful new brick loaf, just put heaps of fresh butter on it, and then, while you are eating it, only consider if

you can think if anyone you know in the world is half as nice. I can't, excepting papa and mamma, and now, perhaps, Miss Crofton."

"And did you tell her to herself," asked Fraulein, now beginning to smile, "that she is a crusty, buttered breeg?"

"N—n—no, not buttered," stammered Helen Edison, vainly struggling for composure; and then, as Milly Wilmot exclaimed—

"Nor 'crusty,' I hope," she broke into a peal of wonderful laughter, that brought the tears into the eyes of the sensitive German.

"Ah! It is just so," she murmured, "that I have dreamt the fairies laugh as they dance in our German forests."

When the class was ended Fraulein kissed her new pupil, and sealed the commencement of a faithful friendship with a gift of chocolate.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

PIANOFORTE PRACTISING AS IT SHOULD BE.—In studying a new work on the piano it should be borne in mind that while some of the qualities essential to good playing may be left for subsequent introduction, there are others which must be attended to from the very beginning. These are fingering, phrasing, and rhythm (*i.e., correct time*), and it is only after the piece has been made perfect in these respects, and can be played quite correctly and with a firm touch, that the remaining subjects—namely, varieties of touch, light and shade (including *rallantando* and *accelerando*), the use of the pedal, and, last of all, speed, if it be a quick movement—may be considered. Above all, let your practice be in thorough earnest, that no moment of the study-time, which is so precious, may be wasted; in short, in the words of Schumann, "Whenever you play, let it be as though a master were listening."

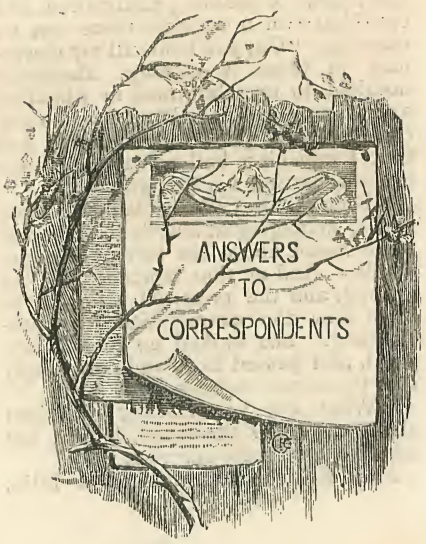
HEALTH ENJOYED AND SICKNESS IMPROVED.—Too many of us are characterised when well by thoughtlessness and when ill by grumbling. Let us turn over a new leaf and follow the example of that old writer who says, "If in health I will strive to preserve it by praising God; if in sickness I will strive to remove it by praying to Him."

BOOKS OF THE LIVING AND BOOKS OF THE DEAD.—It is not enough to care for good books; you must be a good living book yourself.

THE SECRET OF GOOD SPIRITS.—If once you love God with all your soul you will always be cheerful and lighthearted.

GRASSES, MOSSES, AND FLOWERS FOR PICTURE-FRAMES.—A pretty wreath for picture-frames may be made of different grasses, mosses, and flowers, dried and pressed between blotting-paper and gummed on a piece of pasteboard corresponding to the frame of the picture intended to be wreathed. Beginning at the middle of the upper part, arrange first one half and then the other in such a manner that the stems of the grasses shall be covered. Care must be taken to arrange the colours harmoniously. The stems which come together in the middle of the upper part must be covered with a large flower. The wreath may serve itself as a frame for a picture, in which case it must be glued on the edge of the picture, which must be mounted and furnished with a glass.

ANSWERS TO GIRLS BURIED NAMES (p. 32).—1. Gwen. 2. Isa. 3. Rose. 4. Lillie. 5. Stella. 6. Olga. 7. Waltera. 8. Netta. 9. Penelope. 10. Alice. 11. Phillis. 12. Edith. 13. Ruby.—GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



COOKERY.

AN ANXIOUS LITTLE COOK.—The preserved ginger made in China or the East Indies is much superior to anything we can make here, as the roots are fresh. The method of making here is, to boil the dried roots till tender, and then boil again in a thin syrup of white sugar.

IDA.—To make ginger wine:—Put 19 lbs. of sugar to 7 gallons of water, and boil for half an hour; skimming it carefully. Then add to it 9 oz. of the best ginger, bruised. When nearly cold, chop 9 lbs. of raisins very small, and put them into a 9 gallon cask with 1 oz. of isinglass and 4 lemons sliced, and a ½ pint of fresh yeast. Pour the liquor in which the ginger and sugar were boiled upon them, and leave unstopped for three weeks, and in about three months it will be ready for bottling. There will be one gallon more than the cask will hold at first, which must be placed in a bottle, and kept to fill-up the cask every few days; for as the liquor works off, the cask must be kept full. Spring and autumn are the seasons for making this wine.

K. B.—To make inexpensive ginger beer:—Put into a sufficiently large earthenware jar 1 gallon of boiling water, 1 lb. of loaf sugar, 1 oz. of the best ginger bruised, 1 oz. of cream-of-tartar, or a sliced lemon. Stir these ingredients up till the sugar be dissolved, and let it remain till as warm as new milk. Then add a tablespoonful of good yeast, poured on a piece of bread, and floated on the top. Cover the whole with a cloth, let it remain 24 hours, and then strain and put into bottles, filling them only three quarters up, cork them well, and tie the corks, and in two days the beer will fit to drink. This quantity will make 18 bottles, and will cost less than a shilling.

BEATRIX GASKELL.—Potato flour is made from potatoes. The mistake to which you allude was an omission. The milk should have been mentioned.

MOLLY.—"Goosebery fool" is a corruption of "Gooseberry foul," from *foulé*, a French word meaning mashed or pressed. Cut the nails in a rounded or oval shape. Thank you for the recipe.

A YOUNG COOK.—See "Useful Hints," and former answers to correspondents.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER (Janie H.).—We have heard of a family of three persons living on 15s. per week, for eatables alone, but we cannot tell if you could manage to live on that sum. The sweetbread is the *pancreas* of an animal used for food—that of the calf is the most *récherché*.

STICK IN THE MUD.—1. Place a small cup in the centre of your fruit tart, in which the juice will gather. 2. Flour the cloth well before placing the roly-poly in it.

THAISA.—1. Essence of Runnet may now be procured of all chemists, without the trouble of keeping the rennet itself in the house. The milk used must be as warm as if newly drawn from the cow. 2. Recipes for washing lace have been given at pages 80 and 319.

MAUDE.—We do not think that a piece of silver would have any effect if placed in a churn. The secret of the butter coming quickly is in its being of the proper temperature, and not in any of the various charms for bringing it which have been prevalent amongst the superstitious from time to time.

YLIME.—What are called "Slim Cakes" are usually made just as pastry is made, not too much butter being used to make them short. They are baked on a flat tin in the oven, or in America on the top of the flat-iron stand sold with the kitcheners.

EGO.—1. A pint of water to a tablespoonful of flour boiled is the usual quantity to make paste; some people use beer instead of water to make it stronger. 2. Boil the macaroni, and add the tomato sauce to it.

WORK.

BLUE VIOLET.—1. Satin is the best material to mix with poplin. It can be obtained of a sufficiently good quality for trimming at 2s. 6d., per yard, linen-backed. 2. Your handwriting is so good and legible that it would fit you, so far, for any situation you wished to obtain.

ULVA.—We should send silk embroidery to a good cleaner; it is frequently spoilt by home-washing. We could not say more than we have done on the subject of situations on the Continent, and we do not know your capabilities.

A YOUNG SUFFERER.—1. The pattern you send us is a piece of ordinary English thread, and would cost about 1s. 6d. per yard. 2. There is a new instrument called the "audiphone," which might help you to hear better, as yours appears to be throat-deafness. It is not expensive, and is to be found at most surgical and optical instrument makers'.

PATTIE.—1. Dark brown silk and the ruby cashmere would be most useful selections; trim the first named with a flowered cashmere material. 2. The same wedding cake would answer for the two sisters.

MARGUERITE S.—We have been much pleased with the excellent washing and wearing qualities of workhouse sheeting, used for curtains; and think you would like it. A good design is given at page 428; make the window and fireplace curtains of the same, and scald the crewels you employ.

HELEN.—Consult "My Work Basket."

LADY MACBETH.—We could not undertake to give such a list of prices, but you could form an excellent idea of the proper charges by pricing similar articles in the shops.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONG SHANKS.—Give your canary a little saffron in the water, as a tonic: and let him have some groundsel and plantain, not much hemp-seed, as it is apt to make the legs gouty; a little crumb of bread and canary, millet, and rape seed form the proper food. Your writing needs much improvement.

POOR FIFTEEN.—For the growing out of the shoulder-blades it will be necessary to use a back-board; and if necessary a face board too. You have been stooping too much, which is very injurious to the chest. You have made no mistake in spelling; but you do not write well, though legibly.

TWO ELDER SISTERS.—1. Your first query has frequently been answered. 2. The "creaking" of which you complain is to be attributed partly to lacing too tightly, and also to the circumstance that the whalebones are nor well secured in closely fitting casings, and, when damp, they produce a noise like that of some boots and shoes. You write well.

EMILE J.—1. We are sorry to hear of your mother's deafness. Try the audiphone, consisting of a small piece of card held between the teeth, which throat-deafness enables persons to hear, who obtain no benefit from an ear trumpet. Borrow albums and illustrated papers for her, give her some kind of manual work to do, such as a pretty patchwork quilt, and ask her to help you. This she would probably do, and end by doing most of it herself. Or commence a picture screen and ask her to help in cutting out and arranging the scraps. Her mind might be diverted thus, and her depression relieved. But be sure to let her think that she is helping you, and her advice and aid required. 2. It is too long to fast from 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. You should consult a doctor about your digestion. Your hand, though not good, is very legible.

PUG.—Consult an oculist respecting the "occasional squint" of which you complain. Your hand is not formed. Slope it more.

PUCK.—For removing ink-stains see pages 64, 95, 222, and 319.

DUST.—Geraniums are raised from cuttings. Pull off a stout little shoot, and set it, pressing the earth closely to it.

LADY EDYTHE.—1. The word *requiem* is pronounced as if spelt "reequiem." 2. Try syringing the ears.

MADCAP GERTIE.—1. A silk purse worked in crochet with purse-twist might be a suitable birthday token for an old gentleman; or a pair of knitted silk cuffs for the wrists; or a knitted scarf for the neck, as a warm wrap. 2. We do not know the bottles you describe, and you should inquire of the artists' colourman from whom you bought the oil whether it should be used just as it is—which we think probable.

VOWEL.—Lord Clarendon's History was published in eight volumes, at Oxford, in 1828. The earliest edition which was published was in 1707; the editors were Bishop Sprat and Dean Aldrich, who altered and omitted much. In the edition of 1828 all their omissions and alterations were restored and revised, and the original text printed. The best way of getting at the value of your books would be to go round to the best of the second-hand booksellers and see what they each offered, as the prices of such books vary with the demand. The condition they are in is of great importance also.

E. A. L. C.—Write to a publisher of sacred music for a list of anthems suitable and easy.

JOAN.—We fear that, like many others, you have neglected to cleanse your filter. Dr. Smith gives the following recipe for restoring the purifying power and thoroughly reviving them. "Take two wine-glassfuls of Condy's crimson fluid, undiluted, with ten drops of sulphuric acid, and a table-spoonful of pure muriatic acid, and add them to three or four gallons of water. Place this mixture in the filter for some hours, after which, empty, and pass through three gallons of pure soft water." In addition to this, the charcoal requires renewing at intervals.

GYPSY.—1. If her mother do not object, a girl of 18 may wear one or two rings. 2. Watches are considered to require cleaning and oiling every 18 months, or so; and should never be permitted to run down.

J. D. O.—A moderate pace in taking exercise is much preferable to over-heating yourself by walking very fast.

A. F.—Dry the kid gloves perfectly, and rub the spots of mildew well with a brush; and afterwards with a small quantity of white of egg, or flour paste. This has been successful in many cases.

TRODDEN ONE.—According to the Scriptures, Humility is one of the first of the Christian virtues and graces, and there was One "who came to be the servant of all." Perhaps the very facility with which "everyone gets the better of you"—as you phrase it—points out to you the special grace, which you might cultivate with the greatest advantage to your spiritual life. If you be "homely and uninteresting," you can the better bear about you always the "marks" of Him "who was without form or comeliness," but Who, we know, must have had all the "beauty of holiness."

EXCELSIOR.—Ferns in a glass case need water and care like any other plants. Wear muslin frills round your neck.

OCCULAR DISPONDENT.—Go to the new Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, N.W., a small hospital attended by lady physicians, who may, probably, be of use to you.

A CONSTANT AND ADMIRING READER.—We cannot offer an opinion on the few facts you give us, and should advise you to take legal advice.

GORTRADE.—William of Orange was also called William of Nassau.

ELIZABETH.—We regret that it is not in our power to recommend London physicians. Your best method of finding the right person to go to is to ask advice of your doctor in the country, and let him send you to the person he thinks the best for your case.

ENILEDA and ANNIE B.—1. Lace is coloured yellow by dipping it in coffee. 2. A number of French story books may be found by consulting the foreign publication list of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

HOTTENTOT.—Consult a doctor.

MARY ALICE C.—A spray of orange blossoms would be sufficient, if used in the hair; if for a bonnet, the feathers might be added. Pain between the shoulders may arise from the stomach or liver. Consult a doctor.

WILD IRISH GIRL.—Your father's coat of arms is yours, in the same way that his house and carriage are yours. An unmarried woman and a widow use the coat of arms in a lozenge, but not the crest nor motto.

KAFFOOSELEM.—Please go to the nearest greenhouse and market garden, and obtain the answers to the string of questions with which you have favoured us.

AMY.—Inquire at a music publisher's.

IRENE F.—1. The siege of Saragossa took place in 1809, and is memorable for the heroism displayed by the inhabitants. The name of Augustina Zaragoza, the "Maid of Saragossa," has been especially preserved as that of the bravest among the women of the city, who all worked, and exposed themselves with their respective fathers, brothers, and husbands. 2. Use a fork only with strawberries, unless there be cream.

G. S.—Rue is used medicinally as a tea, which is made by digesting one ounce of the fresh herb in a pint of boiling water. It is good for colic, infantile convulsions, and hysteria.

JESSEY VOLE.—Send by either post or rail. An explanation of "Black Brunswicker" has been already given in this column.

TOTTIE CRAY.—1. The coin you mention is one of a series of half, quarter, and one-eighth guilder pieces, which were struck in the reign of William IV. for use in British Guiana, in 1836. It is probably worth but little more than its value, which you do not mention. 2. Wear crape one year.

AN INQUISITIVE ENGLISH GIRL.—Introduce the younger to the elder, the gentleman to the lady, the unmarried to the married, the inferior to the superior.

WOODBINE.—Place the custard glasses simply on a dish, not on "a tray covered with a napkin." 2. Oatmeal stirabout is very wholesome, though to take it more than once a day might be too heating. You write rather well, but confound the n's with the u's.

A. L. F.—1. Write to 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., for the missing number, enclosing stamps for it and for postage. 2. The little sunbonnets which go by the names of "Grannie," "Hundred years since" are the prettiest headcoverings for little children at present.

MATTIE.—There is a Convalescent Home at Crescent House, Marine Parade Brighton; terms, 7s. to 10s. 6d. weekly. Application to be made daily to Mrs. Marshman, 2, Redcliffe-square S.W., before noon.

TINY.—A little flour rubbed on with a clean brush might clean your plaster of Paris ornaments, if not, perhaps you would like to bronze them over; the bronze powder is kept ready prepared by colourmen, we believe.

JEW LIZARD.—We hear that Cromer is a very pleasant place, especially suitable for children, as being both bracing and healthy. Of course, all places on the North-east coast are cold.

CECILE RAYE.—Your question has already been answered.

ELSIE ABERCROMBY.—1. You should visit the two cathedrals, and the National Gallery and Museum, also the Phœnix Park. The Four Courts, General Post Office, and Nelson's Monument, Royal Exchange, Trinity College, Parliament House, Castle, and Chapel Royal, and Custom House, all deserve notice. 2. Bog oak ornaments are not very expensive.

LUCY AND SISTER.—1. The water-colour competition pictures must be copies from nature, or original compositions, not copies second-hand. 2. The Scotch and Irish are comprised in the term "Englishwomen" selected as subjects for the prize essay.

ELSIE COOPER.—1. Use a little washing soda in the water in which the china is washed to remove the grease. 2. All information supplied by us with respect to fancy work is given in "My Work Basket." 3. To brush a thin coat of gum over leaves and flowers, as soon as pressed, preserves their colour.

LINNET.—1. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to our paper to be eligible for competing for the prizes. 2. It is a good plan to talk to the parrot when placed in a dark room, with a cloth over the cage, all other sounds being shut out, as far as possible. Continually repeat two words only, and as soon as he makes an attempt to imitate the sounds give him a scrap of cake or fruit, a nut or two, for example, and never disappoint him of a reward. As you ask for criticism, your spelling needs attention, and you misplace the two words "would" and "should."

AN EQUESTRIAN.—We advise you to ride on the gentleman's right side, because, as he is your protector, his right hand is free to assist you in case of need, while the left controls his own horse.

JOYCE.—You have our best thanks for your kind letter. Stiffen the linen collars and cuffs with a double lining, the inner one being cut smaller than the outer to avoid too great thickness at the turnings-in.

PANSIE.—If the shine on the cloth be produced by friction and the wearing off of the nap, there is no cure for it; if from dirt, there is.

ANXIOUS.—1. We have already given the origin and explanation of the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's." 2. To "attain your majority" means that you are "of age." The law regards and treats you as "an infant" until then, being under tutors and guardians, and incapable from want of a fully developed judgment, completed education, and experience of the world, to have the care of yourself or your property. You give promise of writing a good hand.

MITE.—"Canon law" is a collection of ecclesiastical laws which serve as the rule of church government. The word "canon" is Greek, and signifies the index of a balance, "weighed" and also "choice men." Thus we speak of the "Canonical Books" of Holy Scripture being divinely inspired rules for our guidance. The authority vested in the church of making canons was declared by a statute of Henry VIII., their force being derived from the authority of the king's assent. In the time of James I. the royal assent was given to the canons presented by the convocation of clergy, some of which are obsolete. The power of making them was exercised by the church before the Roman empire adopted Christianity, and that which obtained throughout the West till the 12th century was the collection made in 520 by Dionysius, Exignus, the Capitularies of Charlemagne, and the Decrees of the Popes from Sergius to Anastasius.

INNOCENCE.—A recipe for cleaning gloves is given at page 96, Vol. I.

HEATHER.—Writing-desks may be cleansed from ink stains with a very little oxalic acid in warm water.

MARY ELLEN H.—Clean your silver jewellery with borax and water. Leave the canary's cage as it is. "Inquirer" is too indefinite a pseudonym.

ANNIE.—The white straw hats require bleaching and blocking, for which they must be sent to a cleaner's.

FAUST sends us fourteen questions, all of which have been answered or are unsuitable for our columns. An article on china painting is to be found at page 340, Vol. I. We do not give addresses nor sell work.

GERANIUM.—Find out the visiting days and hours by writing to the hospital. You will experience no difficulty in being admitted. The value of a George III. penny is from one to five shillings, according to its condition.

QUICKSILVER AND MYRTLE.—Dip the cream-coloured dress or lace in weak coffee after it has been washed to preserve or restore the colour.

ADA EMILY.—Field grapes may be dyed in any bright colours by the use of Judson's dyes. You write well.

BEATIE.—Ivory that has been spotted, or that has grown yellow, can be restored by rubbing it with fine sand-paper, and polishing with finely powdered pumice-stone. You give promise of writing a good hand.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Select a suitable basket, and cover every part of it with the black enamel paint. Or else dissolve some common green sealing-wax in a bottle of spirits of wine, and paint the basket with that; "picking out" some parts, such as the rims and handles (if any) with red wax. Add the cords, likewise painted.

TIGER LILY.—1. Melchizedek, we are told, was a "type of Christ," a "priest of the most high God." He appeared before the institution of the Aaronic priesthood, and not being of the seed of Shem, his genealogy would have no place in the Holy Scriptures. It is not improbable that the mystery about him was intentional, but that he was a personage of great importance is evident from the homage paid to him by Abraham. 2. You do not mention your age, so we cannot answer your inquiry,—"Am I too old for your competitions?"

MARTHA.—Introduce "Mrs. Brown" to "Lady Huntly,"—"Mrs. Brown" to "Miss Jones," and say the words as we have written them.

TINY.—A young girl of 12 years of age should be in bed by 9 o'clock.

FANNY.—You must consult a gilder about your pier-glass.

YOLANDE.—We do not quite understand your question. If you are offered any refreshment, and like to take it, do so. There is no other acknowledgment needed but "thank you," or "I am obliged to you."

POSIE.—March 3rd, 1864, was a Thursday.

QUEECHY.—Dip the coloured laces in coffee when washed.

STELLA B.—Sleeplessness at night is often caused by sitting up too late, or over-fatigue in the day.

PEPITA.—If the mourning be for one of the heads of a house, the servants should have two dresses each, a print, and a coburg. Your writing is fairly good.

BILLIAM.—1. *Goitres* are swellings in the throat, the origin of which is disputed. But hard water has produced it in some places, and it is chiefly found in places shut in by mountains formed as a *cul de sac*. It often accompanies *crétinism*. 2. Clean the gilt candlesticks with diluted ammonia or spirits of wine.

JANET.—Inquire for the earthenware dishes at any shop where kitchen and dairy crockery is procured.

ENID.—Read the "Care of the Voice" by Medicus, page 454, vol. 1.

HILDA.—Sponges soaked in soda would need to be left in soak for days, and the water changed several times. There is, however, a proper powder for the purpose to be procured from any chemist.

SWEET FIFTEEN.—1. Your question about dyeing white stockings has been answered. Indigo would be more suitable than Judson's black dye. 2. To preserve black stockings from turning brown when washed, dip them first into a mixture of half a teacupful of spirits of turpentine to one quart of water. 3. Wash the meat with a weak solution of Condy's Fluid, cut out equivocal looking parts, and cover it to keep the flies away. Your writing is very bad.

WASP.—Clean white kid with flour. See "The Art of Penmanship." Nos. 4 and 11 are very lady-like hands.

FAD.—1. As you do not like to use the powders sold to kill cockroaches you must get a tame hedgehog. 2. Dress lightly and take a dose of cream of tartar now and then of a morning, and the heat spots will go. Use a bath and take cooling drinks, but no stimulants. 3. Half an ounce of the flowers infused for half an hour in half a pint of boiling water, with a teaspoonful of bruised ginger and a few cloves. Dose, one ounce three times a day.

JEANIE and NANCY.—Full instructions on the manner of entering the telegraph service have been already given.

ANNETTE.—We could not say how long it would take you to qualify as a good Kindergarten teacher, for we know nothing of your abilities. Write to the Secretary of the Kindergarten College and Practising School, 21, Stockwell-road, S.W., and make all inquiries.

TOUT OU RIEN.—Second-hand school books are of little value, we believe. Read the articles of "Medicus."

MAVOURNEEN.—Use crimson lake and vermilion for the red of the poppy, put in the purple shadows with ultramarine and black.

HILDA.—To the 6th or the 12th note in the bass play two demisemiquavers, and to the rest three. A very superior player would so divide as to make the irregularity appear regular by the rapid playing of quarter notes. 2. You had better consult an oculist.

MARIANNE E.—We should advise you to enter a training institution for teachers. The nearest to your neighbourhood is The Teachers' Training and Registration Society, Skinner-street, Bishopsgate; Principal, Miss Lushington. There is also the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-lane. We think you have made a mistake in leaving school while so young.



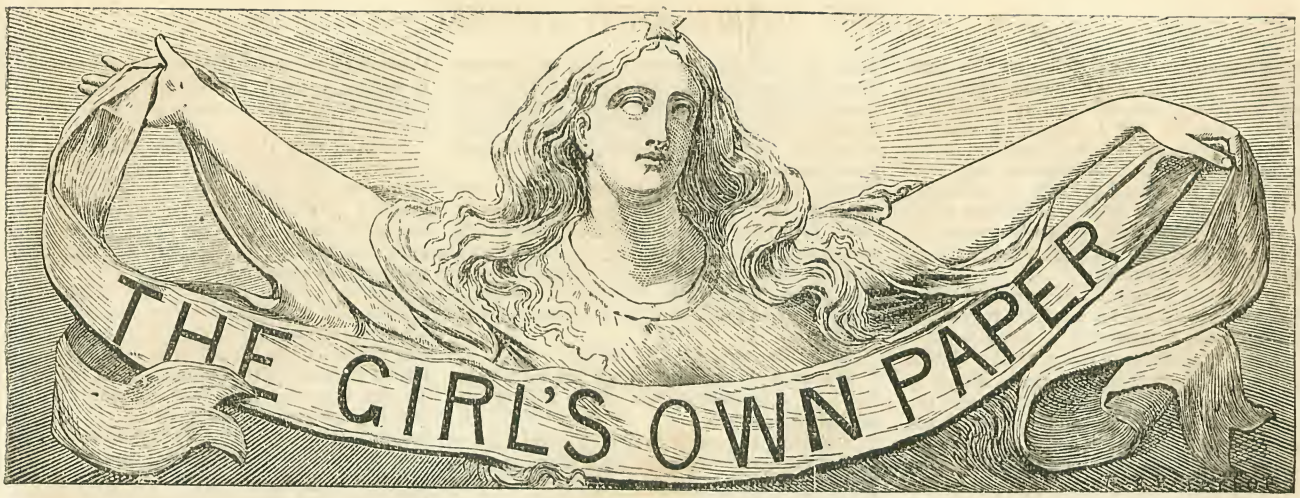
LITTLE EFFORTS.

A little child I am, indeed,
And little do I know;
Much care and help I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow,
If I would ever hope to do
Things great and good and useful, too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only like to play,
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake and never think.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try each day and hour
To act upon this plan:
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by-and-bye.



VOL. II.—No. 43.] OCTOBER 23, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "More than Coronets," &c.

[*All rights reserved.*]

"A WARM AND AMPLE DINNER."

In the Royal Academy Exhibition this year, as many of our girls will be aware, close to a door, was a very attractive picture, catalogued as "A Prize in the Lottery," in which a small scrap of paper is being flourished in the face of a young girl by a young man with every demonstration of delight. That lottery ticket, supposed to hold the number which has gained the prize, evidently represents fortune for those poor Italians—fortune, and the means to marry upon.

Such of you as are familiar with bazaars and fancy fairs got up for charities may know something of lotteries on a small scale—lotteries in which all are prizes and no blanks.

But in the lottery proper, declared illegal by an Act passed in 1826, when George the Fourth was King, the contributions of the multitude went to provide prizes for the few. For one prize there were many blanks. Yet were there infatuated mortals so imbued with the gambling mania as to risk their guineas, or *those of others*, on the bare chance of winning the prize—and fortune. The tendency of lotteries was evil, and they were put down. The Art Union, for the distribution of pictures and the encouragement of art, established ten years later, only escaped interdict and repression by offering an equivalent for every guinea subscribed in the shape of a book or engraving in addition to the large prize pictures.

At the time when lotteries were abolished, and for some years previously, the great promoter of lotteries was a Mr. Bish, who had made a fortune for himself and become a Member of Parliament. Bish's lotteries were better known then than Cook's excursions are now.

He had a mansion at the West-end, and lived in style. It was a heavy sort of style, you must understand; but, indeed, so much are we going back to the past that an extremely æsthetic dining or drawing-room of the present day may give an idea of the interior of a dwelling fitted in or before the "days of the Regency."

It cannot, without it contains a very pretty, sparkling, young girl, give you an idea of the fair creature who presided over the nick-knacks in that dwelling of "Bish, the Lottery-man"; his daughter, his pet, and the light of the household, whose dress would be a frock with a next-to-nothing bodice, a clinging skirt in which latitude had been sacrificed to longitude, and a ribbon sash with floating ends tied in a bow behind. Allowing for change of material, from gauze and muslin in the summer to fur-trimmed cloth or silk in the winter, and you have Fanny Bish before you at the age of fifteen.

The crossing-sweeper is indigenous to London. He is to be found now-a-days in some large provincial towns, but at the beginning of the century the race was peculiar to the metropolis — the individuals being generally old and broken-down men and women, whose self-respect had not quite come down to absolute begging.

An old man of this type, in a long brown coat, patched and threadbare but clean, had chosen for his stand a crossing almost opposite to the popular lottery director's door—not a bad stand, if people busied in making money were always ready to dispense the overflow.

For pretty Miss Bish money was ready-made, and she was free with it, her compassionate heart being as open as her hand to a tale of distress. And so sure as she put foot on the well-swept crossing did she drop a penny into the hat of the infirm sweeper, whose face and figure had been familiar to her from childhood.

Day by day, summer and winter, the old man was at his post, only becoming more decrepid as Fanny Bish grew more blooming with ripening youth. England was at that time at war with France: food and money were alike scarce—the privations of the poor were indescribable. Miss Bish, though surrounded with luxuries, could not shut her eyes when she saw others lacking comforts, nay necessaries.

One inclement day in mid-winter she watched from the drawing-room window old Silas breathing into his withered blue hands to warm them, and stamping on the ground to keep sensation in his toes. Then she saw him take a crust from a rag in his pocket, and begin to gnaw it with his solitary front teeth.

It was the servants' dinner hour.

She rang her bell. After an interval a footman appeared at the door, wiping his mouth as he came.

"Robert, tell cook to put a good dinner of hot meat and vegetables on a plate, and do you take it to the old crossing sweeper. He is shivering with cold and has nothing but a hard crust, poor man," said she, compassionately.

"Me, ma'am, me! You surely don't expect *me* to wait upon a dirty crossing sweeper!" and the flunkey, annoyed at being called away from his own comfortable meal, stood aghast at the additional indignity.

"Yes, you. Have you no feeling for the poor old creature?"

Apparently not, for the man declined to degrade his livery by waiting on "a mendicant," and walked back to the kitchen, indignant at the insult.

Miss Bish again rang her bell. A maid servant attended. It was no use. There was rebellion in the kitchen. No one would condescend to do an act of charity involving a supposed loss of social status.

She was not to be defeated. Throwing a shawl over her head, she ran lightly out of the house, and returned immediately with the old man at her elbow. Then bidding him sit down at the hall table, she proceeded to the kitchen, whence she speedily returned with a warm and ample dinner which she placed before him with her own hands.

To secure him from insult or contumely she remained beside him whilst he ate, asking questions indicative of her sympathy with his age and infirmity.

She then learned that he was called Silas Green, and that he had not a friend or a relative in the world; just so much of his past history was added as brought tears into her eyes.

He left the house with the gratifying assurance that he would not be allowed to go dinnerless in future.

When Mr. Bish came home from the House of Commons and legislating for the nation, he was called upon to legislate within the four walls where he was monarch.

His daughter hung on his arm and told him a pitiful tale of the old crossing-sweeper's sorrows and privations, an indignant one of domestic insubordination.

The servants, summoned in a body, protested against "the degradation of waiting on a common street-sweeper," and, with the one exception of a little kitchen-maid, declared their willingness to resign rather than be again subjected to such indignity.

Mr. Bish was a good-natured man, somewhat open-handed; he idolized his daughter, fostered her charities, and moreover felt himself bound to support the authority and policy of his prime-ministress.

The tendered resignations were accepted.

Then the gentleman privately pointed out to his daughter that the entrance-hall, through which their own visitors were likely to pass, was scarcely the proper dining-room for a crossing-sweeper. "You may give the old fellow as many dinners as you like, but not on the hall table, and if Biddy (the kitchen-maid) is willing to wait on him you may add an extra guinea to her wages, or give her a ribbon now and then."

So from that time forth old Silas had his dinner by the fire in the scullery, and Biddy acting as the almoner of her young mistress, found it profitable. The young lady tripped downstairs herself on occasions, and came with smiling face to see that her pensioner was properly cared for.

Months rolled away. Miss Bish was dangerously ill. Doctors' carriages came and went, and straw was laid down in the thoroughfare to silence the din of traffic. No one had leisure to think of the old man. But amongst all the inquirers none was so constant or anxious as the crossing-sweeper. Supercilious servants said "he was afraid he should lose his good dinners if she were to die;" and when, after a long period of doubt, she recovered, and the old man wiped his moist eyes with his rag of a handkerchief, they were ready with a sneer about "self-interest" and "cupboard love." They were mistaken, as after events proved.

One of the early cares of the convalescent was for "poor old Silas"; and great was her displeasure to be told "no one had time to think of him during her illness."

From her window she could see how much more bent and decrepid he had grown, and she thought his white locks had never seemed so scant. Biddy was summoned, and as sharply reprimanded as a feeble frame would permit. The young lady smiled down at her pensioner, who doffed his battered hat to her across the street, and, well pleased, made his way to the area steps, obedient to the signal of her small thin hand.

Old Silas was never forgotten or neglected after that. But the time came when he was missed from his accustomed post. The crossing was dirty and unswept. Then another sweeper came with more active besom.

Fanny Bish wondered what had befallen his predecessor. A ragged urchin presented himself one day at the area gate. He was the bearer of a soiled but not illiterate note, penned by the trembling hand of old Silas, who was dying, and longed for a sight of his benefactress before he passed away.

Remonstrance was useless. The young lady was not to be deterred by horrid pictures of the purlieus of St. Giles. A hackney coach was sent for. With Biddy, and a basket containing jellies and other invalid dainties for company inside, a footman on the box with the driver, thoroughly disgusted with his errand, she made her way through scenes of squalor and depravity, not to be realized by this generation, to the entrance of a narrow court, where the ragged messenger stood waiting to act as guide.

Among loathsome sights and sounds, and smells from which even Biddy shrank, they followed up flights of dirty ricketty stairs to a stifling attic, where the old man lay on a narrow pallet with a coarse horse-rug for a quilt.

He was evidently near his end, with nothing about him to cheer his last hour or alleviate suffering.

Never before had Fanny Bish come face to face with misery or poverty so dire.

The bare room, the pinched face, the sunken eyes that lighted up on her approach, spoke volumes, and a tear fell on the withered hand put out to meet hers.

He was almost too far gone to partake the good things they had brought, though his feeble voice in broken gasps blessed her again and again as a benevolent angel.

She offered before she took her departure to have him removed, to send for a doctor and a nurse, but he declined both.

"They can do me no good; and don't come

here again, my dear young lady—this is no place for such as you. I hardly thought you would venture here, but I did long for a sight of your angel-face before I went home, and so I sent, and you came—*you came*. God keep and reward you!"

When the doctor she sent reached the attic he met an undertaker's man on the stairs, and found a solicitor's clerk in attendance on the dead crossing-sweeper.

He, who had been known by the denizens of St. Giles as old Silas, and had died alone and untended, who said he had not a friend in the world, was buried as a gentleman, and the name carved on his gravestone was *not* Silas Green.

Moreover, the poor wretched outcast, from whom menials shrank for fear of contamination, *had made a will*, leaving Fanny Bish—the one only being who had taken true compassion on him in his age and apparent poverty, the only one from whom he had heard a word of sympathy and kindness—a fortune of many thousand pounds in the Funds and elsewhere. Money to bury him was found under the patches of his brown coat.

Here was a prize, for which the only lottery ticket had been spontaneous charity—the outcome of a tender nature. Of all the crowds who paid for Bish's lottery-tickets with driblets of coin, not one but was actuated by the hope of enormous gain. The lottery-man's daughter cast her bread on the waters with no prospect or thought of gain or reward. Yet such a prize had never been won by any of Bish's many ticket-holders.

This windfall, added to her already large expectations, made Fanny Bish a prize in the matrimonial lottery to be sought after. If she did marry let us hope she did not fall to the lot of any mere fortune-hunter, but to a man capable of regarding such a girl as a greater prize than her money.

HOW THE YOUNG SHOULD TREAT THE OLD.



THE other day when riding in an omnibus I heard a young girl snub—positively *snub* — her mother. This set me thinking, and I there and then determined, girls, to write a paper on the relation which all of you bear to those who are grown up, and on the respect and obedience which the young owe to the old.

A word is enough to the wise, so I am sure you will not need to be told twice to reverence your parents and honour the aged. There are duties springing from the generous impulses of every kind heart. Anyone who fails to put them in practice will be no pattern in other virtues: you will never find her generous to the poor, ready to aid the weak, or compassionate to people in misfortune.

It cannot be denied, however, that in these times the young too often fail in their duty to the grown up. According to some this is readily accounted for. You are no longer, they say, kept in your proper place, and they give a sigh of regret for the time when young folks could hardly even enter a room without being invited by their parents, or sit down in their presence without permission, or speak unless they were spoken to. Congratulate yourselves, my friends, for having been born so late. That stern treatment has given place to a state of things more favourable to happiness; you have come into the world in the dawn of a new era of gentleness and love.

But there is something, for all that, in what these people say. You enjoy more freedom than used to be the case, and having got an inch you are for taking an ell. Such is human nature—human nature, I mean, after it has parted company with common sense and propriety.

No doubt, when you rebel at the claims of those who are older than yourselves, there is occasionally something to be said in your favour. I acknowledge it, for I would not be hard on any one. You have elastic spirits and fret under restraint, and your gay and buoyant life harmonises but ill—spite of all your efforts—with the grave ways and sober thoughts of maturity.

Then, sometimes, the old in their management of the young are in the wrong—undeniably in the wrong. Why then, say you, should we obey? First of all make sure you are in the right—and ten to one you are not—then remember that the business of youth is not criticism, but obedience. It is a safe rule never to question the wisdom or analyse the rights of those in authority over us.

"Children," according to a popular proverb, "are certain cares": it is the only thing certain about them. You can never know the anxiety you cost your elders—the wakeful nights, the careful planning, the hard work, the frugal saving. Fathers and mothers do not speak of such things, for affection is not in the habit of making a boast of its laborious nights and days. Will you repay all this toil by failing in your duty? Why, you should love father and mother so much as never to know when you have done enough for them.

And what is true as regards parents is not less true in the case of almost all the grown-up people with whom you are brought in contact. This is a world full of toil by the old for the benefit of the young. They are busy improving the earth for your use in the future, and the least that you who look on can do for those who work is to give them respect and a willing obedience.

Perfect wives are made of faithful daughters. "When a young woman," says one whose name I forget, "behaves to her parents in a particularly tender and respectful manner there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever situation in life she is placed." This is an aspect of the matter worth taking note of, and perhaps the young men of the future may add it as an article to their philosophy of life.

Your conduct now, remember, will bear fruit after awhile. Wait a few years, and, as little fishes in the end grow to be whales, you will be occupying the place of those who now are old and middle-aged. How can you hope to reap reverence, then, if you sow disrespect now? That would be about as ridiculous as the expectation of the old woman who, having learned that what a man sows that shall he also reap, sowed salt, and fancied that if there were only rain enough it would come up nicely.

There is a lady I know—in the next street, my dear—who looks in vain for obedience on the part of her children, and I don't wonder at it when I remember that in youth she was in the habit, like my acquaintance of the omnibus, of snubbing her mother, and failing in respect to her elders.

Our parents and all grown-up people, having been in the world before us, have all the rights and privileges of first-comers. First-comers, you know, girls, *have* rights and privileges. Those who come last may be very welcome, but they are neither entitled to the best places nor to give the word of command.

There is a great virtue in obedience, and she does not deserve at any time to have authority who is not in youth very ready to do another's will rather than her own. I don't think any of us need to be told how sweet it is to be of service to those who are dear to us, and how the happiest fortune is to be filled with that Christian love which longs to bless others.

Our intercourse with the old—whether they are our parents or not—should be a long course of services and attentions. The privilege of youth ought to be to run the errands of age. This may at times prove even irksome, but we will have a rich reward in the approval of conscience and the feeling when those we love rest at last in their quiet graves that we have done our duty by them.

Do we all, then, resolve to act in harmony with the suggestions of this article? All! That's right, my friends. I have no hesitation in saying that you are the most charming of girls and the delight of all who know you.

JAMES MASON.

CHILBLAINS.

By MEDICUS.

THE very word "chilblain" seems a curious one, but full of very disagreeable meaning to many, especially in the winter and spring months. It is derived from two Saxon words, namely, *céle*, signifying *cold*, and *blégen*, an *ulcer* or *sore*. In simple language a chilblain, whether on the hands or feet, is nothing else save a mitigated form of frost-bite. The evil effects of the cold are not felt, until what medical men and surgeons term reaction has taken place, that is, until the blood which has been dispelled by the chill returns to the skin, and returns to it with sufficient force to cause a certain degree of inflammation. The parts so inflamed—probably some part of the hands, or a toe or heel—will be found red and swollen, and most disagreeable itching and tingling will be felt, quite sufficient, in many cases, to entirely banish sleep. After a time the chilblain assumes a bluish hue, and children once attacked are very liable to be so again.

Now, it is as well to remember that it is far more easy to prevent the occurrence of chilblain than to cure it. A child or young person, after having been exposed for some time to the cold, should not be allowed to go too near the fire, nor even remain in a too warm room. It is rapid reaction that causes the chilblain. If the feet or hands have become numbed with the cold, exercise should be taken to restore them *slowly;* or they may be rubbed with powdered starch, or, as suggested by an eminent authority, a liniment composed of the yolks of two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and the same quantity of vinegar may be used to restore the circulation. The smell, however, of this liniment may be objected to, so one composed of two ounces of camphor liniment to one ounce of laudanum, and the same quantity of hartshorn may be thought preferable. For the cure of a chilblain once formed, hundreds of remedies are from time to time recommended. A mixture of the compound tincture of iodine and liquor ammoniæ, equal parts, painted over the inflamed parts twice a day, is probably as good as any. Glycerine or lime liniment eases the itching, and some may find relief from bathing the chilblain in a strong solution of alum: an ounce of the powder dissolved in a pint of soft water.

Those who suffer much in winter from this disagreeable complaint, should take a course of cod liver oil and tincture of yellow bark before the cold weather comes on, or Parrish's chemical food with cod liver oil. Their own chemist will be able to state the proper dose, which should be according to age, and the length of time it may be taken to do good is about six weeks. Warm stockings and gloves prevent chilblains; tight shoes encourage them.



AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

THERE are few habits so conducive to a well-regulated mind as the careful writing down of one's thoughts and sentiments in black and white, and our God-given power of influencing others for good is extended, if we are able to express ourselves clearly and correctly. This page is started with a view to encourage our girls in the practice of committing their thoughts and experiences to paper for the benefit of their sisters. *Nothing* thus printed is to be looked upon as perfect in composition, and the Editor wishes it to be understood that he will print only such verses or papers as shall be written in correct taste, interesting in subject to the general reader, and shall contain the age of the writer, and be certified as her *bona fide* work by a parent, minister, or teacher.

September, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on the success of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. I think it would be impossible to publish one more suitable for us girls. It has shortened many hours of solitude which I have spent in a sick chamber.

I am eighteen years of age, and a confirmed invalid, with no hope of recovery in this world, though I anticipate it in the land where the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick."

I have enclosed a copy of my verses (I have written a great many during my illness, but I fear they are not worthy of publication). Will you kindly give me your opinion of these, also my writing?

A speedy answer will be considered a great favour by yours respectfully, "PANSY."

P.S.—I have been obliged, through weakness, to write this at different times, which will account for a lack of uniformity. I scarcely like troubling you with my letter, seeing what a host of correspondents you have already, but trust to your kindness for an answer.

To the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

"FEAR THOU NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE."

OH! Father, I have waited
A long, long time for Thee;
And I am oft belated,
For stormy is life's sea.
The clouds hang thick and heavy,
My eyes are dim with tears;
Oh! make my bark more steady,
And scatter all my fears!

Ah! now I hear Thee whisper,
In tones so soft and low:—
"I know the way is hard, my child,
And fierce the winds that blow;
But fear thou not, for I am near,
I will thy feet uphold;
And soon the clouds shall disappear
And show the lines of gold!

"A little longer, and the strife
And turmoil shall be o'er;
Thy cross laid down—'a crown of life'
Be thine for evermore!
When in the shining city,
Among the white-robed throng,
Thou'lt own thy Father's way was best,
And this shall be thy song:—
'The way which Thou has brought me
I would have chosen, too,
Could I have seen the glorious end
Which then Thou hadst in view.'

PANSY.

A GIRL'S SUMMER AFTERNOON WALK.

THERE were half a dozen of us—two Blanches, Mary, Kate, Augusta, and Helen—all schoolgirls except one, who had reached the mature age of eighteen.

We all love to read THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and as we were rejoicing a few weeks ago at the prospect of our approaching summer vacation, we thought it would be a good idea to celebrate what is known in this country as *the breaking-up day* by taking a long half-day's ramble on the hills and moorlands.

I confess that the idea was not original, but was suggested by those two delightful articles, "A Girl's Walking Tour." We (that is we girls) all live in the beautiful suburbs of that black, smoky, north-country manufacturing town Sheafville, and though we cannot see a vestige of the smoke in our west-end suburbs, yet we know that *it is near*, and we decided that on the day in question we would get as far away from it as our feet could take us.

We pride ourselves very much as young ladies on being very practical, and so, as a matter of course, we all took well-stored knapsacks, and agreed that for the day we would be communists—divide all and share all.

We lacked many of the advantages enjoyed by those tourists who traversed sylvan scenes of unrivalled beauty, rich in historical associations. We had no such landmark as St. Martha's Church on the summit of a high green hill, with all its romance about Stephen Langton and his early love. Our way lay at first through highways, rather dusty, but more or less shaded by noble trees in all the glory of their summer foliage. There were frowning heath-clad hills in front, which we had to ascend before we could reach the breezy moorland sweeps which extend miles further than eye can reach. The weather was glorious, and our spirits rose to the occasion. We mounted the steep hills without suffering the least fatigue, for cool, pure, invigorating breezes were blowing in our faces and giving us all the elasticity that one feels in mountain climbing.

I have omitted to state that we were accompanied by a seventh party, a fine St. Bernard's dog, Hero, that was an immense acquisition. I will say nothing about him as a protector; that might seem a little *infra dignitatem:* but he supplied us with an unlimited amount of fun. Of course, he was a well-behaved dog, under proper control, and fit in every way to be the companion of girls.

There were very few pedestrians on the road, but numerous carriages, occupied, of course, by many lazy people, who would have derived much greater benefit if they had walked as we did.

In some parts there were stone walls at the sides of the road, which afforded excellent scope for gymnastic exercises. We climbed them backwards and forwards, one after the other, followed by Hero, whose gambols, I fear, did not afford all the pleasure to other travellers that they did to us. We were requested, time after time, to keep him strictly in our own company, and certainly all passers-by kept at a very respectful distance, which was quite agreeable to us.

We walked some miles on the moors, until we could see nothing but moor around us and sky above. The July sun was shining brightly, the heather was in full bloom, and the purest of air was blowing in alpine-like breezes over the wide expanse.

But we began to feel keenly "the strong demands of appetite," so we directed our steps towards an inn on the moors—"Goat House," well known to the inhabitants of Sheafville.

We ordered tea, of course, being Yorkshire girls, and were well supplied with real, rich country cream and fresh eggs. We then emptied our knapsacks, and arranged our stores on the table in proper order, as we had agreed to have all things in common. There were beef sandwiches, ham sandwiches, salmon, pork pie, a seed cake, cold buttered teacakes, preserved ginger, raspberry jam, scones, and greengages. It was just a fair average Yorkshire tea, not a really elaborate one; those *fêtes* (the grand teas) are reserved for brilliant Christmas times. We did not wish to waste anything, and we did not desire the fatigue of carrying anything back, and so the viands disappeared, Hero having a good share as well as the rest.

We refreshed ourselves, we rested, and then we commenced the return journey. We filled our baskets for friends at home with the beautiful purple heather, that freely-given mountain flower which Charlotte Brontë loved so well. We were none of us in the least tired (indeed, we should have scorned to be), and we walked along at a quick step in the highest spirits, laughing, joking, chatting, whilst Hero frolicked about and took a bath in every pool and brook that we passed. We all reached our homes about half-past nine, after a walk of seventeen miles.

We could scarcely go to bed that night, so much had we to tell of the merry doings in our expedition. It was a pleasant time that we shall long remember, and we fully acknowledge our obligations to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for the bright idea which proved such a great success. B. G. S.

"MAN'S EXTREMITY, GOD'S OPPORTUNITY."

My heart is sad, and sorrows one by one
Fall heavy on my head;
My grief's my own, and, if it must be known,
My hope is well-nigh dead.

I've waited years, but waiting seems in vain.
"Wait longer," some will say,
But to experience bitter pangs again,
Thus dying hope to stay.

My burden, it is more than I can bear;
But who shall heal my grief?
The world's gay life? There's nought but sorrow here;
In Heaven alone relief.

Dear Lord, my burden at Thy feet I'll lay,
And Thou wilt heal and cure,
And show to me the only, the right way
To live, life to endure.

Not with many a fond regret and sigh
For earth's gay flowing tide,
But with a Heaven-turned earnest eye,
With Thee, dear Lord, as guide.

God, when in utter helplessness and fear,
Clinging, I trust to Thee,
Oh! then lend loving aid and presence near,
Succour and comfort me.

In man's *extremity* Thy loving aid
Doth open out a way;
Thy *opportunity* when we, o'erweighed,
Our burdens on Thee lay.

F. P. (aged 15).

"I PROMISED FATHER."

A TRUE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day Mary was at her usual place behind the little counter, for the shutters were down early, and business was to be resumed as usual. Life had its purpose for her now, and she must strain every nerve and waste not a single opportunity if she would lessen the heavy burden of the debt that hung like a nightmare on her soul.

And from henceforth it was no idle life she led. She worked early and late, never spared herself, lived within the utmost bounds of economy, denied herself almost every pleasure and relaxation, bending her whole energies to the one object she had in view.

Of course, the whole affair was discussed and re-discussed in all its bearings by the whole village, as any affair of more or less importance is always discussed in small communities, and the verdict passed upon the girl's conduct was by no means unanimous. Some few applauded, but the greater portion thought "she was an idiot for her pains. Why should she bother herself paying the old man's debts when, no doubt, things could be arranged comfortable somehow, and then she could begin with a clean score." These latter, be it remarked, were none of them creditors of the old man.

But Mary went on her way unmoved by praise or blame. She had given a sacred promise, and she would perform it, come what might, and she was not to be deterred from her purpose by adverse criticism. So she set herself steadily to work, saving every penny that she possibly could, as eagerly as the veriest miser, and wearying herself with endeavours to make the little shop more attractive to entice customers.

And gradually as new objects of interest came to the fore the curiosity of the neighbours died away, and Mary was left in peace to pursue her own course. It even began to be forgotten that Tom Altham had once shown such a decided preference for Mary. Perhaps he fought shy, said some, when it was found under what circumstances old John Hayes had died, and no blame to him. If there ever had been anything between the two, said others, it was all over now. They were too good friends for there to be anything more between them. For Tom would often call in upon Mary, either during business hours to make some purchase, or in the evening when business was slack. He would come then and chat with her for a few moments over the counter, and was always ready to help her in any difficulty, or to assist her in any way she would allow.

No, they were far too good friends to be lovers, said the neighbours; and Tom was a likely young fellow who could no doubt take his pick from any of the girls of the village, with whom he had always been a favourite. Why, there was Kitty Forrest, the baker's daughter, with her yellow curls and blue eyes, whom he could have for the asking, as anyone knew; and there was Polly Weston, who would give her eyes for him, and her father the richest man in the neighbourhood, with only that one daughter.

But Tom was invulnerable to the attractions of Miss Weston's fortune and personal charms; and Kitty Forrest curled her yellow tresses and flashed her blue eyes upon him in vain. If his friends chaffed him about the two young ladies he merely laughed it off, saying he was cut out for an old bachelor, and did not intend to give up his freedom yet awhile.

And so the time passed. The seasons came and went, but no special changes seemed to visit the sleepy little village of Cleasthorpe. Children were born, old people passed away and were laid to rest in the green churchyard; young men said good-bye to their native place and went to seek their fortunes either abroad or in some busy town, but still the life of the village went on undisturbed in its accustomed groove.

Polly Weston had married Harry Forrest, while his sister Kitty, despairing of making any impression on Tom Altham's obdurate heart, had smiled upon the suit of a neighbouring young farmer, whose heart had been taken captive by her blue eyes and yellow curls.

And Tom Altham still lived with his old mother in their comfortable little home at the end of the village, while Mary Hayes toiled away at the work of her shop, growing paler and quieter as time went by.

But her hard, unremitting labour had its reward when, at the end of each year, she saw the heavy debt growing less and less, though at times, when weary and disheartened at the slow progress she made, she felt as if the money were being coined out of her heart's blood. For she seemed to advance so lamentably slowly in her appointed duty and time was slipping by so quickly and she seemed to have had so little youth, but to be growing an old woman before her time, and sometimes she did so long for a little ease and pleasure, a little respite from the grinding toil of her every-day duties.

But it was not often that such thoughts troubled her. In truth she had little time to indulge in them, and even when most tempted to repine and rebel she always had the thought to comfort her that she was doing right, and that the reward for her long patient service was sure to come, if not in this life, at least hereafter.

And meantime she took a silent secret comfort in the fact that Tom Altham remained unmarried. Many of their young companions were married, and had clusters of little ones around their knees. But Tom remained with his old mother, and though he never spoke a word of love to Mary now, yet the fact was a great comfort to her.

Time passed on. Mary was a girl no longer. There were lines of anxious care and thought on the brow that used to be so smooth, and her abundant brown tresses were streaked with silver

threads, But the light of a steadfast holy purpose had given her face a beauty better than that of her early girlhood. For if the bloom and freshness of youth had departed, in their place had come a chastened gentleness and a pathetic expression of patience and endurance, that told of many a h struggle and dearly-bought victory.

(*To be concluded.*)

PATTERNS FOR KNITTING.

KNITTING is one of the most convenient kinds of fancy work, open to old or young, at all times and in all places. It affords an especially agreeable pastime for winter evenings, when fine art embroidery is not available. This explains its long use, and the constant demand for new knitting stitches. To satisfy the useful mania I have chosen a few designs, more or less open, and all easy enough to be executed by any young girl with the slightest knowledge of knitting. Each of the patterns may be worked in cotton or wool, either with steel or bone needles, according to its intended adaptation. With such a wide range surely our young friends will find many opportunities to utilize these simple stitches for something suitable, both for their own use and for present-making, not forgetting Christmas gifts to the poor.

Let us begin with the Lozenge Pattern, fig. 1.

Pretty and showy though it looks, it will not strain your memory in the least, for it contains in reality but two rows to learn. Now quickly catch up your needles, and, just to try the stitch, cast on fourteen stitches, six for each lozenge and two for the edges. Knit a foundation row; then, for the 1st row, thread forward, slip one, knit two together, draw the slipped stitch over the knitted one, thread forward, knit three, repeat. Purl the 2nd row. 3rd row—Knit three, thread forward, slip one, knit two together, draw the slipped stitch over, thread forward, repeat. Purl the 4th and every alternate row. The pattern is now completed.

After each row see that you retain fourteen on your needle. The two-edged stitches I have taken no notice of, because it is always understood they are knitted plain. The two stitches lost by knitting two together, and drawing the slipped one over, are made up when you put the thread forward twice. "What can be made with this stitch?" you ask — light shawls, hoods, fichus, and capes. For the latter I will, another time, give you a regular pattern, showing the mode of shaping by increase. To-day I will just, in passing, tell you the elementary way to widen and narrow at will. You have merely to employ graduated sizes of needles at regular intervals. Workers occasionally change their wool also, but beginners had better content themselves with the variation of needles alone. In precisely the same way you can manage the goring of petticoats, for which a most appropriate design will be found in the spaced rectangles of fig. 2.

Here we have a little more work in store. Cast on any number of stitches, divisible by 12—1.

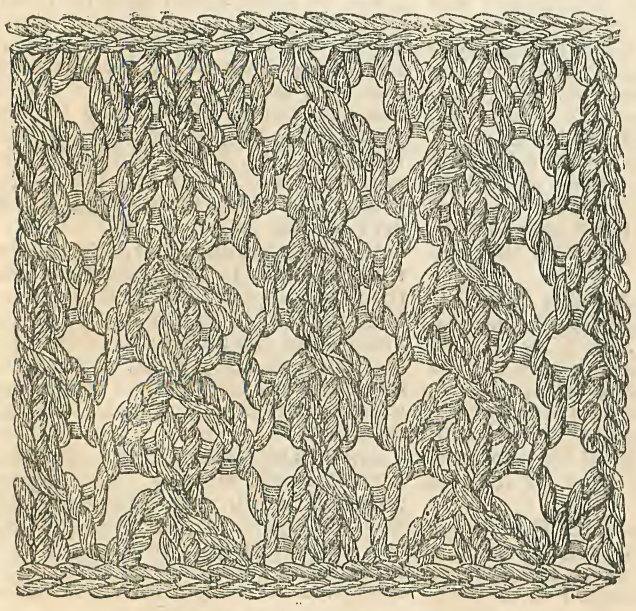


FIG. 1.—LOZENGE PATTERN.

1st Row.—Slip one, wool forward, knit two together, knit four, purl one, wool forward, knit two together, purl one, knit one.

2nd Row.—Slip one, knit one, purl two, knit one, purl seven.

3rd Row.—Slip one, knit one, wool forward, knit two together, knit three, purl one, knit two together, wool forward, purl two.

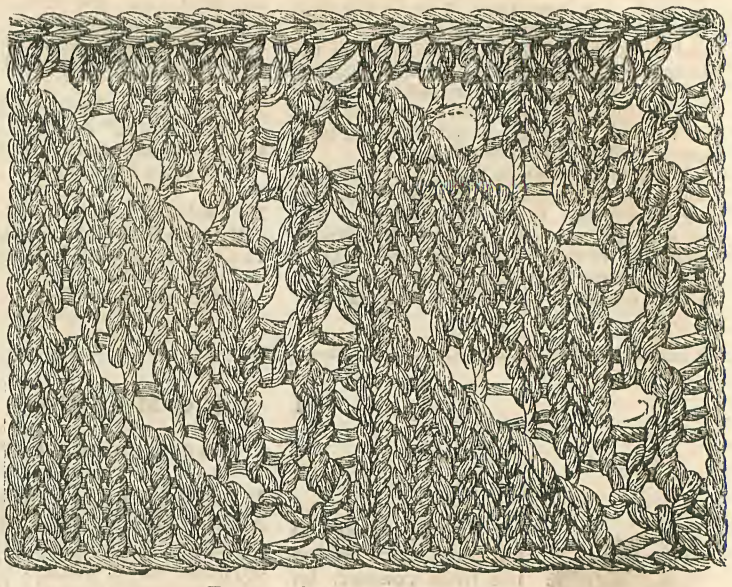


FIG. 2.—SPACED RECTANGLES.

4th Row.—Like the 2nd.

5th Row.—Slip one, knit two, wool forward, knit two together, knit two, purl one, wool forward, knit two together, purl two.

6th Row.—Similar to the 2nd.

7th Row.—Slip one, knit three, wool forward, knit two together, knit one, purl one, knit two together, wool forward, purl two.

8th Row.—Like the 2nd.

9th Row.—Slip one, knit four, wool forward, knit two together, purl one, wool forward, knit two together, purl two.

Observe that the first stitch is always slipped, and whenever two are knitted together the lost one is made up by putting the wool forward—*i.e.*, in front of the needle, which means make one.

The Cable Pattern (fig. 3) is a favourite one for quilts, especially when divided by open-work, through which a bright-coloured lining is visible. Notwithstanding its raised twist, the cable is often used for stockings requiring extra warmth. Next time you go to the

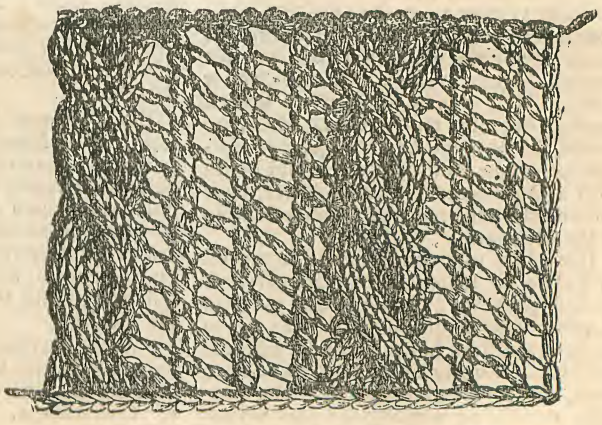


FIG. 3.—CABLE AND OPENWORK STRIPES.

Crystal Palace try to see, in one of the show-cases, the pair of grey stockings knitted by the children of the Industrial School, similar to the pair worked for the Princess of Wales.

Cast on six stitches for the cable, and nine for the openwork, making fifteen in all, which you multiply according to the desired number of the stripes.

1st Row.—Knit six *, purl one, wool forward, slip one, knit one, draw the slipped stitch over the knitted one, repeat from * twice. The six plain ones stand for the torsade, and the rest for the open lines.

2nd Row.—Purl.

3rd Row.—Same as 1st.

4th Row.—Purl.

5th Row.—Here take a third needle, on which slip the three first stitches; leave them there while you knit the three remaining stitches of the cable in the usual way; notice that the extra needle with the three slipped stitches lies in front and to the right; with it you are going to form the twist. Be careful to choose this supplementary needle without any knob, for the stitches are first slipped on to one end and afterwards knitted off from the opposite one by the needle which bears only the three stitches last knitted. In doing this the three slipped stitches cross the knitted ones, thus reversing their place and lying last instead of first.

The two following patterns, the linked scallop (fig. 4), and the ladder (fig. 5), are taken from stockings; therefore I will first explain them as worked in the circular way. You know, of course, that circular knitting is made with four or five needles, round after round, just as for stockings, cuffs, or sleeves; hence you always knit in front, and never at the back, as must be done when knitting with two needles. Cast twelve stitches on two needles and thirteen on a third. (Linked scallop, fig. 4.)

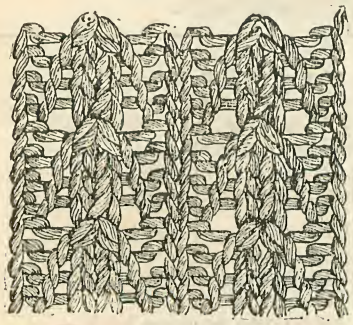


FIG. 4.—LINKED SCALLOP.

This allows six scallops of six stitches each, and one over the seam stitch, which, as usual, is purled in every row. 1st Round.— * Purl one, knit three, purl one, make a turned stitch, that is, slip one, and, with the very needle that held it, take it on again, seizing it from the back to twist it, then knit it; this turning does not alter the plain knitting, but gives it more relief;—an improvement in the case of a dividing line. Repeat from * five times. Knit the second and third rounds like the first. 4th. Round.—Purl one, leave the wool in front, slip one, knit two together, draw the slipped stitch over the knitted one. Make one, by twisting the wool right round the needle. Purl one, make a turned stitch, purl one, repeat.

To execute the same pattern with two needles proceed as follows: Cast on any number divisible by six and two over for edge stitches to be knitted plain. Work the 1st row exactly as in the circular knitting. For the 2nd row, necessarily made at the back, knit one, purl three, knit one, make a turned stitch in purling, repeat.

The 3rd row resembles the 1st, and the 4th row is like the 2nd. The 5th row is the same as the 4th one of the circular mode. 6th row: Knit one, purl the made stitch, purl a turned stitch, purl the next made stitch, knit one, purl a turned stitch again.

The ladder stripe (fig. 5) also contains six stitches for each pattern. Cast on thirty-seven as before.

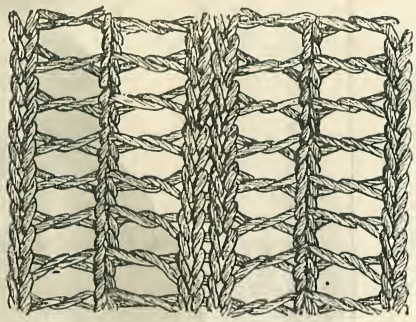


FIG. 5.—LADDER STRIPE.

1st Round.—Knit three, one turned stitch, one purl, one turned stitch, repeat.

2nd Round.—Thread forward. Slip one, knit two together, draw the slipped stitch over, thread forward, one turned stitch, one purl, one turned stitch, repeat.

To work the ladder stripe flat take two needles, and cast on a number divisible by six with two extra for edge stitches. The 1st row repeats exactly the 1st round. In the 2nd row purl the turned stitch. Knit one, purl the turned stitch, purl three, repeat. The 3rd row is the same as the second round of the circular knitting.

4th Row.—Purl the turned stitch, knit one, purl the turned stitch, purl the next three, that is the two made stitches and the one formed by drawing the slipped stitch over.

Little children, like grown up people, are fond of variety, and weary of practising the plain knitting stitch again and again; expressly to humour them, I have added the little cut (fig 6), which represents an openwork formed by merely knitting plain until the last row but one, when every alternate stitch is dropped. The loose loops run down as in a Jacob's ladder, leaving barred stripes between the lines of chain.

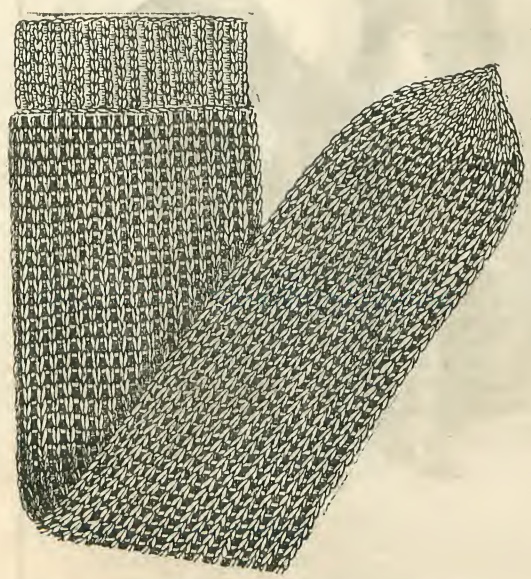


FIG 6.—KNITTING WITH DROPPED STITCHES.

The tiniest little child can manage this A B C pattern, for a pincushion cover, antimacassar, or a doll's quilt, and will be delighted to see her work when shown up by a pink or blue lining.

The same easy design is now much employed for heelless socks and stockings, known as American, Italian, German, and English. Whatever may be its origin, its execution at all events offers no difficulty. It dispenses with all shaping of leg and heel, and resembles a long narrow bag, pointed at the toe end.

The elasticity of the knitting allows it to mould perfectly to the leg and foot. For the working, mount the ordinary number of stitches and rib the top for about three inches, and cast off loosely; you have then a ribbed bracelet, the stitches of which you pick up again on the three needles and proceed to knit plain for about ten inches, without troubling

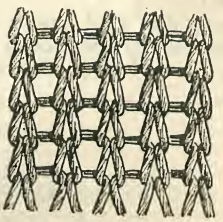


FIG 7.—STOCKING WITHOUT HEEL.

yourself with seam stitches or decreasings. At the last round, drop every alternate stitch, which will, of course, leave only half the original number on the needles; proceed with the toes as if finishing an ordinary stocking. Lastly stretch the bag until every dropped stitch has reached the top rib, when it will have become twice as long as before; hence you must take your measures carefully and only knit about half the intended length.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER IN FOREIGN TONGUES.

PERHAPS the most remarkable view of the circulation of the Book of Common Prayer is afforded by the consideration of the abundance of the translations in foreign languages. We copy the following list from Blunt's "Annotated Book of Common Prayer": — Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Welsh, Irish, Gaelic, Manx, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Polish, Modern Greek, Persian, Turkish, Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Arabic, Hindustani, Mahratta, Tamil, Susu, Amharic, Telugoo, Chinese, Hawaiian, Kafir, Bullom, Yoruban, Malay, Dyak, Singhalese, Indo-Portuguese, Cree, Malagasy, Maori. This may seem a sufficiently remarkable list, but it is easy to supplement it. We may add, for example —Maltese, Ogybway, Muncey, Marathu, Zulu, Assamese, Mandarin Colloquial Dialect, Swahili, Hangchow, Sesuto, Mota, Burmese, Punjabi, Sindhi, Bechuana, Esquimaux. And the number of translations is constantly increasing as missionary operations are extended.

A DOLEFUL TALE.

AN old man watched the rosy clouds
Of sunset bright and fair,
He clasped his withered hands, and traced
Some far off vision there ;
And babbling, senseless words came forth,
Half terror, and half prayer.

"Be calm, dear father, 'tis the sun
That bathes the clouds in red,
Bright paths as those may be the streets
Where angel footsteps tread."
She spoke as to a wayward child,
And stroked his silvered head.

Mysterious intercourse was theirs,
For childhood's second day
Had quenched the old man's thought, and borne
The light of soul away ;
And on the girl's wan brow was laid
The touch of swift decay.





But, hark! a step rings on the stair,
A hand is at the door ;
She starts—a form, long wept as lost,
Is standing on the floor ;
A tremor, like a summer breeze,
Strikes to her spirit's core.

"Am I not welcome? darling, speak!
Far on a distant soil
I sought, with iron will and hand,
The heritage of toil ;
And I have come as victor back—
Aye, and with victor's spoil.

"Our home shall be a stately home,
For this I sought the prize ;
Thro' years, by day and night, I strove,
That, with a glad surprise,
I, with my hard-earned wealth, should meet
The sunshine of your eyes.

"Why do you weep, and show me now
Your mother's vacant chair?
Why do you press your father's hand
With sobbings of despair?
Why do you name the dank graveyard,
And say *your* home is there?

"Alas! alas! I see it all—
Oh! bitter, cruel fate!
'Twas love and hope, not gold, could cheer,
Your life so desolate ;
And now your breaking heart but tells
That I have come too late."

M. M. P.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE LABAN.



MAY followed her grandmother through a steep garden into the house, which was called Derwen Fach, or The Little Oak. They entered at once upon the kitchen, where a comfortable fire was burning, which seemed to cheer the child's drooping spirits. This new world appeared very different to her from the one she had quitted only that morning. Old Peggy, as her grandmother was called, lifted her on a settle that stood on one side of the fire, and surveyed her attentively. May put one finger on her lip, and looked much as if she was about to cry; but she refrained bravely, and fixed her shrewd eyes on her grandmother instead, as if to say, "I, too, want to know what sort of person you are." This made Peggy burst out laughing until her fat sides shook with her own merriment. May disliked being laughed at even more than being stared at, and slipped off the settle, which rather increased Peggy's mirth. She was, indeed, what is called "a jolly old woman," and no one who saw her comely, round, unwrinkled face for the first time could have believed that she was over seventy years of age. A stranger might have taken her for fifty. But May did not speculate concerning her age; she only thought her very rude. And as Peggy spoke little or no English, this first impression was hard to erase. However, she submitted to have her jacket taken off, during which proceeding she abstracted Terpsichore from its pocket.

Her grandfather came in just as this was effected, and began to talk to his wife in Welsh, while May stood before the fire and surveyed them and the abode that was henceforth to be her home. Even she, young as she was, felt how great was the contrast between the aged pair, who yet looked almost youthful. Evan was tall and thin; Peggy short and stout. He was grave; she mirthful. His features were long and sharp, hers short and round; and their manner corresponded to their appearance. The kitchen in which they stood was much like ordinary cottage rooms, though the house professed to be a farm and its owner a farmer. It was well filled with furniture, and May was particularly attracted by a tall clock with a half-moon on its face, and a corner cupboard resplendent in ornaments, glass, and silver. She had not, however, long to make her observations, for her grandfather remarked that she must be hungry, and she nodded an affirmative. There was a round table placed by the settle near the fire, on which tea-things were spread, and a delicious odour of cooking greeted the child's olfactory nerves, though she had not discovered whence it came. She was soon enlightened, for Peggy went to the fire, and moved something on the top of it, which turned out to be a cake cooking on a sheet of iron, which May afterwards learned was called plank bread. This was soon transferred to the table and duly buttered, after which some slices of bacon were abstracted from a Dutch-oven that stood on a trivet before the fire.

"Isn't it nice, Terpsichore?" whispered May.

"She can talk, then?" exclaimed Peggy to Evan. "I was afraid she was deaf and dumb. She do look queer and half starved."

"Stupid woman, you know she is from London, and talks English," replied Evan.

"Oh, poo' fellow! poo' fellow!" exclaimed Peggy, putting her hand suddenly on May's head. "'Tis like a fleece of wool," she added to her husband.

May withdrew, scarcely liking to be called "poo' fellow," and not understanding the scantiness of her grandmother's English vocabulary. She ceased to think about it, however, when she was told to take a seat that was placed for her at the tea-table, and she found herself in face of the dainties she had been longing to taste. With a side glance at Peggy, she laid Terpsichore near her teacup. Evan said grace, upon which she was off her chair in a second, folded her hands, shut her eyes, and repeated distinctly the rythmical grace she had been taught in London.

"God bless her! Mary didn't forget her own teaching, then," said Evan, while a tear rolled down Peggy's cheek.

"Did thy mother teach thee that?"

May nodded. She had not yet forgotten Mr. Everton's injunction to keep quiet and good. She was soon eating vigorously, and delighted her grandmother by her tidy use of knife, fork, and spoon.

"We must fatten her up. Milk's the best thing for her," remarked Peggy, aside, and poured plenty of milk into her tea. "Look you, Evan, see how she sops up the dripping with her bread. There's careful she is."

"She hasn't had too much to eat, I'll warrant," sighed Evan.

May had never tasted anything so nice in her life as that plank bread, and it seemed as if she would never have done eating. But she finished at last with a heavy sigh, which set her grandmother laughing again, slipped off her chair, and once more repeated her grace.

Just as she was uttering the last word a man walked in, who appeared to May almost as much of a negro as the boy she had seen on her way to the farm.

"Is that Mary's child?" he asked, walked up to her and took her in his arms. "Poor Mary! poor little orphan!" he muttered, as he pressed his blackened cheek to hers.

Sympathy! what a power it has! May forgot the mine-blackened face and the grimy garments in that warm, fatherly embrace. It opened the sluices of the little heart, so long courageously closed, and she began to sob.

"Put her down, Laban. She is frightened at thy black face," said Evan.

But when Laban essayed to do so, she clung to him.

"She is tired to death, poor lamb," he said. "Best put her to bed." And without more ado he carried her into an inner room, which served for bed-chamber and parlour. Here a long sort of crib had been prepared for her, which she was too much overcome to notice that night, though subsequently she took much pleasure in the elaborate carving of its black, oaken panels.

"Give me some flannel to wipe the soot off," he said to his mother. "Don't cry; Uncle Laban won't hurt you," he added, wiping the black from her face, but her moist eyelids had already closed over the blue eyes, and she was half asleep. He undressed her tenderly, while Evan and Peggy fumbled over the strap of her little box, and succeeded in finding her night-dress, which was soon slipped on.

"I don't see a cap," muttered Peggy.

"Couldn't put that golden fleece into a cap," returned Evan, becoming unintentionally classical.

But no sooner was she laid in her snow-white bed than she started up in terror, glanced wildly about her, and cried "Terpsichore, Terpsichore."

"What dost mean by such a heathen name?" asked Evan, little knowing how near the truth was his question.

"My baby—my doll!" she screamed in agony.

Peggy understood, having seen it on the tea-table. She waddled laughing into the other room and returned with the little ballet dancer, whom May embraced with transport. Then she knelt down on her bed, placed the doll on her pillow, clasped her hands, closed her eyes, and began to say her prayers.

"Let us pray with and for the child," said old Evan, and the trio knelt down beside the cot, while she prayed God to "bless papa and mamma, not forgetting Terpsichore." When she had concluded with our Lord's prayer, she opened her eyes, and saw the others still on their knees. "Hush!" she whispered to Terpsichore; but was asleep again before they rose.

They laid her in her bed, and as she instinctively opened her little arms, Laban placed the doll in them, and she slumbered in perfect peace,

"What in the world is this?" asked Peggy, seating herself on a carved oak chair, and stooping to pick up a wreath

of artificial flowers that had fallen out of the child's box.

"It is hawthorn! How pretty!" said Laban, examining it.

"Some tinsel temptation of Satan, like that doll. Put it away, grandmother," said Evan, severely.

Peggy soon laid, not only the wreath or crown, but May's whole wardrobe, in a drawer which had been previously cleared, and the box was pushed under the crib.

"Here's our Mary's Bible, that the ladies gave her," cried Peggy, breaking down for the first time.

They all examined the sacred volume, and all uttered a "Thank God for this."

"Have you had any more news of her?" asked Laban, who, although a hale man of about forty, was her uncle, and consequently, May's great uncle.

"Nothing but what the clergyman wrote," replied Evan. "He said that he had been with Mary on her death-bed, and that he had asked her for the address of her friends that he might communicate with them about the child. She gave him mine, saying she did not know whether her husband was alive or dead. When I wrote back and asked him to send the child here and see that poor Mary was decently buried, he replied that the child was in the Union, but that my wishes should be attended to. As I can't write English, I asked Miss Edith to write for me, and I expect she will have another letter next week. She was here this morning with one she received saying the child would be here to-day. That Mr. Everton must be a pious man, and I am thankful Mary had him with her."

"How different it would have been if she had married a neighbour," sighed Laban.

"That sort of artist chap was quite unsuitable," responded Evan. "It would never have happened if I hadn't been weak enough to let him paint her picture. He said he was poor, and that her face would make his fortune. Poor indeed! He had better have broken stones upon the roads down here than have taken her up to London to starve."

"I believe they loved one another all the same," put in Peggy. "What a pretty wedding they had, and how happy they seemed!"

"She knew it was contrary to my wishes, who brought her up from childhood," said Evan. "Do you remember the explosion, Laban, when her father was killed in the mine, along with his two sons and five others! Keep your house in order, Laban, lest a like thing come upon you."

"God forbid, father! I shall never forget it," replied Laban, with a groan.

"There now! don't go over that terrible story again," put in Peggy, throwing her apron over her cap and pinners, as if to shut out the recollection. "Go you home, Laban, or you'll never be washed for Sunday," she continued. "And I'll be bound there's 'Lisbeth and Leah and Rachel, and all the rest, waiting with the tub ready and the water boiling."

"Meredith left his post to run across the field to me. You must punish him. 'Spare the rod, spoil the child.' That's what Peggy did to Mary," said Evan.

"He has told me, father; he will never do it again. He wanted just to see the new cousin, and said she was like one of the dolls in the fair," returned Laban, hurrying off with a hasty good-night.

"He spoils that lad," muttered Evan.

"No good to be too strict," said Peggy, under her voice, bestirring herself to clear the kitchen before retiring for the night.

Evan remained some time seated by May's cot. The moonlight streamed in through the window, the firelight through the open door, and the beam and glow kindled the old-fashioned furniture into something that seemed almost like life. The sheep-dog had crept into the room, and lay unnoticed at his feet; while a tortoiseshell cat and kitten lay undisturbed within the large cupboard bedstead that had served him and Peggy as a nightly couch for half a century. This bedstead, with its panelled door, was, like the cot, chest-of-drawers, clothes-chest, and chairs, of carved oak, blackened by time. The old couple might have realised a small fortune by the sale of these articles to some antiquary, but they preferred keeping their own heir-looms to letting them be elsewhere.

Evan had fallen into a dream of retrospection, and while apparently watching May's pale little face, had let his thoughts wander backward through all his wedded life. Although neither he nor Peggy had ever been far from their home, they had seen more vicissitudes in it than most people. They had there brought up a large family, who were, as the market woman had said that morning, scattered all over the earth. He could count his descendants by scores; some of whom were abroad, some at home, but only comparatively few lived in his immediate neighbourhood. His son Laban and his family, and a daughter who had married a small farmer like himself, were the nearest, though he had many grandsons variously employed in the country. He was eighty years old, and now the youngest of his numerous descendants, as far as he knew, slumbered beside him, and he and his wife must begin life again for her sake. The two lofts that used to serve as bedrooms for his children were converted into cheese-room and granary, and she was to occupy the space below-stairs that her mother used to fill. He was too old, he thought, for such a responsibility, yet must he do his duty by the child. But at least she should not be spoilt. He would be strict and stern with her, as he strove to be with Meredith, and if it pleased God to let her grow up, she should go to no worldly amusements, where she could fall in with such a man as her father.

"How much longer are you going to sit there addling your brains over that child," broke in Peggy, startling him from his dreams. "'Tis bedtime over and over again, and here's your pipe unsmoked."

Evan rose at the conjugal command, and the whiff of his tobacco, together with the cheerful sound of Peggy's voice, dispelled his anxieties for the moment.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO AMERICAN HEROINES.

THE name of Darling is already famous in the annals of heroism. As long as English men and women value the courage which outweighs the thought of self it always must be reverenced by them.

In our own time two girls of the same name dwelling upon the Canadian shore have proved themselves not unworthy namesakes of the heroic Grace.

Upon the 5th of December, 1879, Maggie and Jessie Darling were quietly occupied in their father's house at Lansdowne, Ontario, when a cry of alarm reached their ears. Starting up from their work, they rushed to the window which overlooked the river St. Lawrence, and a terrible sight met their gaze. Robert and Alexander Carnegie, in the full enjoyment of a day upon the river, found themselves face to face with death by the sudden upsetting of their boat, to which as it floated upside down they were clinging with the energy of despair. Happily for them their agonized cry for help reached ears open to the dangers and sufferings of others. Without a thought of themselves, Maggie and Jessie hastened to the shore, where the light skiff in which their father journeyed up and down the St. Lawrence was moored.

Quickly, with prompt and energetic action, they launched it, and in almost as short a time as the record of their deed consumes, were rowing rapidly against the current to the assistance of the drowning men. With firm hands and muscles straining in the effort the brave girls lessened the distance with every stroke. The spectators quickly gathered upon the shore and watched with breathless interest the rapid transit of the little skiff. As they neared the struggling figures in the river, the silence was only broken by a sigh of anxious expectation from the waiting, watching group. Every eye was strained in the effort to watch the event, and when the boat was within easy reach and the sole remaining question was how the rescue so gallantly attempted was to be carried out, it is not difficult to realise the overwhelming anxiety which must have made the flying minutes appear like hours.

How it was accomplished none can tell, but in a very short space of time the little skiff was on its homeward way, the heavier by the weight of the two young men, who thus saved by the prompt heroism of the brave girls, were too overwhelmed for words. As they neared the land, outstretched hands welcomed them, and a few moments found them receiving such succour and assistance as willing hearts and hospitable homes could afford. An account of this noble rescue was forwarded to our Royal Humane Society, and to the numbers

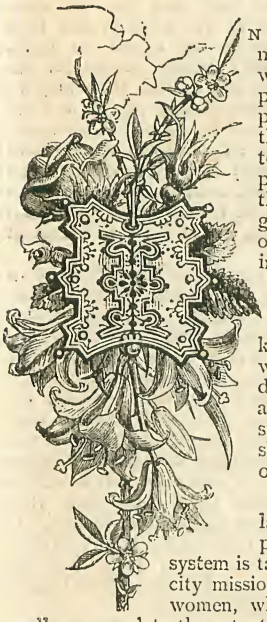
of those whom England loves to honour have been added the names of two noble American girls.

Self-forgetfulness, the highest quality of human nature, meets its own reward. Dearer to Jessie and Maggie Darling than any fame which their deed has brought them, more precious than the glory attached to the medal which has been awarded them, will surely be that triumph over self and selfish considerations which they so abundantly proved by their action.

It is not given to everyone to rescue the life of another, but it *is* given to us all to live in daily conquest of self. Courage is not the work of a moment; it is the outcome of previous training in thought for others, in self-control, and in noble deeds. Let us live nobly, and when occasion arises, the spirit which teaches us to forget ourselves in little things will surely aid us in any attempt which we may be called upon to make for the succour of another.

J. E. Runtz Rees.

MY DISTRICT, AND HOW I VISIT IT.



In these few remarks about my work amongst the poor it must be premised that they do not apply to those towns and parishes of which the visiting is organised, mapped out, and superintended by the clergyman. The visitor in such happy cases knows exactly what she has to do, and does it, and applies to the superintendent if she wants advice or help.

But in many large towns the place of such a system is taken by a band of city missionaries and Bible women, whose number is small compared to the extent over which they are spread. So that much good may be done by the individual exertions of any who are willing to help, without in any way interfering with the missionary work.

It is necessary at the outset to have a clear idea of one's object in thus visiting amongst the poor. Some people will make temperance their one aim; others will affirm that no good result can be gained till cleanliness and neatness reign in the home, cleanliness being next to godliness. But though there are many different ways of working, still all these ways should lead up towards one object, namely, the improvement, spiritual and temporal, of the poor and wretched people in our midst.

Before I began district visiting on my own account, having had no experience whatever of it, I thought it prudent to accompany a friend round her district who had been engaged in the work for some years. I knew that she was a thoroughly good woman, and was most anxious for the spiritual and temporal good of those she visited. But as we entered house after house, I noticed that her manner was as though she considered that the poor people were of a different race from herself, and that they ought to be overwhelmed with gratitude at her condescension in visiting them. She marched into their rooms without any regard as to whether it was convenient, and the inhabitants wished it or not. I think it must have reminded them of the visit of a detective armed with a search warrant. For some inscrutable reason also, she invariably raised her voice and addressed the people in a commanding tone, which frightened the children and offended the mothers.

At last we entered a room where the father, mother, and family sat at dinner together. Without any apology for the intrusion, she began at once to cross-question the woman as to why the children had been absent from Sunday-school the previous day. I felt so ashamed of our rudeness and utter want of consideration for the feelings of the poor that my friend's attention being diverted, I made the best apology I could to the man, who sat scowling at us, for interrupting them at their meal, to which he replied:

"You see, miss, it ain't but what I'm very glad to see a lady now and again, but what with the landlord and the School Board and the district visitors, a man don't feel as if his home's his own."

I learnt a valuable lesson that day, and there and then made a resolve to treat any poor people with whom I had to deal with as much consideration and politeness as I should use towards my own friends. Nor have I ever had cause to regret my adherence to this rule. I have met with my share of rebuffs, but never with rudeness, and I am more and more convinced that by good temper, politeness, and quiet perseverance a lady may win her way anywhere with perfect safety, often in places where the city missionary would meet with a cool, if not a rough, reception. My district is a scattered one, and in order to go all round in a day it is necessary to start betimes in the morning. I always devote Monday to this work, because in London, in common I suppose with other large towns, the women seldom or never go to work on that day.

Before discovering this fact my visits were not very successful. When the house to be visited was reached I was usually confronted by a small child probably carrying a baby but one size smaller than herself, and a dialogue similar to the following would take place:—"Well, little girl, is your mother at home?" "No she ain't." "Where is she?" "Gone to work." "Well, will you open the door for me? I have a picture to leave for her." "Please'm the door's locked, and mother took the key." This was my first experience of town life in the back slums, and I was very much shocked to find that it is the usual practice of mothers to turn the children out into the street when going to work, and leave them to their own devices till dinner-time. If it is very wet the children are locked in the room instead of out of it, an alternative the poor little things very much dislike, for without any playthings the time goes very slowly, whereas there is always entertainment of some kind in the street.

By choosing Mondays, however, I am pretty sure of finding the women at home. Another advantage of this day is that Saturday being pay-day, there is more chance of persuading them to put something into the Savings Bank than there would be towards the end of the week. It is very difficult to get them to see the advantage of laying by for a rainy day, though one would suppose the sufferings and privations of a hard winter would teach them wisdom. Unfortunately as a rule all the extra wages of the summer are squandered on expensive food and gay clothing, and no provision is made for the morrow.

I take with me a number of cards ruled for accounts, and give one to each individual willing to deposit, entering the amount they pay me on their card and in my bank book. For the children, a loop of ribbon at the back of the card is a good plan, by which to hang it up on the wall, where it will be safe and tolerably clean.

They have to give a week's notice before drawing out their money, as a rule, but in case of necessity the regulation is allowed to be broken, and I take a few shillings with me for this emergency. Should there be more deserving applications to draw out money than I am able to meet, without the week's notice, I have a fixed hour on Tuesday, when they may come to my house for their money, but at no other time are they permitted to come. This is quite necessary, as otherwise I should be having visitors of this description the whole week through.

One piece of advice which I have proved good from my own experience I would urge upon every one who visits amongst the poor. Do not make a practice of *giving*, either money or goods, except in cases of special and urgent need. There are so many grasping people who only welcome you in proportion to your gifts, and who will always have a harrowing tale of distress ready, if they find you are likely to listen. There is no lack of real want, caused by illness, scarcity of work, and other things, which can be readily proved to be real, and where help may be well bestowed. But the thing is to know how to refuse. If your district be a large one the truly necessitous cases will tax your purse to its utmost limits; and the people will respect you all the more when they see that you are not to be imposed upon.

The habit of promiscuous alms-giving in the street has been too often denounced to need enlarging upon here; the true way of helping such beggars is to take their address, visit them at their homes, and if their tale be true you will soon find it out, and by getting them employment, or other assistance, you may benefit them for life, and perhaps help them to become respectable members of the community, instead of encouraging them to live as professional beggars.

Visitors working in connection with any church or society are usually supplied with soup, and coal tickets for distribution during the winter. These are, it is true, occasionally sold by the recipients to their neighbours; still they are, on the whole, much more satisfactory than gifts of money, because there is at least a probability that the charity will be used according to the intention of the donor.

There was one room in my district to which I had long wished in vain to gain admittance. It was over a stable, and whenever I knocked at the front door, a head would be popped out at the window and a voice would say, very decidedly "Not to-day, thank you," as though I were the baker. Now, in many, nay, most cases where one is refused admission to a room it is because the inmates have an objection to visits from any one whom they think likely to talk to them about religion or teetotalism. Sometimes, however, it is really inconvenient to them for you to go in. If the woman be at work, she feels obliged to leave off as long as her visitor remains, and when we remember that time to her means money, we cannot wonder that we are not welcomed cordially.

The case I am speaking of was one of this sort; for after a time the neighbours told me this woman always did her washing on Mondays, so, for fear of encouraging me to force an entrance, she even declined the little books I offered to leave on the doorstep. I always made a point of saying something civil in passing about the weather, or anything else that presented itself, so as to keep on good terms with the lady of the house.

At last one morning the door was standing open, so I entered, and, going upstairs, knocked at the room door. It was immediately opened by the woman whose head

I had so often seen through the window, but she looked much disappointed at seeing me, saying candidly that she thought it was the doctor, for whom she had sent, as her "old man" had the bronchitis. She evidently wished me to retire, but when I suggested that, as she was always so busy on Mondays, she might let me come in and talk to her husband a little, whilst she went on with her work, she consented. The man was very ill; after reading to him awhile, and giving him a little bunch of flowers (which I always carry when I can get them) he became confidential, and told me the doctor had ordered linseed poultices, which however, felt so cold and uncomfortable that he could not keep them on. From this I knew they must have been badly made; I went into the back room where the woman was at work, and asked to be allowed to make a a poultice, as she was so busy. I took care to let her see how I did it, though I would not run the risk of offending her by hinting that hers was not properly managed. She was much amazed to see me warm the basin before beginning, and that I insisted on making the water actually boil seemed to her a very unnecessary scruple.

Hearing that I had learnt how to do this from a doctor, she became interested, and I took the opportunity of showing her some other ways in which her husband might be made more comfortable, the bed clothes put straight, his face and hands sponged with warm water, and so on. I made it quite plain to her that, so far from hindering her in her work, my only desire was to help. When she understood this she seemed really glad of a little friendly sympathy and advice, and graciously said that if I cared to call in again at any time they both would be glad to see me.

I left the house with a happy feeling that I had won a footing at last, and that it would be my own fault if I did not keep it.

I may mention here that all who wish to be really helpful to the poor whom they visit should have a practical knowledge of the *rudiments* of sick nursing. By this I mean that they ought to be able to make a poultice of any sort, to put on a bandage smoothly, to make a bed without disturbing the patient, and other small offices of this sort which are so necessary to the comfort of the sick, and in the performing of which most poor people are so utterly helpless and ignorant. There are innumerable district visitors who can *not* give a helping hand if there is sickness in the house, but I think it is very much to be regretted. The suffering poor can more easily gain comfort to their souls if at the same time you are able to allay the discomfort of their bodies.

There are now so many simple handbooks on the subject that we can have no excuse for ignorance, and as for the practice necessary to perfection it is quite possible to obtain that even though you have no sick people to experiment upon, by taking every opportunity of making a bed as smoothly as possible, changing sheets according to the directions given in all books on nursing, and I have seen a girl, anxious to learn to bandage a sprained ankle comfortably, practising, for want of a better subject, on a table leg.

I found that the same feeling, an objection to being hindered over the work, prevented my entrance at a laundry, which I was anxious above all to visit. I had seen enough of the lives of the washerwomen to know what a hard and trying one it is. During the London season many of the good hands work from seven in the morning till nine at night, or even later, standing in the hot steam the whole time. Is it a wonder that the majority of them turn to drink, to give them stimulus for their work? I know of no class of people who work harder, or under circumstances more injurious to their health.

I had heard this from a city missionary, so one of my first visits was to the laundry that was in my district. On asking to be allowed to come in and talk to the women, the mistress replied rather shortly that she paid her women such high wages that she couldn't afford to let them waste their time talking. With that she closed the door in my face, and I was left disconsolate on the doorstep. I was not to be quite so easily beaten, though, and called next on a Monday, when I knew she could not be at work, and would perhaps spare me two minutes for conversation. I told her what I wanted, asking permission to read aloud to the women, promising that if I saw one leave off work to listen, I would instantly stop too.

She next urged as excuse that they did not work on Mondays except at the busiest times. I said I would come any day she liked best, so it was finally fixed that I should go on Wednesday mornings, and read in the ironing rooms. She told me it was no use attempting it in the washing rooms; this I found to be the case, as the noise of boilers and mangles drowned all other sounds, and the steam was so dense that I could not see my book. I had to be content with a word or two to each washer separately. My visits to the ironing rooms were most successful. The mistress could never complain of the work being neglected, and the women themselves always welcomed me heartily, frequently asking me to visit them at their own homes.

As soon as one has a tolerably sure footing in a family, having prepared the way by reading a few verses of Scripture on previous visits, and pointing out the duty of "assembling ourselves together to worship," it is time to broach the subject of attending a place of worship regularly.

The best way to begin is through the children. The parents are usually thankful to be rid of them on Sunday afternoons, and will despatch them to the Sunday-school with alacrity. If they are interested on the first afternoon, there need be no more anxiety on their score; they are pretty sure to come regularly. The parents themselves will have plenty of excuses for not going anywhere on Sunday morning; they are both so tired after the week's work that they like an extra hour or two's sleep, and then there is the dinner to cook. These I consider reasonable excuses, and I think they may be forgiven if they go for a walk out into the country in the evenings. But they will be very hard pressed to find a valid reason against attending an hour's service in the afternoon, and that is the object I try to attain at first.



"'WELL, LITTLE GIRL, IS YOUR MOTHER AT HOME?'"

They generally will have a very decided idea whether they are "church or chapel," which is strange, considering that they never enter either edifice. But I advise the Mission Room, if there be one within reach; the service there will be more suitable to their wants, and they will prefer being with a congregation of their own class. It is well to impress upon them that they cannot expect the blessing of God to rest upon them and their families unless they, with all believers, join to do Him honour on His holy day.

The system of inducing them, by gifts, to attend one's own particular place of worship seems to me a most mistaken one, though it is sometimes done. More than once have I had it said to me by Sunday scholars "Please, teacher, mother says if you'll give her a shawl like you gave so-and-so, she'll come to your church!" What a curious idea they must have of the object of churches and chapels, and indeed of religion generally, to suppose there is a competition of this sort amongst Christian people! And yet they can but suppose it is so, when this kind of bribery is practised, therefore it is very much to be deprecated.

One of the most practical ways in which to improve the condition of the poor, I have found to be in teaching the women and girls how to cook.

Englishwomen have, only too deservedly, the reputation of being the most extravagant and wasteful of any in Europe, and one can do them no greater kindness than to learn oneself, and then teach them, how to manufacture those soups and stews which go twice as far, and cost about a third as much, as the scraps and odds and ends of meat that are their only

idea, a large portion of which are frequently wasted in the cooking.

Reforms of this kind require considerable tact, or the attempt will give great offence and do no good at all.

When I set about such an experiment I usually make it one of the rare occasions to give a small piece of meat or some bones, according to what I propose doing. I offer to provide material for that day's dinner on condit on that the woman will let me show her how to cook it. This little scheme is nearly always successful; during the process I tell her how much everything has cost, and if she can read, I write down the recipe very clearly before leaving, so that she may try it again herself.

Generally their ideas of patching and mending are very vague, whilst of making clothes they are quite ignorant. It seems hopeless to begin to teach mothers with large families, as they really have not time to learn the art of cutting out; but where it is possible to instruct the girls and young women in such things, I think it is a work which should not be neglected.

Some years ago I began holding a class for this purpose on one evening a week, to which all girls over thirteen are admitted. They are eager to learn, and my class is always well attended, whilst the improved appearance of the scholars shows that the work has not been in vain.

The greatest difficulty I have encountered in my district has, of course, been the dreadful intemperance of the people. It is such a common evil and so difficult to overcome that at times one almost despairs. And yet if we can succeed in making even one family happy and one home peaceful, by the reclaiming of a drunken father or mother, the remembrance of that single work of salvation will serve to cheer and encourage through many days of weariness and disappointment.

Of course the first step is to take the pledge yourself. Nothing can be done without that, and your being able to say that you have been a teetotaller for so many years with no ill effects, but only good, will often have a considerable effect. At the same time, reasoning and persuasion are often not sufficient to work a permanent cure, and it is necessary in these cases to bring a counteracting influence to bear, which will be strong enough to overcome the longing for drink. I remember the case of a bricklayer, who was not often actually intoxicated, but was in a chronic state of semi-drunkenness. His wife was a poor, helpless drudge of a woman who, instead of trying to reclaim her husband, spent all her time in bemoaning her lot and the wretchedness of her home, until at last I really felt a good deal of sympathy for the man, and doubted whether I should not have sought refuge in the public-house if I had been in his position.

The first thing to do was to make her believe in the possibility of improvement. This was a difficult matter, as, though conscious of her husband's failing, she seemed to think it was the decree of fate, against which it would be useless to struggle. At last, however, she promised to try to make the home more clean and comfortable, to see whether that would have any effect on the husband. The experiment was fixed to take place on a certain evening, and in the morning of the day I went in to see how she was getting on. I had fortunately taken a few implements with me, thinking they might be useful in repairing certain dilapidated articles of furniture, and between us we managed to patch up one or two chairs, the legs of which, by some strange chance, had *not* been used for firewood, and we also improved the condition of the table. I had taken an old short window curtain with me, which we put up, and whilst the woman was engaged in washing her scanty and miscellaneous collection of crockery and cooking utensils, I nailed up a few large coloured pictures which covered the most conspicuous of the cracks in the dirty walls, and made the room look quite bright and cheerful.



"I NAILED UP A FEW LARGE COLOURED PICTURES."

To induce the woman to make herself look neater was a more difficult matter, but with a considerable amount of argument and pleading I also succeeded in prevailing on her to mend some rents in her dress, and by plentiful application of soap and water improve her appearance very greatly.

Her husband was certainly struck by the change in his home, but drink had too decided a hold on him to be so easily shaken off. My next plan was for the woman to send her husband a can of coffee, hot and strong, just at the time for leaving off work, and to have his supper waiting by the time he reached home. This proved very efficacious; the coffee in a great measure stays the craving for alcohol, and has been found of great benefit in many cases. I lent him some illustrated papers, and promised to do so every week, and he seemed quite content to stay at home and show the pictures to his children. Happily, soon after this, a temperance club and reading room was opened in the neighbourhood; my friend the bricklayer signed the pledge, became a frequent visitor at the reading-rooms, and now, several years after the change took place, is amongst the most staunch upholders of temperance.

I must not omit to mention a powerful agency for good which is at work in the part of London where my district lies. It is a society which offers prizes for a variety of objects—flowers, plants, needlework of all kinds, carpentering, window-gardening, neatly kept rooms, in fact, anything and everything for the improvement of the homes of the competitors. On payment of 2d. any one—man, woman, or child—receives a card of membership, and is entitled to compete and exhibit at the three shows which are held during the year in a school-room, borrowed for the purpose. We easily find friends willing to offer prizes for different objects, and also to undertake the arduous task of judging the competitions. Each district visitor in the neighbourhood persuades as many as she can to join the society, and gives any suggestions she is able as to what to make and how to make it. Special visitors have to be appointed to go at intervals to the homes of those who compete for the neat room and window gardening prizes, as, of course, the rooms are required to be *always* neat and the window-boxes always in good condition, and not merely just at the time of the show.

It is found that a society of this sort succeeds admirably in exciting amongst the poor a feeling of interest and pride in their homes. When this is obtained the public-house loses much of its fascination, and a blow is struck at the root of our great national sin.

In conclusion, let me add one caution, which will, perhaps, appear unnecessary to some workers. Do not let your thoughts and energies be so much engrossed by schemes for the improvement of the homes and way of life of your poor as to forget the higher claims of their immortal souls. The need for domestic and social reform is so glaring that it cannot fail to attract and occupy attention, and is sometimes apt to take up an undue share of care and time, to the neglect of the far more important question of eternal salvation. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." DORA HOPE.

OUR COUNTRY FLOWERS.

AUTUMN LEAVES—OCTOBER.

"The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died amidst the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood."

BRYANT.

THE month of October came with its chill, clear days and its fresh, bracing air. Some warmer clothes, and some brisker steps, made the breezy walks on the common, the rambles

by the seashore, and the strolls along the lanes quite as enjoyable as ever, for there was still much to admire and investigate. We gained a lesson from the nettle one day, for I taught the girls how to grasp it so that it would not hurt their fingers. The common nettle (*Urtica disica*) is well known for its sharp sting. The leaves are tapering at the end, broad and heart-shaped nearer the stem, and the flowers grow in clusters.

The stamens and pistils of this tribe are generally in separate flowers. If you look at the nettle leaves with a magnifying glass you will see numbers of little stings over them, and over the stems also. There is a minute quantity of thin, burning, acrid juice in each of these stings, and this causes the pain when one comes in contact with them.

In some of the nettles that grow in hot climates the poison is very strong indeed. If the hand touches them it is as though a hot iron had scorched the skin, the whole arm swells, sometimes the body is affected also, and it takes even *days* before the pain passes away.

Still, there is beauty in the nettle. Each little sting is elegantly formed, and has a tiny cell at its base, where the poison is neatly packed away until the plant is disturbed.

The hop plant is one of the same tribe, and is, I suppose, rather an important member. In Kent the farmers look on the hop harvest as one of their chief sources of profit, and in good seasons, when there is a favourable sale, no doubt large sums of money are made. But the seasons fluctuate, and from various reasons the hop harvests of the present are not as remunerative as they formerly were. The stamens and pistils of the hop are on different plants, and it produces two kinds of flowers, unlike each other in appearance.

The barren flower has fine leaves and fine stamen, while the fertile flower looks like a drooping catkin, composed of pale green scales At the base of each of these scales are to be found two styles, and one little seed.

The Kentish hop fields look very pretty when the hop is in blossom; its long twining stems are tied to high poles, and it spreads its clusters of flowers and its prettily-shaped leaves in wreaths of great beauty and luxuriance. When we reached the top of the next hill we looked down on a large extent of wooded country, and the autumn tints in the trees were becoming very marked; the trees were putting on their winter colours before they cast their garment of leaves altogether aside. Each tree had its own peculiar change of colour. The hazel put on yellow; the bramble a rich red tint, that they continue to wear until the young green leaves come again; the hawthorn had on tawny yellow; the ash a pale tint of the same colour; the elm a deep orange; the willow trees wore the hoary grey look of age.

This changing variety of foliage is beautiful, though mournful. It seems a gorgeous display of brilliant tints to honour the speedy departure of the leaves into their lowly graves beneath the branches.

"Are leaves of any use to trees, Aunt Carrie?"

"Yes, Fanny; they are the very lungs, or breathing organs, of all trees and plants. There are little pores, or openings or mouths, all over and under the leaves; and through them minute portions of air enter, sufficient to nourish the plant and form its wood, its juices, and its flowers. In the bright sunlight this wonderful process is always going on. A plant could no more live without air than a human being could."

"I thought trees received nourishment from the roots?" said Laura.

"So they do. The roots suck up moisture from the earth—feed the plants, as it were—but the leaves perform the breathing part, and both are equally necessary. The leaves are hard at work all the summer; the tree or plant grows larger, and when winter draws near, and they have finished their appointed task, they change their colours and drop down on the earth. Even there they are not wasted. There is no such word as *waste* in the works of God. Things change their nature and uses, but still they carry out their part in the Divine economy. Leaves at the feet of the forest trees decay, and in this state, when mixed with earth, form the very manure that best nourishes the roots.

"There is a vast difference in the shapes of leaves. That of grass is long and narrow; the horse chestnut has a divided leaf; that of the cabbage is like a broad shield; while the primrose leaf is rough and puckered. Some leaves are hairy; some silky, like the silver-weed; some prickly, like the holly; some glossy and polished, like the laurel.

"Then, again, the margins of leaves differ. That of the oak is slightly notched, that of the nettle is saw-toothed; the rose leaf is serrated, the holly is armed with sharp points. And now we will talk of the veins and ribs of leaves."

"Surely, Aunt Carrie, you are joking?" said Fanny.

"Nothing of the sort. See the line that goes from the stem to the end of the oak-leaf. That is the mid-rib; the other little lines that branch from it are the veins, through which the sap circulates. In most leaves they form a kind of network; but in grasses, lilies, orchis plants, &c., they form parallel stripes. By these various arrangements botanists can distinguish different plants. Those that have netted veins differ in their habits, stems, leaves, and flowers from those the veins of which are straight or parallel.

"Look at the oak-leaf again. The part next the stem is called the *base*, the end of the leaf is the *apex*, the part that joins the stem is the *axil*.

"Have you ever heard of the sleep of flowers?"

"Surely they do not sleep like animals," exclaimed Fanny.

"They certainly do sleep, and it is beautiful to watch them gradually closing up when the shades of evening come on. You may notice it in many flowers. The daisies, which seem to delight in sunshine, no sooner lose the heat than they gradually gather up their star-like rays into the form of a little tent, and thus they remain until the sun rises on the next morning. The bindweed closes up its leaves closely also; so do numbers of other blossoms, and the pimpernel is still more sensitive, for it refuses to open at all if the weather is gloomy. Some flowers droop on their stalks at night; others fold up their leaves, and retire to rest so suddenly that any poor insects that have crept inside the petals for a supper of honey find themselves caught in a trap, and are unable to get free again until the sun shines out and the petals open to the light. But now it is getting late, and we must retrace our steps homeward. I hope our next walk will be in the pine wood."

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

INJUSTICE PUNISHED.—A sparrow intruded into a swallow's nest. When its owner returned, the sparrow would not move, but kept possession of it. Poor hirondelle, finding she was not likely to regain her home, flew away to seek assistance. Soon she returned, accompanied by about ten swallows; but the sparrow with open beak, and well ensconced, as in a fortress, defied their attack, and maintained his place. I waited, curious to see what would next occur. The swallow and her friends flew away; presently, a largely increased number of them arrived, carrying small lumps of mud in their beaks—they immediately set to work to smear the opening of the nest, which they covered over so effectually that the sparrow would be unable to leave it—thus turning his ill-gotten nest into a prison.

ONE Sunday evening five choristers were walking on the banks of the river Mersey, in Cheshire; after some time, being tired with walking, they sat down on the grass, and began to sing an anthem. The field on which they sat was terminated at one extremity by a wood, out of which, as they were singing, they observed a hare to pass with great swiftness towards the place where they were sitting, and to stop at about twenty yards' distance from them. She appeared highly delighted with the harmony of the music, often turning up the side of her head to listen with more facility. As soon as the harmonious sound was over, the hare returned slowly towards the wood; when she had nearly reached the end of the field, the choristers began the same piece again; at which the hare stopped, turned round, and came swiftly back to about the same distance as before, where she seemed to listen with rapture and delight, till they had finished the anthem, when she returned again by a slow pace up the field, and entered the wood.

RARE HONESTY. — A mastiff dog, who owed more to the bounty of a neighbour than to his master, was once locked by mistake in the well-stored pantry of his benefactor for a whole day, where milk, butter, bread, and meat, within his reach, were in abundance. On the return of the servant to the pantry, seeing the dog come out, and knowing the time he had been confined, she trembled for the devastation which her negligence must have occasioned; but on close examination it was found that the honest creature had not tasted of anything, although, on coming out, he fell on a bone that was given to him with all the voraciousness of hunger.

DUTY BEFORE REVENGE. — A gentleman residing in the City of London was going one afternoon to his country cottage, accompanied by Cæsar, a favourite Newfoundland dog, when he recollected that he had the key of a cellaret which would be wanted at home during his absence. Having accustomed his dog to carry things, he sent him back with the key; the dog executed his commission, and afterwards rejoined his master, who discovered that he had been fighting, and was much torn about the head. The cause he afterwards learned, on his return to town in the evening. Cæsar, while passing with the key, was attacked by a ferocious butcher's dog, against whom he made no resistance, but tore himself away, without relinquishing his charge. After delivering the key in town, he returned the same way, and on reaching the butcher's shop, from which he had been so rudely assailed, he stopped and looked out for his antagonist; the dog sallied forth; Cæsar attacked him with a fury which nothing but revenge for past wrongs could have animated; nor did he quit the butcher's dog until he had laid him dead at his feet.

STRANGE MOUSER. — A gentleman near Exeter had in his possession a hen, which answered the purpose of a cat in destroying mice. She was constantly seen watching close to a corn rick, and the moment a mouse appeared, she seized it in her beak, and carried it to a meadow adjoining, where she would play with it like a young cat for some time, and then kill it. She has been known to catch four or five mice a day in this manner.

VARIETIES.

SQUARE PUZZLE.

1. A vowel. 2. A conjunction. 3. Sold by a confectioner. 4. Parts of sentences. 5. What is done to clean the floor. 6. The name of a place in Asia Minor. 7. The name of a large sea. 8. Rebellion against rules. 9. Deceit. 10. To point out. 11. Profitable. 12. A kind of soap. 13. What fruit is when it is ripe. 14. The name of a land in the New Testament. 15. A consonant.

EVER YOUNG AND EVER FAIR.—A woman who would always love would never grow old; and the love of mother and wife would often give or preserve many charms, if it were not too frequently combined with parental and conjugal anger. There remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an afterspring, and, later, an after-summer, the reflex of their most beautiful bloom.—*Richter.*

TAKE CARE OF THE PINS.—A pin is a very little thing in an article of dress, but the way in which it is put into a dress often reveals the character of the wearer. A shrewd fellow was once looking out for a wife, and was on a visit to a family of daughters with this object. The fair one of whom he was partially enamoured one day entered the room in which he was seated with her dress partially unpinned and her hair untidy; he never went back. You may say such a fellow was "not worth a pin"; but he was really a shrewd fellow, and afterwards made a good husband. He judged of women as of men—by little things; and he was right.

THOUGHTS ON TREASURED TRIFLES.—There is, after all, something in those trifles that friends bestow on each other which is an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds in the affections. I would believe that one who preserved a lock of hair, a simple flower, or any trifle of my bestowing, loved me, though no show was made of it; while all the protestations in the world would not win my confidence in one who set no value on such little things. Trifles they may be; but it is by such that character and disposition are oftenest revealed.—*Washington Irving.*

WHAT BECAME OF TWELVE BASKETS OF "CHIT-CHAT."—The name Eve, says Buxtorf, in his Hebrew Lexicon, is derived from a root signifying Talk. It was, perhaps, from this that the Rabbins derived their tradition that twelve baskets of "chit-chat" were rained down into Paradise for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with, of which twelve Adam picked up three and Eve the other nine.

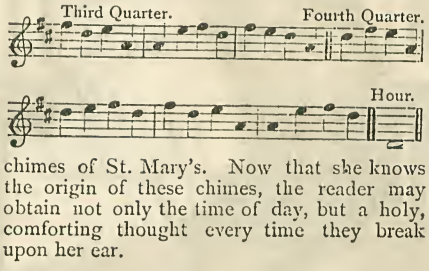
SETTING THE MIND TO WORK.—Water poured down a dry pump often sets it to work to bring up water of its own, so suggestive reading sets the mind in motion on its own account.—*Spurgeon.*

IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEXT WORLD.—Oh, how many marvels which we miss here we shall see plainly in the next world! There we shall sing a psalm of joy and gratitude for the events which we have wept over here below.—*Fénelon.*

WHAT A GREAT TRAVELLER THOUGHT OF WOMEN.—Listeners may seldom hear good of themselves, but readers have rather better fortune; they often meet with passages which sound their praises. Here is one in which Ledyard, the famous traveller, who went over a great part of the world, both civilised and uncivilised, gives the results of his observations on women. "I have observed," he says, "among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same civil, kind, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform an hospitable or generous action; nor are they haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious and economical; ingenious; more liable in general to err than man; but, in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilised or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise."

READING MADE UNEASY.—We have heard it said that no Frenchman or Frenchwoman has ever yet been found who can correctly articulate this:—"Thimblerig Thistlethwaite thievishly thought to thrive through thick and through thin by throwing his thimbles about, but he was thwarted and thwacked and thumped and thrashed with thirty-three thousand thistles and thorns for thievishly thinking to thrive through thick and through thin by throwing the thimbles about."

LISTENING TO THE CHIMES.—The melody of the beautiful chimes of St. Mary's, Cambridge, has been copied over and over again, and there are few towns in England in which it may not be heard sounding out from some church tower. It has an interesting history. A movement was taken—it is said by Crotch, then a mere lad—in the fifth bar of the opening symphony of the air in "Messiah," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and by a series of variations was expanded into the musical



chimes of St. Mary's. Now that she knows the origin of these chimes, the reader may obtain not only the time of day, but a holy, comforting thought every time they break upon her ear.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

EILAN DHU.—We think that the Japanese silk dress, spoilt by rain, might be made wearable by making it up with cashmere of the same colour or velvetine. Your writing might easily be made very good with a little more care, and by giving yourself more time. You write too fast.

ROSIE.—1. Consult our "Work Basket." Unless we knew your capabilities in working crewel embroidery, and the purpose for which it is designed, we could not advise you. 2. We do not know any "easy way" of making book-markers.

KATIE AND LOUIE.—See our article on "Patchwork," page 206.

ISA.—Read "Crochet for Little Workers," page 443; also see pattern, page 207, GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

F. B. E.—You should borrow a cosey for the teapot, and, using it as a pattern, judge of the thickness of the wadding for yourself. You should say "Sir," "Dear Sir," or "Dear Mr. Editor." To make rose-water the petals should be gathered when dry, laid in casks in layers sprinkled with salt, and when sufficient in quantity, distilled, a little water being added to prevent burning. A very slow fire should be employed. When the slightest smell of burning is perceived, stop the distillation, and throw away that which has been spoilt. When ready keep it in a dark place.

SCOTCHIE.—1. Your two dresses would mix very well we think. You must use the blue for the foundation, and the black for the trimming, if possible; and you might have the bodice of one and the sleeves of the other, using only the good parts of both. 2. You might learn French grammar without a master, but you would require instruction for the pronunciation. Your letter is so kind and appreciative that we must offer you our warm acknowledgments.

ELGITHA.—1. Blue or rose-coloured cashmere would be pretty. 2. Ivy would grow in a north window.

KATHLEEN.—Use a white serge or an oatmeal cloth for your dress.

MURIEL BERTRAM.—A motto might help you a little in the struggle to resist temptation to anger, but we think a prayer would do more. Did you ever read the story of Nehemiah in Nehemiah II., and how in his moment of need he prayed an ejaculatory prayer, like an arrow shot from a bow into heaven, and was answered? One moment of conscious prayerful stillness will make you "more than conqueror." You and your sister both use too much ink, and too broad pens.

MISTRESS MARGERY.—We feel sure that the papers you mention would be very acceptable in any hospital. Is there none in your own neighbourhood that you could go to yourself, and take them?

FAIRY.—1. See "My Work Basket," and look for the word "repeat" in your dictionary. How do you expect us to understand what you mean? 2. Peacocks' feathers are very suitable for the decoration of hand and standing screens, or framed window-blinds.

ETHERLEY.—1. Your first query has been answered. 2. The two right sides must be placed facing each other when arranged to be cut out.

EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

CLEMATIS.—We do not think there could be any objection to your going to school in Germany. Many English girls are studying there.

SYLVIA.—We should consider mathematics a more useful study than Latin for girls.

A DISOBEDIENT GIRL.—Full answers about the telegraph service have been given at page 543. For a black reviver, see pages 96, 316. We do not like your pseudonym, nor the spirit which dictated its adoption. A long life is the blessing promised to those who "honour their father and mother," and we firmly believe that a blessing will not fall on the wilfully disobedient. "He was subject unto them"!

TITANIA.—It is not needful always to begin a new line after a full stop, unless you change your subject, and desire to mark the change especially.

R. F.—*Au revoir* is a French idiomatic phrase, and means "adieu, till we meet again." How badly you write! We trust you are very young indeed.

GRENORE.—The only two peculiarities in this quotation from the *Merchant of Venice*—"It is my turquoise"—appear to be in the ancient spelling adopted by Shakespeare—"turkeese"—and also in the fact that, amongst the Jews in ancient days, the bride gave a betrothal ring to her betrothed husband—a custom which has fallen into disuse among us.

TWO TABBY CATS.—1. The German language may be learnt at any age, and of course by so young a girl as one of only sixteen. 2. Varnish the pressed leaves and flowers with a thin solution of gum-arabic.

AMATEUR.—Apply for the information you require to the secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Jermyn-street, W.

ROSSETTA.—1. We make no charge for our answers to correspondents. 2. The Royal Hants Infirmary, Winchester, trains nurses of between 23 and 30 years of age for one year without wages; after this it pays £20 each per annum during two years, the salary still rising after that time has elapsed. Ladies are also trained here, but have an entrance fee of 28 guineas to pay, direct to the Secretary.

XAOS.—We advise you to write to Miss Julia Kennedy, The Elms, Cambridge, and she will direct you as to "instruction by correspondence" for the Cambridge examinations. Mrs. Peile, Trumpington-road, will supply you with a list of teachers (all members of the University), and of the subjects. The fee for a year's course is 4 guineas, and for a four months' course 2 guineas, teachers half price. There is also a loan fund, for allowing a further reduction. Also, a students' library, for the benefit of which there is a fee of a guinea to pay.

ART.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You will require a shilling manual for face painting, sold by any artists' colourman. It would occupy a very considerable space to teach you how to paint heads. Most of the colours you name are for landscape painting.

CELIA.—You will find full instructions for the making of a picture screen in the correspondence department of one of our back numbers. Your writing is bad for a child of 10,—you might do better at 16. In our specimens of handwriting given in "The Art of Penmanship" (August 21), numbers four and eleven are pretty, ladylike hands, and number eight only needs to be sloped the right way. There has been a misprint in the numbering. For 6 and 9, read 4 and 11.

MIRANDA.—1. We cannot promise articles. You can procure cheap manuals at the artists' colourmen's on every kind of painting. You write pretty well. See answer to "Celia." 2. You wish for a recommendation to a seaside place "within easy reach," and do not say where you are living! Had

you not included "bracing" amongst the many characteristics you require we should have suggested the coast of Devonshire. But the East coast is certainly more bracing, and possibly Dovercourt, Southwold, or Felixstowe might suit you better.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOUISE M.—Thank you for your note. We did not see the value of such questions to our readers. The origin of the rose in English heraldry is a matter of speculation; but there is a tradition that the first quarrel between the opposite parties of York and Lancaster took place in a garden, and that they chose the white and red roses respectively as their badges.

WINIFRED.—Consult some recent book on natural history, and give that as your authority for your statement. This is the best way to arrange such a dispute as the one of which you speak.

PRISCILLA.—Old Cheeseman is a character in one of Charles Dickens's novels.

AGATHOS.—From your letter we gather that all head and brain work is forbidden to you, and yet you want something to do. As you seem to have a taste for art, why not perfect your studies in that line, with a view to making one of its departments a profession?

POPPY.—Numberless answers on pressing flowers have been given to our correspondents. The paper in the press needs changing every day or two.

A. B. C.—We cannot undertake to point out the defects in amateur poetry. Your verses are not sufficiently above the average to be printed in "THE GIRLS OWN," or "My Flower Garden," as the Editor calls it.

TRIXY.—Yes, a girl of thirteen who measures five feet in height is certainly tall. But is Trixy in earnest when she says she can walk six miles an hour? Can she keep it up? Why, it is athlete's work, and certain to do her harm if she persists in the practice.

NURSEY.—You tell us your friend is so much affected at the chest and throat by a long and loud fit of laughter as to feel a considerable amount of exhaustion, and to wheeze in his breathing, so that it resembles low whistling. And you ask first whether it is probably the mischief is in the throat or chest, and second, "Would it appear to be a serious weakness?" Did we know his age and the condition of his body, whether fat or lean, we would be better able to answer you. We would say that the mischief was in the bronchial tubes of the lungs; they are just weak enough to be easily irritated, spasmodically so. We do not say it is serious, and if he is young he can get over it. Presuming he is young or middle-aged, here is the treatment, good living, exercise, dumb-bells preferably—cod-liver oil, *the shower bath*, and avoidance of exciting cause. Why does he laugh so? It makes us smile to think of it.

NEMO.—We try to answer our correspondents in such a manner that our readers may obtain a knowledge of the question that has been asked, and so, seeing the answer, they may gain information. Many questions on medical or surgical subjects are answered clearly and fully, but we do *so* wish that querists would give their ages. How otherwise can we prescribe with any certainty of doing good?

AMY SIMS.—Your first letter was never received. You want advice about loss of voice, and say "my singing voice has lately, without any apparent cause, entirely disappeared, and I can scarcely sing a note." This is what we in the medical profession term "Aphonia," but not complete. It may be caused by cold, or by a kind of partial paralysis of the vocal cords, or from hysteria, or from derangement of the general health. We believe that if you once a week take a seidlitz powder before breakfast, and get an iron and quinine mixture from your chemist's, and take it regularly thrice a day, you will soon regain your voice. Parrish's chemical food does good in such cases, so does cod-liver oil. Write again.

MURIEL M.—The redness in the nose that you complain of as occurring in cold weather can only be remedied by attention to the general health. Your circulation does not seem to be strong. By taking plenty of exercise in the open air you strengthen the heart, and the bath in the morning will prevent you from catching cold, and brace the nerves as well. Take also from ten to fifteen drops of tincture of iron in a little water three times a day. (You give us no age, but we presume from your handwriting you are between fifteen and twenty.) Attend particularly to the state of your stomach.

C. M. W. (1) should not take her morning bath quite cold if she finds it too great a shock to the system; it is a mistake, and might prove injurious. Take it with the chill off or tepid. Use the basin of hot water first, a flesh glove, and plenty of soap; then take the bath, and it is sure to do good. 2. We do not advise artificial means to whiten the hands or face, but much good can be done by always using the mildest transparent soap and *rain* water. Add a little toilet vinegar to the water.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.—1. Yes, charcoal is a good tooth-powder, and simple. You might vary it occasionally by using Howard's carbonate of soda one drachm, quinine five grains, and precipitated chalk one ounce. People when purchasing tooth-powders should inquire whether it contains powdered cuttle fish, as the latter is injurious to the enamel. 2. Camphor is a narcotic, and in large doses a poison.

QUEEN'S SCHOLAR.—We fear that such short sightedness as yours *would* disqualify you, but write and ask direct. Why do you not wear glasses? By all means do if you value your future. Your caligraphy is good, but too much cramped, and not quite the style that is best liked nowadays.

JUDY, ANNIE, AND PEGGY.—The pain in the feet would seem to arise from weakliness of constitution, unless indeed you wear tight or badly-fitting shoes. A little of both perhaps, because you say Annie wants colour, and you want a remedy for corns. Search last month's "Answers to Correspondents."

ELIZABETH YRAM.—We cannot help our correspondents to obtain situations, and should recommend an advertisement in a newspaper.

MARY and S. J. F.—Tie the berries in bunches and hang them up to dry in a cool place. We cannot give addresses.



'HOW INTERESTING THAT STORY MUST BE!'

IVY LEAF.—1. It would be impossible to say "who founded the Royal Navy." We find records of ships in the days of Athelstane and Hardicanute, and Edward the Confessor had a fleet. The first ordinance on naval matters was issued by the Witan of Ethelred, held at Eynesham in 1008. 2. Cromwell never was in the army. We believe he was the farmer of his own estate, and a member of Parliament. His military genius was very great, nevertheless.

BETSY TROTWOOD.—1. The first Eddystone lighthouse was erected in 1699, by Winstanley. It was swept away in the great storm of 1703. 2. Æsthetic means "the science of the beautiful, in nature and art."

CLARA.—"Emmeline" (old German) means industrious. You should write copies to steady your hand.

POMMY.—The 10th February, 1866, was a Saturday. For washing lace see page 511.

DOD and HILDA.—Perhaps a little ammonia might be useful in removing the flower-stains, as well as those on the book.

ROSE.—The two-penny piece of the reign of George III. is worth from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d., or less. A sixpence of Charles II., if hammered, is worth 10s. to 15s., if milled 2s. to 3s. 6d.

JOCK.—Unless you have a still you cannot make these scented waters at home.

HALLY.—Skeletonised leaves are prepared by placing them in the sun, in an earthenware vessel containing rain water, for days, or weeks, according to their thickness. When the outer covering is pulpy, the leaf is ready for removal to a clean vessel and water, when it is shaken to and fro to cleanse it. A soft toothbrush is good to clean the pulp from the skeletons.

N. R. D. W.—"Astore" is an Irish term of endearment.

IDA.—"Edith" means "happiness," "Matilda" a heroine.

EDITHA.—We think you have done well in obtaining so good a situation at your age. £25 should be more than enough to dress upon, as we know girls who manage on £18 and look very nice. Thank you for all the kind things you say of us in your pleasant letter.

CHERRY.—Perhaps a weak solution of gum arabic might enable you to keep your hair in position.

KATIE ST. CLAIRE.—Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," page 259.

WILD KATHLEEN.—The first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at 50, Paternoster-row, E.C. All back numbers may also be purchased there.

BLACK TOPSY.—It is not usual to bow to strangers with whom you are not acquainted, simply because you frequently see them. There is greater license permitted as regards travelling companions; for mutual dependence on each other for little acts of kindness enables you to dispense with the formality of an introduction.

VIOLET SILVER asks for "a receipt for red hands." We have none to acknowledge. If she requires a recipe for them we advise her to wear no gloves, and expose them successively to sun and frost.

LITTLE NELL.—Cricket is not a girl's game, yet it would be unsisterly to refuse to assist in playing privately with your brothers, and no doubt it would be a healthful sport for you.

E. A. B. D.—We thank you, while declining your offer of a "Ballad Story." We cannot sell your work. Your writing and spelling are bad.

FLORENCE E. A.—Your quotation is from Kingsley. Your writing above the average of usual excellence.

BLIND GIRL.—There is a desk made especially for the use of the blind, which has a movable guide for the hand, to enable you to write in correctly parallel lines. Inquire at the Alexandra Institution, 6, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury.

J. M. CRAMENT.—The description we have given of the Oxford B.Mus. hood strictly accords with that which has been in use for a generation at least, and has never been officially altered. Your description of the B.C.L. hood as being a "light blue," and of the B.M. as being a "dark blue," is entirely a matter of imagination or conjecture. The plain fact is that the three professional faculties of law, medicine, and music in the University of Oxford have always employed an identical academic dress for their respective bachelorates. The gowns are precisely the same in pattern, and the hoods, which originally were attached to the gown, are most naturally the same likewise. As to the violet—some say lilac—silk, very recently adopted by a few musical graduates, we must decline to accept such a change excepting on the express authority of the Hebdomadal Council of the University, which alone has the power to decree any change in the received use. It is possible that many years ago a lilac or bluish purple silk may have been worn, but even in this case we contend that all three faculties employed the same colour whatever it may have been. Some diversities in the actual shade of blue have always been existent among the robemakers who provide these hoods; but this is a mere matter of accident, not of design. In point of fact at least nineteen out of twenty musical graduates use the blue silk as described by us, and we know that that is the only colour worn by Bachelors of Music in the University itself.

MUS. D., CANTAB.—Our description of the new Cambridge Mus. D. hood is in strict accordance with the pattern sent us by a member of the musical syndicate. The change, we believe, was made last year.

A. C. S.—We are sorry for you, but seriously advise you to consult your own medical man or a surgeon. We could not tell without seeing the moles whether or not extirpation were practicable. If it was not carefully performed the scar would look bad. Your handwriting is very good, and your composition distinct.

CROOKS AND CRANKS are much thanked for their gracious expressions of acknowledgment for the services rendered them by our paper, and especially as regards the transformation of their rooms. 1. Make your bathing dresses of the striped Galatea, and bind them with red. Jerseys are to be had of spun silk as well as of fine merino.

ISABEL will find that the directions for making a "Tam o' Shanter" cap have already been given. Her writing is fairly good.

HATTIE.—For the making of certain leaves and flowers in vegetables moulds are to be procured. These may be supplemented by the use of a knife. Inquire at a first-class ironmonger's.



VOL. II.—No. 44.] OCTOBER 30, 1880. PRICE ONE PENNY.

"I PROMISED FATHER."

A TRUE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

CHAPTER V.

ONCE more it is the close of a bright summer's day. It is just twelve years since Mary Hayes sat at the door of the little shop and Tom Altham came to ask her to walk with him by the riverside.

The setting sun is shining redly now as it did then. A soft cool breeze is stirring the air and whispering in the branches of the fir-trees that stand so black against the glowing sky. From the



"SHE RAISED HER HEAD AT LAST, AND STARTED TO FIND SHE WAS NOT ALONE."

[*All rights reserved.*]

meadows by the river come the sounds of laughing and shouting, for the village boys are down there playing cricket, many of the cottage doors are open, and the villagers are standing to enjoy the evening air and a little friendly gossip with their neighbours. But Mary Hayes is all alone. Somehow she seems rather to have withdrawn herself from gossip and social intercourse of late years; she had no time for them, she would have said, and no money to entertain her friends, even in the simple style that obtained in Cleasthorpe, and in fact her busy life for the last twelve years had left her little or no time for social duties.

But this evening she was sitting, for a marvel, idle; absolutely doing nothing, except watching the changing effects of the sunset sky, and listening to the sleepy cawing of the rooks sailing home to their nests in the fir-tree tops and the distant sounds of mirth coming up from the meadows.

The fiery red was dying out of the sky, and soft opal shades were creeping up; the gorgeous orange clouds were giving place to soft emerald and palest gold, and a few stars were beginning to twinkle faintly in the darkening blue of the sky.

Twilight was creeping on and would soon deepen into the gloom of the summer's night. Mary waited a little longer and then rose suddenly; she put a little shawl over her shoulders, and, closing the door, slipped out bareheaded, past the next three houses and into the little churchyard. All was very quiet there; no one was about at that hour, and Mary made her way down the carefully kept pathway to a quiet corner, where, under a simple little headstone, bearing his name and the dates of his birth and death, lay her father.

Flowers of his daughter's planting and rearing adorned the grave, and Mary knelt down to pluck up one or two obtrusive weeds and to gather one white rose blooming there. Then she patted the inanimate stone softly, and whispered, with a little sob catching her voice, "Father, do you hear me? Do you know I've done what you wanted me to do? Do you know your name is clear now, and that every penny of that terrible debt has been paid—the very last to-day? Father, it's taken a weary while to do; can you look down from heaven and see what I've done? I know you'd bless poor Mary if you could. And, oh, father, it's been such hard work sometimes!"

The remembrance of the past twelve years with all their trials and struggles came over her as she knelt there, and partly the thought of all she had undergone, mingled with the relief she felt now that the burden had rolled away, broke her composure, and she began to weep tears that wonderfully relieved her heart, and seemed like the last shower after a long-continued storm.

She raised her head at last, and started to find she was not alone. Tom Altham was standing by her side, watching her with a face of great concern.

"I didn't mean to startle you," he said, apologetically, "but I came to speak to you this evening. Mother wanted some yarn or wool or something, you know, and I found the door shut, and Mrs. Eastwood told me she had seen you slip away here. There's nothing wrong, Mary, is there?"

"Oh, no, thank you," she said, drying her eyes and trying to speak in an unconcerned tone.

"You keep his grave beautifully," Tom said next, *apropos* of nothing.

"I like to see it bright," she answered. "It may be foolish, but I like to think he sees it and is pleased."

Tom seated himself on a corner of a near tombstone, and seemed in no hurry to go away.

"You told me you were going to take stock this week, Mary," he said, at last, hesitatingly; "did it do as well as you expected?"

Tom had kept himself tolerably *au courant* with her business affairs.

"Yes, thank you kindly," she answered.

"Then, Mary, you must be about free now; you know the score was nearly cleared off last Christmas."

"It's all off now," she answered, simply; "and I'd come here to tell father. I thought somehow he'd know better if I told him just here. He'd be so glad, poor father."

"Then, Mary," he cried, joyfully, seizing her hand; "you'll let me ask the question now that you put off twelve years ago. I've waited very patiently, my dear."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, trying to withdraw her hand. "You mustn't ask me now."

"Why?" he asked, still keeping firm hold of her hand. "Have you given up caring for me?"

"Oh, it isn't that, Tom; it isn't that, but you oughtn't to come back to me. I'm so old and ugly now, and you could do so much better for yourself, and you know it."

"I'll go away if you tell me honestly you've given up caring about me, and for nothing else," he replied, firmly. "And I do not want to do better for myself, even if I could, which I beg leave to say I can't, and I think I'm likely to know, when I've never changed my mind for twelve years. I'll go away if you tell me you've changed yours."

He was looking eagerly into her downcast face, which was now suffused with burning blushes, and her voice was low and faltering as she answered, "No, I haven't."

"Then will you come and be my wife, Mary? I've waited a long time."

"But I've grown so old and ugly, Tom; it isn't fair to you," she repeated; but his only answer was to draw her close to his side and put his arm round her.

"Oh, my dear," he cried; "just as if your dear face wasn't more beautiful to me than the loveliest girl's in the land. Will you have me, Mary?"

"If you think I'm worth taking," she answered, shyly. Then with a little gush of irrepressible feeling, "Oh, Tom, I've loved you faithfully all these years."

* * * * *

There was a wedding in the little village church that summer before the harvest was gathered in. Tom was impatient, and hurried matters on. He had waited twelve years, and could not afford to wait any longer, he said. Besides, his mother was old, feeble, and wanted a daughter to take care of her, so Mary must hurry her preparations.

And Mary consented. Surely there had been delay enough, and she and Tom had known their own hearts all this time. Relief and happiness seemed to have brought back her youth, and on the day that Tom Altham led his bride to the altar, there were plenty there to affirm that never had a bonnier bride been seen in the village.

There were several thoughtless young girls in their teens, who were not slow to declare that though they liked Mary with all their hearts, it wasn't an interesting wedding when "the bride was thirty-seven if she was a day; and for their parts if they weren't married long before they arrived at such a venerable age, they would not care to marry at all." Perhaps they did not know the story of long-tried constancy which lent such a halo of romance to the simple village wedding; but even had their careless remarks reached the bride's ear they would not have disturbed her calm joy and contentment. After long weary struggling she had reached the haven at last, and was enjoying the bright promise of a happy future, lighted by the knowledge of a long and wearisome task faithfully performed, and by "the smile of duty done."

THE END.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY, HAPPY, AND BEAUTIFUL.

By MEDICUS.



ONCE upon a time—as fairy tales commence—once upon a time, long, long before either you or I was born, a medical man, or "leech" as he was then called, was looked upon as a very mysterious being indeed. He was possessed of, or supposed to be possessed of, a large amount of ancient lore and knowledge, the fruits of which anyone who cared to consult him might freely partake of, but never dare he touch or taste of the physician's tree of knowledge itself. This man, this leech, used to dress like a wizard, and surrounded himself with strange-shaped bottles and vases, inscribed with cabalistic characters and devices, and perhaps filled with ghastly and "uncanny" looking reptiles. He dabbled in alchemy, did not deny the study of the darker sciences, his prescriptions were shrouded in the gloom of dog-Latin, and his

physic was nasty to look at and nauseous to taste; while the older and uglier the man was the more he seemed to be respected.

But these days are past and gone for ever; medical science is now no longer darkened by superstition nor shaded in ignorance. It stalks into the open, where the sun shines, and courts investigation and challenges enquiry.

And the physician of the present day is quite a different individual from the mysterious medical man of the past. Children do not fear him, young folks like him, he dresses like a modern, talks like a human being and not like a ghoul, and makes a very good addition to an evening party or conversazione, and often comes in exceedingly handy for lawn tennis.

And no doctor nowadays treats a case at hap-hazard or blindfolded; he prescribes, too, only the medicines with the properties of which he is thoroughly well acquainted. His aim is to be exact, and exactness and simplicity are always combined.

Before, then, you read another line, I wish you to take my word for it, if you will, that the study of medicine is by no means a dry one; it is the reverse, it is a most fascinating one. I do not positively recommend it to girls, but I am very much mistaken indeed if it will do them any harm to learn the few and simple facts about medicine which I will lay before them in these short and simple papers. They will not overburden the memory, and it is just possible the knowledge of them may come in very handy some day, and help to raise from a bed of sickness some dear relation or friend.

I have before spoken about *fresh air* as a means for keeping the body healthy and vigorous; let me just say one word regarding it as a curative agent. Although pure air, as I told you in my article on nursing the sick, should be admitted most plentifully into the chambers of the invalid, it is, perhaps, in long lingering cases of illness where the benefits derivable from it are most noticeable, while on those just recovering from recent illness the good effects of fresh air seem little short of marvellous. And the reason for this is not far to seek. There are two sets of blood vessels in the body. One set comprises the arteries, and they flow *from* the heart, taking pure blood for the nourishment of every part of the body; the veins comprise the other set, and they flow *back* from every part of the body to the heart and lungs, and they bring there the impure blood or used-up blood, in order that it may pass through the lungs and be therein once more rendered pure. And what does this impure blood contain which requires separation? It contains various matters taken up from the body, and which nature must get rid of, among others carbon.

Now this carbon, if left in the blood, acts more or less as a poison, but see what happens to it when it comes in contact with the fresh air which we breathe; it is united with oxygen, one of the component parts of the air, without which no life could exist in the world. It unites with this gas, and becomes a gas itself (carbonic acid gas), and flies off in the air we expel from our lungs. Fresh air, then, is needed to burn off, as it were, all the deleterious matter that exists in our blood, and which, if only even partially retained, renders one dull, drowsy, apathetic, and peevish, if not decidedly ill.

So pure air is the beauty of health, and the quintessence of comfort and happiness. But if people who are well have need of this great physician of nature, does it not stand to reason that those who are sick, or convalescent, and whose blood is more impure than yours or mine, need pure air more? Let those testify to the beneficial effects of this medicine of medicines, who, on recovering from some severe illness, have taken a drive along some breezy cliff or headland on a summer's day. Did not appetite revive? Did not all the world seem brighter and clearer than before, and the morbid and melancholy forebodings of the sick chamber give place to a feeling of newness of life, causing you to feel so quietedly contentedly happy and comfortable that you would not have cared to exchange places with a queen?

Now, averse as I am to the use of proverbs, more especially hackneyed ones, I cannot here refrain from repeating one to which, as regards medicine, a good deal of truth is attached: namely, "prevention is better than cure." If people knew what the things are which usually bring about illness or disease, methinks they would do the best they could to avoid them. If I tell you some of these, and try in simple language to explain their "why" and their "wherefore," and if you remember what I say, you will indeed have read this paper with much profit.

Here is something worth knowing. If, say fifty people are shipwrecked on an almost desert and very unhealthy island, and all are exposed to the *same* disease-producing causes, exposure to wet, to obnoxious vapours, and to cold and privation, and forty of these fifty fall sick, it does not by any means follow that they will suffer from the same complaints. Indeed, hardly any three of their illnesses will be the same, and ten out of the fifty, as we have seen, escape scot-free. And why, you may ask, is this? It is simply because the causes of disease to which they were each and all exposed have a habit of seeking out the weakest part in each individual and attacking that. Thus exposure to cold, which might produce inflammation in the lungs in one person, would bring on an attack of rheumatism in another.

We learn from this that the best plan to avoid illness, and pass unscathed through the midst of spreading sickness is to keep the body healthy and the mind cheerful. You have heard what a happy immunity medical men and kind district visitors have from many diseases, how they can mingle freely with fever-stricken patients, and pass unharmed through wards polluted with plague and pestilence. Is it, think you, because they bear charmed lives or carry about them some prophylactic that protects them, amulet that shields them from the daggers of death? Yes; but the prophylactic is attention to all the ordinary rules of health; the amulet is a hardy constitution engendered by so doing. When medical men do fall victims to the disorders they have been fighting against on behalf of others it is generally after they have been thoroughly worn out and their systems weakened by fatigue and long-watching. And from this fact again we may learn a lesson.

What are the things which, taken together, tend to keep an individual up to par, up to her or his best, in body and mind? This question is easily answered. They are chiefly these: *early rising*, the *bath*, *exercise*, *pure air*, and *good water*, *temperance* in eating and drinking, *work* to keep mind and body employed, a *contented mind* and *sound sleep*, which latter is the invariable reward of a day well spent.

Fortify your bodies, then, strengthen your systems by regularity of living, and your guerdon will be this—strength and beauty, that true beauty which is born of health and is independent of the allurements of a well-furnished toilet table.

Extremes of heat or cold are very likely to produce illnesses of many kinds, and both should be guarded against to the best of one's ability. Heat causes languor, depression, and faintness, feelings with which we were all pretty well acquainted during some days of the summer that has fled. Exposure to the sun's rays is not only dangerous, but at times fatal. It is far better, however, if shade can be obtained, to be out of doors than in on a sultry day, because while heat depresses one, the fresh air counteracts its evil effects and keeps the body in tone.

Exposure to cold and damp or wet is even more dangerous, for this reason, the surface of the body gets chilled, and the blood leaves it, and is driven in upon the internal and vital organs, interfering with the performance of their duties, and sometimes causing inflammation itself.

Let us take the familiar instance of a common cold; the lungs are lined throughout the immense extent of their surface with exactly the same kind of moist skin or membrane that covers the inside of the lips and cheeks. When on account of exposure to cold the blood is driven in upon this surface, it becomes reddened and irritable, and more moisture is exuded than is needed; it is the accumulation of this moisture which makes one cough. Wet or damp feet are injurious as far as they cause the blood to be chilled, for all the blood of the body passes through the feet once in about three minutes or less; if then the feet are damp or wet or cold, does it not seem just like running your blood through a refrigerator.

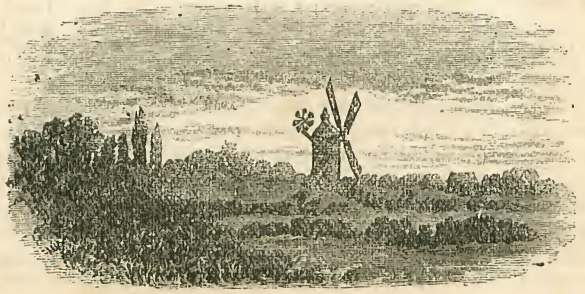
Cold applied to the whole body at one time is not so dangerous as sitting in a draught and chilling one portion of it, for in the former case there is a general and uniform lowering of the system, which will be followed by a reaction; in the latter the balance of healthy circulation is lost.

Want of exercise is a fruitful source of ill-health. Without it the wheels of life seem to clog, no organ does its duty properly, and if the seeds of disease are sown or breathed into a body weakened for want of exercise, it will find plenty to feed upon.

The want of good refreshing sleep tells woefully upon the constitutions of both young and old, for it is during sleep that the nerves get recruited and that new life and energy is instilled into blood and brain and sinew.

Too much hard work and over-study are both sure to weaken the body and prepare it for the reception of any infection or passing ailment. Anxiety and anger, and grief, and violent emotions of all kinds cause the body to lose tone.

As to intemperance in eating, it keeps the body in a constant fever, banishes dreamless sleep, blanches the cheeks, impoverishes the blood, destroys beauty, and ages one before her time. I speak strongly on this subject, because I feel convinced that over-eating is the cause of tens of thousands of the illnesses from which we suffer.



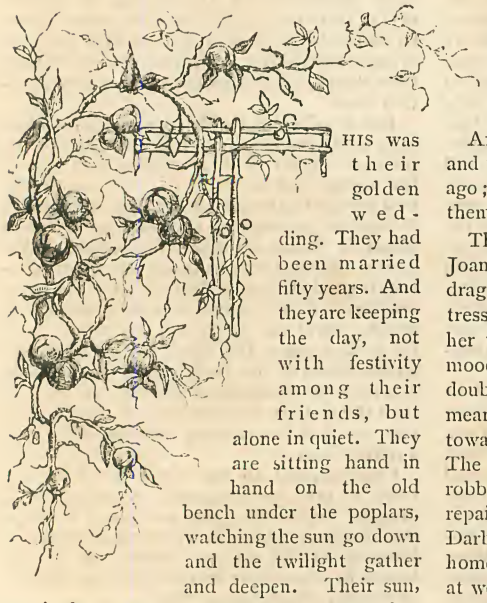
(*To be concluded.*)



TELLING THE STORY.

"DARBY AND JOAN."

Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.



HIS was their golden wedding. They had been married fifty years. And they are keeping the day, not with festivity among their friends, but alone in quiet. They are sitting hand in hand on the old bench under the poplars, watching the sun go down and the twilight gather and deepen. Their sun, too, is almost gone. The night is very near, but it will be a night of peace. Fifty years ago! And yet how clearly the day comes back to them. It is a bright morning in the little village in the West, under the great hill that looks over the Severn sea. The village has been long awake, and the little church is decked with evergreens, holly, and Christmas roses. She is in her room with her sisters, putting on her bridal dress. Downstairs her grey-haired father paces the hall restlessly. She is going from him. He knew it must come one day, and now the day is here.

Along the wintry road the happy bridegroom is driving. How the villagers scan him as he walks up the aisle. Is he worthy of her whom they love so well, and who will give him her hand to-day, as she had given him her heart long ago?

There is a new generation of villagers now, for that was fifty years ago. But could they see the husband and wife now, as they sit hand in hand after those fifty years, they would say, "Ah, well! 'twas a happy marriage!"

Then comes the bride; pale, and leaning on her father's arm. He, the good old man, can scarcely keep back his tears. The villagers love him, and they know the prize that he is losing.

And then it is all over. The bells ring out and they are wed. And that was fifty years ago; but it only seems like yesterday to them.

Things went well at first; but after a while Joan sickened, and the illness was a terrible drag on Darby's slender means. But what distressed him most was that he could not give her the comforts of her old home. He grew moody and silent, till Joan almost began to doubt his love, and to think that his silence meant that his heart was growing colder towards her. Everything seemed crooked. The tradesmen cheated them; the servants robbed them; the badly-built house needed repairs; the landlord would not help them. Darby's work began to slacken. He was at home for hours when he ought to have been at work; for there was no work to fill those hours. And Joan grew hard, and blamed the world and everybody and everything around her, while Darby grew moodier than ever. But one day—it was a Sunday, and he had been to church alone, for she was ill—he came home with a new light on his face. He bent over her bed, and took her in his arms and whispered to her, "Things will be better, sweet wife, again." And she felt him sob, and her heart was bursting, till a flood of tears brought her relief.

Fifty years ago; but it seems only like yesterday. After a while, a little baby came to them. Such a comfort it was, and Joan grew happier with her child. Darby took fresh heart for his work, and more work came. Night after night, when he came home, there she would be sitting at work, with the little one on her knee, or in the cradle at her side; and his work seemed lighter because of the joy he had at home.

But one night he came home to find Joan distracted with grief, and the baby dying. And next morning it died. He buried it alone; for Joan was worn out with weeping. She had prayed to die. She had reproached God for giving her the child only to take it away. She would not be comforted, and Darby had walked alone behind the little coffin, and alone had watched the earth thrown upon it.

All night he sat by Joan's bed, talking to her, reading to her, trying to comfort her, though his own heart was breaking. "It is God's will, darling," he said to her. "He knows best. He has taken her to a better place. We cannot live here always. There is another, better world, and our little darling has but gone there first."

God heard his prayer, and sent peace to Joan. Heaven from that day seemed nearer, and life grew better for them both, for it was but the path to where their child had gone.

They had no other child. But the dead little one was always present to them.

And life went on, with

"Shadow and sun for everyone."

Shadow and sun for them. Hard times and good times. But Darby was so true to her, and she so fond of him; and she cheered him now, as once he had cheered her. They had no secrets, no hidden corners in their hearts. Depend upon it, that was the reason of their happiness. They consulted each other on every little point; nothing was too slight, too trivial. Everything that was worth doing at all was worth doing after mutual confidence and advice. It had been

"Hand in hand when their life was May;"

hand in hand, and heart to heart. And it was just the same now that their hair was grey, and would be so

"Till the long night tide."

Fifty years! They sit on the old bench under the poplars. The twilight deepens, the night is near. But he sees her faithful eyes looking at him; and as she lays her old white head upon his shoulder, he hears the words she has so often whispered to him:—

"Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan."

F. E. Weatherly.

THE GIRLS' NEW HOUSE, AND HOW THEY FURNISHED IT.

WHILE Nora and Mabel were completing the last finishing touches to their "hall and staircases," with whose appearance they were more than satisfied, a startling but very pleasant piece of news was communicated to them by their father.

The vicar informed them that he had been presented to a living within a few miles of town, which fact necessitated their speedy removal; but that as the parsonage house, lately erected, was as yet unfurnished, he had been offered the loan of a furnished house for as long as he chose to occupy it while furnishing his new home.

"So, my dear girls," he added, "we must appeal to your cousin, Evelyn Tremaine, for her kind guidance and help; under her clever tuition, doubtless, judging from the great improvement she has effected in this house, we shall be able to furnish our new home conveniently and elegantly, at moderate expense."

Mrs. Tremaine's delight at having the girls so much nearer town was as great as theirs, and she entered most heartily into the work of planning the decorations and furniture of their new abode.

After a preliminary visit to the vicarage, to judge of its needs and capabilities, she commenced, what Nora called, her "course of lectures" as follows:—

"Let us first consider the principal features desirable in our purchases. They are, taste economy, and durability. The first will lead us to select not only what is beautiful in itself, but suitable for the place or purpose for which it is intended. Economy will teach us so to expend our money as to obtain for it the best value and to resist the temptation of mere prettiness, unaccompanied by more solid qualities; and the desire for durability will cause us to look deeply and thoroughly into the workmanship and good-wearing qualities of everything we buy.

"As we do not want to re-furnish the house every six months, we will carefully avoid any of the 'Elegant furniture, sold at a great sacrifice by an officer ordered abroad,' or 'a lady whose health prevents her living in England.'



"HAND IN HAND WHEN OUR HAIR IS GRAY."—*Darby and Joan.*

"Furniture advertised in this manner is sometimes purchased by persons short-sighted enough to imagine it *possible* to procure good things at a tenth of their value, or whose desire for a grand effect are greatly beyond their means of achieving it. It is not at all unusual for the articles composing this 'sacrifice'—which are often merely *stuck* together for sale—to come to pieces under the melting influences of a good fire.

"I distinctly remember seeing a chair of this class that had been inadvertently left on the hearthrug, shedding gluey tears at the barbarity of being subjected to this 'fiery ordeal.'

"We can never bear too strongly in mind, whether in the choice of furniture or of dress, that "judicious expenditure is the most perfect economy." Therefore, what we must buy we will purchase of good quality; and, if doing so necessitates our going without a few ornaments we wished for, we must supply their place with something less expensive. Because you cannot afford ornaments of *pecuniary* value is no reason why your rooms should be destitute of *any* adornments. Some of the most effective and the most truly artistic can be procured at a very small cost. The great success of the home-made furniture and decorations of 'Our Drawing-room,' 'Bedroom,' and 'Hall and Staircases' is sufficient proof how much may be achieved by taste and judgment, aided by willingness to work.

"All the ornaments and arrangements we made then will do for our new house; and if similar ones are required, we shall only have to refer to our former directions."

"This house-furnishing is really a formidable undertaking to arrange even, when you see how very many different things, both great and small, will be required," said Mabel.

"System, system, is the only thing that will see us through our difficulties," said Mrs. Tremaine. "If we take the house and its various parts in proper order, we shall come to a clear understanding as to what we *must* have and what we *can* do without. We will divide our labours thus: hall and staircases, drawing-room, dining-room, study, morning, or work room; and bedrooms."

"But that makes us four reception-rooms," exclaimed Nora. "Will not they involve four elegant suites?"

"By no means," was Mrs. Tremaine's response. "The study and morning-room are

not show rooms, they must have every necessity, and as many comforts as we can procure, but they do not require anything grand in the way of furniture.

"Such rooms, when practicable, are great comforts to their occupants and everyone else. The master of the house should have some room to himself for his correspondence, and to receive any of his parishioners undisturbed; and a room in which ladies can keep all their work, and pursue their various occupations, without disarranging or untidying other rooms, is a boon to the whole household. There are few things more irritating to the average masculine mind than going home to a room strewn with pieces of needlework in various degrees of completion. A workroom is more necessary than ever in a house where girls are, as you are clever enough to do some home dressmaking. A room intended, as this will be, for your private occupation will require only a little furniture, and that of an inexpensive character; in fact, there will be but few things required that *home work* cannot provide.

"If we commence with the rooms leading out of the hall, the first is the dining-room, and I fear that we shall find its arrangement more difficult than that of any other. We cannot beautify it by the numerous little articles of lady's work that give an appearance of elegance and home life to our drawing-room; yet there are many things to which we can contribute a few finishing touches that will add greatly to its adornment.

"The possession of a work-room and study will prevent the necessity of occupying your dining-room as a living room also. Still, there are many occasions on which it may be used otherwise than as a thorough *salle-à-manger*, so that we will not content ourselves with the mere necessaries required at meal times.

"The faults of average dining-rooms are either that of over-crowding and consequent want of space, or scantiness of furniture and ornament, producing a dreary and uninhabited appearance. We want plenty of space in the centre of the room to allow of sitting at the table, or moving round it with ease; plenty of light, well managed and equally diffused; and that qualification, as rare as it is desirable, an utter absence of draught.

"In many modern houses the doors and windows are so arranged, that there is *no* portion of the room in which one can escape currents of air in different directions; in a dining-room especially, where persons cannot change from one place to another, this is as ruinous to the comfort of the occupants as it is to the warmth of their food. If your dining-room is so arranged, the only way to obviate this very serious defect is the introduction of one or two screens. These can easily be placed so as to screen from draught without taking much room, and their appearance can be made to contribute greatly to the beauty of the apartment. The clothes-horse, *i.e.*, with folding leaves, is by far the most convenient, and admits of great ornamentation. It may be covered with a handsome cretonne, broderie Perse—the cretonne embroidery I have already described to you—stamped leather, real or imitation, more or less gilded, or crewel embroidery on serge. I do not advise picture screens for dining-room use, but there could be no objection to your screen being temporarily covered with a handsome artistic wall paper, while your more elaborate covering was in course of preparation.

"The border of our floors we will stain with permanganate of potash, in the way that answered so well with our hall. In the centre of the room we must have a carpet; of course nothing will wear so well or look so handsome as a Turkey carpet, but these are very expensive, and, I fear, beyond us. Failing that, there are many will answer our purpose, and if you do not insist on having the last new fashionable design, which you are too wise to do, one may be purchased, at the close of the season especially, at moderate price. It is far better to go to a good dealer, who will conscientiously tell you which are the best wearing qualities, than to trust to your own judgment or to be tempted by a merely pretty pattern. The ground should be dark, and the pattern small and not too defined. For my own part, I think nothing better for the purpose than a very dark green ground, with a thickly-covered pattern of moss and ferns in a few lighter shades. In summer the carpet may be removed and Indian matting substituted for it; this will not only keep the room much cooler and free from dust, but naturally makes your carpets last twice as long. I needly hardly tell you your carpet must be well beaten before this putting away."

"Is it not likely to get moth-eaten when rolled up and put away?" asked Mabel.

"More than likely, if no precaution is taken to prevent it; but this is easily done by putting pieces of brown paper or unbleached calico—the coarser and worse colour the better for the latter—between the folds of carpet, and making a sufficiently large piece by joining the breadths to completely cover the carpet when rolled up. It is a fact well-known to many who have charge of carpets, curtains, and articles of clothing, that the most adventurous moth will not approach unbleached calico. The hearthrug, if of carpet, must match the rest, but I much prefer the long skins so fashionable; the black bearskin, with its brilliant and soft hair, has an especially luxurious effect, and goes well with any colour."

"Do you think it is a good plan to have an old carpet under the new one? Some persons do," asked Mabel.

"By no means. Where the underneath one is worn it rubs out the new one. What I cannot too highly recommend is a thick brown paper made on purpose; it is four feet wide and only costs twopence the yard. By-the-bye, as the carpet does not go all over the floor it will require a border. This is no additional expense, because one simply has less carpet, and the Brussels borders, in all the leading designs, can be bought at two shillings and ninepence, thirteen inches wide.

"Our next task is the decoration of the walls, doors, and ceiling; then we shall have made our dining-room ready for the requisite furniture. As we have chosen green for the prevailing colour of our dining-room, our walls must of course correspond. If we decide upon papering them, I propose a plain tint of medium or light green, or one with a small running pattern of a darker shade. A dado of the deepest tone of all we employ, with conventional designs in lighter shades; there is an immense variety of these, commencing so low as twopence the yard. A frieze to match, but on a smaller scale, will give our walls a very elaborate appearance; and I must insist on a little of the green being introduced, but sparingly, on the ceiling. If this is papered, a very pale shade may be purchased; but if painted or white-washed, a little green introduced in the material used—very little is required—will save us from the cold, cheerless, staring aspect of a white ceiling.

"As we are commencing with the component parts of the room itself, our next item is the fireplace, on which much of the elegance as well as the comfort of the dining-room depends. If our fireplace is not in accordance with our tastes we must content ourselves with endeavouring to improve it, for the substitution of a new one would be a great expense.

"One thing I must insist on, namely, that the greatest amount of heat from the fire should be bestowed on the occupants of the room, and not on the chimney, as is the case with most of the modern fireplaces.

"The best grate for our purpose is one which allows the fire to be very close to the hearth, and is surrounded by upright walls of fire-brick, the front being of round iron bar. Fire-brick is much more economical than iron, it becomes red-hot, and throws out great heat, and the coal, not adhering to it, is thoroughly consumed instead of being half-wasted in cinders. The great point is so to arrange your fuel, whatever it may be, that the greatest quantity is turned to the front of the fireplace and the smallest to the chimney.

"If your fireplace is so shaped that you can have it lined with bright glazed tiles—they will add considerably to the amount of heat thrown into the room, and the same effect is produced by a tiled hearth.

"The decorations of the fireplace should be quiet but good in style, the mantelpiece valance—if you have one—of dark velvet or cloth—cut in gracefully-shaped scollops. No ornament can be more effective on such a mantelpiece than a tazza, jugs, or vases of Doulton ware, Lambeth *faïence* as it is called, the rich tint, subdued colouring, and elegant ornamentation of this, giving exactly the required tone to your decoration. One or two bronzes will also be very acceptable additions."

"Are we to have a looking-glass—a nice large looking-glass, or a mirror, over the mantelpiece," asked Nora; "or a set of velvet-covered shelves, with rows of china plates, like we saw at Captain D——'s? It looked like an ecstatic—I mean æsthetic—kitchen dresser."

"Please not to abuse velvets, shelves, and china plates, Nora," said her cousin, "for I mean to have some in the room, but not over the fireplace; I must own to French sentiments with regard to looking-glasses. They say "a room without a looking-glass is like a landscape without water.' We will have a looking-glass, with a black and gold or a shaped wooden frame, covered with velvet.

"We can buy at any frame-maker's frames of all sizes, ready for gilding, for very reasonable prices, as it is the gilding that adds so much to the cost. This frame we can cover with our black enamel paint, putting a line of liquid gold round the inside, and introducing the same sparingly on the principal ornaments. A bracket each side of the glass, fastened to the wall, and made either of dark carved wood, or plain wood covered with velvet, to match the frame, will hold a vase of flowers, or a fancy pot with some pretty plant; and with this addition I think we shall have every cause to be satisfied as far as our fireplace is concerned. By-the-bye, speaking of flowers, window boxes are an absolute necessity for a dining-room."

"Necessity, as far as ornaments go," Mabel remarked.

"Pardon me; necessity to *comfort*," said Mrs. Tremaine. "The flowers and leaves keep flies from entering the room; even the temptations of the dinner table are not strong enough to overcome their repugnance to foliage, especially that of geraniums. It is a fact that cannot be too widely known, that no fly will approach a geranium leaf, and many an invalid owes some sweet repose in the summer to a few geranium leaves scattered over the pillow and bed. The flower boxes should be of wood, as this neither receives or retains the heat to the extent many other materials do; a framework with painted tiles, virgin cork, or whatever ornaments you may prefer, may be fixed to the outside of the window, in such a manner as to hide the box itself. There should always be two boxes to each window, so that as soon as one becomes a little shabby it may be changed for another. This is not so expensive a plan as it sounds, for

it gives the time to raise flowers from seed in the one absent from the window; or, if this plan is not quick enough, there are many of the most effective plants that may be purchased for a mere trifle, and few persons are without some country friends who can spare a few 'cuttings' from their superabundance."

"What shall we arrange next?"

"A little *system*, if you please, ladies," said Nora, sententiously. "We have done the window boxes; what about the window curtains? The usual thing, I believe, is rep."

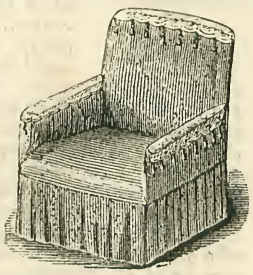
"Then we will not have the usual thing," said Mrs. Tremaine. "Rep always hangs in formal lines; there are hundreds of materials that form far more graceful drapery than reps, and are less expensive." I never could see any reason for having everything dark or stiff in a dining room; on the contrary, its general aspect should, I think, be cheerful. It is the first room we enter after leaving our bedroom—our place of rendezvous to commence the day; and a pleasant breakfast with our family, among cheerful surroundings, will, I believe, go a great way towards deciding the tone of our feelings during the day. I think it a good plan to have two sets of dining-room curtains, one for the summer, the other for the winter, this does away with the monotony of seeing the same curtains year after year, and enabling each set to have a rest, causes them to last double the time. Suppose, therefore, we say we will have a twilled cretonne for the summer. These are sufficiently thick to hang well; they wear admirably, and may be had in an immense variety of patterns at prices ranging from 8¾d. to 2s. I saw one the other day with a design of chesnut-tree foliage, profusely covered with the leaves and prickly fruit, and beautifully grouped and shaded, we will have this or some similar pattern for summer use. For the winter there are some curtains recently introduced, of very handsome effect and artistic design. These can be bought thoroughly made, and ready to put up, at much less prices than we could procure the materials themselves. The 'Cabul' is in elaborate designs in black and gold, and the price 25s. 6d. the pair. The "Singapore" is still less, being only 18s. 9d., it is made in two shades of colour—brown, blue, artistic red and green, in elaborate Oriental designs, with a deep dado and handsome border in front. Of course you know that curtains are no longer made to trail on the floor, they merely meet the ground, and the quantity of material thus saved naturally enables them to be sold for a lower price."

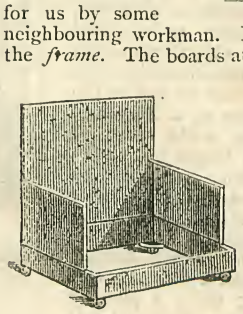
"I suppose we must have one of those great, awkward dining tables, with extra flaps," suggested Mabel; "there seems no other way of arranging that would enable the same one to do for either small or large parties."

"There is a better plan than that," Mrs. Tremaine responded, "that I have seen adopted with great success—viz., to have your table the size you require for your ordinary party, and when this is increased, to add a long, narrow table at each end; these must, of course, be exactly the same height, and as long as your table is wide. When not required for this purpose they can stand about as little occasional tables. A few years ago, when it was customary for the dinner-cloth to be removed and the dessert put on the uncovered table, it was necessary that this should be perfectly polished, and presentable in every way. Since that fashion has gone out, and the table is never seen without a cloth, it really does not signify whether the top is of wood to match the legs or of plain deal. The substitution of the latter naturally makes a considerable difference in price. We cannot, however, follow this plan with the smaller tables, without we cover them with a fancy cloth when not in use, as adjuncts to our dining-table. As to chairs, no one can realize how much of our comforts during dinner depends on their construction, till they have been forced—as *I* was lately—to sit, through a long dinner, on a chair so elaborately carved that to lean back for an instant against its elaborate protuberances was a painful experience. Our chairs must be substantial, but not too heavy to move easily, and thoroughly comfortable. The shape I prefer for dining-room chairs is that with square-padded seats and backs, known as the 'Cromwell.' As we have determined to do *everything* that is possible 'our very own selves,' we will purchase our chairs merely covered with the canvas that is always used as the first covering. Now, Nora, you have not spoken for a long time. What do you think our next step should be?"

"To buy the material, *certainly*," said Nora, "as it is *impossible* to cover them without."

"Wrong, Nora, the *first* step is to take the patterns of the seats and backs, allowing them a little larger for turning in. Multiply these patterns in paper, according to the number we require, and put them all together, spread out on the floor; this will enable us to see how one can be cut with another, and with *how little* material we can contrive. We will decide *what* material afterwards, but as we are speaking of the work itself, I will finish the directions. The material is to be cut out and nailed to the chair by small tacks, first putting one at each corner, taking the utmost care that the cover is perfectly flat, and not drawn out of the straight line; a tack in the centre of each side assists to keep the material in its place, and others must be put in afterwards wherever required, for firmness. The fancy gilt-headed nails merely serve as ornaments, and must of course be arranged at equal distances. We shall require two easy chairs. One we shall 'upholster' in a similar manner, and make it very ornamental by adding fancy covers to the arms and the top of the back. These we will make of satin sheeting, embroidered in crewel or arrasene, and edged with tassel fringe of the same colours. Our other arm-chair shall be still more thoroughly 'home made,' for we will have the frame made for us by some neighbouring workman. Here is a sketch of the *frame*. The boards at the back and sides must be covered with strong canvas, and a piece of the same firmly fixed across the seat. Two thin cushions, covered with canvas first, are made for each portion of the chair, and joined together at the upper edge. These are put over each of the pieces of wood composing the chair, the wood being *between* the cushions, and the lower edge and sides being fastened to it by small nails. A cord is sewn round every edge to hide the joins, and a fringe to correspond with the outer cover surrounds the lower part of the chair. A material of Oriental colouring and design is the most suitable for this chair, and many of this class may be purchased at no very great cost. If we cannot get one to our taste for the sum we want to expend, we must——"





"Go without," suggested Nora.

"Wrong again, poor dear Nora; the contemplated end of my sentence was—make one."

"A woollen material of Eastern pattern on a dark ground will be our purchase; our improvement on it, the outlining of the design with long stitches in crewels, and a few silks to match for veining the leaves.

"The sideboard, which is our next item, will, I fear, be an expensive one, its construction being very far beyond our powers, and those of the aforesaid 'village carpenter.' The wood must, of course, correspond with that of the table and chairs, and I trust you will select it dark, as it will be so much more advantageous as a background for the display of your silver, glass, and white drapery. A sideboard is an absolute necessity, because it will contain so many things required in the dining-room; one end of the lower part should have shelves; the other, one shelf half-way down, and under that a deep drawer with divisions. To each of these portions there must, of course, be a door. There should also be, for convenience sake, drawers above them and in the centre. So much for our sideboard from an utilitarian point of view. We will not stop at that, however.

"A piece of looking-glass at the back is a great improvement, serving to reflect the silver and glass on the sideboard, and also to lighten the part of the room where the latter is placed. I have lately seen a very handsome or un-common looking sideboard made from a large carved oak chest. The inside had been fitted up in the way just described, and three doors had been cut in the front. At the back a high looking-glass, with velvet-covered frame, had been fastened; and I can assure you the whole effect was far superior to the expensive carved monstrosities we see so often.

"We might, perhaps, have the chance of making one in a similar way, or, could we procure some old carved panels, they might be affixed to a frame of plain deal, and answer our purpose completely.

"If you would like black and gold furniture, a very handsome sideboard is by no means beyond our reach. It may be made perfectly plain with the necessary fittings, all being of plain deal, japanned black. A few mouldings made of the same soft wood of which picture-frames are composed might be bought at small expense, and fastened on as panels to the doors and any other ornament. The carving of these we would "pick out" with the liquid gold, and a few small panel pictures painted on gilt backgrounds can be let in wherever desired. These will be your own work, and I will give you directions as to its accomplishment when we are arranging the drawing-room.

"Should you, for any reason, prefer buying a sideboard to trying any of those I have suggested, you would find the American solid black walnut furniture very durable as well as cheap. Before you decide on your purchase let me advise you to go to the South Kensington Museum and see the specimens of sideboards and dressers there. Though you will not be able to procure any like them, their inspection will give you correct ideas as to what such things should be, and you will gather many hints as to decoration."

C. DE L.



SEASONABLE CLOTHING AND HOW TO MAKE IT.



FIG. 1.

IT is a matter of no little comfort to all of us this season that the changeable laws which govern dress are so lenient as to permit an unlimited diversity in style and shape, and also in material, as many as four different stuffs being used in the same dress. The most popular colour is brown, which lends itself happily to all kinds of economical contrivances, and is, besides, a delightful colour, in its capacity for being enlivened by brighter hues, as well by cream-colour, and brownish yellows. It is also a little gayer than black, although quite as serviceable, and equally neat and pretty.

Dresses are made with polonaises, quite as much as with jacket-bodices or basques. The new polonaises are long, and fasten either behind or in front; there is usually a gathering, about a quarter of a yard in length, immediately in front, which draws up the front of the polonaise into graceful folds, and the opening is finished by a looped bow with many ends. There are frequently gatherings at the middle of the waist behind and in front, extending down for some distance on the skirt; but unless the material be soft and limp, it is never used for gathering, as thick material would never fold into the extremely close gathers now in vogue.

The coat bodice is similar to that which has been worn all the summer, which was illustrated in September at page 617, Vol. I., with a cut-away front. In our illustration of this month (fig. 1) the newest shape is given which has a double breasted front, and is more of a winter costume than the other. In the picture at fig. 2, an indoor costume is shown which is one of the novelties of the season.

And now that I have described the prettiest styles of dress for the autumn and winter, we will have a little practical chat concerning our own wardrobes. It is more than probable that we have, some of us, a black cashmere, silk, or velveteen half worn-out, and not good enough for our winter dress; we should be so thankful if we could see in it the foundations of our new costume, but we do not quite know how to set about it.

If we like to take advantage of the fancy of the day, we may fearlessly mix them together, when, however bad, we shall be sure to have a presentable dress out of all three. With the present trimmed skirts such as figs. 1 and 2, the foundations may be of any other material,—such as a stout alpacca,—as they do not show when trimmed, and it makes a great saving in a dress; or any old skirt which is good, and not too limp, may be utilized for the purpose.

Velveteen is immensely popular this winter; the new makes are so vastly superior to the old, that they are hardly distinguishable from real velvet. A very pretty costume could be made of seal, brown velveteen, and light brownish yellow Indian cashmere, or vigogne, of the shade known as *tete de faisan*, which is very like the colour called *cuir* some years ago. The velveteen skirt would have a silk or alpacca foundation, and two kilted flounces, each about a quarter of a yard in depth. The upper dress may be of the vigogne, or cashmere, or else of estamene, or diagonal serge, and may be either a polonaise or else a jacket bodice, in which case the upper skirt must be put on the top of the flounces as a trimming. A princesse dress, made short, of grenat velveteen, would also be a pretty winter dress. It might have a pinafore polonaise of some light material for wear in the evening, which would make it additionally useful. The cream-coloured, figured, Madras muslin,—for instance, is very cheap, and being wide, a pinafore could be made at very little cost. If this dress be intended for a best costume, it might be well to go to the expense of procuring a little plush for the trimming; but in using it, it should always be borne in mind that it wears badly.

In cutting out velveteen at home, it is needful to remember that there is a right and a wrong way of the material, and all the parts must be cut the same way. You must also take the fact into consideration that velveteen, if good, is always worth redipping, and that if there be too little of the good portion of a dress to make up again, it is still worth re-dying; as the well-preserved parts may be utilized with new material. I consider velveteen is entitled to a very high rank amongst the economical materials, and from its cheapness and good appearance, should find a place in the wardrobe of all young people. Another nice textile is "vigogne," which is rather more expensive, but it is worth all it costs. It is very soft, and delightful to the touch, and the best material for trimming it is satin; and I know I need not press the advantages of the linen-backed satins on my readers; I must only caution them not to purchase any cheap ones, as they do not answer this purpose. To give from 3s. to 4s. a yard will ensure an excellent wearing quality. They are quite invaluable for doing-up old dresses, and they can be purchased in nearly every hue of the rainbow, and even the cheaper kinds, when cleverly used, look as good as satin at night.

Serge dresses are now trimmed with narrow braids; for blue serge, both black and gold braids are used, the rows being placed close together, to the number of four or five. Satin stitch embroidery with gold-coloured silk is a novelty on some of the new serge dresses, and also Roman striped scarves used as bordering bands and kiltings. Woollen plaid handerchief dresses have succeeded the linen and cotton ones of the summer, the handkerchiefs being sold separately, in any number desired. They are of every colour, in fancy plaids, not Scotch tartans, and they are used to make whole dresses, or only as trimmings. There are also numbers of fancy plaids of quiet colours, which would be very useful in re-making last winter's linsey, serge, or tweed dresses, and would make them

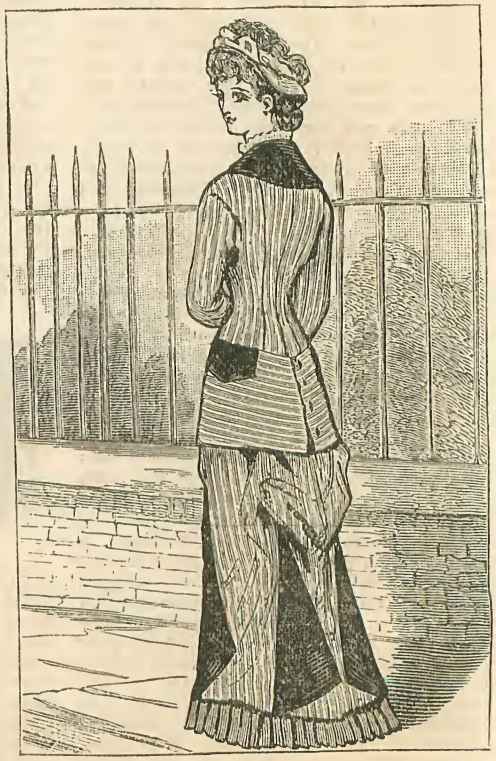


FIG. 2.

look new and pretty again, used as scarf tunics, kiltings, gathered plastrons on the bodices, or puffs on the sleeves.



FIG. 3.

I think that I have quite exhausted the subject of dresses and dress materials, and may now proceed to mantles and jackets. The former are exceedingly large, and of the dolman shape, some with and others without sleeves, the most expensive ones being lined with plush and coloured satin, and even with velvet.

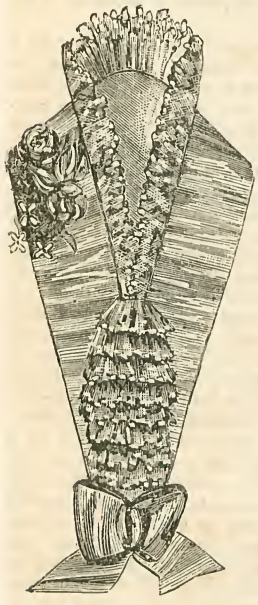


FIG. 6.

The well-known tight jackets of last season are worn this year again; the lining of the hoods is of some quiet plaid silk, the small "toque hat" being made to match of the same material. Those amongst my readers who have last year's mantles and jackets, therefore, may take heart over them, as they will be quite in the prevailing fashion this year. With regard to new ones, the newly introduced "sealskin cloth" appears to be a valuable material, moderate in price, and, so far as I can judge, everlasting in wear. I should not advise, however, that anyone should attempt to make them at home, as it is extremely difficult to make the seams join well, even professional hands finding a difficulty in making them as invisible as they should be.



FIG. 5.

The coachman's capes in fur will be worn again this year, but a more favourite method of wearing furs will be a wide-standing collar, or a large round collar attached to the mantle itself. The large fur-lined cashmere round cloaks will also be used this year, as they seem to be found too useful to relinquish, and for wearing in the winter evenings they are certainly a delightful protection from the cold.

The bonnets are very small, and the hats are very large indeed. There will be no difficulty in making our own bonnets at home, for the shapes are all to be found in straw, and of nearly every colour. The only trimming in many cases consists of a very large long bow of silk, plush, satin, or black velvet, at the top of the bonnet, no cap or flowers inside, and no other trimming besides the strings, which are generally of the same material as the bow. An example of one of these small bonnets made of black straw, with a violet velvet bow, Parma violet wreath, and silk strings, is given at fig. 3.

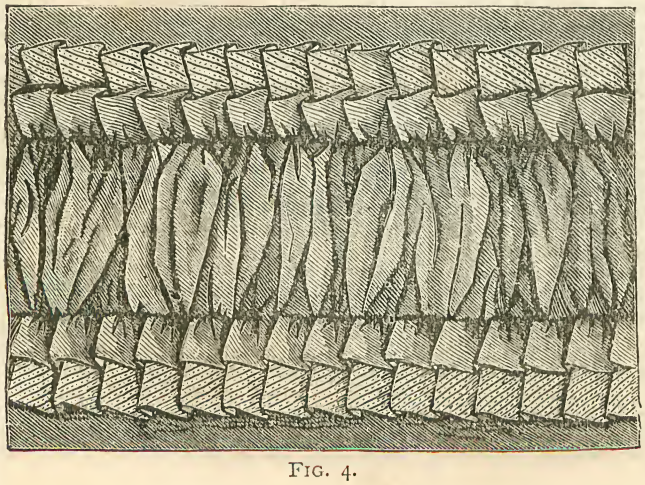


FIG. 4.

Stockings are still worn of a plain colour to match the dress, or else black, which is as fashionable and as serviceable as ever for morning and evening wear. Gloves are also worn to match the dress in colour; and as the generality of sleeves are short, the gloves with four buttons are the most generally adopted. Black lace scarves, wound round and round the neck, are used instead of collars, and black lace frills instead of white, for the wrists of dresses. All these are most economical styles, and are invaluable to girls having but small allowances.

The last three illustrations are intended to help the industrious worker at home. Fig. 4 shows an easy method of trimming with two materials, which will be found available for doing-up old dresses. Fig. 5 represents another bonnet, which will not be found difficult to copy. Fig. 6 suggests a method of making-up an evening fichu on a wide ribbon, with lace and a suitable bouquet.

THE FOUNDATION OF ALL GOOD BREEDING.

MANUALS pretending to supply all the recognized rules of etiquette may be obtained for a few pence; and articles quite as numerous have been presented to all who feel themselves deficient in their knowledge of sundry little trifling matters, to which, persons born under different circumstances are familiar from their childhood. Why, therefore, should I add one more to swell the list, on a subject so well-nigh worn-out, and profitable only—in the minutiæ with which such articles generally deal,—to comparatively a small proportion of the community. Bear with me, my kind readers, if my subject appear to be one so trite and dull, because I propose to view it by a somewhat different aspect from that in which it is usually presented.

First, I wish to bring before your notice that we must be governed by certain general rules in every position and circumstance of life. Secondly, to distinguish those that are obligatory on all ranks of society, and those that belong only to a single class. Thirdly, that, to ensure the full exercise of all our theories on the subject of good manners, we must cultivate *tact*. Fourthly, that no books of etiquette need to be studied by the community at large when the foundation of all good breeding is thoroughly understood. Lastly, I will supply a few illustrations to explain more fully the theory I have endeavoured to establish.

Throughout the whole of Creation certain rules must govern every separate department of the vast extent of God's Universe. The better versed you are with science, and with nature, the more clear this will become to your apprehension. The laws of gravitation, of centrifrugal force, those connected with heat and cold, expansion and combustion; the vivifying power of the sun's rays, the influences of magnetism, electricity, and other physical forces, as well as the more mysterious laws of life. There is, in consequence, no confusion, no accidental upset of these laws of nature; and it is well for us that all should be worked by rule—that "the sun knoweth his going down," and that "for all things there is a time and place."

And in a less perfect and regular way human affairs must be carried on by the observance of certain rules of more or less significance. For example, those of the Houses of Parliament, those of our public institutions, our hospitals—and many of you, my readers, will endorse my assertion as regards the ordering of a nursery, a school, a private household, or a chamber of sickness; and those also that are of moment to every single individual,—pertaining to the preservation of health and of life. I need not to make a further enumeration. We cannot repudiate the obligation of being guided and governed by rules, from the highest circles of the aristocracy to the unpolished ranks of uneducated multitudes, who fill our jails and unions.

Without these rules the world would be what is characteristically called a "bear-garden."

It now remains to us, in the second place, to consider the nature of those rules known by the name of "etiquette" which govern "polite society," and to decide which of them apply to educated people in general, leaving those that are non-essential, save to a distinct class (who are already as well acquainted with them all as I could be, in my present position of instructor). Because I must tell you, at the outset, that many little requirements of the higher ranks of society do not apply to the middle class, however well educated and however refined in feeling and pleasing in manner. Some of these little rules on which certain writers appear to lay so much stress, merely, it would seem, to make it appear that they themselves belonged to a class with whose habits they profess to be so conversant—some of these rules consist of little more, in point of fact, than a species of masonic signs, as it were, by which strangers may respectively recognise their brotherhood, each to each, in the same circle of fashionable society, sharing the same hereditary feelings, ideas, and interests.

Upon such trifling rules of so-called "good breeding" as these I am not about to descant. I wish to draw a line of demarcation between them, as belonging only to a particular class, and those which should be regarded by all ranks in society, simply, yet obviously, because founded on the great Law of Kindness, and a keen sense of fitness and propriety.

No books need to be read by those who have this key to the mysteries of "good breeding." They have only to use their own common sense, and ask themselves, in every little act which has to be performed, How shall I best spare the feelings of those around me? How shall I be able to gratify them, even though at my own expense of time or trouble? Remember that one golden rule of your life should be to regard nothing as a trifle; and still further, to do nothing that is not worth your best efforts to perform well; and to begin early to deny yourself and your own convenience in favour of others, even in the smallest matters, that such conduct may grow with your growth, as the habit of your lives.

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought,
As well as by want of heart!"

And it is, doubtless, a want of a little reflection that makes most people guilty of ill-breeding, and even of rudeness and cruelty to the feelings of others.

I have now come to the third section of my subject. You have often heard people say that some one has "shown a want of *tact*." Now, tact signifies a bright quickness of perception in applying the rules of good breeding to the circumstances of the moment, either actively or passively, just as the necessities of the case may demand — good judgment, prudence, and kindliness being all combined with presence of mind. How many a family quarrel might have been avoided if some vexed question had not been thoughtlessly mooted, or a subject brought on the *tapis* which would naturally lead to it! How much pain spared to the feelings of others if this same tact had closed the lips before some unfortunate allusion had been made, waking up sorrowful memories that, perhaps, were lying dormant for a while, leaving the tired spirit at rest! A moment's reflection would prevent your alluding to deformity of any kind, or to personal infirmities, before first assuring yourself that no case of the kind was present in the assemblage of friends. It would also make you hesitate and hold your tongue before you named the storminess of the weather, or of wrecks at sea, when some one had a friend upon the ocean; or to allude to some terrible epidemic in a locality where your listener had a friend or relative exposed to it.

I was once crossing the Atlantic in the winter season, dark and stormy, and the good ship was labouring somewhat slowly on her way. And some at home were very anxious on account of her non-arrival within the usual time occupied by the passage. An old and attached servant at home was naturally made a confidant in this time of exceptional anxiety; but instead of showing a little tact, when expected to make some cheering response, she replied to her nervous and delicate mistress, "What I am afraid of is, that the ship has gone down!"

Tact is, as it were, the handmaid of good breeding; and yet how many are deficient in it who are both kindly and well acquainted with every rule of etiquette that obtains in the highest ranks of society. The "want of thought," of which the poet Hood speaks, is the ruin of their manners, and frustrates their most amiable intentions.

From what I have already said you will draw this simple conclusion, that the foundation of all good breeding is kindness, and to carry out its instincts into the actions and the converse of our daily life we must cultivate tact, using our brains and powers of reasoning and reflection for the comfort of others, at whatever self-abnegation and presence of mind, by which alone our good intentions can be made of any service.

From a general view of the subject I will now proceed to particularise a little. It is not my intention to give a long and exhaustive list of all the rules that should guide our words and ways: quite enough, and even too much has already been written about them. It is not necessary that you should have a master to teach you how to make up your household accounts week after week, if only that master have once made you acquainted with the rules of arithmetic, which will serve as your sufficient guide, enabling you on all future occasions to make the necessary calculations for yourself. And thus, having provided you with the grand laws by which your manners should be regulated, you may become as good a judge of how you should conduct yourself quite as well as any author of a book on etiquette could be herself.

But a few illustrations of what I mean may assist you in comprehending all that I have endeavoured to explain. For instance, a man should pass a woman on the outside of a walk, leaving her the inside or wall. Why? If you employ your common sense for a moment the reason for such a rule of etiquette must be apparent. He is her natural protector, and in case of a carriage or cattle passing in the road, and possibly encroaching on the walk, he stands between her and harm; he gives her the most sheltered place from splashings of mud, and likewise under the wall from the wind and rain. Again. A lady (in England) has the right of bowing first, when meeting a gentleman. Reflect, and you will perceive the reason for such a rule. No man can thus intrude on her society, nor even her acquaintance, should she prefer to look another way and ignore his presence, or give such a formal recognition as to keep him at a distance. Again. It is essentially ill-bred to make a tatooing with the feet or by any other means; to swing a stick or parasol; or fidget and fiddle with any article. Why? Because a continual tapping gets on the nerves of others and worries them. Swinging a stick alarms others, lest they should receive an accidental blow; and fiddling with any article endangers its being dropped and broken. Drawing with a knife, fork, or spoon on the table-cloth, crumbling the bread laid for you, or playing with the salt, are all vulgar tricks. Why? Because you annoy the lady of the house by making the table-cloth appear a soiled one, and risk the cutting as well as scratching and fraying of the linen threads of the cloth; you also make an unsightly mess on the table, and waste the precious bread by your crumbling it; and you make your friends fidgetty by fiddling with anything on the table, placed there for use and not for idle play. Why should a gentleman always allow a lady to precede him? Simply because he cannot see what has happened to her or how she may need his services, if he walk on in front, and leave her to follow as best she may. Again. Why should you remove your knife and fork from your plate when the servant takes it away for a second helping? Because you endanger your neighbour, over whose shoulder the knife and fork must pass, of being cut by their fall —a very likely accident—and, moreover, the person who helps you is inconvenienced by their presence and has to lay the meat across them or at the edge of the plate. Why should you always make a choice when asked to what part of any dish you are to be helped? Because if you say "you have no preference" you cause inconvenience to the helper; and perplex him, instead of saving him as much trouble as possible.

Also, when helping your neighbour to butter, why is it vulgar to scrape it off the butter knife upon the edge of the plate? Simply because when all used the edge of the plate by which it must be held is greased and might soil the thumb of the person who hands it for a help of anything.

Why should you speak low (excepting to a deaf person), and restrain your cough or sneeze, and use your handkerchief, if you have a cold, as gently and unobtrusively as possible? Because loud talking is not only coarse and unsuitable, but it gives a headache to many, and it and a loud cough startle the hearer and prevent other people from speaking or hearing; besides which the infirmities of our poor human nature should be intruded as little as possible on our neighbours; and this not only our own personal delicacy should teach us, but a kindly desire to spare others any feelings of disgust and annoyance should forbid an obtrusive exhibition of them. Clearing the throat and expectoration should be exclusively confined to the privacy of your own room, as should all loud use of the handkerchief. The same consideration for the feelings of others should prevent your insisting on a friend's playing, taking a second help of any viands or drink, or foregoing their own choice in any matter whatsoever. Delicacy should teach you how soon to cease pressing your own wishes and invitations upon them, and this very especially in regard to playing or singing when there is an evident effort on their part to obtain a reprieve; and on the part of the performer it is equally bad taste to refuse persistently when the hostess begs the favour of a little music at your hands. One of the most common acts of ill-breeding is to talk to a near friend when someone is by request playing the pianoforte or singing. Perhaps it may not be an ill-selected example of how you should act under another description of circumstances. Suppose you are to drive with some friend, or to leave some house simultaneously, and your friend requests you to precede her. In such a case, having first held modestly back, at once comply with her desire. Why? Because you thus acknowledge her right of choice in the matter, and give up your own, and thus also waste of time and annoyance to her is spared.

But further illustrations, I imagine, must be unnecessary for the elucidation of my meaning.

"A word to the wise is sufficient." The key to all general and thorough good breeding suitable to all—from the noble at court to the poor man in his cottage-home—is now placed in your hands. Reflect, and judge for yourselves, on every occasion of perplexity. How may I best spare my neigh-

bours the smallest inconvenience or pain? How may I best gratify all around me, by all my works, and words, and ways? Those who adopt such rules as these possess in themselves the very essence of good-breeding.

Rising above the more trifling matters of our daily conduct in reference to our intercourse with others—for rules of "etiquette" can have nothing to do with ourselves alone, in the privacy of our own chambers — you should always bear in memory that you are bound by still higher obligations than those of mere duty to your neighbours here on earth; obligations to Him who is your example as well as your law-giver. Thus, "Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,"—that is, remembering that you are honoured by bearing His name as "Christians," and that, as such, a weighty obligation rests upon you. The charm of sweet, gentle, engaging manners surpasses that of mere personal beauty, especially when combined with a soft low voice and a delicate touch, which would never break nor drop articles, nor make a clatter about the room, nor tread heavily, and bang doors,—all matters of importance in a household, and essential in a sick-room. Be certain of this also, that tricks of any description are to be avoided, such as biting the nails, touching the hair, turning up the corners of book-leaves, and so forth. Why so I need scarcely tell you,—because they are not only worrying to others, but they are also mischievous and dirty habits. We should not make light of even comparatively small obligations, because we find that, from acts of the greatest kindness and self-denial, down to the least, they are divinely ordered. "Be courteous," not rough and short in manner, is a plain command, so likewise "gentleness" and "brotherly kindness" are classed together as amongst the "fruits of the Spirit," and "whatsoever things are lovely" with those that are "just" and "true." Cultivate these, and prove all you say and do by the tests I have suggested. You cannot then be coarse and ill-bred, nor make any grave mistakes in your manners. Cultivate a *humble-dignity* of demeanour. Humble, inasmuch as you should never forget the exact position in which the hand of God has placed you in this world (supposing it be not one of any distinction), nor the duty of "rendering to all their dues — honour to whom honour," nor that, personally, whatever your social position may be, you are at best but a faulty creature. But I did not speak of humility alone, I combined dignity with it,—one of the essential characteristics also of a thoroughly well-bred person. This dignity of manner and general bearing will repel all impertinent familiarity in others, and secure you from many evils. It will reflect, in the sight of others, that proper high-mindedness which has no element of pride and annoyance about it, but which will prevent your stooping to any mean, ungenerous, and cowardly act, or to light and frivolous conduct.

With this last item of counsel on the subject of your general bearing and manners amongst your associates, I will conclude, in the words of divine admonition in reference, amongst others, to "whatsoever things are lovely"—"Think on these things."

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



OCCUPATIONS FOR INVALIDS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

To those who have never learned the many lessons taught in that school of sorrow, sickness, the endeavour to assist those who are now passing through its sad and sorrowful season may appear needless. But to me, who, both in my girl-life and womanhood, have drunk deeply of its "waters of affliction," the mental condition, and the treatment of the invalid must ever be subjects of the deepest interest.

Those who have been sick can best sympathize with and advise those who are now suffering, many of them, alas, not only in body, but in mind and estate, poverty being too often united to suffering and helplessness, to morbid irritability, "fractiousness," and repining; still further darkening a grievous lot. So, if I offer you my hand, as leader and guide, it is not without experience of your troubles, but in the hope that together we may reach the "green pastures and still waters" of a quiet acquiescence in the will of our Heavenly Father, and acquire that calmness which always follows a determined effort to employ ourselves aright, and that peace which work done from the highest motives must ever bring with it.

"Invalid" is a very wide and comprehensive term, and for its better comprehension should be divided into three classes, or divisions, which will include all.

The first class consists of those who, from childhood, have suffered from some bodily disease, which has chained them as prisoners to the house and sofa.

The second class comprises those who, up to a certain period of life, have possessed health and strength, and then have lost them, either by accident or disease.

The third class comprises that large and varied assortment of invalids who have been ill from one cause or another, and have remained so from want of strength of mind to throw off the character and habits acquired, a result very often attained where there is plenty of money to be expended on luxuries, and tender but unwise friends to spoil them.

This last-named class is, to my mind, the most hopeless of all to deal with, as this disease to a great extent arises from a morbid craving for sympathy, a constant habit of self-contemplation, and an unhealthy desire to be the chief object of interest on all occasions.

Amongst those who constitute the first class of our invalids there are many beautiful and holy lives so sanctified by the right bearing of the cross laid upon them that their influence is felt long after they have been laid to rest, and remains amongst their survivors as a remembrance of beauty for ever. As I write there comes into my mind the memory of one especially whose life of pain closed some years ago; one who,—though helpless from childhood, through confirmed and incurable spinal disease, — yet contrived to continue the work of a man and a woman in her life on earth. At five-and-twenty, by the deaths of her elder brother and his wife, the charge of their five young sons was thrown upon her. The youngest was only an infant of a few months old; and the eldest alone could faintly remember his father.

To them all "Aunt Belle" was the personification of both parents. One entered the army, another the navy; one studied medicine, two the law, each entering his profession with £200 per annum clear; their portions being raised to that amount by her careful and clever management of them during their respectively long minority. "Good men and true" all of them. With a singular knowledge of woman's work, — for the bearded soldier could teach his young wife the mysteries of stocking-knitting, with the remark, "We all learnt everything Aunt Belle could teach us, from the Greek Testament to sewing; and many a merry morning we have spent round her couch, for when out of pain she was the brightest of companions." At the age of fifty, when the youngest of her nurslings left her, and her life-work seemed ended, her energies flagged; and after a few months of acute suffering she entered into rest.

Never having been able to sit up nor stand during her life, the whole of that period had been passed in an almost recumbent position, and she occupied two rooms only, her bedroom and her sitting-room.

In the second class, too, we have many wonderful instances of those who earn their daily bread while in constant bodily suffering; who write books,—the desk resting on their chests, and who plunge into the deepest studies that could possibly occupy the human mind, while pain is their ever-present visitor, and poverty and death stand at their door.

Truly, as the Apostle says, "We all do run as in a race," but some are heavily weighted indeed, and perhaps it was his own painful "thorn in the flesh" which made his writings take this clarion-like sound,—as of one who calls to each of his followers to "agonize" in the contest of life, so "that no man take thy crown."

St. Paul well illustrates this class of invalids, for his life-work as an Apostle was done by God's will, in spite of this painful "thorn,"—from which he had thrice prayed to be delivered,—and his studies, his preaching, his travels, and his daily labour at sail-making were all performed in more or less bodily suffering or trial of some kind.

Of the third and last class of invalids it is, of course, difficult to give an example, though even the most charitably inclined amongst us may know some such case in which, we feel sure, much of the illness is in the imagination, and much of the suffering lies in a nervous disposition.

I trust that all my dear girl readers will beware of the unhealthy state of mind which leads to it, and will check in their infancy the beginnings of self-contemplation, and the desire to be the first object of notice in the home circle. Much of the evil, too, has its origin in idleness of mind and body. This sin is just as rife now as ever it was in our more distant childhood, when we all learned, from Dr. Watts, that

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

Like all sins, idleness brings with it its own punishment, for it weakens our energies, enervates the mind, and unstrings our nerves. It makes us either listless or frivolous; and in either case all work becomes hateful. "It is," says a well-known writer, "a captivating bondage, too, whose very sweetness renders it more perilous. But the worst feature about it is its deceitfulness. No idle man or woman believes himself to be idle, except in the lucid intervals of divine grace. No one will credit how strong the habit of losing time will become. To break away from it requires a vehemence and a continuity of effort to which few, without heavenly aid and assistance, would be equal."

Now this burden of idleness, added to that of sickness, is the thing most to be dreaded of all for every class of invalids. The interest in, and the effort to be employed about, some well-loved work leads, I am sure, to the re-establishment of health in many cases. It has fallen to my lot within the last year to have nursed a friend through an illness which was accompanied by paroxysms of pain lasting for several hours. Her cheerfulness and power of bearing those agonies were a constant source of wonder to her doctor; but after coming in repeatedly and finding her, when better, deep

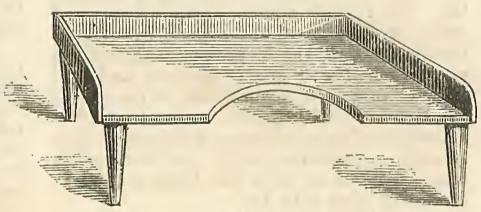
in her literary work,* he wondered no more. "The interest of her work," said he, "is better to her than a thousand tonics." She had no time to fret over her symptoms, nor for useless worrying of any sort. The mental condition was so bright, healthy, and active that the suffering body was both forgotten and yet strengthened. This, I think, will always be found to be the case in every illness; and the sooner the patient can be brought to think of anything but herself, the happier for herself and for everyone around her.

One of the most frequent expressions heard on the lips of invalids is "don't care." "I don't care how I look," for instance, is a very frequent speech with which they wring the hearts of those who love them. There is a world of wisdom in the few words of sacred writ which speak of the man who was "clothed, and in his right mind," and the first duty to which we can waken many of our invalids is to this matter of personal care. "The body is the temple of the Holy Ghost," and never more so than when, by a special providence, we are more than usually called upon to show ourselves to be its care-takers, and His disciples.

It needs no little determination on the part of the invalid and no little unselfishness to be willing to put aside, as much as possible, the idea of sickness and suffering from the person, as well as from the room which she occupies; but when it can be done the reward is generally great. "Mamma's room," said a young girl the other day, in speaking of her completely invalid mother, "mamma's room is the pleasantest in the house." And no wonder, for mamma had made her sickness the vocation of her life, and had accepted it and made the best of the affliction.

And now if we try to make up our minds to bear what must be borne, in whatever spirit we do it, our first wish will be to find some employment for head and hands which will make the days less weary and the nights less long by reason of our increased fatigue, which will probably give us sleep. "Occupation, if it have no other merits," says a recent writer, "will thwart the enemy of our souls, and by busying our 'idle hands,' make his visit unwelcome and profitless."

The first practical step which our invalid can take is the same as that which should be taken by all our girls who are in sound and good health, viz:—to make a proper division of their time, so that all the daily duties—sleep, exercise, study, and amusement—may each, so far as may be possible, have their allotted time. King Alfred's rule was, I believe, to divide the day into three periods of eight hours each,—for sleep, labour, and the needful meals, exercise, and the demands made by society and friendship, and for people in perfect health, perhaps this division



may be as wise a one as can be made. But for the invalid who (unless she be fortunate enough to have a special attendant) is greatly dependant on the help of others in the household, and must necessarily consult their convenience in a measure, it is rather more difficult to suggest a rule. "Early to bed" should, however, be the motto of the sick, as well as of those that are well; and its patient and persistent following will bring a rich reward. No invalid should be kept up—that is, out of bed—beyond 10 p.m., and by that time all in her room should be quiet and settled for rest. In the morning she will probably be awake early, and it is a good plan to make an arrangement for the servant to bring up a cup of tea and some thin bread and butter, as soon as possible, for her breakfast; open the shutters and blinds, and, if possible, air the room, make-up the fire in cold weather, sweep the hearth, and shake-up the pillows of the bed. A few minutes more would suffice to wash the hands and face and clean the teeth; and thus made comfortable, with a warm flannel jacket on, the invalid might obtain a couple of delightful hours before the rest of the household were sufficiently astir to attend to her and give her breakfast. After the latter meal, the dressing and getting up would follow. Refreshed once more, and all bright again, two more quiet hours are at her disposal before luncheon or an early dinner. A little fresh air may be taken in the room by a little clever management, if unable to drive out of doors. After this, according to the household habits, another two hours may probably be secured for the following-out of any desired occupation.

The second practical step is to consider the ways and the means of carrying out our schemes of employment with the most ease and pleasure to ourselves. There are so many degrees of invalidism that it is difficult to divide them or classify my suggestions to them. But the first I shall mention are those who are completely bed-ridden; or, as the more ancient Anglo-Saxon has it, "bed-fast." The annexed small sketch shows a table especially designed for using in bed. It is drawn from a very old friend, which has been in use for many years; it is of the simplest possible shape and manufacture, and if made of deal, and varnished, would be within the skill of any village carpenter to make, and should not cost more than five shillings. If able to sit up the invalid would next require a wedge-shaped spring cushion to support the back under the pillows. This appliance is to be obtained at any good upholsterer's or furnisher's shop, who would make it to order; and it should be covered with a dark-coloured material, to which should be added a loose cover of washing stuff, which could be changed when soiled. The dotted lines in the illustration of the Invalid's Table show where a scoop may be cut out, to bring it as close as possible to the bed-ridden person employing it. But this may be left to her choice. By the time she has had her table and triangular cushion made I will tell her to what pleasant use she may apply her new acquisitions.

* Our readers will be interested to learn that this literary work consisted of several articles and many of our "Answers to Correspondents," already published in this magazine.—ED.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."



CHAPTER VI.

THE "QUIET CORNER."

AT Crofton House the hours of preparation for the next day's classes were from five to six, and seven to eight, "and," as Milly Wilmot informed her new friend more expressively than elegantly—

"Any other little scrimmagy bits of time you can catch at in between."

A few minutes before five Miss Rowe came to Helen with three books in her hands, and seating herself she proceeded to point out the morrow's lessons, adding—

"Although you have had nothing to do to-day but look about you, from the first thing to-morrow morning you will be expected to take your due part in the classes. And I advise you to choose out some quiet corner in which to prepare your tasks, for you seem to me more apt at learning to be unladylike than in acquiring useful information."

With that hard-spoken speech, which the Principal would certainly have pronounced wanting both in tact and Job's patience, the English governess rose, without waiting for a reply, and left the pupil to her meditations.

They were not amiable.

Six hours ago Miss Crofton had told her new pupil that she half imagined she had suddenly got a rough-headed, mischievous laddie introduced into her quiet flock. But she had said so with such a tone and manner, above all, with such a feeling, that the rough-headed, mischievous maiden had laid her soft young cheek down on the schoolmistress's hand with an air of most sweet womanliness.

Now, an accusation was brought against the new pupil of being apt to be unladylike, and the tone and manner, above all, the feeling with which the accusation was uttered, were such that the girl, who prided herself on her boyish accomplishments, felt insulted, and sat meditating vengeance. It must be confessed that there was something very unboylike, unfortunately only too womanlike, in the touch of spite that had entered into her schemes of revenge.

A quarter of an hour of the first preparation time had passed before Helen Edison stirred after Miss Rowe left her, or raised her flashing, wrathful eyes. At length Milly Wilmot whispered to her with good-natured anxiety—

"You really had better begin to work. Even Miss Crofton gets angry if we don't know our lessons, unless we are ill, or anything real of that sort comes in the way."

"All right," said Helen, raising her face then with a grim little smile on it. "I'll know my lessons, never fear."

And so saying she gathered the books in her arms and got up from the table.

"Where are you going?" asked Milly in a tone of disappointment.

"To find a quiet corner," was the short answer, with the same uncanny smile.

And disregarding the beseeching looks that asked her to remain, she walked off to the other side of the room, and when Milly looked up again from her books, two minutes later, she had disappeared altogether.

"Did you tell your new friend that none of the girls of our class are allowed to work out of this study?" murmured pretty Rose Trew.

"Of course I did," answered Miss Milly, rather snappishly. "You know I did. You heard me yourself, but you always do ask such stupid questions, Rose."

"Well, you need not bite my head off, if I do," said Rose, tranquilly, "and I thought I might have misunderstood you as Miss Edison must have done, for I saw her leave the room with all her books in her hand just now."

"Doesn't follow that she misunderstood me," muttered Miss Wilmot, sagely, and then with a glance at the clock she dropped her face into her hands and resolutely set herself to master some of those dreadful German rules, chiefly consisting of exceptions.

For some while a profoundly diligent silence reigned in the room. It was broken at last abruptly.

"Miss Edison, where are you?" suddenly exclaimed Miss Rowe. "Where is Miss Edison, young ladies? can any of you tell me?"

"She has left this study," said Rose Trew. "She went away some time ago."

"And where has she gone? Do you know?"

"To find a quiet corner, she said," answered Milly, quickly, without lifting her face, and Miss Rowe was too far off to hear the accompanying giggle.

"I think she has carried her books to her room," said little Rosie, who had just come in with her sister. "I met her in the south corridor before I went to Josephine."

The governess started up with a half-uttered angry exclamation. But the outward signs of her wrath were stifled almost as soon as visible, and her voice was icily cool and calm when she said, moving towards the door the while—

"As I am thankful to say that not one of you have your new companion's weakminded, low-bred liking for breaking rules, and proving yourselves unworthy of confidence, I trust that I may rely upon you to continue your studies in silence while I go in search of her."

A number of heads, moved with more or less of elegance according to the character of their owners, responded to this speech in the affirmative, and Miss Rowe departed. The door had no sooner fairly closed behind her than Milly Wilmot shut up her book with a bang, put her two elbows on the table, and said, defiantly—

"How dare she talk such rubbish! Low-bred, indeed! Why, she's the beauty of the school! She'd be glad enough if she was only half as pretty, I'll be bound."

"There were a good many 'shes' in that elegant speech of yours, I reckon," said Dorothy Jackson, flicking up her pen.

"I guess there may have been, Miss Yankee, and I calculate that you'll have to pay a fine for that large black kiss in your exercise-book."

Dolly looked down, and a dismal "Oh, me!" followed her discovery of the great blot. The next five minutes were given up to the most delicate of painstaking efforts to remove all traces of it, for the devotion of any of her plentiful pocket-money to the payment of fines was Miss Dorothy Jackson's abhorrence. But having thus easily routed one opponent, Milly had many other attacks upon her speech to answer, or to try to crush. As a specimen of her latter method of argument may be mentioned her retort of "Handsome is that handsome does," to Susan Wing's remark, that—

"I am slightly puzzled to see what her beauty has to do with proving she is not ill-bred, Mill?"

"Mill, but not Mill's logic," murmured an unfortunate companion, who was vainly trying to keep her thoughts on her tasks, and away from the conversation, and when Milly Wilmot exclaimed, triumphantly,

"Handsome is that handsome does," it was all up with the would-be student. She rushed into the fray. With a laugh she exclaimed—

"Why, Mill, what are you thinking of to use that proverb now? Don't you see that it tells most absolutely against you? Miss Rowe says that Miss Edison's conduct is the very reverse of handsome, consequently, according to you, she is a——"

"A fright," said Dorothy Jackson, sharply, still gazing at the doubtfully restored copy-book sheet.

"Just so, Dolly dear, especially as she has been the cause of your risking a fine," assented Milly, sarcastically. And then she added, with a little yawn, "But O, dear! I'm a great deal too hungry to go on arguing. I do hope they will be punctual with tea; they were five minutes late yesterday. I wonder whether Miss Rowe has found Miss Edison, and what she is doing to her!"

With that wonder she listlessly turned back to her lessons, to the great comfort of her logical companion; and we will satisfy our wonder by following the irritated governess to the south corridor, whither little Rosie's information led her to wend her steps. She stood upon scant ceremony when she reached the room shared by Miss Edison with Clara Boswell and Milly Wilmot. Opening the door abruptly, she exclaimed—



"Miss Edison, I must desire that you return to the study ins——"

She stopped short in her command. While she had been speaking her eyes had made a rapid survey of the room, and had failed to discover any living audience but an impudent sparrow sitting on the window-sill, and uttering through the glass a shrill, "Keep, keep."

It may have been a piece of vain advice to its own poor little self to keep warm, but Miss Rowe took it unconsciously as an impertinent recommendation to keep her temper, and hastily shut the door in the face of the counsellor with not even the gift of a crumb as reward that bitter cold evening.

Poor little bird! Poor young self-sufficient governess! We might add—Poor headstrong Nellie Edison! But, after all, it would be rather hard upon her to give her either pity or blame for not having tried to cure a fault of which hitherto she has been hardly conscious. Her great love for her parents and the great love lavished upon her by them and by her devoted old nurse have combined to make life flow too smoothly to bring out her self-will and passionate temper. Maybe it is well for her that not too late she is to be roughly roused, that betimes she is to awake to a knowledge of herself, and to know the stumbling-blocks that lie in her path heavenwards.

(*To be continued.*)

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By Anne Beale.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST SUNDAY.

THE day after May's arrival at Derwen Fach was Sunday. Her grandparents were astir at cockcrow attending to the house and farm, but she was allowed to sleep until what they considered a late hour.

"She was so tired last night," pleaded Old Peggy.

"Mind you, I'll have no indulgence," replied Evan.

It was, however, nearly nine o'clock when May was aroused from her slumbers. She was much startled at sight of her grandmother and the strange room, but reassured by the presence of Terpsichore. Peggy was greatly relieved at finding that she could wash and dress herself, so having pointed out her drawer and such washing materials as the room afforded, she left her to her own devices. She felt nervous at being alone in a strange place, and dressed as quickly as she could, but scarcely quick enough for Evan, who called her to her breakfast before she had touched her hair. She went at once, her doll in her arms.

"This is Sunday; no playthings to-day. Set you that bit of trumpery aside," said Evan.

May withdrew, much abashed, and laid Terpsichore in her drawer beside her hawthorn crown. She was, however, careful to abstract an ornamental card from her mother's Bible and to place it on her doll's breast, with the words, "This is Sunday. You must be good, and learn your text." Then she closed the drawer, and returned to the kitchen, where a basin of hot bread and milk was awaiting her.

"That's a good girl," said her grandfather, approvingly, at which May nodded significantly, as if she was well aware of her own graces.

"Ask her where her brush and comb are," said Peggy to Evan, entering from the sleeping apartment.

He did so, and May shook her head with the words, "Can't comb it. Wash it all over," which she uttered without withdrawing her attention from the excellent bread and milk she was eating with much gusto.

Peggy stood to look at her with her arms akimbo, and began to laugh heartily. But May was now too well engaged to be offended.

"I'll see if I can't comb it, anyways," she said.

"With a three-legged stool," put in Evan, as he went to don his best coat, and was followed by his wife.

No sooner had they disappeared than May was startled by feeling something cold rub against her right arm. She turned, and saw the sheep-dog, Hedfa, or Flight, poking his nose almost into her basin.

"Go along," she exclaimed, with a push, but Hedfa did not understand English, and remained seated.

She was afraid of dogs, and while moving her chair away from him, and keeping her eye upon him, was further troubled by some sort of tickling sensation in her left arm. This was the cat, who had unceremoniously jumped upon the table, and had her tongue out ready to lap up the remainder of May's milk. Not knowing what to do between them, the child screamed, "Great-grandmother," for the first time. She was almost as much startled by the appearance of Peggy, as she had been by the attentions of the animals, for that excellent old lady had just put on her best scarlet cloak and tall beaver hat.

"Mother Hubbard!" she exclaimed, slipped from her seat and ran towards Peggy, while the cat and dog scuttled off. She threw her arms round her, which delighted her grandmother, who did not understand that she owed this demonstration of affection to some childish memory. She embraced her with her fat arms as well as she could, and May returned to finish her bread and milk, feeling disappointed that Mother Hubbard was but her grandmother after all. Just as she was scraping up the last mouthful, Evan came in, with—

"Now, you must get ready for church, child." If she had been astonished by her grandmother's appearance, she was still more so by his, for he looked quite a gentleman to her unaccustomed eyes. His Sunday coat was of the best broadcloth, and his knee-breeches of finest Kerseymere. Peggy had knitted his stockings with the softest of Welsh wool, and washed and starched his linen shirt and fine frill into something akin to frozen snow. As to his hat, it was brushed as smooth as his wife's, and no more could be said in its praise. But Evan, in spite of his small abode, was a person of consideration in the district. He had even been churchwarden, and was a member of the Board of Guardians. Besides, he was so remarkably good-looking, could speak two languages, and was an oracle amongst his family and neighbours!

"I wish I had a hat like great-grandmother's?" May whispered to Terpsichore, with a sigh, as she put her black straw with its shabby crêpe trimming on the golden network.

But she looked very pretty as she tripped down the garden-steps, turning the same bright little head from right to left to look at the dahlias, sunflowers, and fuschias, that blossomed unceremoniously amongst the potatoes, kidney beans, and apple trees, that surrounded the cottage; thus showing that they were in no wise ashamed of their less brilliant companions.

When they were outside the garden, old Peggy took Evan's arm, and May was left to follow at will, and to make her observations. Not having Terpsichore to talk to, she addressed her prayer-book, for she had much to say, and she always talked to herself aloud. Everything was as beautiful as it was new to her, and she instinctively loved the beautiful. The walk to the church, which was over two miles, was through rocky lanes, where fern and foxglove flourished, across meadows and fields of waving corn, by rapid brooks, and among gigantic oaks. The neighbourhood was celebrated for these primæval trees, and many druidical remains were found in the vicinity. May was frightened when she and her companions suddenly dived into a grove of them, and rejoiced when they again emerged into the more open country. Hills and mountains rose on all sides, and she longed to be on the top of the very highest.

The village and church of Derwen, to which they came at last, were picturesquely situated amid an amphitheatre of hills. May jumped for joy when she first heard the bells and saw the spire tipped by the morning sunshine.

"Take care, child," said her grandfather at this ebulition. "Look you at yonder bridge."

This was a wooden structure with a rail, thrown across a turbulent brook, or mimic river, which they had to cross before they reached the church. May trembled to see her grandmother walk over it, and imitated her movements as nearly as she could as she followed behind, so nearly, indeed, that her ludicrous little figure induced a burst of youthful merriment from some young people on the other side.

"How rude the Welsh are!" muttered May, as these juveniles surrounded Evan and Peggy with many a "Good morning." They, like May, were grandchildren. "There is a young gentleman," she continued, as one of them approached her. This youth was so good-looking and well-dressed, that she added, "P'raps it's Robin Hood."

"How do you do, cousin," he said, in good English, and May said, "Very well, thank you; how are you?" in reply.

He laughed at the little nod which accompanied this, and asked if she had ever seen him before. She answered in the negative.

"You thought I was Sambo last night," he said.

"Then you have been washed white!" she returned.

"Children; the last bell," interrupted Evan, and they followed the old people, still arm in arm, into church.

All four sat in the same pew. It was a pretty country church that had but lately been restored, but it looked very small to May, who had been accustomed to the large, handsome city churches. The service, also, sounded unfamiliar, and when she opened her prayer book, as she had been taught to do, at the Exhortation, and fixed her eyes on the "Dearly beloved brethren," she could neither make head nor tail of it. Meredith, seeing her perplexity, whispered that it was all Welsh, but she must keep her eye on her book, or grandfather would be angry. This was more than May could do, and when her grandmother, next whom she sat, lifted her up to stand upon the seat, she stared about her like a wise little owl.

"Put her down. Don't you see that the whole congregation is looking at her head," said Evan authoritatively, and poor May was again placed where she could neither see nor be seen.

Meredith persistently found her places

for her, and pointed out, from time to time, the particular line or word in her prayer-book, corresponding to his; but as she was not yet a perfect reader, this puzzled her and amused him. When the singing of the hymns began, however, she could no longer be expected to look at a book, since she had none. It was principally congregational, and nothing could be finer than the volume of sound that proceeded both from voice and heart. The Welsh are essentially musical, and the greater part of the congregation were, more or less, trained singers. Evan still sang bass, and Meredith had a voice that promised to develop into a fine tenor. Peggy quavered somewhat, and went off into various trills and shakes admired in her youth, but yet she sang well. May's inquiring eyes wandered from one to the other, while her ears caught the grand old Welsh hymn, and before it was concluded a sweet young voice was heard to join in it. The child, forgetting all save the music, was humming with the rest, in perfect time and tune. Not even Evan cared to stay the tender refrain, and as to Meredith, he paused in his own singing to listen, while Peggy laid her hand admiringly on May's shoulder. During the sermon she fell asleep. She had done her best to listen to the energetic extempore preaching of the worthy vicar, and had even liked the sonorous guttural of the Welsh tongue. But slumber overcame her at last, and the nodding little head nodded off the hat. Fortunately Peggy's portly form concealed her from Evan, and Meredith managed to place his shoulder so that she could lean against it, and despite his best efforts he found himself trying to count the silken threads, through which the sunbeams wandered.

When the service was over Evan, as was his wont, left the church immediately. Indeed, his friends and neighbours habitually waited for him to take the lead, for he was held in such respect that no one cared to be caught gossiping after service by this severe mentor. He himself disapproved of the customary gatherings round the church door, saying that it is impossible that either service or sermon should benefit those who began to talk of their own affairs and their neighbours' business as soon as they were over. He and Peggy accordingly walked silently down the churchyard path, followed by Meredith and May, and recrossed the wooden bridge long before the remainder of the congregation had left the church, much less the churchyard.

It must be confessed that this was always a trial to garrulous old Peggy, who did not see much of her neighbours during the week, and who would have dearly liked a Sunday gossip.

While May peeped back at the people round about the church, they were commenting freely upon her, and wondering what had really become of her mother; for Evan had *not* sent the bellman round as he threatened to do. She was also wishing very much that her new relation, Meredith, would speak to her; but he, like his grandfather, remained lost in his own thoughts until they got fairly into the fields. Not that he was thinking of the sermon. On the contrary, he suddenly stood before Evan, and proved that he was not quite a "chip of his particular block."

"Father tells me that you think I ought to be flogged, grandfather, for leaving my post for those few seconds yesterday. I'm quite ready, for I believe you were right," he said.

"Go home, sir, and think of the sermon, and prepare for this afternoon," replied Evan, not knowing whether this speech were penitence or daring.

"Shall I come to-morrow?" asked the lad.

"Go home, sir, and pray to God to teach you to do your duty in that state of life in which Providence has placed you," returned Evan, and Meredith ran off with a nod to May, who, not understanding what had passed, thought it a sorry leave-taking.

"The afternoon" to which Evan had alluded brought another new experience for May. After dinner they all set forth again, but this time their walk was comparatively short. A distance of about half a mile brought them to a drive which led to a gentleman's house. It was short, and the entrance gate unostentatious; but May saw with amazement and delight a pretty country place for the first time. It was a somewhat small house, covered with all kinds of parasitical plants, the most prominent of which was the Virginia creeper, beginning to assume its crimson dress. Bow windows and a small conservatory, together with a pretty garden on one side, and a shrubbery flanked by trees and rising ground on the other, were the features that commended themselves to her attention. They went to a side door which was open, and entered without knocking. Then through a passage into a large room, where two ladies were seated, surrounded by a number of empty chairs and forms. All the doors of the house were open.

"Good afternoon, Evan. How d'ye do, Peggy? First as usual," said the elder of the two ladies, coming forward to shake hands with the aged pair.

"This is Mary's little girl, ladies. Make your curchey to the ladies, child," said Evan, pointing to May, who was hesitating just inside the doorway.

She hesitated no longer, but advancing a few paces, took the skirt of her black frock between the tips of her fingers, spread it as far as it would extend, stood on the points of her toes, drew one foot forwards and the other a little behind, and performed a curtsey so graceful and elaborate that the four spectators contemplated her with astonishment.

"You darling!" exclaimed the younger of the two ladies, catching her up in her arms and kissing her.

"Bless your kind heart, Miss Edith; that's just like you!" ejaculated old Peggy, while Evan looked on.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE DAUGHTER'S DAUGHTER'S DAUGHTER'S DAUGHTER'S DAUGHTER.—Here is a curious distich on an old lady of the family of the Dalburgs, who lived long enough to see her children to the sixth generation:—

"The mother to her daughter spake;
'Daughter,' said she, 'arise,
Thy daughter to her daughter take
Whose daughter's daughter cries.'"

HOW TO DRESS WHEN SITTING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.—Very few ladies know how to dress so as to secure the most pleasing photograph. The best materials to wear are such as are not too glossy, and such as will fold or drape nicely, as reps, poplins, satins and silks. A black silk dress looks well on almost everybody, and if not bedecked with ribbons or lace, which will take white, will photograph satisfactorily. So garnet, cherry, wine colour, sea or bottle-green, light and dark orange, and slate colours are all excellent colours to photograph. But pure white is bad, and lavender, lilac, sky blue, purple, and French blue take very light, and are even worse than pure white. Striped dresses, or dresses having bold patterns upon them, should never be worn for a picture. Avoid anything that will look streaky or spotty.

ACROSTIC OF BURIED TOWNS.

The initials of these towns read downwards form the name of a celebrated poet.

1. Papa, rise up, and let us be going.
2. This tale seems almost endless.
3. The ship "Waipa" used to sail from Plymouth every month.
4. We are expecting Ethel Yorke this afternoon.

THE LOSS POSITIVE, THE LOSS COMPARATIVE, AND THE LOSS SUPERLATIVE.—Here is an old-fashioned stanza, copied from a gravestone. Yes, after all, girls, of its three "losses" there is no loss like the last—

"The loss of gold is great,
The loss of health is more,
But the loss of Christ is such a loss
As no man can restore."

A PITHY POSTSCRIPT.—A striking illustration of the saying that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript occurred in the case of a young lady, who having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words:—"P.S.—You will see by my signature that I am married."

THE POWERFUL COUNSELLOR.—More powerful than a thousand is the counsel of the heart.—*Welsh Proverb.*

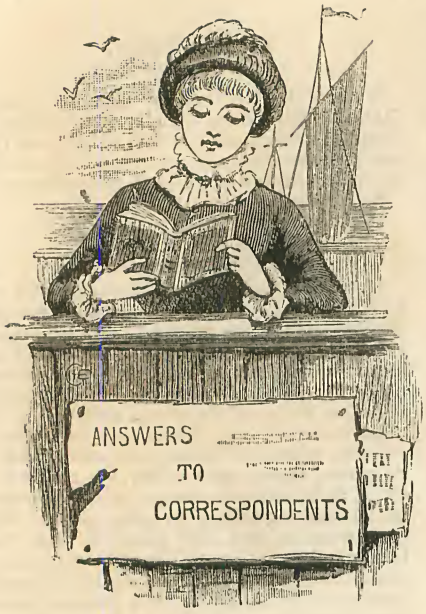
ANSWER TO SQUARE PUZZLE, (p. 63).

I
AND
PASTE
CLAUSES
SCRUBBING
TRACHONITIS
MEDITERRANEAN
INSUBORDINATION
PREVARICATION
DISTINGUISH
LUCRATIVE
MOTTLED
JUICY
NOD
N

WIVES AND NO WIVES.—A bachelor was once saying, "Next to no wife, a good wife is best." He was one of those who hold by the old rhyme—

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins."

"You are quite mistaken;" said one who overheard him, "next to a good wife, no wife is best."



EDUCATION.

LADY W.—Write to the publishers of the books you mention, and inquire for those you require. They will probably know where to procure them.

SPERO.—The toys, instructions, and books of the Kindergarten system may be procured of Miss Frost, 54, Berners-street, W.

PERKIN WARBECK.—Write to the Secretary of the Educational Department, Whitehall, S.W., and make inquiries. You must have attained 16 years, we believe, before the examination, though you may enter as a monitor in a school before. The shilling of Queen Mary is worth from two shillings, to five shillings hammered, and from five shillings to one pound milled.

A. C.—Write to the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for "The Handy Book for Bible Readers," price 2s., which will help you. Also "A Companion to the Bible," 2s. 6d.

ISABELLE.—Write to the office of the Woman's Education Union, 1, Queen-street, Brompton, S.W., for a "List of Schools, Colleges, &c., in the United Kingdom," price 3d.

HEARTSEASE.—Part II. of the "Guide to all Institutions for the Benefit of Women and Children," published by Hatchards, Piccadilly, W., gives a long list, at page 17, of the institutions you require, in all parts of England, price 3d.

MURIEL MAY.—We should advise you to obtain some assistance to teach you the correct pronunciation of Latin. Writing well shaped and legible.

DAPHNE and A SCHOOL-GIRL, and BENMORE and A GERMAN GIRL.—Pronounce Thucydides as if written "Thu-cid-did-ees"; and Euripides as "You-rip-e-dees"; Canaan as "Ka-nan"; knowledge, as "know-ledge"; interesting, as "*in*-teresting," laying the emphasis on the first syllable; leisure as "lesh-ur," an arbitrary style of pronunciation, for, according to the spelling it should be "lisure." The young lady who acknowledges herself to be a "German," thereby explains her ignorance of what names have been Anglicised. We perfectly well know how "Medici" is pronounced in Italian, and that Italian scholars so pronounce it. But sometimes it is pedantic to affect a foreign style if otherwise ignorant of the language. No Frenchman speaks of "Lundon," no Englishman of "Paree." "Medichi" is the Italian "Mediciss," the common English transformation of the name. Your writing and manners appear to have been much neglected.

GRETCHEN.—1. *Virgo* is merely the Latin for "virgin," and is one of the signs of the zodiac. 2. Apply to the Secretary of the Slade School of Art, at University College; or the Secretary of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W. An "Art Directory" can be there obtained for a few pence.

A. KILLICK.—We cannot promise either articles or illustrations. Look for the word "oblidge," in your dictionary.

BEATRIX A.—The examinations at the College of Preceptors are for pupils in schools. Examples of handwriting, good and bad, are given in our magazine.

ART.

F. L. B.—Sugar of lead is employed when the speedy drying of oil paint is desired.

GERTIE.—We have given much instruction already on the subject of screen-making.

TROTWOOD.—You must leave a great deal of water on your paints to induce mouldiness. We never saw any example of the kind.

CLARIBEL.—We cannot undertake to read letters crossed as yours. Few of our other correspondents are so regardless of our rules.

ROB.—You should be more gentle in the use of your fret-work saw, if oiling it prove ineffectual in saving it from breakage.

ELAINE.—1. The best varnish for delicate wood carvings is bookbinders' varnish. 2. A girl of sixteen is young enough to learn anything.

SHEILA.—Ordinary moist water-colours mixed with Chinese white, are suitable for painting on satin.

INIS.—See Rule VI. We thank you for your very kind and grateful letter. Your writing is good for your age.

WORK.

MARTHA.—Tack a design on the strip of velvet intended for a bracelet, and sew on the beads, guided by the outlines given. Then remove the paper carefully, and line the velvet.

A SANDY CAT.—See "Dress of the Month." Fill every aperture, and cover the shelves of the larder with table salt. Otherwise you may catch them by means of a few cabbage leaves then rubbed over with dripping or unsalted butter. In a few hours they will be covered with slugs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SELINA (Glasgow).—The following prescription will be found useful in removing the disfigurement of the skin from sunburn which "Selina" complains of: One ounce each of spermaceti ointment and oil of almonds, with two teaspoonfuls of glycerine or honey, scented with a drop or two of ottar of roses. After washing the face at night, it is to be applied and allowed to remain on until morning. Buttermilk about two days old is also a useful though not very elegant application.

A. M. B.—1. The 31st of December, 1863, fell upon a Tuesday. 2. Singeing the points of the hair is better than cutting them; it strengthens the roots by preventing the evaporation of the nourishment. It is like hermetically sealing the hair points. 3. Yes, the morning tub is sure to do you good, if you do not feel the shock too much. 4. Writing good for your age.

M. A. B.—1. The 10th of September, 1865, fell on a Sunday. 2. A young lady might leave school at any age beyond fifteen, but much would depend upon her success as a student. 3. Please to repeat this query and tell us what you mean by "bones growing out of the back." 4. Good.

DEMOISELLE FRANCAISE.—1. You cannot begin learning to sing too soon, but you must exercise without fatiguing the voice and lungs. 2. Your voice ought to be well trained and strong by the time you are nineteen, or even sooner. 3. See answer to "Selina." 4. Thanks for your good wishes.

R.—Feed your canary on what is called plain black and white canary seeds. Do not give hemp, but green food now and then, and do not pamper with dainties. Write again if he does not get well, and state the symptoms of what you call "asthma" more fully.

RUBY.—1. See "The Art of Penmanship." 2. Gas is very injurious to plants, and they should always be removed when the lamps are lit.

PRIMROSE.—You can procure a suitable cement for the mending of glass at any chemist's.

SUSAN HEYWORTH.—Roll the lace round a bottle, and boil it in soapsuds. See "Useful Hints."

GOOSY GANDER.—If you have neither a maid to call you, nor alarum, your best plan is to go to bed earlier, and to leave part of the shutters open.

EGGISCHORN.—1. Your question has been frequently answered. 2 Alloa wool or lamb's wool would be suitable for men's socks. Much depends on the hard or light wear to which they would be subjected.

SUSQUEHANNAH.—Photographs should be mounted by means of starch—not gum.

SHAMROCK.—We have already given full directions respecting the enlargement of designs. If you wish to stretch the eis-wool shawl, pin it out on the bed.

MAY.—1. The gentleman should give the arm that places the lady inside, next the wall. 2. When you meet any one a second time, the recognition should be more in a slight smile than a bow; the inclination of the head should be scarcely observable.

LOTTIE.—Your question has often had a reply. See page 544, Vol. I. We thank you for your nice letter.

CORN COCKLE.—You will have to send your brooch to a jeweller.

M. A. S.—You will destroy your copper tea-urn if you paint it. No method of decoration could improve on the beauty of copper if kept properly burnished.

AN ALSATIAN MAID.—We are sorry when obliged to reprove any young reader, but it is for your good that we should point out the unseemly style of your letter. Presuming that you understand the French manner of sounding "An," which is through the nose, and quite unlike our indefinite article "an," the second syllable of the name "André" is pronounced as if written "dray"; Pierrot as if "Pe-air-o"; and Penelope "Pe-nell-o-p."

E. M. M. E and WILD KATHLEEN.—Plants that have been out during the summer should have cuttings taken from them, and then be cut down and repotted.

GAIKE.—The initials on a visiting card, P. P. C., mean "Pour prendre congé" (for to take leave); P.D.A., "Pour des adieux," and T.T.L., "To take leave."

AGNES D.—Boil the lace in soapsuds, having previously wound it round a bottle. Then dip it in coffee.

DAPHNE.—Wear cashmere shoes and boots.

E. S. C.—If a servant should be guilty of an act of direct disobedience to orders, she cannot claim any wages beyond those due at the time of her being discharged.

PEGGY.—Undulating means with a "wavy" surface.

D. T. N.—We advise you to have the linen or calico washed. We are glad to hear that you so much valued our directions respecting the various modes of beautifying home.

ZARA MELDICOTT KEITH.—The quotation respecting which you inquire was quoted by John Wesley from Lord Bacon in a sermon upon dress:—"Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. 'Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness.'" Sermon xcii.

SPAIN.—We meant the ordinary oil used for lamps. "Vaseline" is of the same nature; but the simple oil can be procured at a trifling cost at an oilman's, and made up at home.

HEATHER-BELL.—We advise you to rub your finger-joints with oil, and daily endeavour to straighten them by gentle and frequent pressure.

WILLIE'S SISTER.—We think that you might learn to play the piano mechanically, without hearing a note; but as yours is throat deafness, the "Audiphone" might enable you to hear a little. It is very inexpensive, and any surgical instrument maker could procure one for you. Your writing wants firmness.

PEARL.—Patent leather shoes may be cleaned by sponging with a little cream or milk.

MINNIE.—We cannot give addresses nor recommendations, but may simply state that in the years 1855 and 1856 there was a French Protestant school at Toulon, near Hyères, at which English girls were received.

LISBETH.—If mutually well-known to each other by sight, and you have no reason to believe that the delay in the return of your visit was intentional on their part, there is no reason why you should not bow in passing.

EVA.—We have already given the symbolic meaning of precious stones.

DEUX AMIES JERSIAISES.—1. See 1 Cor xi. 4, 5, &c. Whether the injunction were only designed to refer to occasions of the public prophesying and praying of women inspired by the Holy Ghost (as it was clear that they were in primitive times) may be a point open to question. But the order given is generally regarded as binding on women still. The hood or veil worn by them—according to the custom of early Eastern times—was regarded as a mark of subjection and reverence, as well as of modesty. In any case a distinction was made between the sexes in reference to the covering of the head during public worship; and until the Church shall decide on the non-applicability of the command to modern times, it is the duty of women to submit to the order. "It is written" should always be sufficient, without explanation. 2. "Lady day is supposed to commemorate the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, and Shrove Tuesday was the great day amongst Roman Catholics for confessing and shriving before Lent.

TRICKSY.—We are obliged to you for trying to discover the name of David's mother. Agee was the mother of Shammah, the third son of Jesse; but the latter had at least eleven, and David was the youngest. Thus, as men of consideration were allowed a plurality of wives in those times, it by no means follows that Agee was the mother of the youngest of so large a family.

IRENE.—1. Your mother's friends should call upon her at any rate within a week after your marriage. 2 The bride should cut the cake once through, and some gentleman should then divide it into portions.

CHRISTABEL.—1. The "History of English Literature," by Angus, is published at 56, Paternoster-row, and the price is five shillings. 2. Flowers will not bear boiling when candied, like fruit. They must be placed in a candying pan, and covered with sugar which has been boiled to candying height. The pan must be set in a drying closet till crystallised.

MINNIE G.—1. You may still wear the Princess shape in dresses. 2. The excessive falling out of the hair is an indication of a feeble state of health, or of a feverish condition of the blood. Consult a doctor as to your general health.

PATIENCE-FLOWER.—If the colour be extracted by exposure to the sun, there is no way of restoring but re-dipping in dye. 2. If you do not employ baking powder use additional butter and eggs.

P. S.—The velvet jacket can only be cleaned at a cleaner's. If you care to try the use of benzine to remove the grease, do so on the wrong side of the material.

CONTRIVER.—A thin partition of wood might be put up at small expense by a carpenter, and papered on either side by yourselves, so as to make two rooms out of one.

STELLA.—The light green silk may be dyed brown, claret, dark crimson, and dark green. The dress should then be made up with the addition of cashmere.



VOL. II.—NO. 45. NOVEMBER 6, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER SWEET REVENGE.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

CHAPTER I.

SUSAN.

"HE is worse to-day, father, much worse."

"Who's worse?"

"Poor Mr. Philipart. It's low fever."

"Well!"

"It's very sad. He's there all alone, not a creature to do a thing for him, and he so bad."

"That's his look out. What is it to us, I should like to know? He wouldn't trouble himself, I expect, if it was you or me lay ill."

"Father!"

"Aye, father! It's all very well to say 'father'; but I want my tea; been wanting it this half hour, and you dancing attendance on everybody's wants but your own flesh-and-blood, of course; like all you women!"



"'OH! YOU ARE VERY ILL, I FEAR,' SHE SAID."

[*All rights reserved.*]

"Tea will be ready in one minute," said the girl, as she bustled about, setting cups and saucers, and cutting bread and butter.

Presently she spoke again, quite gently, and, apparently, not put out by the gruff tones to which she was pretty well accustomed.

"It was Mrs. Andrews told me how bad he was. I met her as I came in from the bakehouse with the loaf. She wanted him to have a doctor, but he said he could not afford it."

"Couldn't afford it, indeed! I expect he can afford it a good deal better than any of us, if the truth was known."

"Mrs. Andrews said her will was good to go in and see to him a bit; but her baby is very bad, and she is going to stay with her sister for a change. The doctors at the infirmary said it was the only chance for the poor little thing. So there is no one to look after poor Philipart now, only us and the Barmbys, father."

"The Barmbys are a nice lot, too!" ejaculated her father. "Give me some more milk."

The tea was finished in silence, then, as the man rose and lighted his pipe preparatory to going out, the daughter spoke.

"Father, I wouldn't go over to the cottage, as you forbade me to; but do say I may! *Isn't it dreadful* to think of the poor man lying there, and no one to give him even a drink of water? Oh! father, if it was you!——"

"He shouldn't have driven away his own boy as he did! If he'd let things alone he would have had plenty to watch and care for him, would't he? He's only himself to thank."

"It isn't any good thinking of that now, though."

"Ah! you haven't any right spirit, or you would be above letting yourself down to wait on him, after the way you've been treated."

The girl turned red, then very pale.

"I think one might forget all that now, and him lying there so ill," she said.

"There, don't begin lecturing me," her father retorted. "I don't forget so easy. Do as you like—do as you like—don't say I hindered you."

He strolled away. The daughter taking his last words as a permission to follow the bent of her own inclination, hastily tied on a clean white apron, and threw her cloak about her: then began putting two or three trifling articles of necessity for a sick room into her basket.

Suddenly her father put his head in at the door.

"I'm going down to the plots; shall I bring you anything in?"

"No, thank you. Oh, yes, a little parsley, please."

"All right! Now, don't be muddling away all the evening over that old Frenchman. I'll be bound he's not half so bad as you fancy. I shan't be late in, and I hate to find the place dark."

"I'll remember, father," she answered, cheerfully.

As soon as he had departed she took up her basket, and hurried away on her errand of charity.

It was a poor, squalid neighbourhood, where John Field and his daughter Susan lived. Close, narrow, and sufficiently dirty and ill-ventilated to have been designated a "back-slum" by the dwellers in more fortunate localities. But the inhabitants of the narrow courts were honest, hard workers to a man and woman, and the place was singularly quiet and orderly. The houses were small—so small as to consist, in many cases, of only two rooms. A very old-fashioned and out-of-the-way nook it was altogether; the grown people and the children alike were pale, very quiet, and very retiring as a rule; familiar with every shift of poverty, yet as far from any of the devices of dishonesty as those who are blessed with a larger share of this world's goods.

It was only through a narrow passage and up a court and into another alley where, all alone, stood the dwelling of old Etienne Philipart.

Though Susan's walk was done in less than ten minutes, the short distance sufficed to isolate the small home very much from its neighbours.

The cottage, for it was literally nothing more, was built in an angle of a wall surrounding a large factory, and it had been at a remote period subservient in some form to the requirements of the latter, but in these days it was only so far a dependency that the tenant paid rent to the mighty manufacturer, and enjoyed some small privileges in the use of the yard behind.

Probably its isolation had been an attraction in the eyes of the present tenant, for the Frenchman, Etienne Philipart, with his reserved, gentle habits, was an exception even among a class remarkable itself for quiet and reserve.

Very neat and clean the small dwelling was; but dull, chill, and dreary now. The sunlight had long since faded away over the high walls, and the court lay in shadow. The sick man might well feel forsaken and depressed as he looked upon the approaching gloom and pictured all the weary night, without one neighbourly hand to aid, or kindly voice to cheer him.

Suddenly his sensitive ear catches the sound of a footstep in the outer room, and with quick, nervous apprehension he calls feebly—

"Who is there?"

"It's only me—Susan."

So well he knows the voice! What a flood of memories it brings to mind!

"I may come in, mayn't I?" and the next minute a sweet young face, but very pale, is at his bedside, and a cool hand is clasping his poor thin fevered one.

"Oh! you are very ill I fear," she said, "and I never knew till just now that you had been so bad."

She spoke hurriedly, and there were tears in her voice, for by the dim light she saw how shrunken and wan were his features. He was indeed ill.

The old man made no answer. Still clasping the girl's hand, he turned away his head, and struggled feebly with his emotion.

She stooped down and reverently kissed the thin white hand which clasped her own.

"Good Suzanne; kind, dear Suzanne," the invalid broke forth; "after all, to come to me—after all—after all"

She soothed him with a few, pleasant, cheerful words, and the old man sank back exhausted on his pillows.

Then she left the bed-side, and began her task of "putting to rights."

"Ah! one can see he has been long ailing," she said to herself. "How different it ali looks! He that used to have everything so nice about him. Poor old Philipart! it must grieve him to see all that he took such pride in so neglected!"

She moved swiftly and noiselessly about, sweeping, dusting, and arranging the outer room; setting all in the order she knew so well of old.

Then she held to the fevered lips of the sick man the cooling drink she had prepared. He drank eagerly, but he did not again speak to her, and his eyes wandered and followed her with a restless, questioning look.

"He does not seem to know me," she said to herself, then aloud—

"You like the drink, Mr. Philipart? Will you have some more?"

He gazed at her, but made no reply.

The girl was alarmed; she had never witnessed such a phase of illness, and it terrified her.

"Dear Mr. Philipart!" she cried, "Father! Mon pére!" she exclaimed, as a sudden thought flashed upon her. "Mon pére!"

"Ah! qui est la? Qui me parle?" burst out the old man, as his eyes dilated, and he struggled to rise from the bed.

Susan burst into tears, and fell on her knees beside the bed, holding both his thin trembling hands.

"Oh! if he were but here!" she sobbed. "If he could but know his father may die, and he away. Oh, Etienne, my poor Etienne!"

A shrill cry escaped the invalid. "Etienne! Mon fils! Ah! I will go to him. Etienne, where art thou?"

She exerted all her strength to restrain him, as he strove with frantic efforts to rise from the bed, while his fevered lips poured forth a continuous strain of incoherency, and his wild eyes were fixed in a vacant frenzied stare.

It seemed to Susan that hours passed in that terrible struggle. In truth it was but a short time. The old man gradually sank back; then, utterly exhausted, with closed eyes, he muttered in broken sentences, and in his native tongue,—

"Etienne, my son, I tell thee she is not for thee!—if we are poor, in our veins runs the blood of nobles. It is not for thee to marry with a daughter of the common people! Suzanne is good and gentle, but I would rather see thee dead! Good Suzanne, kind, gentle,—kind Suzanne—after all to come—after all."

His voice sank to a whisper. He pressed the hand which he held, apparently becoming half conscious of her presence, and so fell into a troubled sleep.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT IS "A CORRECT MUSICAL TASTE"?

By G. A. MACFARREN,

Professor of Music to the University of Cambridge, and President of the Royal Academy of Music, London.



The prescribed subject of these remarks is boundless almost as the difficulty of its treatment. However much may be said, even if said to the purpose, there must still be left very much to say upon this comprehensive theme; so what is here offered is a selection, rather than a summary, of points claiming observation.

Taste is the power to perceive the beautiful, and therewith the endeavour to approach it. Beauty has many aspects, and is not confined to the works of any age or style or school. The ability to comprehend it grows with experience, and its expanse seems for ever to widen with the increase of this ability. The far greater beauty that is obvious to advanced knowledge overpowers with its light the paler beams which were our sole illumination before the sunrise. In the night of our life of study we see the brightness of many a star which is no less a star when its radiance is paled by the dawn, nor even when the light of our understanding reaches its noon; and, when the gorgeous hues of sunset show this light in its fullest glory, those tiny stars begin to reappear which some while were lost to the dazzled sight, and the delights of youth, maturity, and age are displayed at once to the highly-trained observer.

The unjust use of the word "classical" makes the word a scarecrow to many a music lover. Whether a crow or a linnet, he may be frightened by it from fields of beauty where blossoms flourish whose scent and colour may enrich him who perceives them, while their perception impoverishes not the flowers. Those works of art whose merit is so high that it stands above the level of its age, and is perceived in aftertime more clearly than when it first broke into being, are naturally classed together, as things apart from those which please for a moment and die in the very act of pleasing. The qualities that elevate this aristocracy of merit, are more or less common to them all, are distinguishable by careful scrutiny, and may be, to a great extent, defined. Like the magnitude of a mountain, or the proportions of a building, the accumulation of these qualities is imperceptible when we stand under their immediate shadow; and, like the growths upon the hillside or the details of the architecture, these qualities need to be inspected through the telescope of enlarged education if we contemplate the work as a whole, or discerned through minuter examination as we climb from gallery to gallery of the edifice, or from ridge to ridge of the mountain. The long practised observer may recognise these qualities when so close to the foot of the structure that one who had not his habit and was placed on the same spot could not detect them; nay, he may calculate from the foreshortening of the mass, and from the shadow it casts, what is the outline which will be apparent to all beholders when a sufficient interval of space or time enables them to look upon the whole. Because that which is imperceptible at less than the needful distance and without a mental telescope is unintelligible to the untutored sense, we are apt to suppose that it is essential to the class of works which is beyond instant appreciation, to be unintelligible, and to suppose, by false induction, that whatever is unintelligible must in consequence be classical.

Most proverbial sayings are true, but one must be excepted, which tells that "familiarity breeds contempt." The more we grow familiar with what is beautiful the more we awaken to its beauty, in the presence of which we are at first dormant, and the adage would be only faithful if it said "intimacy is the parent of love and reverence." For persons, these feelings can alone be entertained with whom we are so intimate that all their qualities, all their points of character—be they good or evil—are familiar to us; and such is as entirely the case with works of art. It is not because what is beautiful may for a while be unintelligible, that what is unintelligible is to be trusted for beauty, and we should widely misprize the class of works whose excellence is exceptional if we regarded as classical all in which excellence could not be perceived. Time is the true test of qualities that entitle a work to be ranked as classical. They are awhile veiled by the mist of our ignorance, and become manifest when this is exhaled.

A safe standard for taste is the fitness of a work to the occasion or purpose for which it is designed. It would be in as bad taste to employ some scholastic devices in the composition of dance music as to appropriate the strong accentuation and square rhythm of a polka to the structure of a fugue, yet either of these pieces may have ample merit and be open to admiration if framed upon the principles and compounded of the elements proper to its kind. Every art-form may be the embodiment of beauty, and the artist shows true taste who appropriates to the form in which his work has to be cast the current of thought that is in unity with its character. There are right occasions for the lightest music, right occasions for the gravest; good taste is evinced in the choice of works that are true to the occasion, and the producer, the selector, and the listener should in this respect all exercise their tasteful function. Music suited to the ball-room is ineligible for an assembly where there is no such distraction as dancing for the hearer's interest from the music itself. A still more earnest style of composition befits an opportunity when even social courtesies divide not our attention with the works performed. When in our best exalted condition we seek in music the expression of our strongest feelings, and strive to sympathise with the artist whose aim is such expression, then, the utmost greatness of thought and the utmost skill in its development are apt to the circumstances and needed for their fulfilment.

Nothing can be in worse taste than the adaptation, so called, of music to another purpose than that for which it was conceived. Adaptation, indeed! is not perversion or desecration a better term to denote the violating of an artist's idea, whose highest worth is its truthfulness to the subject it pretends to illustrate, the violating by applying it to other uses and other ends—the sacrificing of the pure virginity of his thought by a false marriage? Instances of such bad taste, that cannot be too strongly contemned, are in the application of pieces from operas, from instrumental compositions, and, in some cases, from oratorios, to Church use. Volumes might be said on the impropriety of such misapplication, but this one point is so obvious as to need no more than casual mention for it to command universal assent—namely, that wherever we hear a strain of music it is fraught

with all the surroundings under which it has been elsewhere heard, and, whatever the present place, the hearer's associations, and his feelings, too, will be with his prior experience. None of us, for example, who knows Handel's song, "Dove sei amato bene," from the opera "Rodelinda," can, if he hear it with the misapplied text, "Holy, holy," restrain his thoughts from wandering to the well-beloved one whose absence the original words deplore; none can hear the prayer from "Der Freischütz," or the nuptial hymn from "Masaniello," sung in Church Service, and not see in his mind's eye the kneeling Agathe, who prays for the success of her marksman lover, or the dumb girl, who peers in agony through the openings in the happy throng, to watch her betrayer giving his forfeited plight to his bride. None can hear a strain — most likely mutilated — from a sonata by Beethoven, or a Song without Words by Mendelssohn, and not recall the personal and local incidents that have attended former hearings, and therewith the sympathies that invested them once and will cling to them for ever; and, further, none can hear the music of Elijah's supplication for rain sung to the prayer for inclination to keep the Ten Commandments, and not image to himself the multitude of thirsting Hebrews, whose false prophets have failed to obtain the withdrawal of the curse, looking with anxious amazement on the prostrate figure whose deprecation is to effect their deliverance.*

Exaggeration is always in bad taste, and is sometimes, alas! exemplified in composition, sometimes in performance. In the latter, it consists in violent accents, and in retarding or hastening the time, and in many other elements of expression that are truly valuable when justly applied, but make caricature when employed without the most delicate sense of fitness.

The composer exaggerates who employs extreme chromatic harmonies or modulations into remote keys—which are his most forcible means of expression, his italics or capital letters, so to speak, his stamping on the ground or tearing his hair, his jet black cutting against the brightest whiteness—in passages where there is little or nothing to express, or where his subject is characterised by gentle suavity. He exaggerates, too, when he uses fullest power of instruments or voices for the presentation of trivial ideas; and in this display of bad taste the player may match him who seems to punish rather than to coax his instrument, treating it with violence instead of tenderness.

It is perhaps the highest end of artistry—productive or executive—to stimulate the imagination of the hearers, to suggest more than to define, to plant thoughts in us which may unfold and fructify, rather than to surfeit our attention with over-ripe completeness.

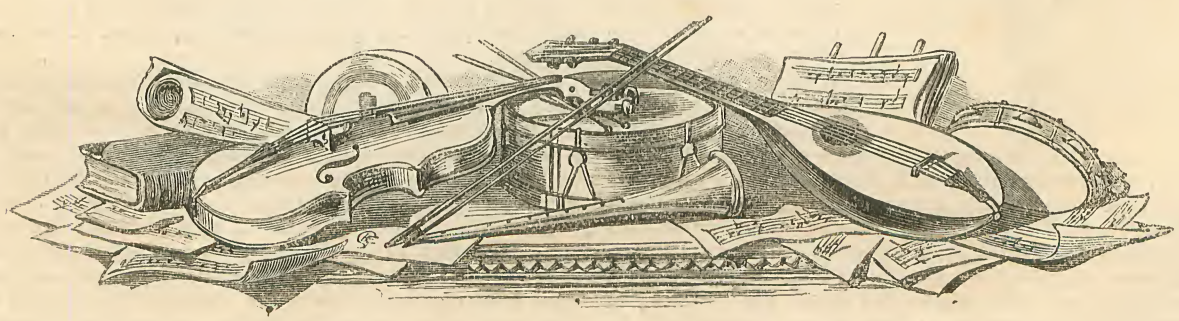
Let illustration be drawn from other arts: a prize was offered for a statue which best should image grief, and was awarded for one whose hands covered her face. The discovery of Moore's Veiled Prophet was twice painted; by one limner, showing the hideous face of Mokanna, with all its horrible mutilation, while the back was turned to the spectator of the girl who witnesses the unveiling; by another artist, reversing the figures, hiding the ugliness of the tyrant and showing in the face of his victim the terror, the hatred, and all that lines and colours could portray of her mental agony. What has now to be said is offered with reverence, with profound sense of the greatness of the master to whom it refers, but with a feeling as firm as diffident that the incidents to be adduced are at least of questionable propriety. Those passages in "The Creation" which seem designed to imitate the characteristic motions of animals, when an orchestral strain appears to portray the spring of the tiger or the coiling of the serpent, which are explained in the words of the ensuing vocal phrase, the song in "The Seasons," which tells of the sportsman, and represents by a note on the drum the discharge of the shot that brings down his game, transcend the province of art by passing from the ideal to the actual and, in aiming at realism, check the imaginative faculty in the hearer. On the contrary, the song "With Verdure Clad," in the former work, which seems to utter the sweet contentment of a happy mind in contemplating a summer landscape, and the chorus, "Come, Gentle Spring," in the latter work, which expresses the gladness we feel in the renascence of nature, have the twofold beauty of their own loveliness coloured, may be, by the sweet fancies they stimulate. Many are the instances that might be cited in illustration of this view, but here is only space to indicate that the same principle of suggestion rather than fulfilment is applicable in musical executancy, and that good taste restrains a performer from redundant expression that would satiate instead of gratify the auditor.

It is a very fine line that divides affected admiration from the wish to admire. Affectation in all shapes is absurd, if not odious; and yet there are positions in which we may rightly "assume a virtue if we have it not," bearing in mind that "hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue." In this light we may tolerate, and to some extent respect, the patience of those who attend the Monday Popular Concerts, and have a total incomprehension of the meaning as much as of the merit of the music they hear. Having no sympathy with those who go to such performances in the wake of fashion expecting to see their friends and, still better, to be seen by them, none with those who, devoid of love for music, would be considered musical, we must honour those who, believing in the beauty they cannot perceive, impelled by a faith in what is beyond their present sense, seek to cultivate this sense by careful exercise, and to educate their ears to the discernment of art qualities, for the discrimination of which they have no technical knowledge. There is something closely bordering on affectation in the habit of name-worship, whence few of us can wholly escape. Many a one professes insight into the beauty of music which he knows to be by Beethoven, who would hear it with indifference and find it totally charmless if he knew not who was its author, or supposed this to be one of inconsiderable repute. So long as humanity is human this habit will, and perhaps must, prevail; it is an expansion of a feeling which prompts stronger interest in the doings of our friends than of strangers, and the great artist who has won the world's love and our own by the excellence of his performances has a claim akin to that of friendship upon our regard. Let us beware, however, of confiding to a noted name all our power to be pleased, and let us frankly believe in beauty upon its own evidence, rather than wait for the index of an author's name or the direction of a public journal before we admit even self-acknowledgment of pleasure in a work or in its execution.

One need scarcely dilate on the false taste of ascribing all and only interest to manipulative agility. The mechanical powers of the barrel pianofortes that nowadays haunt our streets equal in volubility and exceed in certainty the daringest feats of digital dexterity, and it must surely be a degradation of intellectual faculties if we seek only to acquire the excellence of a machine. It is manifest, however, that the mind must have means for its expression, that the voice or the fingers are these means, and that their capability, being artificial, must be matured if not originated by cultivation.

Sincerity is a main element of taste. He evinces better taste who likes a simple melody and owns he likes it, than he who contemns what he can understand, and professes admiration for merit he cannot penetrate. Taste is for ever progressive, and may attain, through long experience, to heights which at life's beginning were out of reach, and even out of sight. A different class of music will cheer the nursery from that which brings rapture to the cell of the student; in every grade between these extremes may be vulgarity or refinement, and in our rendering of it to the hearing of others may be the vanity of personal display, or the self-abnegation that has no aim but to vivify the author. Trustful search for the beautiful quickens the power for its perception; from stage to stage of our career our field of taste widens, and the larger our capacity for enjoyment, the more indulgent becomes our toleration for things comparatively trifling and for persons to whom such are the only source of pleasure.

* These specimens are not supposititious, but quoted from real life!





AN ORIGINAL CHARADE.

HOLIDAY AFTERNOONS.—IV.

ONE Monday morning, Marian and Clara Lane asked to speak to Miss Walker before school commenced. They had a request to prefer, and Marian was the spokeswoman.

"As next Saturday will be our last half-holiday before we break up, we should very much like to get up a charade or two, if you will allow us. I have the words of a simple one which we had at a juvenile party at Westwood last Christmas, and you know, dear Miss Walker, that if mamma herself took a part there *could* be nothing wrong in it."

"I am quite sure of that, dear, but charades generally require more preparation than we should have time for; especially during examination week."

"Our charades are very simple affairs, what we call 'fireside charades,' and demand nothing but what our every day resources will supply. Then examination week being all occupied in going over old work, we really have as much spare time as when we are preparing fresh lessons, if not more. You know, Miss Walker, you *do* make us learn things thoroughly the first time, and, at any rate, there is not much chance of our forgetting them before the end of the term."

"I hope not," replied their teacher, smiling at Marian's arguments. "I cannot, however, discuss the plan fully now, but come to me when afternoon school is over; explain everything, and I will see what can be done."

The girls went off, abundantly contented with this reply. Miss Walker's promise to see what could be done did not mean what similar words do in the mouths of many people, and especially in dealing with children—namely, that the matter would pass away from the thoughts and memory as if it had never been mentioned.

They knew their teacher would consider it fairly, help them if possible, and, in any case, give them an answer without needless delay. They left their manuscript charade in her hands, wondering how she would manage to read it and decide as to its suitability during the short time at her disposal, and with all the business of school going on, almost without intermission for her.

Amid these various occupations Miss Walker did find time to read the charade, and we will imagine that we are looking over her shoulder whilst she is thus occupied.



"SHOWING CONSIDERABLE INDEPENDENCE WITH REGARD TO TIME."

CHARADE.

WORD—"HOLIDAYS."

A slight orthographical liberty being taken with the first two syllables in the opening part, which represents "Holly."

CHARACTERS.

MAMMA (Mrs. Keith).
FOUR CHILDREN (Annie, Tom, Hilda, and Harry).
AUNT ALICE.
THE PARLOUR MAID (Mary).
Party of carol singers, or waits, not less than four in number, but as many more as you like.

SCENE I.

A lady is sitting in a drawing-room with young children about her. On the floor is a large open basket, or tray, containing sprigs of holly, which the children break into suitable pieces and hand to the mamma. She twists them into a wreath and binds them together with fine wire.

TIME—December 21, Evening.

(*Youngest child*, TOM, *yawns, drops his hands on his lap with a weary look, and says*)—
I think it must be nearly time for bed.
Was it *this* morning that the gardener said
"We've reached the shortest day"? He must be wrong.
I'm sure I never knew one half so long.
Mamma, mamma, when will these wreaths be done?
At first this garland work was famous fair;
But all the funny part is long since past,
And each tough stem seems tougher than the last.
I tried a knife, when, ah, unlucky elf!
I mean to cut a twig, but cut myself.
Ivy and laurel wreaths were well enough;
But, oh, this holly is such prickly stuff!
Look at my fingers. (*Holds them up.*)

SECOND CHILD (Harry).—Yes, and look at mine. (*Holds up his hands.*)

THIRD CHILD (Annie, the eldest of the four).—And poor mamma has had them to all twine.
We've only cut the sprays for her to use.
A trifling task, and yet you would excuse
Yourselves from further labour. Fie, for shame!

MAMMA.—Hush, Annie, dear, you really must not blame
These tiny workers; they have done their part,
And done it well; though little fingers smart
With many a thorn, and each dear weary head
Longs for old nurse's summons, "Come to bed."

FOURTH CHILD (Hilda).—Annie, it was not kind to say "For Shame."
I'm sure papa quite wondered when he came
And saw how much we'd done. I know he said,
Putting his hand upon Tom's curly head,
And cuddling me quite close upon his knee—
"These willing hands make labour light. I see
You've changed my study to a fairy bower;
And these small folks have helped with all their power."
He kissed us then with such a merry smile,
And asked how much we'd done? Tom said, "A mile."

(AUNT ALICE *enters in out-door costume, shakes hands with all, and kisses the children; then, at* MAMMA'S *request, takes off her jacket and sits down with little* TOM *upon her knee.*)

AUNT ALICE.—I had to pass the gate, so thought I'd come
And ask when all the rest are to be home.
Have you had news?

MAMMA.—Yes; letters came to-day
From Winifred and Mabel, just to say
That on the twenty-third they will be here,
And Winny adds, "Mamma, we've such a dear
Sweet darling schoolfellow, the best of girls;
She is *so* good. *And she has lovely curls!*
Her parents are abroad; too far away
For her to join them; and she was to stay
The holidays with friends who love her well,
When, all at once, a letter came to tell
Of sickness in their home. She cannot go:
And what to plan our teacher does not know.
Do ask if she may come to us instead;
Now don't say No. She may have half my bed.
I've heard you say our house was full before,
Still there was always room for just one more.
Write by return. *You really must say* Yes.
And I'll the postage pay with many a kiss;
I cannot write one-half that's in my head,
So close, with love to all, from
WINIFRED."

AUNT ALICE.—So like that loving child. What shall you do?

MAMMA.—Write her the "yes" she asks for; one or two
The more amidst our merry, noisy clan
Will only make us happier.

(*Turns to* TOM, *and shows him the wreath completed.*)

Little man,
Our task is done; this wreath is quite the last.
Now I must write, or post time will be past.

(MAMMA *lays finished wreath on the basket, and sits down to answer* WINIFRED'S *letter, in which she encloses a second note; then, having closed the envelope, she hands it to* HARRY, *saying*)—
Tell John to post this letter, and not wait
A moment, or I fear it may be late.

(*Child goes out of the room with the letter.*)

AUNT ALICE.—My own dear boys have sent a line to me
Saying they bring a comrade, who will be
Like sunshine in the house; no time to tell
More than this much, "You're sure to like him well."

MAMMA.—Guests add a little to our household cares;
But love makes light of this, and, unawares,
We may have angel guests in earthly guise.
In any case, it surely must be wise
To help our children when they wish to share
Their joys with others and to lighten care.

(*At this moment singing is heard.* MAMMA, AUNT ALICE, *and the children, including* HARRY, *who is come back after taking the letter, go to the window and look out, but cannot see the singers.*)

MAMMA.—They must be in the hall; I'll ring the bell.

(*Does so, and* MARY, *the parlour maid, appears.*)
Who are those singers, Mary; can you tell?

MARY.—They are the waits, and will be glad to know
If you will hear them sing before they go.

(*Voices come nearer, and words can be distinguished by the listeners in the drawing-room.*)

CHORUS.—Heigho, sing heigho unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigho! the holly, the holly!
This life is most jolly, most jolly,
This life is most jolly.*

(*Enter* WAITS, *in thick coats and shawls and woollen comforters, the males hats in hand. They bow awkwardly, and ask leave to sing. On receiving permission they sing the glee all through, and then the leader says, after the children have clapped and applauded the singing*)—
Please, ma'am, we'd like to sing a carol too.

MAMMA.—A carol! No, indeed, that will not do.
It is too soon. But come on Christmas Eve
Again, and I will gladly give you leave.

(*She gives money to the leader, and the singers go out, led by the parlour-maid, saying all together as they make their bows and curtseys*)—
Good night! Good night! Good luck to all,
Right soon we'll make another call.

(AUNT ALICE *resumes her out-door dress, saying*)—
Now I *must* go.

MAMMA.—And these must all to bed,
Or I shall hear of many an aching head.

(*They all go out, the little ones led by* MAMMA *and* AUNT ALICE, *the elder children following.*)

END OF FIRST SCENE.

* This is a part of the chorus to a beautiful glee, called "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," published, at a very trifling price, by Novello & Co., and forming a number of their Standard Glee Books.

SCENE II.

CHARACTERS.

GOVERNESS and SCHOOL GIRLS (named WINIFRED, MAGGIE, EMMA, NELLIE, LOUIE, &c.)

WORD—"Days."

TIME—December 22nd, 11 a.m.

A SCHOOLROOM.

(*A number of girls sitting at desks or tables, and occupied in various ways, with books, slates, maps, &c., scattered up and down. One girl takes a pen, opens a small memorandum book and carefully crosses out something, then closes the book with an air of great satisfaction, and puts it in her pocket.*)

MAGGIE.—What are you doing, Winny?

WINIFRED.—That's the last
But one. The tedious days are nearly past;
Just a few hours of work, and then, away
To weeks and weeks of home and joy and play.
No tiresome bell to ring us in to school,
No crosses, or bad marks for breach of rule,
Nor anything to do that is not nice.

MAGGIE.—What were you marking?

WINIFRED (*taking book out of her pocket again*).—Listen, in a trice
I'll tell you all about it. 'Tis a way
I have of marking off each tiresome day
That comes between mamma, and home, and me.
I started it six weeks ago. You see
(*Opens book and points to the page.*)
I drew six rows of strokes — in each was seven—
And every morning when it struck eleven
I crossed one off. Now there is only one;
By twelve to-morrow we shall all be gone.

MAGGIE.—Not all. Alas! not all. I shall be left.
The hour which brings *you* joy leaves *me* bereft
Of all my playfellows.

(*Puts her hand before her face and appears to be weeping.*)

NELLIE.—O Maggie, dear,
I am *so* sorry we must leave you here;
It grieves me, too, to think that you will be
Alone and sad, in this dull house, while we
Are scattered north, and south, and east, and west,
To pass our time with those we love the best.
I'd like to take you with me, but we spend
The next ten days with father's oldest friend.
But dry your tears, my darling.

(*Draws* MAGGIE'S *head lovingly on her shoulder, wipes her eyes and kisses her, then*

turns sharply round to a little girl who approaches, slate in hand, and with a beseeching look at NELLIE.)

Little Dunce,
What do you want?

LOUIE.—Please, just this once
To help me with my sum; *it won't come right,*
Although I did it seven times last night;
And it was always wrong.

WINIFRED.—And likely, too,
It should be wrong. The stupid things you do,
You careless child, would almost drive me mad.
I tell you, Louie, I am very glad
I'm not your teacher. See, now; there are seven,
Six, five, two, three! *You* say they make eleven!
And, out of seven, three, six, and just one more,
You nicely calculate an even score!

MAGGIE.—She's such a little thing—at six years old
We don't know much of figures; do not scold
A weeping child. Come hither, little mite,
And do your sum with me; 'twill soon be right.

(*Takes the slate from* LOUIE *and makes little groups of strokes upon it, corresponding with the numbers the child has to add, then says to her*)—

Count all these strokes and see what they will make.
Put down the six. The one we onward take
To the next line, and add it with the rest:
They make eighteen. All's done.

LOUIE.—You are the best
Of friends to little girls who want to play;
I do so hate to be kept in all day.

(LOUIE *runs off joyfully, and as she does so the schoolroom door opens and the Governess enters with a number of letters in her hand.* GOVERNESS *distributing the letters as she speaks*)—

Annie, there's one for you. For Winny three.

MAGGIE (*aside*).—I'm very sure there will be none for me.

GOVERNESS.—Louie's mamma a message sends in mine
To say her train will start at five to nine,
And that, two stations on, she will be met
By Uncle Tom. Nellie must not forget
To take her waterproof, for fear of rain,
As brother James will bring the car again.
The brougham is engaged for grandmamma,
But Nellie will not mind, it is not far,
And wraps and rugs in plenty will be sent.

NELLIE.—I like the open car, and am content
With anything that bears me quickly on.

MAGGIE.—I knew there was no letter.

WINIFRED.—Here is one
Enclosed in mine for you. Why do you stare?
As though it could not be. Come, take your share
Of postal spoils, and, if you care for me,
Pray read it quickly, Mistress Marjorie."

(MAGGIE *takes the letter held out by* WINIFRED, *opens it, and reads as follows*)—

"My dear Girl,

"I have heard from one of my children that something has occurred to prevent your spending the vacation with the friends who hoped to welcome you. It will give my young people and myself great pleasure if your governess, who, I understand, arranges everything for you in the absence of your parents, will allow you to pass the next few weeks with us. She has known us so long that I do not think she will say 'no,' and I trust, my dear girl, you will accept this invitation in the loving spirit in which it is given.

"I shall be delighted to count you as one amongst my rather large flock of youngsters, and for the time, and in order to make our house more like home, you must look upon me as your own, dear mamma's deputy. Ask anything of me that you would ask of her; come to me when you please, and try to think of me as representing, to the best of my power, that dear mother who is longing to have you with her again.

"Hoping to see you arrive with my daughter Winny, and with love and kindest wishes,

"Believe me, yours affectionately,

"ELEANOR KEITH."

MAGGIE (*with a look of bewilderment*).—Winny, you've played a trick. It can't be true,
Your mother asks me to go home with you!
She has not even seen my face.

WINIFRED.—As though
That mattered, Maggie darling. You *must* go.
I spoke beforehand to our teacher. She
Is quite agreeable, and certainly
We shall take no denial. Not a word
Of doubt or protest, it will not be heard.

(WINNY *puts her fingers to her ears, as if determined not to listen to a word from* MAGGIE, *and the teacher, laying her hand affectionately on* MAGGIE'S *shoulder, says*)—

I can rejoice with you, my child; no fear
That I shall say you nay, or keep you here.
Go and be happy with these friends, and when
The days of rest are past, come back again,
With roses on your cheeks, once more to find
A welcome here.

MAGGIE.—You always are so kind.

(*Another girl comes to the governess and says*)—

Please may we put our work and books away?
We really cannot think of them to-day.

GOVERNESS.—No wonder, dear; I know your thoughts will roam,
However you may strive, to friends at home.
Clear all away, and when this task is done
Put on your garden hats and take a run
For half an hour; then come and do your part—
To make all ready for to-morrow's start.

(*All the girls jump up, and, with thanks to the governess and exclamations of delight, rapidly clear away all school articles, and then run out, followed more quietly by the governess, who has been watching them with an amused face.*)

END OF SECOND SCENE.

SCENE III.

COMPLETE WORD—"Holidays."

TIME—Evening, December 23rd.

CHARACTERS.

MAMMA, PAPA, ANNIE, HILDA, TOM, HARRY, AUNT ALICE, UNCLE JAMES (her husband), FRED and JACK, their two boys, and their school friend, CHARLIE FREEMAN, WINIFRED and MAGGIE, and MABEL, an elder sister of WINNY'S.

(*The drawing-room as in scene first.* MAMMA, AUNT ALICE, *and the four children are together. Nobody seems able to settle to any employment. First one and then another goes to the window, draws aside the curtains, and looks out, or appears to be listening for something. Mamma rises from her seat, goes to the fire, and stirs it vigorously.*

ANNIE.—Mamma, you surely mean to roast us quite!
See what a blaze! I do not think the night
Is very cold.

MAMMA.—My child, *you* do not know
How cuttingly this fierce, north wind can blow,
Clothed, fed, and sheltered, all your happy past
Has been *so* bright. *You* never felt the blast
Piercing your half-clad limbs, or hunger knew,
Or suffering, from which love could shelter you.

AUNT ALICE.—True, but we have no starving people here.
I wish with all my heart that we could cheer
Each homeless wanderer with such a sight
As waits our children when they come to night.
They will be glad enough to gather round
This fireside. Hark! was not that a sound
Of coming wheels? It surely must be time.

MAMMA.—I hear no sound except the merry chime
Of evening bells, ringing, so soft and sweet
Through the clear air.

AUNT ALICE.—I'd rather hear the feet
Of trampling horses and the shout of boys.
To me sweet music now were only noise
And hateful discord. All my listening ear
Is for my children. Would that they were here!

(*Looks at her watch, then puts it to her ear to listen if it is going; then compares it with* MAMMA'S *watch*).

MAMMA (*holding out hers*).—See, sister, they are both alike. 'Tis only we
Whose thoughts are in advance of Time, and he
Goes hobbling on with the same lagging feet
Now as of old, when joy we fain would meet.
But, O the change! No sooner do we grasp
The happiness we longed for, than our clasp
We tighten round it, and would gladly tie
The feet of Father Time, lest he rush by
Too rapidly; and, all unpitying, tear
From loving hearts what most we cherish there.

(*The children are now all standing at the windows and peeping behind the curtains, hoping to catch the first glimpse of the expected travellers*).

Enter PAPA *and* UNCLE JAMES.

MAMMA.—What! Are you here? We really thought you went
To meet the children.

PAPA.—We must be content to wait with you.

AUNT ALICE.—I think the train is late.

TOM (*shouts, while all the others clap their hands*)—

I see a carriage. It is past the gate.

HARRY.—And there's another, both are coming round.

ANNIE.—I see the girls.

HARRY.—And don't you hear the sound
Of boys hurrahing? Yes they come, they come.

UNCLE JAMES.—And lads approaching home are never dumb.
The door is open; now the frosty air
Steals in.

AUNT ALICE.—And now their feet are on the stair.

(WINIFRED, MAGGIE, *an elder girl,* FRED, JACK, *and* CHARLIE FREEMAN *all come clattering in, and there is a general shaking of hands and embracing between parents and children. All the travellers are in out-door costume and warmly wrapped.* MAGGIE *is led forward by* WINNIE *and introduced to* MAMMA, *who kisses her affectionately.*)

WINIFRED.—Here is the child you wrote for.

MAMMA.—Maggie, dear,
I'm very glad indeed to see you here.
I trust, my child, we shall find many ways
To make you happy through the holidays.
I cannot show you all my flock to-night:
It is not often they are all in sight.

PAPA (*shaking hands with* MAGGIE).—Our Children by instalments you must see;
They sometimes very nearly frighten me—
There's such a tribe of little Keiths. Ah well!
They're dearer to our hearts than lips can tell.



"ASPIRATIONS!"

Oh, that I had a spirit's words,
Such as are heard above,
That I might wake the sounding chords
And sing of joy and love.
There is so much that God has given
To glad our lower sphere,
And holy, precious gifts from heaven
Are fresh and beauteous here.

Oh, that I had a spirit's wing,
That in my earthly flight
No spot of mortal sin might cling
To stain its spotless white.
Then, when my weary path might lie
Through scenes of death and pain,
Unsullied, I might gladly fly
To heaven's pure light again.

Oh, that I had a spirit's thought,
That purifies, refines,
To trust and measure as I ought
All that my God designs.
Then though my lot on earth be drear,
And sorrow threatens still,
My soul might cry amidst its fear,
"It is my Father's will!"

Oh, that I had a spirit's love,
A pure and hallowed glow
Within my mortal nature wove
E'en while it rests below;
Confiding, sacred in its truth,
Unmixed with worldly strife,
And shedding an immortal youth
As sunshine over life.

Then, when my soul has cast aside
Its garment in the tomb,
And entered through the portals wide
Of its eternal home,
These glorious spirit-gifts would be,
Not buried with the dead,
But through a long eternity
Shine brighter—perfected!

M. M. P.

Some are upstairs, the smallest are in bed,
(*Points to the elder youths, who have just arrived, and have been specially welcomed by* AUNT ALICE *and* UNCLE JAMES)
These are Aunt Alice's, both Jack and Fred.
UNCLE JAMES (*introducing* CHARLIE FREEMAN)
And this *our* visitor, who comes, like you,
To make another home the happier too.
(MAGGIE *starts, then darts forward towards* CHARLIE FREEMAN.)
MAGGIE.—My cousin Charlie, if I may believe
My eyes! but think they surely must deceive.
CHARLIE.—There's no mistake at all; just then I was
Wondering what brought *you* here, my little coz.
UNCLE JAMES.—This is a glad surprise; but you, our guest,
Must with these boys go to our proper nest.
AUNT ALICE.—Yet, happily, though you must part to-night,
'Twill be to meet again with morning light.

(*All the boys and girls here begin to sing the following verses, making a great deal of noise, and showing considerable independence with regard to tune, their principal object being to make the performance as vigorous as possible. The elder people laugh, and pretend to stop their ears. As the song draws to a close,* MAMMA *leads out the two little ones, while* ANNIE, HILDA, WINNIE, MAGGIE, *and the elder sister follow. Papa accompanies* AUNT ALICE *and* UNCLE JAMES *with the three boys to the door. The last four lines should be sung as they are going out of the room, and the sound should at last die away in the distance.*)

HOLIDAY SONG.

Hurrah! Hurrah for the holidays!
Shan't we be having some fun?
Won't we be having some jolly days
Now the vacation's begun?

We'll turn the house out of the windows,
And turn it in back at the doors;
We'll empty the dairy and larder,
And eat up the chickens by scores.

Hurrah! Hurrah for the holidays!
Which bring us such pleasure and fun;
We hope to have nothing but jolly days
Now the vacation's begun.

No doubt we shall wear out the carpets,
With clattering upstairs and down;
Some parents might grumble, but "Mother"
Won't give us the ghost of a frown.

Hurrah! Hurrah for the holidays!
This is the first of our fun;
This is the best of all jolly days,
For the vacation's begun.

END OF CHARADE.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER V.

CLASS AND CHOIR.

THE abode to which May was now introduced was called Derwen Fawr, or the Great Oak. Its owner and tenant was the gentleman to whom belonged the coal mine which May had seen. Every Sunday afternoon and one evening during each week it was thrown open to all who chose to enter, and almost before May was released from Miss Edith's arms the room in which they were began to fill. So did the whole of the basement. Miss Edith led May from room to room, saying that she must accustom herself to her new friends, and while doing so introduced her to three other young ladies—her sisters. Their name was Richards, and they devoted themselves to striving to do good to the people around them. This was their Sunday-school. With the exception of the drawing-room, each apartment contained a class, the members of which varied in age from three to eighty. There were one or two teachers in each room, amongst whom May espied Meredith, who gave her a somewhat patronising nod. He was surrounded by boys, while, strange to say, his father was a learner—that is, he was one of some twenty or thirty men and women who assembled in the large kitchen to read and discuss Holy Scripture with the eldest Miss Richards, who was a careful and constant student of the sacred volume. It was here that May finally anchored, for Miss Edith fancied she was frightened at the sight of so many strangers, which was, however, a mistake, and told Evan that she had perhaps better remain with him this first Sunday. Evan was of a contrary opinion, and she would probably have been remanded to a class of contemporaries had not a kind voice been heard to say, "Come to Uncle Laban," and May, looking in its direction, saw a comely-faced man beckoning her towards him. She scarcely recognised the friend of the previous evening, but she knew the kind voice, and went to him at once. Miss Edith withdrew to her especial work, and in a few minutes the hum of many voices resounded throughout Derwen Fawr.

It would have been dull for May but for her inquiring mind and inquisitive eyes, for the class was conducted in Welsh. She was first of all attracted by the serious face and composed demeanour of Miss Richards, who sat, with a large commentary on her knees, reading in turn with her class. Then there were the aged men and women, some of whom read fluently, others with difficulty; the middle-aged, like Uncle Laban; and the younger people, most of whom had babies or two-year-old children in their arms or on their knees. All held Bibles, and all were so deeply interested in what they read that no one remarked May's vivacious glances. Indeed, she was well-nigh lost to sight between Uncle Laban and some other man. As they wandered, however, she made her own peculiar inward comments, and was not slow to imagine that two white-aproned members of the class were servants of the house, and that her grandfather, who sat next Miss Richards, was even more of an expounder than she.

Older people than May would have been surprised at the knowledge of Scripture evinced by all. Miss Richards had frequently to turn to her commentary to answer some pertinent question, and Evan to refer to his marginal references. Even the battle of Armageddon had to be expounded by means of discussion and the commentary, and May, whose ears were even quicker than her eyes, caught up the long-sounding word and repeated it to herself. When tired of listening to readings, conversation, and



"THIS WAS THEIR SUNDAY SCHOOL."

expositions that she could not understand, she turned her attention to the room in which they sat. Next to the fire, which was adorned with white-washed walls, the rack overhead attracted her most, for there hung from it bunches of brilliant-hued tomatoes and cunningly constructed ropes of onions, to say nothing of flitches of bacon of considerable dimensions. That kitchen appeared to her the most lovely room she had ever been in, for was not the large dresser a mass of beautiful crockery-ware? and was not the window-sill full of flower-pots? and the mantel-shelf of shining brass?

Suddenly the sound of music in a neighbouring room made her start, stand up, and listen. For the moment she forgot everything else.

"It is a barrel organ!" she exclaimed.

"Hush!" said Uncle Laban; and "Take her into the dining-room," said Miss Richards to one of the white-aproned domestics.

May was accordingly led back to where Miss Edith was seated at a harmonium, surrounded by many girls of all ages, who were singing hymns.

"Let her come to me, Susan," said Miss Edith, and May was planted at the musician's side.

She had seen various instruments in London, but never a harmonium, and she examined it carefully, to the amusement of the juvenile bystanders.

"Can you sing hymns?" asked Miss Edith, and May nodded.

"What hymns?" continued the young lady.

"Any ones," was the reply, and so it really seemed, for the child's sweet soprano joined in all the hymns, whether Welsh or English, that followed.

"She is my niece," said one of the elder girls, proudly. "She can come and sing to our harmonium."

This was Laban's eldest daughter, Leah, who forthwith took May by the hand. But for some inscrutable reason May withdrew from her. She had not understood that her father, like many another collier, had actually purchased a harmonium, and that Meredith played it. There was music in the cottages and even in the mine, as well as in Derwen Fawr.

The school was over before five o'clock, having lasted nearly three hours. Evan came in search of May.

"You *must* bring her next Thursday evening," said Miss Edith. "She has the sweetest voice I ever heard. Do bring her just for once."

"She is full young, Miss Edith," responded Evan. "But she shall come if you wish it. Still, I am afraid it would make the other children jealous."

"Bring her on Thursday at any rate," put in Mrs. Richards. "But you know, Edith, that it does not do to make favourites."

"No, mamma. But she is such a queer little creature, and I want to know more of her and her history."

Edith was the youngest of the four Misses Richards. She was a pretty, bright girl, and a general favourite. She was at every one's beck and call, and it was to her that Evan had turned in his perplexity about May, and it was she who had written concerning her to Mr. Everton, in answer to his letter to Evan. Not that she was better, or did more good, than her sisters; only she was the youngest by the accident of birth, and she declared that she was imposed upon accordingly.

"The eldest has all the responsibility, and the youngest all the work," she would say. "There is Bertha as grave as a judge at four and twenty, and here am I borne down by waiting upon everybody at sixteen, while Sarah and Sophy do nothing but amuse themselves."

Still, she generally managed to have things much as she desired, and on the Thursday evening alluded to Evan appeared with May.

During the three intermediate days May had become more accustomed to her surroundings, and returned the greetings of her friends with some degree of cordiality. Evan was inclined to consider her too sharp and precocious for her years, and Peggy could make nothing of her; but she was already beginning to pick up Welsh, and doubtless she and her grandmother would understand one another in time.

It was nearly eight o'clock when May found herself once more in that cheerful kitchen. The harmonium was now in the centre of it, and Miss Edith and her sister Bertha were awaiting them and the rest of their large singing class. They greeted each member of it by name as they arrived and took their seats, and watchful May perceived that they were neither as clean nor as smart as they had been on the previous Sunday. The fact was that most of them came from the pit, and had hardly had time to hurry home and wash their faces and hands, before coming straight to their beloved music class. The eyes of many were rimmed with black, and looked not unlike those of certain damsels who disfigure their faces in some heathenish way by dyeing their eyelids.

"Excuse me, Miss Richards," said one man, politely, "but I hadn't a moment to change my dress. Nanno is away, and I was obliged to put the six boys to bed before I came, and to go to the sale before that."

"Mary can't come because she is seeing to the five girls," apologised another. "She told me to tell you how sorry she is, Miss Edith."

May watched and listened, and afterwards learned that a family of boys was considered a fortune in itself, because they could all work in the pit when old enough; whereas girls were reckoned a misfortune. The apologist, however, had become reconciled to his, because the youngest was the prettiest child in the parish.

That singing-class was a lesson in itself. It had been held, together with the Sunday-school, by members of Mr. Richards's family for nearly half a century, and many of its pupils had received no education save what they derived from them; for there were no board schools in those days, and the national and parish school was not only far off, but interfered with the youthful bread-winners. Uncle Laban, for instance, was indebted for the rudiments of all he knew to these classes, and Meredith owed much to them. But they were possessed of superior abilities, and, by dint of self-culture and making the most of their opportunities, were, like Evan, considered as miracles of learning. Laban had been placed by his master in a responsible position, and he had great hopes that Meredith would walk in his steps, if only the lad could be kept at home and would stick to his work. At any rate he stuck to his classes, from which he was never absent.

On this occasion, Miss Richards took the harmonium and Edith joined the choir, having first taken possession of May. Their mother and intermediate sisters were otherwise engaged. Little May's heart leapt to her mouth when Uncle Laban, waving a roll that he held in his hand, said slowly, "One—two—three," and stamped his foot; while Meredith pitched the key by a sort of scale, and harmonium and choir began. They were practising one of Handel's Choruses, and had the great composer been present he must have been rejoiced to hear his magnificent work rendered with precision and skill by a choir of labourers, most of whom came from the pit's mouth.

May could no more help singing than she could help breathing; and she, like the rest, began to watch Uncle Laban's movements, and to sway her little head and move her hands much as he did. Fortunately the singers were too intent on their music and their leader to remark her; but Edith found it difficult to smother her laughter, though May's enthusiasm was scarcely greater than that of other juvenile members of the choir. There were several stunted boys whose white faces kindled with the music. One of these especially looked almost inspired. They called him Little Davy, for although he was fourteen he did not look more than ten, having been at work in the coal pit since he was eight. This was contrary to rule, thirteen being the prescribed age; but parents will, now and again, evade the law, as they do the School Board, to utilize their children for bread. It is much the same in town and country—factory and mine—London street or Derwen coal pit. Only the offspring of the agricultural labourer seem robust, red-cheeked, and happy.

The practice was supposed to conclude at nine o'clock, but every one seemed to have some pet morsel that he wished to try, and "Oh! Miss Richards, may we just go over this?" or "Miss Edith, *fach*, may we sing this before we go?" extended it to nearly ten. Still May was wide awake, and when "positively the last" piece was sung she was so much excited that Edith could with difficulty restrain her. She seemed on the point of dancing, albeit what they sung was a curious old Welsh hymn, which sounded more like a wail than a psalm. Had a clever artist been present, he would have made a marvellous sketch of the score of men and boys, all with their mouths well open, their eyes either uplifted or

glued to their music—some surrounding the harmonium, others facing Laban, all carried away by the strange wild dirge. It concluded with a prolonged note, that diminished in sound till it finally ceased—much as Mr. Leslie's choir were wont to conclude their highly-finished performances.

"Now you must sing us a little song," said Edith to May, placing the child in the midst of the group.

She obeyed instantly, and not only did she begin to sing but to dance also. Catching up her skirts and standing on tiptoe, she performed a variety of marvellous evolutions to her own accompaniment, as she sang distinctly the following little verse:—

"I am the May Queen!
Dance with me, dance with me
All round the Maypole,
Merrily, merrily."

It is needless to say that this exhibition arrested the choir. They were amazed at the performance, and enchanted with the grace of the little dancer: they even began to applaud, which caused May to exert herself more and more.

"Enough! enough! I am sorry I brought her," came suddenly from Evan's decided voice.

"Just five minutes more," pleaded Edith.

But Evan stepped forth from his place with a stern, "May, come here!" and the child danced into his arms.

"Let me carry her home, grandfather," said Meredith. "She is like a fairy with golden hair in threads, and we must not check her, or maybe she'll disappear for ever."

There was awe in the lad's voice, for he had met with some old legendary tales in which he quite believed.

"Come this way, Evan, and you, Meredith," said Miss Edith, leading the way to the dining-room, where she produced a large piece of cake for May.

"She will be best at home in future, Miss Edith. Thank you all the same for asking her," said Evan; and it was many a long day before May again appeared at the choir practice.

(*To be continued.*)



OUR GIRLS' NAMES.



No. 1.—MARY.

WE begin this series of short papers on female names with the commonest, and, at the same time, one of the most beautiful of names, Mary. There is scarcely a family without at least one Mary, and even where the modern love of change has driven out the good old name in its simplest form, we find most probably a Mary or a Marion, a Maria or a Miriam, which are all of them varieties of Mary; and, indeed, Miriam is by far the oldest form of the name, and there can be no doubt that indirectly the Virgin Mary inherited her name from the famous sister of Moses and Aaron. It is somewhat doubtful what the name Miriam or Mary really signifies, but whatever be the true derivation, it would seem to have been given originally as a sign of displeasure or opprobium; for it is probably derived from a Hebrew word signifying rebellion, in which case it must have been conferred upon the sister of Moses in remembrance of the time when she and Aaron murmured and rebelled against their brother, and were punished for their contumacy by the Lord (see Numbers xii.). The only other derivation suggested is one that connects it with Mara, "bitterness," which name it will be remembered the widowed Naomi declared in her sorrow ought to be hers (Ruth i. 20). But whatever was the original meaning of the name Miriam, there can be no doubt that the high honour in which the songstress of Israel was held was sufficient to make it a noble appellation for any Jewish woman to bear.

In the history of our Lord's sojourn upon earth the name of Mary frequently occurs. It is a Mary who gives birth to the world's Redeemer, a Mary who anoints His sacred feet, a Mary to whom He first appears after His resurrection, and three Marys stand at the Cross while He offered Himself up for the sins of the world.

What wonder, then, that the name has been held in the highest esteem and veneration by the whole Christian world. We do not need to exalt the Virgin with any undue reverence to love the name which was borne by so many whom the Saviour loved. Instead of "rebellion" or "bitterness," we can connect with this name obedience to the will of God and sweetness of disposition, such as earned for the sister of Lazarus and the Magdalen such high praise from Jesus.

When we turn to secular history we find the name of Mary borne by many who have become famous either for good or evil. In the annals of our country we are accustomed to connect the name with an unfortunate and misguided queen, who was, indeed, rebellious against the Lord and bitter to his followers; but Mary Tudor is not the only Queen of England who bore the name. Mary II., James's daughter and William's wife, will well bear comparison with any of our sovereigns for her true religious feeling and the many virtues of her too short life. For Mary Stuart, headstrong and wicked as she was, we cannot but feel some pity; her sins were heavily punished; driven from her country, deserted by her friends, spending weary years in captivity, and at length perishing by the headsman's axe. Her history contains terrible lessons of wasted talents and neglected opportunities which we might all of us study with profit. Brave Lady Fairfax, who was the only one who ventured to protest against the judicial murder of Charles I., is a Mary we may well be proud of. Then there is Mary Somerville, a woman whose life showed that high mental abilities and deep devotion to science need not unfit any woman for the ordinary duties of a wife and mother. We might gather from the history and biography of many lands a long list of illustrious Marys. French history gives us many a Mary or Marie, of whom it is only necessary to mention the beautiful and ill-fated Marie Antoinette. As we have said, the name Mary in one form or another is as popular as ever in England; but we have never adopted the foolish custom which has prevailed in many Roman Catholic countries of giving this name to *boys*. Yet this absurd practice is very common even at the present day in many parts of the Continent, and one may often meet with men who bear some such fanciful appellation as François Marie or Guiseppe Marie, while everyone knows the name Jean Marie Farina. But Mary will always hold its own in England, and every girl who bears it has a right to be proud of it, and a duty in trying to make herself worthy of a name to which so many noble associations belong.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour!—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks untouched by care,
And bowed—as flowers are bowed with night—in prayer.

Gaze on!—'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!
Gaze! yet what seest thou in those fair and meek
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,—
What death must fashion for eternity!

O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds, with slumber's honey-dew oppressed,
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun,
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth be spread,
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you!—silent tears to weep;
A patient smile to wear through suffering's hour;
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds a wasted shower;
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship;—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you!—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love through all things!—therefore pray!

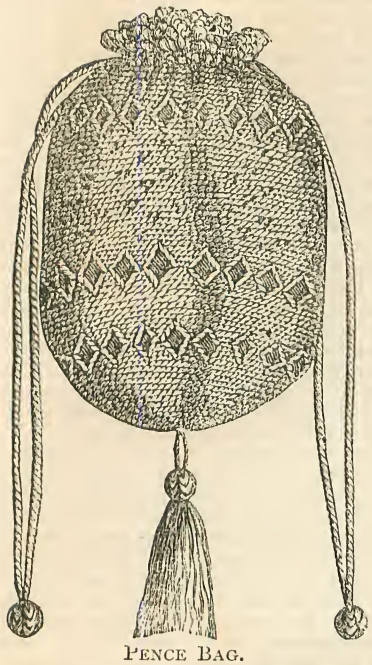
And take the thought of this calm vesper-time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—oh! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

B. BARTON.

MY WORK BASKET.

Pence Bag.

This bag is made entirely of double crochet, with fine cord or very course écru crochet cotton. It is begun at the bottom by making a ring of five chain stitches, and increasing in every second stitch until you have made the bag the width you require. When you have worked a sufficient length—which will generally be about fifty-six rows—the edge is formed by three rows of open crochet. Through the lower one a drawing string, made of chains of crochet, is threaded. A large tassel is fastened at bottom. The lozenges are worked in wools of some bright colour, in long stitch; the edges in chain stitch.



Pence Bag.

Round Work Basket.

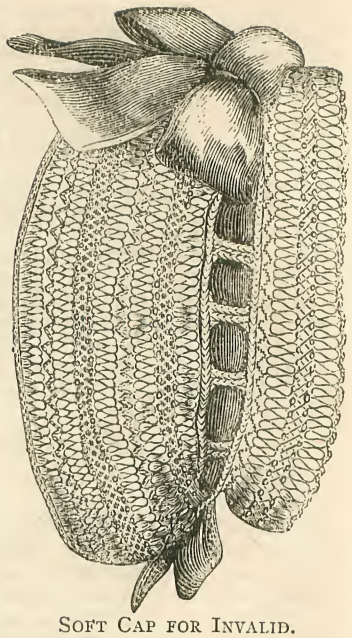
The band is made of open white silk canvas, twenty inches long and eight inches deep, worked with thick blue floss silk, crossed with gold colour.

Cover a round for the bottom with blue silk; line the band also with silk, join it neatly, and sew it to the bottom. A silk bag is attached, with a double heading drawn with cord or ribbon. A blue ruche of ribbon, put on with a gold-coloured cord, trims the top and bottom edges of the canvas.

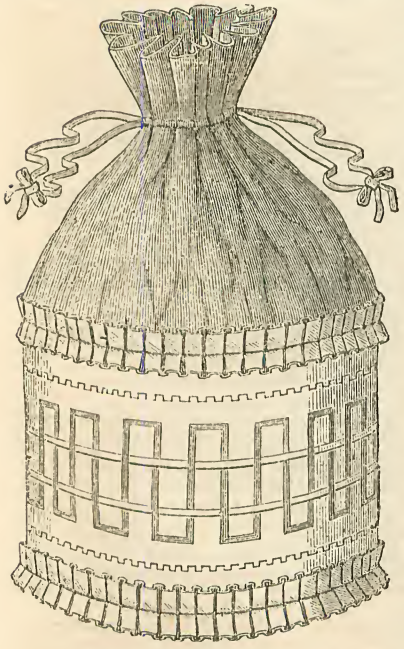
Soft Cap for Invalid, or Old Lady's Morning Cap.

This work is styled "hair-pin" embroidery, and is done on large steel pins, or wooden ones, if wools are used, the crochet needle, of course, matching. White Andalusian wool and coloured floss silk required, with ribbon to match the floss. The stitch is worked by making a loop on the crochet needle, then passing the wool over the pin. The hair-pin is held firmly between the thumb and finger of the left hand, with the points upwards; then, having made a loop on the crochet needle, pass the wool over the left prong of the pin, and make a single crochet stitch half way between the two prongs. Keep the crochet needle always pointed from you, and turn the pin for the loop on the opposite prong from the right to left side. The wool will then be in front; pass it round the *right* prong, and draw it through the loop on the crochet needle. Work a double crochet stitch in the loop on the *left* side; turn the pin, and continue until you have worked a strip as long as you wish. About 142 loops will be sufficient for a full-sized cap, if the pin is the size of that in the illustration. Make eight strips, and join them together with a chain of crochet in coloured silk or wool; gather them together top and bottom, to form the bag for the head. A band of triple crochet stitches with four or five chain stitches between each is then worked all round, through which a ribbon is passed. The border is made with a band of hair-pin work, with a single chain stitch of silk on the edge to be sewn on the cap. The other edge is worked with three or four double crochet stitches in each loop, which gives the right fulness.

A large bow is placed on the top of the cap and a small one at the back, falling over the neck. The cap may be made entirely of cotton, and will be found light and cool for night wear.



Soft Cap for Invalid.



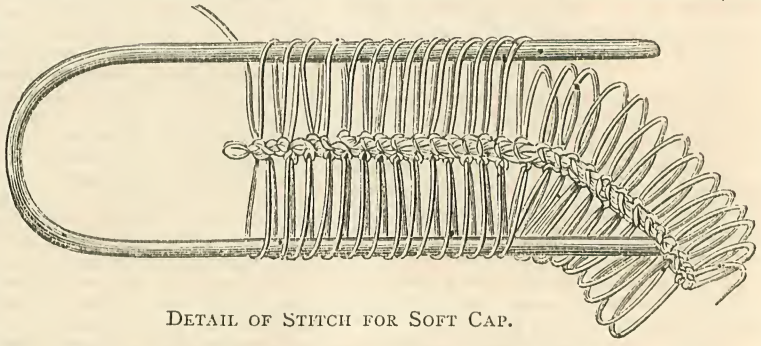
Round Work Basket.

Crochet Bag for Ball of String.

Ecru and pink, or any two colours of good crochet cotton, and fine steel crochet hook. Make a chain of ten stitches, and join for the ring.

1st Row (with the écru thread).—Thirteen trebles, with one chain between each, into the ring; join.

2nd Row (écru).—One treble into the one chain in last row, two chain, two trebles into next, one chain, one chain; repeat and join.



Detail of Stitch for Soft Cap.

3rd Row (écru).—Two trebles into every two chain in last row; join.

4th Row (pink).—Three trebles, miss one; repeat and join.

5th Row (ecru).—Three trebles into two chain, one chain, one treble on middle treble of three in last row, repeat and join.

6th Row (pink).—Three trebles, two chain, miss one; repeat and join.

7th Row (écru).—Three trebles, one chain between every three trebles in last row; join.

8th Row (pink).—Three trebles, one chain, miss one, repeat and join.

9th Row (écru).—One treble, one chain, miss one; repeat and join.

10th Row.—The same as last.

11th Row (pink).—Same as 8th row.

12th Row (écru).—Same as 7th row.

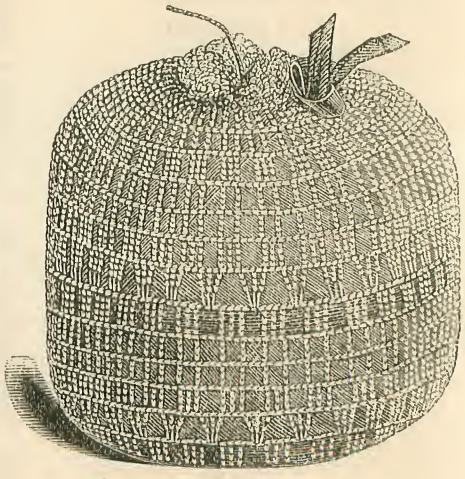
13th Row (pink).—Same as 11th row.

14th Row (écru).—One treble, one chain, miss one; repeat and join.

15th Row.—The same as 14th row.

16th Row (pink).—The same as last two rows.

17th Row (pink).—One double crochet, five chain, miss three; repeat and join.



Crochet Bag for String.

18th Row (pink).—One double, three trebles, one double into chain in last row ; repeat and fasten off.

This completes the work. The ball of string just fits into the bag, which is drawn up by a piece of narrow pink satin ribbon, run through the openings in the 16th row, and tied closely, leaving an end of the string out at top.

Three or four bags can be made with the two balls of cotton, costing threepence each. The string is sixpence a ball.

Pincushion Work Box.

The box is covered with black satin and lined with gold-coloured silk.

Cut four pieces of firm cardboard, eighteen inches long and three and a half inches wide, for the two sides of the box; and four pieces the same width and eight inches long for the two ends.



Design for Antimacassar, described on page 41.

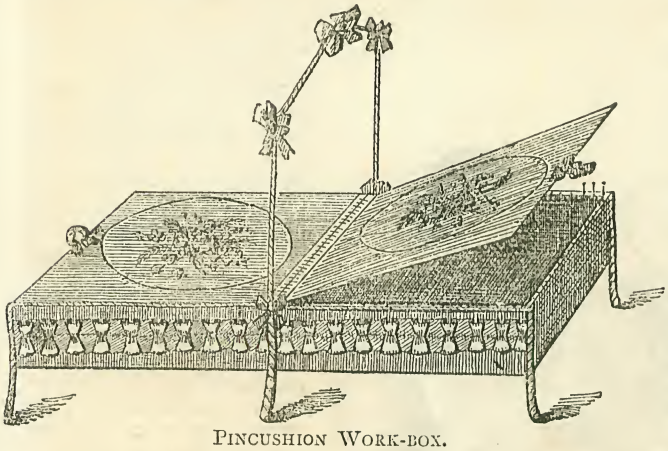
Cover four pieces for the outside with black satin, and the four pieces for the inside with gold-coloured silk.

A thin sheet of wadding should be placed under the covering to render it soft and rich-looking.

Each piece covered with black is to be sewn, with gold-coloured silk, to one covered with gold-coloured silk, in the same manner as a flat pincushion is made, and stuck with pins on the upper edge. The bottom of the box is also of double cardboard, covered in the same way.

The size, of course, is eighteen inches by eight.

The cardboard for the lids must be the same length and width, but cut in half. These two pieces on the inside are lined with gold-coloured silk and wadded.



Pincushion Work-box.

The two upper pieces of cardboard are cut out in the centre, to show a little engraving or coloured picture, which is carefully gummed on the plain side of the cardboard covered for the inside.

Care must be taken to turn the black satin smoothly over its edges of the openings and secured by gum. Sew each lid all round to the lining.

A wire, covered with gold-coloured ribbon, forms the hinge, to which the lids are sewn.

The edges of the lids and hinge are covered with a gold-coloured silk cord, which form the loops; and the sides of the box are ornamented with a ruche of gold-coloured ribbon.

The handle and legs are made of good, strong wire, doubled and sloped, covered with a ribbon twisted round them.

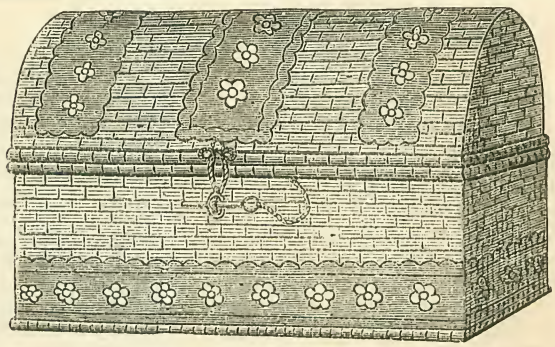
The handles are trimmed with five bows of ribbon.

Fancy Wicker Basket with Straps of Embroidered Leather.

The bands are scolloped on each side. The stars are worked with fine cord in various colours with gold centres. When worked, the bands are stitched with netting silk on the basket, through perforated holes pricked on each edge a little way within the scollop.

Crochet Petticoat for Little Child of Two or Three Years of Age.

Materials, yarn or fleecy, with bone crochet hook. The stripes are alternate white and blue, or any colour preferred. Make a chain of 261 stitches, each scallop requiring nine stitches, and join. Work six rows with blue in double crochet as follows: Three double into three following chain stitches; then, three into fourth chain, three into next three chain stitches, miss two, miss two, and repeat.



Fancy Wicker Basket.

Join at the end of each row, in order to keep the rows even.

Work five rows of white in the same way.

The next two stripes of blue and white have only four rows of double crochet. The third blue stripe of four rows decreases the width, by missing three stitches instead of two at the lower point, working two double crochet, three into one for the upper point, and three double. Repeat. The remainder of the rows of this stripe are worked as before, only missing two.

Continue in the same way for the next white stripe of three rows.

Join on the blue, and decrease again by missing four stitches and working one double on each side of the upper point, which is made as before by working three into one.

The rest of the petticoat is worked backwards and forwards in double crochet in every stitch, taking the stitches in the back stitch of every other row. There are twelve rows. The next row, through which a ribbon is passed, is worked with three double trebles, two chain, miss two, one double treble, miss two, two chain, and repeat.

Work a row of single stitches along the top and down each side of the opening at the back.



Design for outline embroidery.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER VII.

THAT SLUG AGAIN!

Miss Rowe, having left her truant pupil's bedroom, next sought her in the senior study, in the large class-room, the dining-hall, the music-room, the little study, the garden-room—that is to say, in every room on the groundfloor, with the exception of the Principal's private study, into which no one was allowed to intrude during that hour, which Miss Crofton devoted to answering her numerous letters.

With every room entered, to no purpose, Miss Rowe's irritation increased. At last the thought came to her that, perhaps, the aggravating new-comer had been hiding under one of the beds when she looked into the room, and enjoying the sight of her annoyance. With this suspicion she remounted the stairs, and once more turned into the south corridor. As her eyes fell on the door of the governess's private sitting-room she gave a slight sigh of envy as she thought of her two companions—Mademoiselle l'Ermite and Fraulein Honpelaude—sitting there enjoying a little leisurely interval of rest and tranquillity. As she passed she heard cheerful voices within, and it occurred to her that she might at least ask her favoured coadjutors to aid in her present search.

She turned back, and opened the door. Having made one step in she stood still, and put up her hand to her eyes for a moment, as though she imagined they had suddenly lost their power of correct sight. It may be confessed that she had some cause for her surprise.

There, before her, seated comfortably on the little sofa, side by side with the good-tempered little German governess, was the missing pupil, Miss Helen Edison. A small table, drawn up conveniently before them, was covered with the young lady's open lesson-books. She looked up as the door opened, and, acknowledging Miss Rowe's entrance with a smile, said, with calm cheerfulness—

"What a pleasant little room this is! I am so glad I thought of coming here. Kind Fraulein has helped me to understand and learn my lessons beautifully."

Miss Rowe came a step farther into the room—

"I am simply astounded, Fraulein Honpelaude, to find that you abet a pupil—a new pupil, but I already begin to fear a most wilful one—in breaking the Principal's rules. I repeat I am astounded."

Poor Fraulein trembled visibly before her junior but very much more strong-minded fellow teacher, as she answered, almost humbly—

"Ah! Miss Rowe, but truly, with your pardon, I think not Miss Crofton would be displeased that for this one time I have given a couple words of help to this poor child so fresh from home. And, moreover, she came pleading you had yourself told to her to find a quiet corner for her studies."

Miss Rowe looked quickly at the pupil as these last words were uttered, and fancied she saw a smile flit over her face. The suspicion made her own accent still more biting as she replied—

"It is true I recommended her to move away from Miss Wilmot, as the temptation to keep up a chattering, tittering conversation with her appeared to be irresistible; but having also, not a minute before, told her that the next hour was to be devoted by her to learning her lessons for to-morrow in the room she then occupied, I should have imagined that even her intellect, neglected as she has been——"

Helen started up, almost flinging the table over as she came from behind it, exclaiming—

"I have not been neglected. You have no right to say that! If you are angry with me you have no right to——"

"My dear, my dear, what is the matter with you?" asked Miss Crofton in dismay, as she unexpectedly came into the room and saw Helen's flaming cheeks and flashing eyes. She had feared that there might be some encounters between her two latest inmates, but she had certainly not looked for a desperate one thus early.



"ACKNOWLEDGING MISS ROWE'S ENTRANCE WITH A SMILE."

Miss Crofton had come up with a German letter she wished Fraulein to answer for her in time for the evening's post, but she forgot all about post hours in the vexatious scene before her. She repeated her question—

"What is the matter with you, Miss Edison?"

Helen's chest heaved as she answered in a choked voice—

"I don't mind what people say of me, but papa and mamma—they shall not——she says I have been neglected."

"Why, my dear child," said Miss Crofton, breaking into a smile, "I should never have guessed from your countenance that you were given to making mountains out of molehills. We won't wait to ask just now who is spoken of in such an uncivil way as *she;* but whoever it may be has only quoted a sentence out of your own mamma's letter to me, in saying that you have been very much neglected. Your mamma repeated that sentence again yesterday to Miss Rowe also, so you see we cannot help all being aware of the fact. And now good-bye for the present. I see you have been encroaching on poor Fraulein's little spare time. She will be too good-natured ever to say you nay, missie, so I must trust the matter to your own generosity, and unless you come to any great difficulties in your work I am sure that you will try to remember that it is my wish that you should never leave the study during preparation hours.

"I wish I could always have all my orders from you," answered Helen, impulsively. "I will remember what you tell me," and then, with a defiant glance at Miss Rowe, she ran out of the room before the Principal could decide what to say to the complimentary but rebellious speech.

After tea Mademoiselle l'Ermite was on duty during the second preparation hour, and it was Miss Rowe's turn to indulge in a little rest and solitude, on which no one was at all wishful to intrude.

The work downstairs proceeded with the tranquillity usual to it before the yesterday's advent of Miss Edison until that young lady happened to have occasion to dive to the bottom of her pocket for a pencil. As she did so some recollection seemed to dawn upon her, and, hastily pulling forth the pencil, she began to fumble for something else.

Helen Edison's pocket was not at all that Miss Rowe would have called a young lady's pocket. She had a boy's habit of stuffing everything into her pocket that would go in or that she

wished to have "handy." Sometimes the things she desired to have handy were rather peculiar. The article she was hunting for now would come under that term, and yet she held it in considerable esteem. On the table between herself and Milly she deposited two handkerchiefs, two or three bits of string, a bootlace, a piece of the chocolate Fraulein had given her in the morning, and which Milly instantly popped into her mouth, a necktie, and various other articles, amongst them a big brown four-bladed penknife. But whatever else there was, it was very evident that the special object she was searching for was absent. When the pocket was quite empty she looked up at Milly Wilmot with a comical expression of dismay and disappointment.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I *am* sorry. I have lost such a little treasure. I suppose I must have pulled it out of my pocket when we were out walking. I would much sooner have lost my pocket-handkerchief, or even this dear old knife."

"What was it, then? your purse or a locket, or what?" asked Milly, with a mingling of sympathy and curiosity. "You might tell a body."

Her curiosity, if not her sympathy, was destined to be soon satisfied. Almost as she spoke she and all in the room were electrified by a piercing shriek overhead, accompanied by the sound of some small object thrown down. Whilst everyone else started up with answering cries of terror and wonder, Helen Edison sprang to her feet with the delighted exclamation—

"Oh, I shouldn't be surprised if Miss Rowe has found my little treasure after all!"

And in her unexplained joy she once more seized her schoolfellow round the waist, and in the very middle of the grave preparation hour whirled her up the room just as the door was flung open and Miss Rowe rushed in, regardless of her usual cold dignity. Breathless and trembling with excitement, she fell up against Helen before she saw her, and then with no wasted apologies she clasped her by the arm, and exclaimed—

"You wicked, spiteful girl! you did it on purpose! Go upstairs and find it at once, and bring it here that I may watch you and see that you really do throw it away this time."

"Throw what away, Miss Rowe?" asked Mademoselle l'Ermite, anxiously.

"The—the—ugh!" ended Miss Rowe, by way of an answer, with a strong shudder. "Miss Edison knows, and she deserves to have to sleep on them. A-a-a-a-h!!!"

"It would be a soft bed," said that young lady, calmly; "only I should pity the poor slugs."

"Don't be so—so—disgusting," almost screamed Miss Rowe. "But go up to our room above, and hunt for it—the horrible thing—till you find it. It will be crawling away, and hiding somewhere, and I shall never feel at peace in the room."

Helen smiled. "Poor little creature!



"WILL YOU PLEASE LET ME GO TO LOOK FOR THAT SLUG FOR YOU?"

Papa says he thinks them such wonderful things. And I assure you, though I don't know much of natural history, I am positive they can't bite."

"You deserve to be bitten, you tiresome little mademoiselle, if you are in the habit of keeping such pets," said Mademoiselle l'Ermite, with a smile, and coming forward in the interests of peace, while Milly whispered behind her schoolfellow, with sudden fearful eagerness—

"Was it loose in your pocket?"

"Ah! By-the-bye, how did that piece of chocolate taste?" was the laughing reply.

"Gar-r-r," cried Milly, her upper lip shrinking into nothing, and she rushed out of the room.

Mademoiselle repeated aloud the question she had overheard, and shrugged her shoulders most expressively as she demanded—

"But then—no—it cannot be that you had a—a—limace—ah! loose in your pocket! Say then?"

"Oh, no, mademoiselle. I guarded it most carefully in my little tortoise-shell bonbonière. It was quite comfortable, I as——"

"You are a regular magpie," exclaimed Miss Rowe, interrupting her, angrily. "Twice I have desired you to go upstairs and find the creature to throw it away. Now, I give you the order a third time, and don't let me have to speak again. Go at once."

As she spoke she gave her pupil a little push towards the door, and Helen as quickly slipped aside, and moving away from the door altogether, ran across the room to the clock.

"I am very sorry," she said, as she reached it, "but I find it will be more than half an hour yet before I can oblige you by hunting for that slug. I promised Miss Crofton that I would not again leave this room during preparation time, and when I make a promise I keep it."

"Miss Crofton would absolve you from your promise under present circumstances," said Miss Rowe, with angry anxiety.

"Perhaps she would," was the irritating answer. "But she is not in to ask, for I saw her pass the windows just before you came down."

And then Miss Nellie sat down and folded her arms, and it was evident that nothing but bodily force would make her move.

Josephine Bell's weary eyes looked at her sorrowfully for a few moments, and then, clasping her restless, nervous hands, the poor ignoramus rose and turned to the English governess—

"Would you please let me go to look for the slug for you?"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Buried Rivers.

1. Tush, Ann! onward is our course.
2. Do you think we can manage with a man for a guide over this pass?
3. Yes, we can do very well, and to-morrow we will start.
4. You rise in excellent time every morning.
5. The willow, yew, and oak are some of the finest trees.
6. You really do neglect your duty very much.

Kindly Feelings and Handsome Features.—The plainest features become handsome unawares when associated only with kind feelings; and the loveliest face disagreeable when linked with ill humour or caprice. Young ladies should consider that sensible men think of this when they are selecting a face which they are to see every day across the breakfast table for the remainder of their lives.

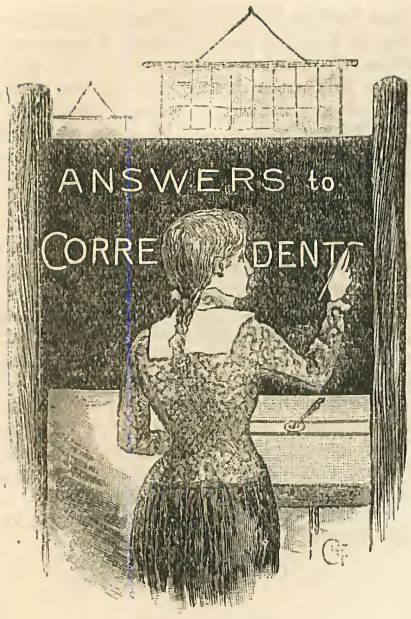
Stop and Think.—If thou canst not continually recollect thyself, yet do it sometimes, at the least once a day, namely, in the morning or at night. In the morning fix thy good purpose, and at night examine thyself what thou hast done, how thou hast behaved thyself in word, deed, and thought, for in these perhaps thou hast oftentimes offended against God and thy neighbour.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

A Note of Safety.—Keep close to Jesus both in life and death, and commit thyself unto His trust who, when all fail, can alone help thee.

No Standing Still.—Nothing stands still: it either grows better or worse.

The Difference Between being Rich and Poor.—A woman is rich who lives upon what she *has*. A woman is poor who lives upon what is *coming*. A prudent woman lives within her income, whatever that may be; and saves against a rainy day. "Keep your expenses within your income, and you will avoid the temptation of doing many shabby actions. You cannot burn the candle at both ends."

Answer to Acrostic of Buried Towns (p. 79.)—1. Paris. 2. Ostend. 3. Pau. 4. Ely. Pope (the poet).



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, *Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

Annie.—1. If your voice has not been injured by attempting to learn singing four years too early, there is no reason why you should not resume your lessons. 2. Milner's "English History" and his "Universal Geography" and Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia,"; all published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would be valuable books for you to study.

Say.—There are manuals published as aids to memory. Think more of what you have to do, and give your undivided attention to them at the time when they are "on the *tapis*." Nothing can be well done that has had but a passing thought such as to make no impression on the memory. We regret that you gained nothing in the competition, but that did not imply that your work was not very well done.

Lucretia.—Full particulars of the siege of Jerusalem are given in Josephus. Much also may be gathered by the late Dean Milman's fine poem, "The Fall of Jerusalem."

Nerissa.—Ask your bookseller to order you one. We do not publish a grammar of the Welsh languages ourselves.

Geraldine.—1. *J'habiterai un pays qui me plait*, is correct, not *qui me plaise*. 2. A man should always give the inside of the footway to any woman.

Clytie.—Admission to Girton College is given to women over eighteen; at Newnham, to those over seventeen. Bathing your ankles in salt and water may strengthen them.

Sweet Briar.—You would find the system of instruction by correspondence a great help to your home studies. Address to Mrs. Adair Pichard, Airedale, Oxford, for information.

Mignonne.—You will find Edersham's "Exodus and Wanderings in the Wilderness" (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.), an excellent text-book, price two shillings and six pence.

Bundle.—Consult Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary," under that heading.

Ekdriktkhk.—1. Music may be hired at most music sellers, by making an arrangement with them, and sent regularly by post. 2. The best method of teaching a child to read is to procure a book with large print and short stories, and tell it the words as they come without spelling them. Never be impatient or irritable over the lesson, or learning will at once acquire disagreeable associations. When a child can read so as to amuse itself, then begin to teach spelling, which, being a disagreeable task, should be as much dissociated from reading as possible. Your writing is legible, but not pretty nor artistic.

M. L. M.—You should apply to Messrs. Novello and Co., and they will also supply a list of prices.

True Blue and Biddie.—We ought to know on what subjects you are least well informed, and then we could recommend books for your study. We can only direct your attention to page 560, vol. i., under the head "Educational."

WORK.

Workbox.—You might use a very stiff cardboard to make a tray for your workbox, and line it throughout with a cotton-backed satin. Please read the "Notice to Correspondents," at page 512, vol. i., and choose a different name.

Nellie W.—You must procure a paper pattern of an ulster, and lay it on your waterproof cloak, taking very careful measurement before cutting out.

Wild Rose.—If the velveteen be a good one, it is quite worth dyeing; unless redipped, it will not match with the cashmere. Crewel-work will still be worn on dresses this winter.

Constance.—Satin is the prettiest trimming for velvet, and wears very well.

Emily.—Read "How to Embroider in Crewels," pages 139, 189, and 264, vol. i.

Black Starten.—See pages 244, 429, vol. i., for patterns with braid and crochet.

Flora.—By the 10th is meant the tenth stitch, and the same increase at the 10th stitch from the end brings the ankle even on both sides. We do not see any difficulty in this pattern.

Theodosia.—The reason for knitting the wool is to cause it to wave like moss after a wetting and baking. It is done in plain knitting on steel needles. Before writing again to us please try the instructions given, you will then see the effect. Fill the box with sand if you choose.

May.—You had better consult "Miss Ryder's Knitting Cards."

E. A. H.—The best material for mending black thread stockings is filoselle.

Dido.—We feel very sorry for you, and do not know what advice to give you respecting how to earn, while lying on your sofa. But some articles will be given expressly to meet the case of invalids who cannot sit up, in reference to work and various occupations. Perhaps you could crochet or knit babies' socks.

Alice.—1. For washing crewel work see page 140. A blue linen or satin sheeting material would prove excellent materials for a crewel-embroidered apron. Your writing would be improved by reducing its size.

Annette.—Bathing caps are made of oil-silk, rather a full crown, having a drawing string to tie it round the head. They are, however, easily bought, and do not cost much. Well-bred people should render thanks at all times, wherever, and to whomsoever, they are due.

Nesta B.—Dip the crewels, &c., in alum and water, to set the colours. Salt and water is also good. Let them hang until dry. Pounce the pattern upon the velvet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Youngest Daughter.—Your eldest sister has by law the right of choice in the division of "personalities," which, when there is no will to order otherwise, are equally divided between daughters. Certainly you have no claim on your mother's wedding ring, unless your eldest sister be content to take an equivalent.

Dolly.—Your question about polishing stone has been answered before.

Marjoram.—The "Morte d'Arthur" was composed by Tennyson (the Laureate).

E. Wavill.—If a young girl of only sixteen should desire to occupy herself in a useful way among the poor, we advise her—having obtained her parents' consent—to apply to her clergyman or minister, and offer her services to him for the purpose of visiting some respectable old people, to whom her reading aloud might be a comfort; but we by no means approve of promiscuous visiting on the part of very young people.

Belle.—The 24th of December, 1858, fell on a Friday; the 2nd of October, 1863, on a Friday also.

Pussie-Cat.—We cannot help you to dispose of old stamps. Make them into snakes and tails for kites.

Cowslip.—We are very sorry for your poor canary, but fear that you must leave it to nature. As to the wheezing, it probably is caused by that pest of all bird-cages, the red mite. Clean the cage thoroughly and dust it and the bird with Hardman's Insect Powder. You can procure it from any grocer.

Annie Audrey.—1. Let the ringdove wash itself if it likes; all the pigeon tribe are very fond of a bath. 2. Feed the white mice on corn, canary seed, bread, &c., but never give them cheese. Hay does very well for a bed, and so does white cotton wool, black cotton wool kills them, as we have learned from experience.

Frog.—Gas, paraffin, or oil, will answer perfectly well for the greenhouse in winter. But whatever may be the heating material, the whole of the fumes must be conducted out of the greenhouse through a flue.

Primrose and Violet.—If you *can* condescend to look at the *Boy's Own Paper*, you will find some full instructions for the management of aquaria. Pitch will do no harm. Do not change the water, but make a practise of dropping some water into it from a little height, so as to drive air through it. A common sauce-ladle will answer well for this purpose, and so will the Japanese china spoons, which are sold at a penny each.

Valerie should not allow any man to address her, unless introduced as a suitable acquaintance by some friend whose good sense can be relied upon. We are obliged by all your thanks.

Daisy.—You ought not to part the birds. The cock will feed his mate and make much of her, as he ought to do.

Grateful.—Will you send us some of the flies? In the meantime, we should suggest covering the wire with gauze.

H. M. C.—Terra-cotta is used for water-colour painting, but the surface of the design requires coating with size; or the recently introduced medium for the purpose; the latter makes it far easier and pleasanter work, and is much more effective. An article on "Terra-cotta Painting" in all its branches will shortly be published in this magazine, written by the lady who contributed the paper on "China Painting." Your writing is distinct, and with care might be made into a good hand. Your grateful little letter is very pleasant to read, but you should be careful, not to speak of yourself as two distinct persons, *she* and *I*.

Jallette.—We have been promised an article on "Velvet Painting," from the lady who wrote the paper on "China Painting." It will appear before long, and is sure to contain all information on the subject possible to impart in writing. "Jallette's writing is very distinct and characteristic; it would, however, diminish neither qualification by being reduced to half the size, and would be, we think more generally admired.

Organist's Sister.—There are no hoods granted with the diplomas of the College of Organists. They used to have a collar with a medal attached, but we believe that was discontinued. The subjects for examination are the same as those of other musical colleges, harmony, counterpoint, canon, fugue, etc. Your writing is neat, but the capital letters are not large enough.

Gracie.—Your writing certainly needs improvement, and there is no "style" about your letter. You evidently have not been trying to benefit from our remarks. No educated person would begin a letter like you have done:—

Dear Sir
you simply told me last time you
kindly answered my letter.

You should have written it like this:—

Dear Sir,

You simply told me last time you kindly answered my letter.

But what is much worse than this is the omission of capital letters and of any kind of punctuation; no commas, full stops, or paragraphs. Your name and full address, for instance, are all jumbled up together without a single stop, so that it looks like one long name—such as the Spaniards indulge in. 2. How absurd you are to take any notice of your sister's taunts. Of course a red face is not a sign of vulgarity; it is rather a sign of good health and happiness.

H. A. M.—Take this as a safe guide for your actions: Never go where you would be indisposed, on account of the unsuitableness of the place, to offer up a prayer to God.

Perplexity.—You are very cruel and quite in the wrong to annoy your father about his second marriage. As there seems to be nothing against the new wife, you have no right to resent the union and to talk about leaving home. We know a case of a dying wife making her husband promise never to re-marry, and the man's life was a wretched and lonely one ever afterwards. We also know of girls who love, and justly so, their stepmothers very dearly and do not consider it an injustice to the memory of their own mother. Your writing is rather nice.

L. H. R wishes to know if it is considered "ladylike to be a pupil teacher." This depends upon the girl herself. There are pupil teachers, and pupil teachers — as there are gentlewomen and women who are not gentle in every profession in life. L. R. H. also wishes to know if she could "go into a boarding or private school to teach, instead of going to college to teach." We beg to say that we consider her unfit for anything in the teaching line, for if her *pupils* were to copy her bad writing and mistakes, and commence the first words of their letters to the editor of The Girl's Own Paper with a small letter, he would be down upon them like a hundred of bricks.

Violet.—If you, not being his personal friend, are writing to your clergyman, commence your letter "Rev. Sir," and end with "Yours faithfully" or "Your faithful parishioner." In applying for a situation as governess, you should commence with "Madam," and end with "Yours faithfully" or "Your faithful servant." Your handwriting is uncommonly nice.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—No. 46.] NOVEMBER 13, 1880. PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER SWEET REVENGE.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

CHAPTER II.

BROKEN TIES.

JOHN FIELD, the father of Susan, and Etienne Philipart (the elder) had been neighbours for many years. Their children were born within a few months of each other, they had lost their wives about the same time, and the girl and boy had grown up together. The not unusual result had followed.

They loved each other, and then the fathers both became aware of what everybody else had very clearly anticipated. Young Etienne asked Field to give him his daughter for a wife. Field consented, though not



[*All rights reserved.*]

"'OH, FATHER!' INTERRUPTED SUSAN."

without a grumbling protest, as was his custom.

But an obstacle arose from a quarter least expected. Old Etienne Philipart, who had dandled Susan on his knee when a baby, had petted and caressed her as a child, and accepted a hundred little semi-filial attentions from her as a young girl, now sternly and utterly refused his consent to her union with his son.

The old weaver had his besetting sin, pride—pride so deep, so thoroughly engrained in his nature that it had actually prevented his even entertaining the idea of a possibility of such a union, in spite of the daily evidences of mutual attachment and esteem which the young people were certainly at no special pains to conceal.

Wild as were the poor man's ravings in the fever which now possessed him, they were scarcely more exaggerated or absurd than the theory of a noble descent, which he propounded to his son on the occasion of the latter informing his father of his attachment to Susan Field.

Not a syllable could he utter to the detraction of the girl herself. That would have been impossible. But he made his son feel most completely that to marry the woman he loved would be to involve the risk of total disruption with his only parent. And Etienne, imbued with all the filial reverence remarkable in his nation, would not for a moment have entertained such a possibility.

Still less, however, could he have resigned his long-cherished idea with the object perpetually in view. The end of it was a last meeting—a long, sad farewell, with scarcely an expressed hope of a future re-union. Such a hope must have involved a possibility which the affectionate son would not have dared to anticipate.

From his father the parting was even perhaps more bitter, though less demonstrative. Etienne had always disliked the trade of a weaver, which was that of his father and John Field. Hitherto he had pursued it unwillingly certainly, but it kept him near Susan and his home.

Now, when all his pleasant past was to be rudely broken up, he gave expression to the long pent-up ambition of his life.

"I shall be a soldier," he said. And the thought that now his early dreams might be fulfilled to some extent consoled him.

If love were to fail him, at least ambition remained.

So Etienne went.

The proud old father was never heard to lament his son's departure. But his step grew less active, and his voice, once so clear and fine, was very seldom heard singing his old French *chansons* as he worked in his garden—one of a number of plots which the inhabitants of the locality rented at a short distance from the small community.

Thither had John Field repaired on the evening when his daughter, resolving to put down all the feeling of estrangement which had arisen out of late events, knelt by the bedside of her lover's only parent.

The plots of John Field and Etienne Philipart adjoined, and as the former stood at the gate of his own, he mentally took stock of both.

"I don't know how it is," he pondered, "but that old boy always did take the shine out of us all at his gardening. Now, why ever should those carnations—they're both from the self-same seed, I'll be bound—and yet look at his by the side of mine! And then, again, those roses, and his peas, a good week or ten days ahead of mine! Even down to the very lettuce! As for his grapes, they *are* a picture!"

He cast a glance of envy at a small archway of brickwork—the relic of an outhouse long vanished—which had been skilfully utilised, where the magnificent bunches of royal fruit were quickly ripening under the influence of a sheltered southern aspect.

"There's one thing, it won't last." So ran his reflection. "It must come to grief fast enough now he's laid by the heels, if he's as bad as she says."

With this not too charitable reflection John Field passed into his own garden, and commenced his usual evening employment. He was a very successful raiser of vegetables and of a few flowers. But the Frenchman's skill in such matters was, as he acknowledged, far beyond all his neighbours'. In times gone by Field had benefited largely by the advice and assistance of his neighbour. But for the last two years they had been as strangers.

Field completed his evening's work, gathered the parsley which his daughter had asked for, and was just closing the gate of his garden carefully behind him, when a rustling sound in the hedge caught his attention.

"I declare if it isn't that brute of a Barmby's pig got into old Philipart's plot."

True enough, there was the sow, which having forced itself through a small aperture in the outer hedge, was now routing and rioting to its heart's content among the neat beds, and grunting its satisfaction at the devastation it was causing.

"It'll play Meg's diversion among his carnations and things," said Field to himself, still looking on, and maintaining a strict neutrality.

"He's prided himself long enough on his garden. I don't see why he's to take the shine out of us in everything, and turn up his nose at a decent man's daughter. Susan's a good girl, too. Pride must have a fall, they say."

Field was evidently trying to justify himself in the policy of non-intervention, on the score of his own wrongs.

Apparently he did not succeed to his own satisfaction, or to that of the pig, which suddenly received a blow from a well aimed stone, right on its snout, thereby diverting its attentions from a splendid standard rose which it had set its heart on rooting up.

"Bother the beast! It *is* too bad, that it is! Get into my plot next, like as not!"

So he opened the gate, and had just succeeded in ejecting the sow—indignant and loudly grunting as it trotted away—when Field beheld his daughter Susan running almost breathless towards him, from the direction of their home.

"Oh, father dear! indeed one of us must go for the doctor," she cried. "He's very bad! he's out of his mind! Indeed I believe he will die."

The girl burst out sobbing, and covered her face with her apron.

"There, there, don't make that to-do!" cried her father, angrily. "It ain't everyone that's light-headed that dies! What for are *we* to be put about, fetching doctors, and the rest of it?"

"There's no one else," sobbed Susan. "The Andrews are away, and you know Barmbys wouldn't."

"Perish Barmbys! and all belonging to 'em," interrupted Field, indignantly. "I've just driven the drunken fellow's pig out of the Frenchman's garden. Fine work it would ha' made in no time if I hadn't chanced to see it. Not as it'll matter much, for his fine garden will soon be done for, left to itself as it is."

"A thousand pities, poor old man!" said the kind-hearted Susan, tearfully, wiping her pretty eyes.

"Well, he's no one to blame but himself," rejoined her father. "If he hadn't sent his son away with his rubbishy pride he wouldn't have been left as he is. But there, I suppose we can't let him die for want of a doctor, though for that matter he's a precious sight more likely to die with 'em than without 'em, to my mind. How have you left him now?"

"He was dozing like, father, when I came away, but he had been raving and going on dreadfully."

"Well, child, well; I suppose I must just go over to Dr. Parsons and bring him here, else you'll be fretting your eyes out, so that you won't be fit for anything. As far as it lays with me, old Philipart might get well or do the other thing. I don't forget so easily, I don't. Get along back to the cottage, then; I'm off."

Susan thankfully saw him depart, and then hastened back to the bedside of the invalid.

"He talks harshly, does father," she said to herself. "I know he feels for me the way I was slighted by Mr. Philipart, as he says; but he don't mean so badly, I know. Father's not hard at heart."

She was only back just in time. Another paroxysm of delirium had supervened, and the poor old man was back in imagination to the days of his early life. He mistook Susan for his wife, and he babbled on, telling her of the *mésalliance* contemplated by their boy, "Ce cher Etienne," who would marry with a daughter of the common people.

It was a weary time for poor Susan, who, with a grateful heart, saw the doctor arrive just as the twilight was deepening into night.

Her father remained outside till the visit of the doctor was ended, and together the three stood in the little porch.

"He cannot possibly be left," said the medical man. "Is there no one, Mr. Field, who can undertake to see after him?"

"No one that I know of, sir," Field made answer. "We are his nearest neighbours—we and that drunken old Barmby and his cripple wife."

"No relation that could be sent for?"

"No," rejoined the other. "His son, the only relation we ever heard of, is away soldiering; he has heard nothing of him this twelvemonth past, and it's my belief that anxiety is at the bottom of this illness."

The doctor shook his head.

"It will never do for him to be left alone," he said; "and though it is dangerous to remove him in his present state, better to have him up to the infirmary——"

"Oh! father!" interrupted Susan. "Never! You surely would not let him be taken there?"

"Why not?" demanded Field, angrily. "There are plenty as good as he——"

"Oh! it is not that," cried Susan, scarcely holding back her tears; "but, indeed, oh! if it were you, father!—and he should not be moved, doctor says."

"Decidedly not, if it can be helped," said the doctor.

"Then surely I might—oh, father, don't forbid me now; indeed I can, and not neglect home neither."

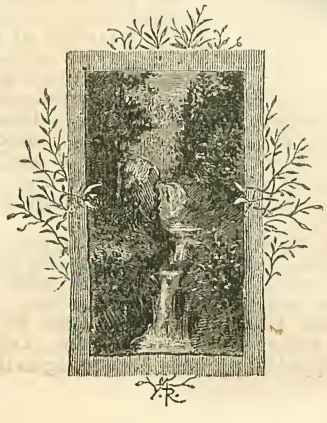
"Thank you, my good girl," said the doctor, hastily putting in a word, as he laid his hand on Field's shoulder. "Forbid! of course you won't forbid; and with such a nurse it will go hard but we'll save the old gentleman yet."

John Field grumbled to himself, but he felt there was nothing for it but to submit.

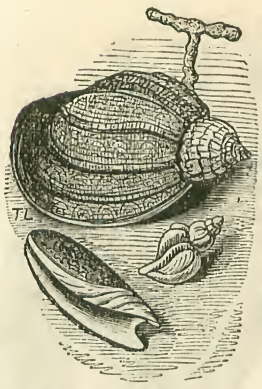
Susan acquitted herself marvellously well of her various duties. She managed always to run in home at the hour when her father required his meals, and, in point of fact, nothing needful was forgotten; but her cross-grained parent never failed to impress upon her the fact that he suffered.

"A bright idea, certainly," he would say; "that I am to make shift, and do without this and that, all for an old fellow who thinks himself so much better than us all, and turned up his nose at such a girl as my Susan—a lady born she might be, too, for that matter."

(*To be continued.*)



USES FOR SHELLS AND SEA-WEEDS.



HERE seems to be an instinct innate in every mind which prompts one to pick up shells when staying at the sea-side. While taking a walk upon the sands, if we see a pretty shell, an impulse bids us procure it, though we have to jump over or wade through a pool for it, and we know it will be of no use whatever when we have it.

Usually we are tired of carrying our treasures trove, all wet and sandy as they are, before the walk is over, and we throw them back on the sands again with something of relief to be rid of them. Should we manage to convey them in safety to our lodgings, they are laid aside and forgotten till an unpleasant, fishy odour reminds us of their existence, and they are cast away with disgust.

Now, this is a great pity, as even supposing one is not ambitious enough to attempt a collection properly arranged and named, still the most unlearned can make very pretty objects with shells and seaweeds. Collecting shells is a delightful occupation when there is some definite end in view, and the hope of securing fresh varieties adds a new zest to otherwise aimless walks.

A sufficient variety for our purpose can usually be found along the edge of the tide with no other equipment than a basket or one of the little wooden pails without which no child is content. The advantage of a basket is that it saves the trouble of washing the shells separately, a tedious operation in a large collection. By occasionally dipping the basket in the water, the mud and sand will wash through and leave the shells clean. If this be done, however, a small box should be carried, in which to keep any small specimens that might slip through the basket during the washing process.

One needs to be a little more adventurous in collecting sea-weeds. The delicate kinds can only be found in perfection by following the retreating tide step by step. When it is at its lowest ebb, particularly after a storm, you will find a rich harvest of sea-weeds and corallines, chief among the former on our English coasts being the beautiful red rhodosperms.

Most of the red and some of the green sea-weeds lose their bright colour very soon if exposed to the sun and air, changing to a dirty-white hue. It is necessary, therefore, to collect them as soon as possible after they are deposited by the tide. The bright-coloured lichen-like sponges, so tempting to the inexperienced, which are to be found in the pools at low water, are quite useless for ornamental purposes, as they lose their colour directly.

The different sorts of coralline, common on all our coasts, are very suitable for decoration; one of the most abundantly met with is the sea-hair coralline, so called from its form of growth, in tufts like bunches of hair. Another common one is the sickle coralline; both of these, with any other variety, and all the stiff, bushy sea-weeds that can be found, will be very useful.

It may be interesting to mention here that these corallines, popularly called, and formerly supposed to be sea-weeds, are in reality not so. Each delicate hair-like branch is composed of a series of cells, and each of these is occupied by a tiny living creature, which may be easily seen under a microscope of moderate power. The little inhabitants are generally already dead when the coralline is found on the shore, and from its structure it soon dries and is more lasting in colour and form than most of the sea-weeds.

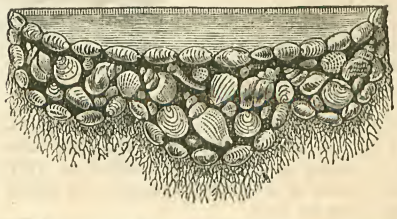
The true sea-weeds will, some of them, require pressing in the same manner as ferns and flowers previously described, otherwise they cockle up and lose all their beauty when dry. Any which appear quite limp when taken from the water should be so treated, but before pressing, they must be "floated out," as the process is called. It is done in the following way:—First wash them in clean water, then take each piece separately, and lay it on a plate of clean fresh water, when it will spread out and expand as in its natural state. Take a piece of stout white paper, slip it underneath the sea-weed in the water and gradually withdraw it, arranging the little branches meanwhile with a camel's hair brush, if the movement through the water displaces them at all. They must be put in press between blotting paper, and in a few days will be found dry and adhering to the paper.

On some parts of our coasts nothing but the commonest and plainest kinds of shells are to be found. These should not be neglected, however, as they may be made quite beautiful by rubbing with emery and water. After several applications of this they are finished off with rotten-stone and oil, applied with chamois leather. The process will generally produce a fine polish; but the natural state of the shell, if the pretty ones can be found, is decidedly preferable to any effect obtained by artificial means.

Another way of beautifying shells, such as mussels, some sorts of top-shells and others, is to put them into a cup of vinegar and water, which in the course of a few days will eat off the rough, dingy exterior, and disclose a surface of mother-o'-pearl. They must not be left in too long, nor should the solution of vinegar be very strong, as in either case the shell will dissolve and crumble away altogether.

I have made several exceedingly pretty brackets in the manner to be described, and I am sure that any who follow the directions will be pleased with the result.

Procure some strong mill or cardboard—an old dress box will do admirably; cut out a piece in the shape of a half-moon, the size being regulated by the position to be occupied by the bracket. This is for the top; then cut out another piece for the front, which must be the same length as the rounded part of the top. The lower edge should be shaped in some way, such as is shown in the picture.



A small strip for the back may be added for the sake of giving additional firmness, but it must not be as deep as the front, or it will show, and look very unsightly. Cover the top with coloured velveteen or silk, and then stitch the parts firmly together. Make a hole for a nail in the back piece, or else add two little rings at the top to hang it up by.

The bracket itself must be perfectly finished

before the ornamentation is begun, as if anything be left till afterwards the shells are likely to be knocked off.

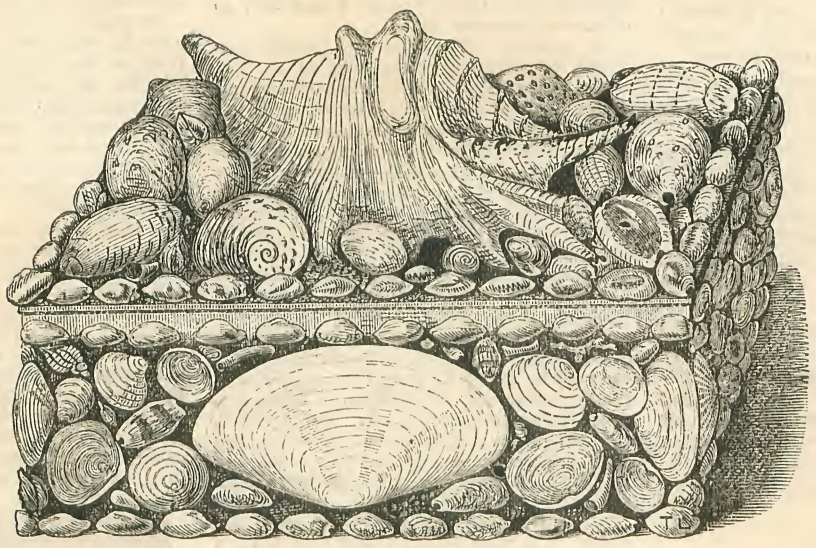
Liquid glue is best to use, and a rather small brush will be necessary.

I put first of all a row of sprigs of coralline all round, projecting over the edge of the bracket, forming a fringe. Then a row of one variety of shells, such as small whelks or cockles, all round inside the fringe of coralline. After this border, a sort of groundwork of the larger shells should be made, leaving the interstices until the last to be filled in with tiny shells and morsels of seaweed. The lovely little pearly galeonna, and the bright pink trough-shells will be at once chosen for these purposes. Should there be a scarcity of bright-coloured specimens, and the bracket looks dull and flat, some little pieces of lichen may be introduced with great advantage; they are of all shades and hues, and can be found on the trees in most country places. They look so much like seaweed that no one will detect the difference, and they add the little touches of colour here and there which are necessary to brighten up the whole.

A favourite, though old-fashioned, way of using these "spoils of the sea" is to take a very small wicker basket, cut it in halves lengthwise, and stitch or glue it on to a piece of cardboard, the hollow side of course inwards. Then fill it with dried or pressed seaweeds, arranging the colours and forms as tastefully as possible, and fastening each piece with gum, either to the basket or to the cardboard, as the position may require. I should have said, however, before the basket is attached, that some sprays of seaweed may be "floated out" on the card, round where the edge of the bouquet is to be. This forms a border and facilitates the arrangement of the rest of the bunch considerably.

A more useful employment of shells, and one, therefore, more to be recommended, is in the conversion of a small wooden box into a pretty work or trinket box. The inside will first require to be lined with silk or coloured material, and the lid attached more securely. Two little hinges may be bought for a trifling sum, and fastened on with tiny nails, or two or three little slips of cloth will do instead of orthodox hinges. A loop of ribbon should also be fastened to the front of the lid, that it may be opened without touching the shells. If they are well glued on, however, they will stand a good deal of wear unless really roughly handled. They are fastened and grouped in the same way as on the bracket. If the box be intended for a present, a pretty idea is to arrange the initials of the recipient in pink or white shells on the lid, the letters being edged with seaweed or very small shells of a different colour, to make them show up well.

The tiniest shells of all may be reserved for the making of birthday and other gift cards; they would be quite lost if employed on any larger objects, but come in beautifully in a wreath of fine and delicate sea-weed on a card of this description, which will form a pleasing memento of a summer holiday at the sea-side.



A SHELL TRINKET BOX.

THE WEDDINGS OF THE WORLD.

A WEDDING IN EGYPT.



TORCHES USED AT A WEDDING.

THE beauty and charms of the women of ancient Egypt are gravely recorded in history and sung in poetry, and modern travellers have been as earnest and elegant in admiring their descendants. Their accomplishments were music, dancing, and singing. They had an extravagant love of jewellery. They had their picnic parties, they paid house-to-house visits, they frequented the fashionable drives and promenades in their handsome chariots, and they carried the arts of dress and the toilette to an extreme never since exceeded. They were fond of gardening, practised gymnastic exercises, played games with balls, embroidered, and did various kinds of work with their bronze needles. There is no reason for believing that they did not make excellent wives and mothers.

The social and legal rights of women were first recognised in ancient Egypt. Hermes, the great founder of its government and laws, decreed that a man should have but one wife. Diodorus, who wrote his history of Egypt about forty-four years before the birth of Christ, says that anciently the marriage contract was regarded amongst the Egyptians as one of grave importance, in which the husband pledged himself to yield implicit obedience to the wife, and she, as solemnly, promised to place his claims upon her love and fidelity before all other claims, including those of her children, should their union be productive of a family. It is most probable that the occasion of ratifying such a contract was, even in the earliest times, accompanied by some festive, religious, or legal ceremonies, but if so, we have nothing to show what they were. The barbarous conquerors who destroyed the written records of old Egypt have left us nothing belonging to those early times but monumental hieroglyphics. I can only tell you that the bride wore a wedding ring, that in their matrimonial unions ties of consanguinity were disregarded, and that marriages between relatives were frequent and common.

How superstition and polygamy dishonoured and degraded the female sex in Egypt is another and a later, and yet a very ancient, story. What the result was is a lesson too sad to be dwelt upon—the pages of Diodorus which chronicle it seem to be written in blood and tears—and that influence, alas! is still in existence.

Passing along the downward course of Egyptian history, we come to the Egypt of a hundred years ago, and enter, by virtue of our invisibility, a great place of public assembly for women—the bath—into which, while they are present, it is death by the law for a man to intrude.

We are in the midst of a noisy crowd of women, old and young, laughing and chattering and talking of their domestic or private affairs, all proudly displaying their fine clothes and jewellery. A great number of active little children are romping and playing with the slave girls in their midst. The mistress of the ceremonies is settling a dispute between some rival beauties; the attendants, accustomed to the noise and confusion, run here and there to take this or fetch that, render assistance in one place or supply refreshments in another. The humid air is heavy with perfume, and here and there the smoke of burning incense ascends.

Some are richly attired in muslins and silks interwoven with threads of gold, rich European brocade, and the flowered stuffs of Aleppo, with trimmings of choice furs, &c., and with head-dresses heavy with pearls, jewels, flowers and small golden coins. Others are stripped for the water and putting on their

bathing wrappers, or having their long jet-black hair carefully braided into numerous small, or a few large, plaits, or the edges of their eye-lids blackened, or their finger nails newly stained with henne. A few are preparing to depart, enveloping themselves from head to foot in capacious mantles of white linen or black taffety, leaving nothing visible but their eyes.

Yonder on the divan, partaking of the chibouk or cup of coffee, are a pair of portly matrons engaged in very earnest conversation, which they interlard with the most extravagant flattery. They have been sighing to see each other ever since they last parted. They have been pining to death for the honour of receiving each other's visit. The greatest possible happiness to them is that of their frequent meeting.

When each matron kisses and bids the other adieu before gathering together her own and going home, each riding astride, a shapeless mass of drapery upon a magnificently caparisoned donkey, and each with the chief officer of the harem riding before her on horseback, there has been done a deed of mighty note—the first step for a marriage between Fatima, aged seventeen, to a young man she has never seen and one who has never seen her, Seid Abdalkadan, the youngest son of Seid Mustafa, has been arranged.

Soon after the male relatives of both families have a formal meeting, at which each side appoints a representative to discuss preliminaries and draw up the contract of betrothal, which binds the bridegroom to pay a given sum as dowry and settle upon the bride a regular payment as bath money, a kind of wedding by proxy. The iman, or priest, being present, asks one proxy if he be willing to take the fair Fatima for a wife and pay down the sum agreed upon by way of portion. If the reply is an affirmative, a similar question is put to the other proxy, whose consent being received, a purse containing, or supposed to contain, the bride's dowry is given to her father by the bridegroom's father. Then, the contract being duly signed, sealed and witnessed, the ceremony is concluded by the iman's reading some verses from the Koran.

The next step is that of taking this legally confirmed contract to the cadi, who grants his licence for the wedding in the form following:—

"Our Lord and Legal Judge, Seid Husseyn, grants permission to Fatima, the daughter of Hadge Abdalkadan, dwelling in, &c., she having been legally betrothed, to marry Seid Abdalkadan, youngest son of Seid Mustafa, granting always that there is no lawful impediment to their union."

To this is appended the date with, at the top, the seal of the cadi.

The father of the bride usually adds to the bridegroom's dowry a second sum of money, which, with the first, is expended in purchasing the young lady's bridal apparel and jewels.

Then, indeed, the entire harem breaks into a state of wild confusion. The preparations employ every hour and every thought amongst its inmates. Every relative, friend, and acquaintance receives the good news, and from each a wedding gift is expected. Curiosity is on tiptoe to know in what forms and numbers these presents will arrive. During the several days preceding the nuptials the betrothed maiden is carried with great pomp to the bath, attended by all her female relatives, her sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts. Everybody is anxious to see, and all who know her are anxious to present their congratulations. It is the delight of everybody to please and amuse her. They describe the handsome looks of the husband to be, tell her of his goodness and his wealth, for she, poor thing! knows nothing about him. They dress her up in male attire, by way of fun, making her first a janissary, then a mameluke, and then some other male character, until the harem rings with their mirth and laughter. They sing songs to her, songs special to the occasion; and so the time flits rapidly away.



ORIENTAL CHRISTIAN BRIDESMAIDS.

The day before the wedding is devoted exclusively to the mysteries of the toilet, and in the evening a rich supper is sent from the house of the bridegroom, where he is being entertained at a special feast.

At sunset on the wedding day there comes a grand procession from the bridegroom's harem led by his female relatives, by whom the bride is torn, as it were, from the arms of her weeping mother, and conducted in triumph to her new home. The return procession is led by dancers on stilts, who carry ornamental balancing poles; then come the bearers of great feather fans, which bend and wave gracefully in the air: some sprinkle scented waters on the path; conjurers and



A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

mountebanks perform feats of skill, strength, and agility as they pass; troops of *almé*, or dancing girls, follow, their lithe bodies languidly swaying in slow movements, which keep time to their music and singing. Then the matrons of the united families appear in their richest attire gravely walking, and after them, concealed under a magnificent canopy upheld by four slaves, comes the bride, sustained by her mothers and sisters, and entirely covered with a veil embroidered with gold, pearls, and diamonds. After them march a long file of torch bearers, followed by slaves carrying the dowry and bridal gifts, clothes, furniture, jewels, &c., &c., all separated and spread out to make as fine and as long a display as possible. This being the grandest and most interesting feature of the bridal procession, and that concerning which the most curiosity is displayed, much care is taken in exhibiting the various articles to the greatest advantage, and by the greatest possible number of bearers. The procession advances slowly and by the most circuitous and longest route, pausing here and there to give every opportunity to the crowds of sightseers, while the *almé* sing songs in praise of the bride and bridegroom. Guns are fired at intervals, and every now and then is heard that peculiarly sharp, shrill warbling cry of female exultation peculiar to the East, and called *ziraleet*.

At last the pompous bridal procession reaches the bridegroom's house, and the exulting women take possession of the harem to presently witness the festivities in which they have otherwise no part, those of the bridegroom and his friends.

At these the *dancing girls* again appear, and, throwing off their veils, dance to the sounds of tabours, cymbals, and castinets. Nuptial songs are sung, and choruses are chanted which extol the allurements of the bride. She is more beautiful than the moon of a summer night, more lovely than the rose, sweeter than the jasmine. How fortunate and happy must be the bridegroom who is united to so charming a creature! Between the verses "shrill ecstasies of joy," the *ziraleet*, rings out and is heard to a great distance.

During the evening the bride assumes her male masquerading disguises, and passes before the bridegroom, the matrons display their wealth and finery by frequent changes of dress, and the younger part of the assembly amuse themselves with sprightly gambols and games.

When, at a late hour, the guests are about to depart, the bridegroom appears in a fresh and costly dress, and is taken in procession, with music and loud shouts of exultation, to the outer door of the harem, where the women receive him and conduct him in procession to meet the bride, who is in her rich wedding dress and veiled in red gauze. When she appears at the top of the stairs he pauses at the bottom, and her attendants begin a dispute with those of her husband as to which party shall first advance to meet the other. A compromise is arranged; she descends, he ascends, and they meet in the middle of the stairs. There he receives her hand and they ascend together, and soon after the bridal veil is removed, and for the first time Seid Abdalkadan looks upon the face of Fatima his bride, in the midst of a wild outburst of music and joyous voices.

The feasting usually continues during the remainder of the night, and is resumed on the following day, lasting sometimes the entire week.

Such is a wedding as performed in Egypt. How different from the pious and beautiful ceremony in use in our own beloved country!

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER VI.

TERPSICHORE AND THE WREATH.



HE next few weeks passed happily enough for May. She trotted about after her elders, watching them, striving to understand her grandmother, making believe to do much and saying little. She saw Meredith most days, and her other relatives and neighbours occasionally, but she neither sang nor danced, save when she was quite alone with Terpsichore. She had an intuitive perception that her exhibition at the class had displeased her grandfather, of whom she stood in much awe. She shrank equally from rebuke and ridicule, and, dreading both with the nervous terror of a sensitive nature, she became ever more chary of speech and more ready in nods. September came on, with the harvest, always late amongst the hills, and she felt very important in being allowed to take her grandfather's dinner into his one wheat-field, where he remained from morning till evening, reaping or gathering up the sheaves, despite rheumatism. Meredith came to help whenever he had a spare hour, and his sisters, Leah and Rachel, also came when they could be spared at home. May was somewhat afraid of these damsels, who were nearly grown up, and, if the truth must be told, jealous of her. They had been hitherto their grandmother's pets, and they did not care to have a rival at Derwen Fach. May had not, as yet, been to their house, indeed she had been nowhere save to church and the Miss Richards's Sunday-school. She had learned that they and Meredith were sole survivors of a large family, and that Uncle Laban doated upon them, and loved all children dearly for the sake of those whom he had lost.

One evening May was seated near the door on a low three-legged stool which was appropriated to her, as it had been to her mother before her, with a needle and thread in one hand and a piece of Welsh flannel in the other. She was making an apron for herself, and her attempts at stitches amused her grandmother, who did two to her one. She had not been taught the useful art of needlework, so she was but a beginner. Her grandfather had told her that she should have a striped flannel apron in which to assist in the dairy and kitchen as soon as she could make it, and her eagerness was great. He came in while she was thus employed, and laid his hand on her head, thus pressing down the golden puzzle. The sun looked in upon her from above the opposite hill-tops, and the sweet peace of evening was over the scene. The cat was purring in her lap; for she had made friends both with her and Hedfa, and she was so intent on her work that she did not see Meredith ascend the garden steps or Miss Edith open the wicket-gate behind him. They both entered, however, and the one whispered, "My fairy queen's at work," while the other stooped to kiss the cheek, slightly flushed by the excitement of labour and the glow of the setting sun.

Miss Edith was greeted by all with respectful pleasure, and returned the greeting with the affectionate freedom of one who considered her neighhours her friends. She took a small packet of letters from her pocket, as she seated herself at the round table.

"I have heard from Mr. Everton at last," she began. "He says that he has only just completed his inquiries, being much engaged. I will read you his letter."

Evan and Peggy sat down on the settle, and Meredith, forgotten for the moment, stood by the open door, close to May, who was so intent on her work that she had not attempted to understand the Welsh conversation passing so near her. But the letter was in English, and her work soon dropped from her little hands, as the contents reached her. As Peggy did not understand them, Evan translated them; and the mingled exclamations in the two languages, and the gestures that accompanied them, terrified poor May.

Mr. Everton had taken much pains to learn something of May's history previous to her mother's death, and the result of his research was, briefly, as follows:—

Mr. Goldworthy, May's father, an artist by profession, was said to have left England in search of employment or improvement some four years before his wife's death. As she had never named him to her landlady, and paid regularly for her small apartment, nothing more was ascertained concerning him. But poverty began to creep in at the door, when it chanced that May's remarkable head attracted the attention of a young artist who had known her father, and he asked to be allowed to paint it, volunteering to pay so much an hour for the privilege.

"I remember! it was so!" suddenly exclaimed May at this point of the letter; and, starting up, put herself into a pretty attitude, there in the departing daylight.

Thus she had stood, it would seem, with her white arms arched over her head, when she became a little artist's model to procure food for her mother and herself.

"Perhaps you will read the next in

Welsh, Miss Edith," said Evan, severely, while Meredith whispered, "Come to me, my fairy queen. Grandfather's angry," and May shrank back to him she called cousin-uncle.

Miss Edith translated the remainder of the letter, and May only caught a word here and there, but Meredith understood it all.

It proceeded to recount how that, during the child's sittings, the manager of one of the principal London theatres saw her. He was preparing for a Christmas pantomime.

Here Mr. Everton made a diversion to explain that for some time before Christmas the doors of the theatres were besieged by poor women, who thankfully let out their children at so much a week to appear nightly in the pantomimes that were to amuse, but not to edify, the rich. Thus, for a few shillings per week, these young creatures were bedizened with all sorts of finery, twisted into every conceivable shape, and kept up half the night. "You country ladies little know what our city children go through," wrote Mr. Everton.

The biting tooth of the hungry wolf, poverty, terrified Mrs. Goldworthy into accepting an offer from the manager aforesaid that her child should act in his Christmas pantomime at four shillings a week. She was at once put in training, and her remarkable grace and aptness caused her to appear as the principal character, The May Queen. She understood but little of the dangers and temptations of the life she had begun; she only knew that her small earnings comforted her sickly mother; that everybody was kind to her and gave her flowers and sweets, and that she made up for loss of rest at night by sleeping in the day. She prized lightly the golden hair that everyone admired, the hawthorn crown, or white satin dress; but she dearly loved the doll ballet-dancer that some lady had given her and had taught her with difficulty to call Terpsichore.

Such was May's pathetic little story until her poor mother died, whom she dearly loved. Previously to this sad event their landlady had asked Mr. Everton to visit her, and he had found that, in spite of contradictory circumstances, she was unshaken in the faith of her grandfather, and passed away rejoicing in a Saviour's love.

"Thank God for that!" groaned Evan, while Meredith laid his hand protectingly on May's head.

"Of course this accounts for the dear child's pretty ways, her dancing and singing and attitudes," remarked Miss Edith, as she concluded the letter, and was still looking at the "Yours very faithfully," written in the bold but hurried characters of one who met with daily cases as sad or sadder than the child's.

"We will have no more of them," returned Evan. "Peggy, bring me that tawdry doll and the made flowers which the child wore on her frizzled head. That must be washed and combed straight, too."

Peggy dared not disobey, so she went into the next room and returned with Terpsichore and the wreath, which Evan took from her hands, and the sight of which caused May to run towards Miss Edith and Meredith to move forwards. In another moment these relics of the child's past were cast upon the fire.

A shriek so piercing echoed through the room that even Evan drew back aghast. It was as if the child herself was in the flames. "Terpsichore! Terpsichore! Take her out! Take her out!" she screamed, rushing to the fire and almost throwing herself upon it. But Meredith had been before her. He held her back with one hand, while with the other he rescued her beloved Terpsichore. Happily the wreath had fallen underneath and caught the flames, but the doll was unscathed. Meredith's face was aflame with passion as he pushed past his grandfather, muttering "Shame!" and ran out of the house with the doll in his hand. May followed, heedless of all but this, to her, living treasure. Her shrieks had not subsided, and terror winged her little feet.

"Go back; I will take care of her," said Meredith, pausing a moment.

"He will kill me. He will throw me on the fire," she replied, hurrying past him, yet looking back at her doll.

The trio in the cottage rose in consternation and hastened to the doorway, but the fugitives were out of sight amongst the oaks almost before they could glance after them. Evan's face was stern, Peggy's and Edith's alarmed. He had forgotten the presence of the little girl in his desire to eradicate all memory of a childhood which seemed to him exceeding sinful. How could he understand the love of a child for an inanimate doll?

"It was a living friend to her, Evan," explained Miss Edith, gently. "You did not know how cruel you were."

"Perhaps not; but cruelty is sometimes kindness," replied Evan. "That boy will never come to good. He is disobedient at heart. Did you see how he defied me?"

"He is young, and his sympathy was with May. So indeed was mine, Evan. I will go after them," said Edith, gathering up her letters.

"Meredith will take care of her," whispered Peggy, as Edith left the house. "They will be sure to go to Laban's."

Peggy was right. As soon as they were quite out of sight of the cottage and in the oak wood Meredith paused, and, taking May's hand, soothed her—first by placing Terpsichore in her arms, and then by assuring her that no one should hurt her.

"But great-grandfather will kill you," she cried, tears streaming from her terrified eyes.

"No, he won't. The worst he can do is to flog me, and I don't mind that," he replied.

She trembled so, that he found she could not keep pace with him, and he therefore took her up in his arms, and carried her through the gloomy wood, past the pit, where others were watching and working at that moment and where the engine was snorting, and into the district where the colliers dwelt. This was wild in the extreme, consisting of cottages, either scattered over a barren mountain side, or seated, like Laban's, near a mountain torrent of a stream that rushed over rocks below his elevated dwelling. A short steep path by the side of the stream led to this, ascending which Meredith and May found themselves at its door. He put her down and entered, leading her by the hand.

"I have brought little cousin to see you, mother, since you are too weak to pay her a visit," he said, boldly. "Grandfather was cross, and we both ran away from him. He nearly frightened her to death."

"Very glad to see her, I'm sure; but what can I do with her?" said a wailing voice from out a great bee-hive chair near the fire.

'Lizbeth, Laban's wife, was an invalid, and, being very nervous, was much considered, and allowed to have her own way in everything.

"Now we shall see what she's made of," said Rachel, who was preparing supper; and "She's nothing but a circus girl," put in Leah, who was adjusting her collar in a glass that hung against the wall.

Leah, although full young, was already thinking of getting married. The colliers marry early, for the young men are able to earn a livelihood when quite juvenile, and consider themselves capable of supporting a wife as soon as they are in full pay. This was contrary to Evan's ideas, who considered that a youth ought, at least, to be full grown before he undertook the responsibilities of matrimony; and, indeed, Laban was not in favour of it; but he and 'Lizbeth had lost so many children that he was over-indulgent to the three that remained to them. Thus Leah was engaged before she was seventeen, and was expecting her intended when May arrived. She was a good housekeeper, and it was prophesied would make a careful and managing wife; which, unfortunately, these young women too frequently were not. Indeed the untidy households at home too often drove the husbands to the public-house.

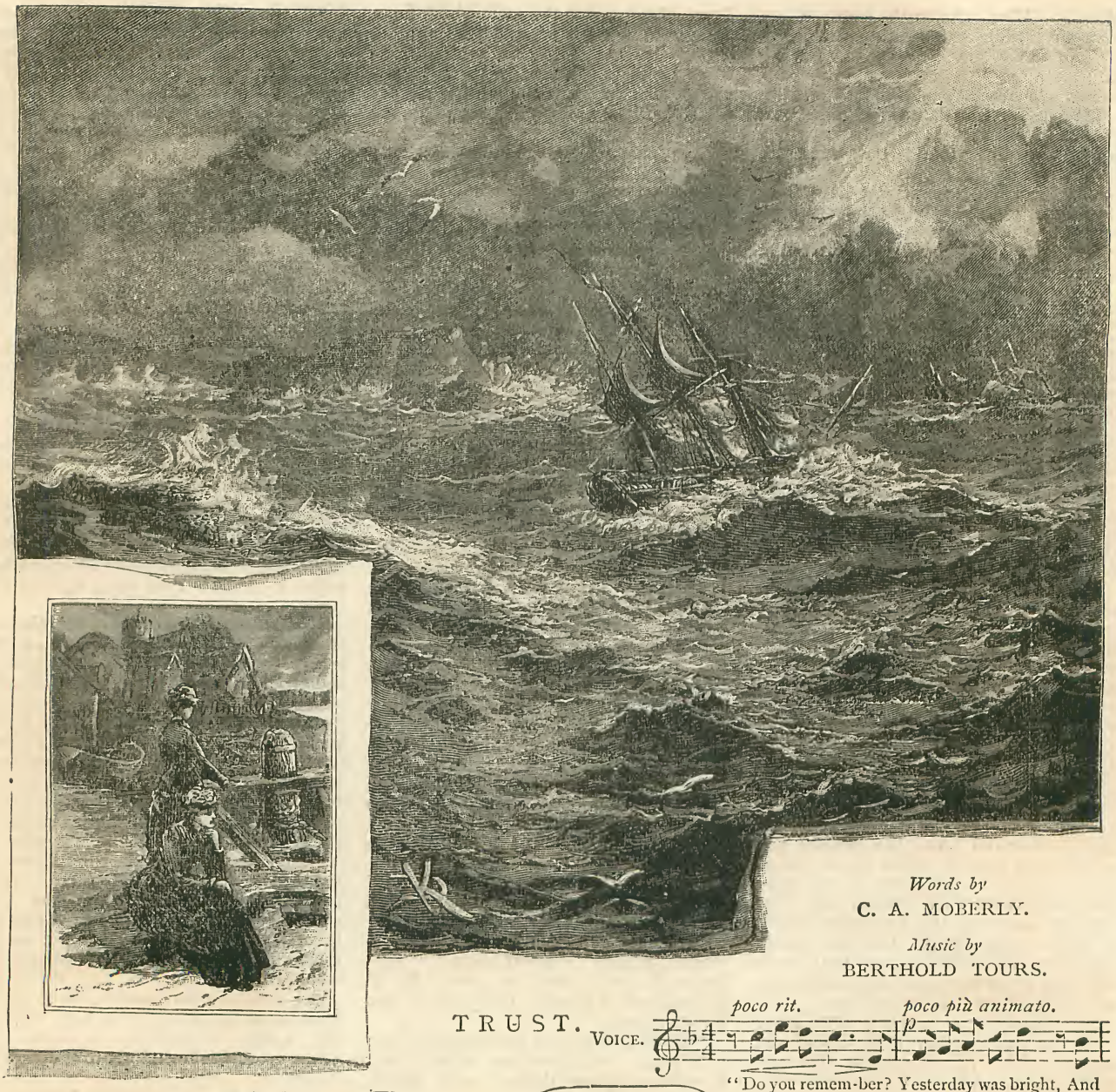
"What has grandfather been doing now?" asked 'Lizbeth, in a querulous voice, as Meredith placed May between her and the fire, and she felt how tremulous and cold the child was.

Meredith explained, and the feeble but kindly woman took her upon her lap, rubbed her little hands and kissed her, which made her tears flow afresh.

"Old people don't understand such little ones," said Rachel, kneeling down by her mother's chair and caressing May. "Let her stay here, and I'll take care of her."

Here Miss Edith entered, breathless. She did not stop a minute, but, seeing the child was safe, hurried off again, followed by Meredith, who insisted on being her protector to Derwen Fawr. May looked wistfully after her two friends, but ere long she was overcome by the warmth of the fire and the effects of her previous terror and fatigue, and sobbed herself to sleep in 'Lizbeth's motherly arms.

(To be continued.)



Words by
C. A. MOBERLY.

Music by
BERTHOLD TOURS.

TRUST.

Voice. *poco rit.* *poco più animato.*

"Do you remem-ber? Yesterday was bright, And

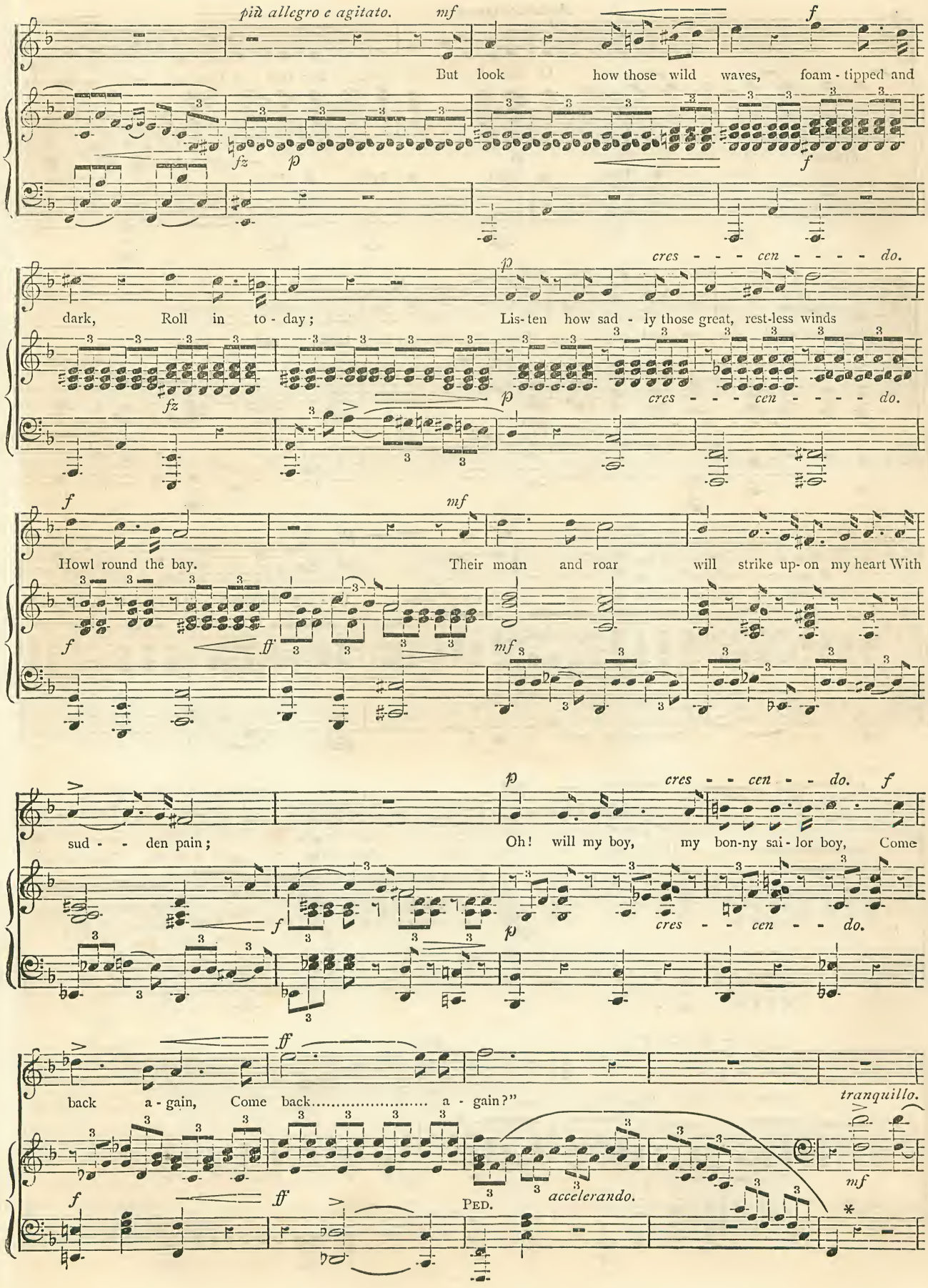
Piano. *p Andante tranquillo.* *p*

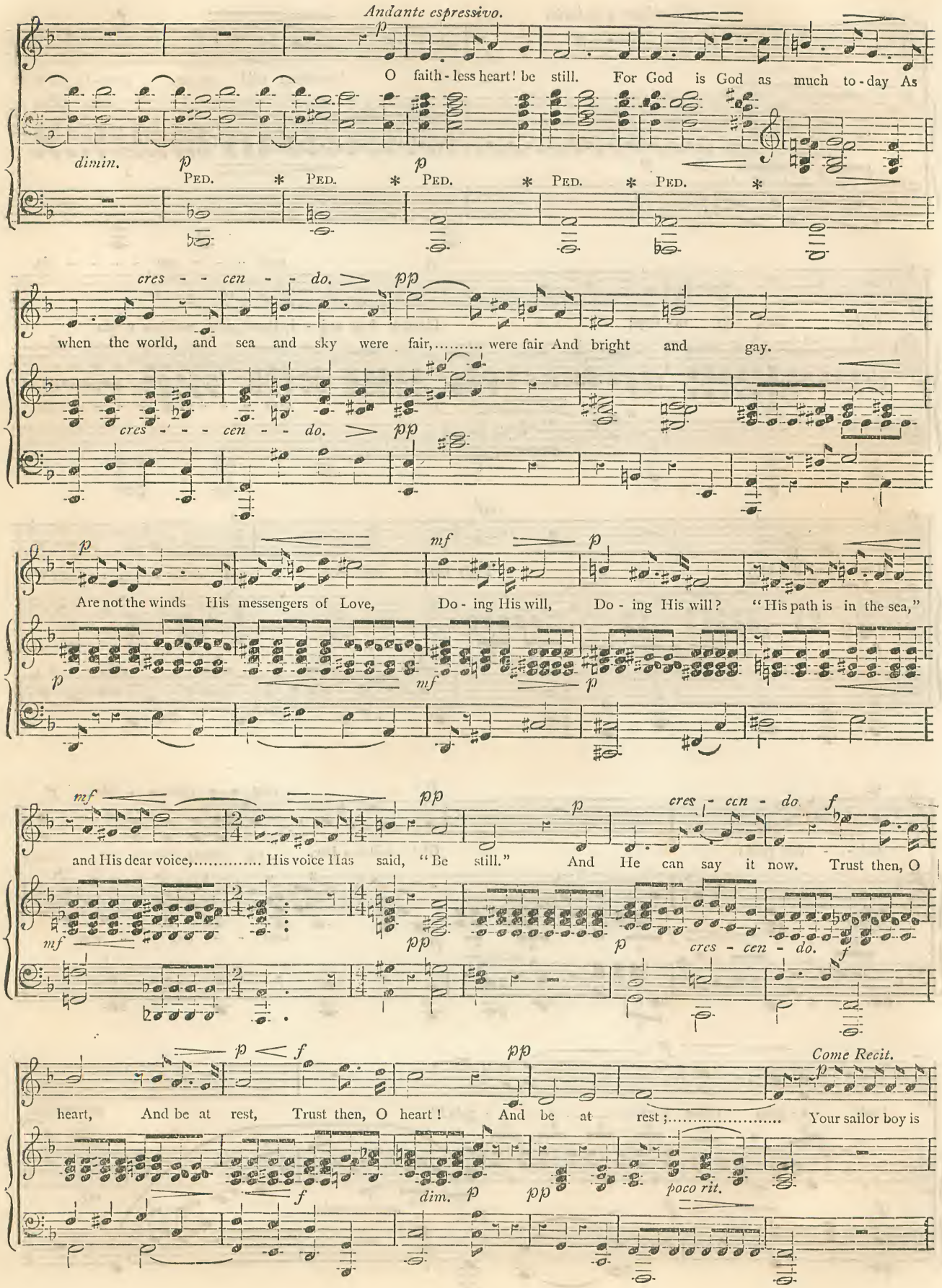
Con Ped.

mf *p* *a tempo.*

fresh and fair; The sea was sunny blue, and rip - pled o'er By soft, *poco rit.* sweet air.

mf *p* *p*


più allegro e agitato.
mf
f
But look how those wild waves, foam - tipped and
fz
p
f
p
cres - - - cen - - - - do.
dark, Roll in to - day; Lis-ten how sad - ly those great, rest-less winds
fz
p
cres - - - cen - - - - do.
f
mf
Howl round the bay. Their moan and roar will strike up- on my heart With
f
ff
mf
p
cres - - cen - - do. f
sud - - den pain; Oh! will my boy, my bon-ny sai - lor boy, Come
f
p
cres - - cen - - do.
ff
back a - gain, Come back..... a - gain?"
tranquillo.
mf
f
ff
PED.
accelerando.
*


Andante espressivo.
O faith-less heart! be still. For God is God as much to-day As
dimin.
PED. * PED. * PED. * PED. * PED. *
cres - - cen - - do.
when the world, and sea and sky were fair,..... were fair And bright and gay.
Are not the winds His messengers of Love, Do-ing His will, Do-ing His will? "His path is in the sea,"
and His dear voice,..... His voice Has said, "Be still." And He can say it now. Trust then, O
heart, And be at rest, Trust then, O heart! And be at rest;..... Your sailor boy is
Come Recit.
poco rit.



HOW TO WASH AND IRON.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER II.

THERE is a very general impression that the more rapidly a family washing is got out of the way, the more excellent must be the domestic management. Certainly, the having clothes about in an unfinished state, day after day, is a sign of anything but good management in a home. Still, I am not in favour of too great hurry. Laundry work, like everything else, requires a reasonable amount of time and pains, if the result is to be satisfactory.

In a sanitary point of view it is good to give underclothing, table and bed linen as much light and fresh air as we can, colour and purity being both improved thereby. When it is noticed that articles are getting a bad colour, let them go through all the processes with the rest, and then, weather permitting, put them out on the grass to bleach, wetting and turning each from time to time, and finishing when washing day comes round again.

In my former chapter I described the mode in which boiled starch is used. For all delicate fabrics, such as muslins, and for shirts, collars, cuffs, fronts, &c., cold starch is preferable. It is very economical, both as regards time and material, cold-starched articles being almost immediately ready for the iron, whilst those done with boiled starch require to lie some time after being sprinkled and folded. The use of extremely thin, water starch for all white underclothing, makes it easier to wash and to keep a good colour, besides improving the appearance.

For starching collars, cuffs, and things which require to be very stiff, the starch is smoothly mixed in the proportion of four ounces to a quart of water. There is an article sold called "starch gloss," and a small quantity of this, well combined with the starch, adds a beautiful sheen to the surface of the linen, and makes it look like new.

The water should be put in slowly and very well stirred, and, if needed, the surface should be skimmed after the mixture has stood for a few moments. When well mixed it should stand for three or four minutes to allow part of the solid starch to settle, and then half the mixture, which will be of the consistency and colour of new milk, should be poured into a clean basin. In this, starch shirt-fronts, collars, &c.; but as each article will take a little of the stiffening quality out of the mixture, more must be added from the other vessel to make up for the loss, the solid starch left being again treated as at first directed.

Four ounces of starch will suffice for nine shirts, or smaller articles in proportion; and, when too thin for these, the poured-off mixture can be used for other things which require less stiffening. I say the poured-off mixture because there is always the greater part of the solid starch left behind, and when the cold starching process is over this must by no means be thrown away. On the contrary, though no longer available for the same kind of stiffening, it must be allowed to settle and the water drained off. Kept in a clean, cool place, the sediment again dries and hardens, and on the next washing day can be used up only in the form of boiled starch, for which it is almost if not quite as good as when fresh. I prefer the white starch to the blue, and use the ordinary-looking article.

The sprinkling, folding, and ironing of linen is such cleanly and pleasant work that I cannot fancy the most fastidious young lady finding anything to object to in it. The deal ironing-table should be white and clean, and, as each article is taken from the clothes-basket, it should be lightly and evenly sprinkled.

Careless hands sometimes deluge one part and leave the others dry. Fine, even sprinkling is the right thing, and in winter, if the chill is taken off the water, so much the better for the fingers of the workers. When you have sprinkled a goodly pile, put your hands under and over, and turn the clothes topsy-turvy, so that the bottom article may come to the top. Well stretch and straighten each piece, bring corners and seams nicely together, and fold everything for the mangle, as nearly as possible in the same way as when finished ready for wear. Shirts and similarly starched articles are not sent to the mangle; they are sprinkled, cold starched, folded, and singly wrapped for ironing. Collars and such little matters should be nicely straightened after being squeezed through the starch, rolled up, and wrapped in a clean towel. Table-cloths and sheets should be stretched by two pairs of hands, and lengthways. Suppose two girls doing this. Each must take two corners; go back to the full length of the article, and pull it gently but firmly out, gradually gathering up the hemmed ends in your hands until both meet in the middle, but with each fold stretching again. Then let the cloth go gradually, until your hands are back at the corners again, when you must give it a good shake or two and fold it in half, right side inwards. Turn the selvages back to the middle of the wrong side, just as a pocket-handkerchief is folded; meet your companion by bringing your corners neatly to hers, and finish the straightening on the table.

Table linen requires very little starch, only enough to give it consistency. Nothing is more disagreeable than to have stiff, crackling, table napkins, and board-like table-cloths; but they should be very well mangled and ironed on both sides, so that when laid on the table they look almost like brocaded satin. The folding should also be most carefully done, that there may be no folds sticking up, or unsightly creases when the cloth is spread.

There are a few starched articles that require no ironing. Dimity curtains should be most particularly stretched, straightened, and shaken after starching, and pegged out by the loops, or pinned to something else when put on the line to dry. Many laundresses, otherwise experienced, do not know this; and consequently iron all the pattern out of the dimity, and send home, smoothed and glazed, what ought to be in ridges and have a rough surface, as when new.

The cleaner's art is now brought to such perfection that most people, whose means allow them to do so, send their long curtains to be cleaned instead of washing them at home, and they come back made up like new. It is, however, very easy to do them at home, for whether lace, leno, or muslin, they should not be touched with an iron. The cleansing process should be effected by abundant soaking, with a little soda as well as soap, and frequent changes of water. These things would be worn out rapidly if subjected to rough rubbing, so they must be handled tenderly, stewed in a bag, as before directed, or bleached, squeezed through strong cold starch, and very nicely straightened while wet.

The quickest and best way of drying them is to have a frame. It is a mere oblong rim of wood, long enough and wide enough for the purpose, and with small hooks fixed near the edge, at a distance of two inches from each other. The curtains are simply stretched and hooked on these, and when dry are ready for neatly folding up or hanging at the windows again. The frame is a very inexpensive article, and saves much trouble, as the curtains dry very quickly on it.

As a substitute, a sheet may be spread on a carpet, and the curtains pinned to it, should there be a spare room available. I know a very good house in which they are always dried in this way. If hung on a line, the edges should be nicely straightened, and the curtains gently pulled when about half dry.

Pretty, short curtains for the lower portion of windows are those made of plain book muslin or leno, and horizontally fluted. Of these the selvages should be at the top and bottom, and through the side-hems brass rods are run, which fasten to hooks on the window frame. These curtains are slipped on the rods, *wet from the starch*, hooked at once to the window frame, and regulated and fluted with the fingers, when they dry stiff, and keep their appearance. If ironed and put on afterwards they are never fit to be seen.

Starched articles should never lie very long before being ironed, or they will lose the stiffness. In warm weather, if thus left, they mildew in addition. I should also mention that rough Turkish towels should not be mangled. They are better wrung by hand; but if passed through the machine, they require a great deal of shaking to raise the knots to the proper state of roughness.

Starch made of common wheaten flour is sometimes used for stiffening dark prints. This is done with a view to economy, but cannot be recommended, as prints subjected to this process are much less clear-looking than when proper starch is used.

We will now run over a list of articles required for ironing. There must be our ironing board, or clean deal table, covered first with a suitable blanket and then with a moderately fine sheet; a stand or two for the irons; padded holders to lift them with and preserve our hands from being burnt; a board, sprinkled with bath-brick, on which to rub them; dusters to polish with after the said rub; a basin of clean cold water close by to sprinkle or damp an article that may have become too dry; the clothes-horse to hang the linen on as fast as it is ready; and, if you like, a tray on which collars and cuffs can be placed near the fire for a time before they are put away.

I am supposing the irons are at the fire; but I ought to say a word or two about them, as you require various kinds for the work. If there is no proper stove for heating flat-irons, they will be hung on a bar in front of the fire, which should always be made up beforehand, and allowed to burn clear before they are put down. *Never let a fire go low when you are ironing.* Bring the hot coals forward from time to time, and keep adding a little fresh at the back, so as not to smoke your irons. There should be at least three flat-irons, or a box-iron with three heaters, for each person at work. Box-irons are less used than they once were, but they are very cleanly articles, and, for delicate ironing, preferable to the others, as being less likely to scorch dainty collars or muslins.

There should be two box-irons, varying in size, and an Italian iron for frills, each with three heaters. Goffering irons and a little crimping machine are also very useful for flounces and frills. In using the latter care should be taken that the little rollers are not too tightly set—otherwise the muslin will be cut in the operation, as I know to my sorrow. A laundress once sent me a whole set of new underclothing home with the frills looking beautifully crimped. But, alas! when next washed my dainty cambric was all in tiny shreds, having been cut to pieces in the crimping, and all the trimming had to be picked off and replaced. Hand crimping, though rather tedious, may be nicely done with a blunt knife. A silver pocket fruit knife answers admirably, and injures nothing.

Wherever there is much delicate ironing to be done, it may be greatly facilitated by the use of three, differently shaped boards, smoothly covered with double flannel. One should be about eighteen inches long and nine broad. This is for slipping below the fronts of shirts, night dresses, and ornamental chemises, &c.; the second for putting under white petticoats and the skirts of dresses. It should be narrower at one end than the other, in fact, the shape of a gore; the third, narrow and long enough for shirt and dress sleeves.

And now we will begin by ironing first some collars and cuffs, then a shirt. If you use a box-iron, mind that it is beautifully bright and clean; then put in a red-hot heater with the tongs. Perhaps it will not go in! Never mind. Drop it on the hearth for a minute or two to cool, and then try a second time. Your bit of red iron has given you a lesson on the expansive power of heat, and it will contract again directly by contact with the cooler air and slip in easily. Place it on the stand to let the iron itself heat through; take out your collar, but roll up the rest as before, that they may not dry; stretch and straighten it nicely *wrong side up* on the ironing cloth. Try your iron on something of little consequence, then run it quickly over the collar once or twice, and turn it the right side up. Now press the collar firmly, again and again, till it is thoroughly dry and stiff, lifting it occasionally to let the steam escape below. Your irons should be as hot as it is possible to use them, without risk of scorching the linen. If you only half dry the article, it will turn limp and the surface will be blistered and unfit to wear.

I daresay you may have noticed that when you buy new collars there is a little ridge which looks like a cord between the band and the upper part, and you probably wonder why this pretty ridge disappears the first time of washing and is seen no more. There is really no cord, but the appearance is produced by the deft hands of the London laundress, and requires considerable practice to manage it. The collar must not be run over with the iron all at once, but in two parts, as it were, and very few country laundresses produce the effect or perhaps care to try. You may leave your collars and cuffs flat, if the shape be suitable, or give them a turn round in the finishing, if desired. Take care always to place your irons on the stand whilst you adjust the linen, or your sheet and blanket will soon be scorched and spoiled. A flat-iron should be vigorously rubbed on the board with bath-brick, polished with a cloth, and its cleanliness tested before you begin the shirt. *And be sure you treat the buttons respectfully.* If you stamp the iron on them they will break; if you rush at them violently with the point they will fly off; go tenderly round them and they will seldom want replacing.

The parts of a shirt should be ironed in the following order:—Back lap, saddle, neck-band, or collar, sleeves, cuffs, front—for which use the flannel-covered board number one—front lap, then finished and folded. The final folding of most articles may be very neat or equally clumsy. Look at specimens done by a first-class laundress, study and copy, which will be better than pages of printed instructions.

In ironing skirts and dresses do them in the following order:—Bottom hems, tucks and flounces, sleeves, body or band, lastly, rest of skirt, using shaped board.

After rinsing delicate prints or muslins, let them lie for a few minutes before starching in clean water in which an ounce of Epsom salts has been dissolved. This is a little secret imported from France and has been successfully used by a very superior laundress of my acquaintance, who finds that it fixes and brightens colours, and improves the general appearance of prints.

The many beautiful, printed cotton fabrics now in use should, if possible, be made up in such a manner that they can be ironed on the wrong side. They should not be rubbed with soap, but washed in a lather made with boiled curd soap. Woollen stuffs of very good quality, such as French merinoes, will bear washing; but dresses should be taken to pieces and hung out dripping from the rinsing water. It is, however, no economy to wash really good stuffs, and poor and mixed fabrics will not bear it. It is far better to send them to one of the large dyeing and cleaning establishments; the appearance will amply repay the cost, if the articles be worth doing at all. Sateens and prints which are tumbled and creased, can be thoroughly renovated by ironing them through a damp cloth, in the same way as black silk after sponging, or merinoes after washing.

In THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER several different recipes for washing lace have already appeared. To any possessor of really valuable lace, who has had no experience in cleaning such a delicate fabric, but who desires to experiment upon it, I would give the same advice as the celebrated *Mr. Punch* did to persons about to marry—"Don't." By valuable lace, I mean Brussels, the various kinds of points, Honiton, &c., &c., which require very delicate manipulation. Maltese, Cluny, Torchon, and others of a comparatively strong kind of thread, are easy enough to do, and I will give you my method of getting them up; but by all means send costly lace to a professional cleaner. It costs very little, comes back exactly like new, and may be done time after time without injury. I have a beautiful piece, only thirty inches long, of rare old point, which cannot be reproduced in these days. It went to Brussels a short time ago, with two little rents in it; it came back so well repaired that the places where they had been were not to be discovered by the naked eye. The mending, cleaning, and postage both ways cost about two shillings; the lace itself is valued at twelve guineas.

A Honiton lace-maker to whom I entrust lace of that description sends hundreds of pieces weekly to be cleaned in Devonshire. I cannot tell the process, but the result is perfection. He says the hand never touches it in the cleaning, and no person could tell it from new unless it has been once washed by an amateur beforehand.

The pretty, frail, and so-called "cheap" laces used at present are really very expensive; many will not bear washing, and are not worth the cost of cleaning.

(*To be concluded*).

A GRAMMAR OF EMBROIDERY.



WE have for the benefit of those of our readers who seem still to find many obstacles in their way towards success in embroidery, summarised, in the form of rules, the various principles to be observed in crewel work, together with the methods of enlarging any design and transferring patterns upon the material to be worked; and we believe that if the rules given below be read in conjunction with the articles on the subject which have appeared from time to time in these pages, no girl ought hereafter to fail for the want of knowing what to do and how to do it.

1.—Success in embroidery is only to be achieved by understanding what can best be done with the

materials employed, and realising the limitations the art places upon you. Bear in mind that you are an artist, working with dyed worsteds or silks instead of pigments, with a needle instead of a brush, and upon an already coloured material instead of a plain canvas, having to effect by a multitude of stitches what could perhaps be done by *one* brush mark. Bearing this in mind, it follows that to attempt to produce the same effect as in painting is impossible, the needle being not nearly so pliable as a brush, and dyed threads being less easily intermingled than pigments. This will answer the inquiries of some of our readers who ask "how to foreshorten a flower and make it look natural." But our advice is—do not do it.

2.—Embroidery must be kept much simpler in character than painting, it being impossible to produce with a needle and thread the complicated arrangements and difficult drawing *easily* obtained with colour. A reference to the accompanying illustration will explain what we mean. We have shown the flower in three different positions, and though the drawing has been simplified so as to make it *possible* to produce the effect in embroidery, it will readily be admitted by all workers that the full flower is more easily worked, and more effective, than either of the foreshortened ones.

3.—It is, as a broad rule, advisable to show flowers as much as possible in *full* views, rather than inside ones, for the reason given in Rule 2. The utmost *limit* to foreshortening is attained in the Narcissus design, anything more complicated than this looking merely a confused mass when worked.

4.—The amount of shading that should be attempted in embroidery is only so much as shall throw any prominent part into relief, without producing a muddy or dirty effect when viewed a little way from the eye. Do not attempt to get the effect of *distance*, as in painting, and for this reason keep the drawing as flat as possible, not allowing one part of the design to overlap another more than is necessary. It will be noticed that the leaves of the Narcissus in the illustration only cross each other *occasionally*, and it is only necessary, therefore, at these crossings to mark the light and shade strongly.

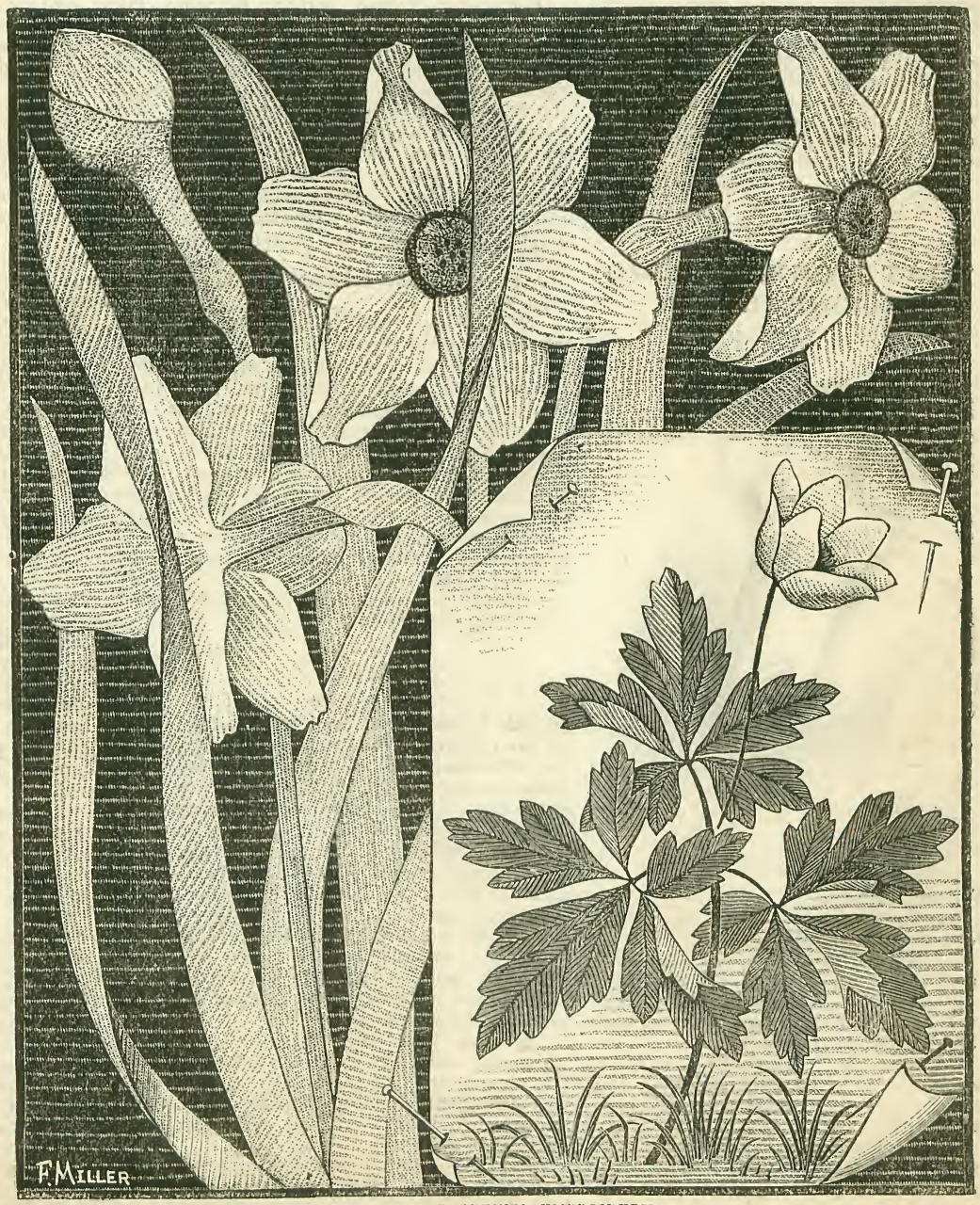
5.—The direction which the stitches should take depends very much upon the object worked. The lines in the drawing show the most effective way the stitches should run. In the narcissus flowers they follow the *length* of the petal, while in the anemone, the petals being so much smaller, they run *across*. We may mention that the Japanese, most dexterous embroiderers, as our readers are aware, generally work their flowers across, keeping the stitches parallel; but the difficulty attending this mode of treatment is, that unless each stitch be kept its proper length, the drawing of the flower is lost. In working the leaves let the stitches as much as possible represent the veins as shown in the anemone. In long leaves like the narcissus, the direction of the stitches may be varied, to give relief to the work, as it does when one leaf falls over another.

6.—It gives a more finished appearance to embroidery, especially in delicate designs, if the whole of the work be outlined in the appropriate colours, afterwards filling in the spaces with the suitable stitches. By so doing the drawing is better preserved than if the outline be omitted.

7.—In choosing the colours of your crewels and silks, be guided more by the *colour* of the material you are working upon than the *natural* tint of the flower you employ in your design, your object being to add beauty to something presumably already beautiful; in fact, to decorate something already existing. Therefore, don't let your embroidery *clash* with the material it is upon, but rather seek to make them harmonise and fit together as though they were made (as indeed they were) for each other.

8.—A colour is greatly affected by contrast, and for this reason always put the material to be worked side by side with the crewels, to see that they harmonise. The force of this rule can be better realised by taking three surfaces, say, white, black, and blue, and having chosen what looks to be a nice green crewel when viewed by *itself*, work a small leaf on each of the three materials. It will be found that the colour will look much darker on the white ground, much lighter on the black ground, and quite dull, perhaps, on the blue ground.

9.—Those who are unable to enlarge a design without resorting to some mechanical means will find the following method, termed "squaring," advantageous. Suppose, for instance, the design of the narcissus has to be enlarged to twice its present dimensions. Divide the illustration into half-inch squares, by drawing parallel lines at right angles to each



DESIGNS FOR CREWEL EMBROIDERY.

other at distances of half an inch. Then on a piece of paper mark off the same number of squares, only at distances of *one* inch. It will now be easy to fill in each square with its appropriate portion of the illustration, and if this be done accurately you will have a *fac-simile* of the design, only twice its original size.

10.—To transfer a design upon a fabric or other material. Having made your drawing upon tracing paper, prick it over with a needle (a darning needle is better for the purpose) on the *wrong* side of the design. When this is done, turn the design over on its *right* side, when the pricked holes will be found to be uppermost. Then if the material be dark, have some powdered chalk in a piece of old stocking or muslin (or, if light, powdered charcoal), and without allowing the tracing to move, go over every part of it with the powder bag or "pounce," as it is called, and the powder passing through the holes will leave an impression behind it. Mark this over with Chinese white or Indian ink, to fix it to the material, and the design is now ready for working.

We may here remark that the design of the narcissus flowers would make a handsome book cover, worked on plush or silk, and it would improve the design to bring the leaves two or three inches lower than in the illustration. The anemone would do for working on a cardcase or other small article.

FRED. MILLER.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."



CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Josephine had entreated to be allowed to search for that dreadful slug, Miss Rowe contemptuously replied,

"You! Of what use would you be, except to knock the ink over, or throw a table down! Why, you could not find your own book yesterday when it was right before you on the shelf."

"That is true," murmured Josephine, humbly, and then a bell was rung, and one of the servants was sent up to look for that troublesome slug.

"And please find me my dear little box, too, please," added that irrepressible new pupil; "Miss Rowe has dropped it somewhere."

"And bring it to me when you find it," commanded Miss Rowe, magisterially.

"Thank you," said Nellie, contentedly, "I shall be so much obliged to you if you will take care of it for me, for I am sure if I have it I shall break it or lose it now that it is empty."

To this speech Miss Rowe vouchsafed no notice whatever. She went off to watch the search, which, however, resulted in nothing but the finding of Helen's box. Whatever became of the slug, it was never again seen by any of the inmates of Crofton House. For many days Miss Rowe would not enter her sitting-room, and for many weeks whenever she sat there she had an uneasy sensation that a slug was endowed with breath strong enough for her to be sensibly conscious of feeling it on her neck preparatory to the advent there of the creature itself.

I fear that it need scarcely be said that Miss Edison was delighted at the non-discovery of the insect's hiding-hole.

"If I felt any compunction before," she said to Josephine, "at having kept the thing to tease her with, I felt none, I can tell you, when I heard the answer she gave to your kind offer to help her. How could you be so—so stupid? I beg your pardon. I don't mean stupid in the way you call yourself so, but stupidly good to give her such a gentle reply?"

A faint flush overspread Josephine's pale face—

"Miss Rowe was quite right. I am dreadfully stupid at finding things. It was because she was so troubled I could not help wishing to help her. But it was foolish, I daresay, for me to offer. And if not," she added, in a low, gentle tone, "if not, you know, we who love our Lord have to remember that when we are reviled we revile not again."

Helen gazed at her companion for a few moments in silent amazement. Then she said shortly—

"Those are the sorts of things that I shall never remember."

CHAPTER IX.

TWO WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

HELEN EDISON had been a schoolgirl for two or three weeks when one morning she, with eleven of her companions, were gathered together for their history class in the back room. Josephine Bell was one of the number of the class, and Miss Rowe was holding it. Helen had one of her touch-me-not looks on her face, as Milly Wilmot used to call them, when even that careless piece of merriment herself did not care to be too free with her clever companion.

"Look out for breezes," muttered Milly to her next neighbour, as they sat awaiting the governess.

"I have just been thinking so," whispered back Rose Trew, following her companion's glance at Helen, who was sitting very erect, with folded arms, and the generally laughing eyes bent gravely on the carpet.

Helen Edison's first unfriendly impressions with regard to the young teacher had developed into an intense dislike, which was fully reciprocated, and the last two or three days a new element of discord had risen up between them in the shape of poor Josephine.

Miss Rowe had received instructions, like every one else about the place, to be very gentle and forbearing towards that eldest but most ignorant pupil, and accordingly she refrained from reproofs or punishments for the invariably imperfect or half-done lessons. But the short laugh or few cool stinging words with which she vented her biting contempt were much more cruel than any open reprimands could have been, and generous-hearted Helen Edison had begun to feel them as keenly as the unfortunate girl herself at whom they were directed. A few days since she had taken upon her to prevent the sneers, to some degree, by hastily giving answers to questions addressed to Josephine, and no amount of angry prohibitions or fines on the part of Miss Rowe, nor grateful but tearful entreaties from Josephine, had yet prevailed to check her. This was the state of affairs, unknown to Miss Crofton, that Wednesday morning when Helen Edison sat looking her haughtiest, and Miss Rowe entered the book-room and took her seat with her most resolute expression on her face. No wonder that observant members of the class were able to prophesy that the following hour would not flow on altogether smoothly,

However, for some little time all went well. Josephine was, of course, at the bottom of the class, and when at length her turn came, the question put to her happened to be one that she could answer. Miss Rowe raised her hands with mock admiration.

"Girls, girls," she exclaimed, "we must chalk it up! Miss Bell has actually given a correct reply—an absolute fact, although almost past belief."

A little half-nervous laugh from two or three pupils who stood greatly in awe of the stern, strict governess greeted this speech, while a painful flush burnt in Josephine's usually pale cheeks. Helen Edison flung up her head, and her crimson lips parted suddenly; but ere she could find cutting words to match her feelings, she caught so imploring a gaze from the poor victim, that she changed her purpose, and shut her mouth more quickly than she had opened it.

"If you have anything on your mind you wish to say, pray say it, Miss Edison," said Miss Rowe, sarcastically. "It is a pity, you know you said last week, to be too prudent."

"I know it is a great pity to bother one's head with too much learning," answered Helen, coolly; "and so, as we evidently shall not get through much above half our history lesson to-day before Professor Smith comes, I wish I hadn't studied it."

"If you would study your own language, and learn to speak it like a lady, it would be well," retorted the governess, angrily. "You will have the goodness, to write out the word 'hadn't' a thousand times this afternoon. Perhaps that will satisfy your fondness for the compound. Miss Wilmot! Attention, if

you please. If I see you guilty of the vulgarity of whispering again, I shall turn you out of the class. Now, Miss Trew. Did the death of Julius Cæsar prove the annihilation of the cause for which he died?"

Pretty Rose Trew always looked her prettiest, her companions said, when she looked a little troubled or perplexed. If that were the case, she must certainly have looked her very best just at that moment as she looked up, startled, on being addressed, and began, by way of answer—

"Oh, yes, of course—any one——" And then she broke off suddenly, stammering and confused, and said humbly—"Oh, please, I beg your pardon; but would you please repeat your question? I am very sorry, I did not quite hear it."

What she had heard was Milly Wilmot's triumphant whisper, "I told you there'd be a fuss this morning," and so Miss Rowe guessed; but having inflicted two punishments already, she condescended to accept the apology, and repeat her question. Once more the lesson proceeded smoothly, and it really seemed as if the storm had blown over. Unhappily, in those days Emily Rowe's unsubdued spirit rejoiced rather than otherwise in storms. "Blessed are the peacemakers" were words without meaning to her. She would have complete supremacy or war; and as she questioned and taught the chapters of Roman History apportioned for the day's lesson her mind was at least half occupied with angry thoughts of her fearless pupil and half-unconscious resolves to make her suffer through Josephine if she could not make her suffer through herself.

Once more the end of the class was reached. Once more it came to Josephine's turn to answer, or at any rate to be questioned, and not only keen-witted Helen, but even her dim-sighted *protégée*, read in the governess's curling upper lip and slight smile a determination to gratify herself at the expense of the poor ignoramus.

Helen tried to smile encouragement to her companion, but her smile had so much of sternness in it that it only proved an additional cause of trouble, and the girl's face paled visibly as Miss Rowe, after a few moments' thoughtful pause, said briskly, with a slight laugh—

"Now, Miss Bell, rouse up all your energies. It is once more your turn to distinguish yourself. Will you tell me some of the causes, direct and indirect, that led to the transformation of the Roman Republic into an Empire?"

Miss Rowe might as well have asked the girl to deliver a comprehensive lecture on botany, or the languages of the East, as she well knew; and nothing would have astounded her more than to find Josephine was capable of giving even the most shadowy outline of a correct answer. But nevertheless she fixed her eyes upon her with a calm, expectant gaze, beneath which poor half-taught Josephine shrank into dumb, stupid despair, and looked the semi-idiot the talented tormentor believed her.

The question asked admitted of no short, sharp, decisive response, such as Helen had lately flung forth for her schoolfellow's deliverance from misery. Even the clever, quick pupil herself must pause and think before giving a sensible reply to such a query, and Miss Rowe took advantage of the expected pause.

"What, Miss Bell!" she began in a bantering tone. "No answer at all? Dear me, this is sad, and when you began the lesson so brilliantly, too. But, do you know, I have just been thinking of something for your advantage, as the advertisements say. Are you attending to me?"

"Yes; oh, yes," murmured Josephine, with quivering lips, and trembling in anticipation of what was to come. She distrusted the young teacher's tender mercies; so did her champion. But they were neither of them prepared for the fulness of the cruelly insulting blow which fell upon her.

"You are attending to me?" repeated Miss Rowe; "that is right. And I am glad to hear it, although you certainly look as if you were attending to nothing. But what I wish to say is that for the future you will oblige me, both for your own benefit and my comfort, by going over all the lessons you have to prepare for me with the help of your little sister Rose."

She had scarcely uttered the last word when a gasping sob from Josephine for a moment drew all eyes towards her. But only for a moment; the next instant, amid a general murmur of, "Oh, how cruel!" before which even Miss Rowe half quailed, Helen Edison sprang forward, and with flashing eyes exclaimed at the top pitch of her ringing voice—

"You base, mean coward! My father would ask you if you are not afraid, so meanly and despicably to stab one of your fellow-creatures. You coward!"

"How dare you speak to me so?" asked Miss Rowe, in a low voice of concentrated passion, also in her turn rising and springing forward.

"Dare!" echoed Helen, in accents of the supremest scorn. And at that moment the door opened, and Miss Crofton stood gazing in speechless amazement, and with a face marked by deep displeasure, at the scene before her. Josephine Bell white and trembling, uttering dry, gasping sobs; the whole class in confusion; and the English governess and the new pupil, looking like two wild cats, confronting each other.

"What has happened? What is the meaning of all this commotion?"

"I must beg you, Miss Crofton, to permit me to be relieved of Miss Edison's attendance at my classes," began Miss Rowe, in a voice shaking with passion. "She has been most insufferably insulting."

"Not so insulting," retorted Helen, fiercely, "as you have been to poor—to Miss Bell. Madam," turning to Miss Crofton, who was always thus addressed by her pupils, "she has just——"

"My child! whom do you mean by 'she'?" asked the Principal, in a grave, gentle tone, as she came forward and laid her hand on her excited pupil's shoulder.

A change came in Helen's expression at that tone and touch, and in a lowered voice she resumed—

"Miss Rowe has just given an order to Miss Bell to have her lessons taught her by little Rose. Is not——"

Miss Crofton started and looked equally pained and shocked as she interrupted with the exclamation—

"Oh, no! it is impossible. My dear Miss Rowe, you could not so have misconstrued my request to you to think of every means in your power to aid Miss Bell's efforts at self-improvement? You could not have seriously given an order to an elder sister to put herself under the teaching of one so very many years younger than herself?"

"No, Miss Crofton, you are right. I could not, and did not," answered the young governess, quietly.

And Milly Wilmot thought that she detected a triumphant gleam in the grey eyes from beneath the drooped lids. But Miss Rowe continued—

"When I was a child my brother often got me to hear him repeat his Latin lessons, although I did not know a word of Latin; but I was quite able to tell him if he left out words or sentences. In like manner I believed that it might be a help to Miss Bell to have someone to repeat her lessons to before bringing them into class. And," with a crushing glance at Helen, "anyone of common sense would have concluded that Miss Bell would prefer employing her sister for this purpose, whose great love of being with her would prevent her considering it drudgery, to anyone else on whom she would have less claim."

Miss Rowe ceased, looked round at all the faces before her, and quietly sat down conqueror. She had so stated her case that even Josephine ceased her sobs, with a feeling that in letting them have vent she had given a greater proof than ever of her dull stupidity, and although Helen was fully conscious that the affair was now represented in a favourable aspect not rightly belonging to it, she still saw that she would have to confess herself to have been over violent and hasty in taking up the cudgels. She did not wait for orders, but raising one of her hands and laying it on that of Miss Crofton's, still resting on her shoulder, as though to give herself strength for her task, she hastily but clearly apologised for the words she had used, then turned and pressed a swift kiss on the Principal's hand, and ran out of the room.

"She is a strange child," said the Principal, thoughtfully, looking down absently at her hand.

"A very insolent and disagreeable one, I think," said the English teacher. "The sooner her spirit is brought under, the better."

All the girls had gone off now to prepare for their next class, and the two ladies were alone. As the young imperious-tempered governess spoke a shade of anxiety and pity fell over Miss Crofton's face, and she stepped up to her and laid the hand which had rested

on the pupil's shoulder on the teacher's. Miss Rowe moved under it rather impatiently, but the Principal kept it there, saying gently—

"Nay, my dear, you must not mind. Remember, I am old enough to be your mother, and—forgive me—if, in all earnest friendship, I say that all of us need pray that our own spirits may be brought under the influence of God's Holy Spirit of love and peaceableness. For us teachers it is of the deepest importance that we should remember this. Our Lord says to us, as He said to St. Peter, 'If you love me, feed my lambs.' Our work in the world is of the very noblest if it be performed in the right spirit—that is, the spirit of love."

And then the earnest, true-hearted, Christian Principal of Crofton Hall withdrew her hand, and sought her own room to spend five minutes in prayer for all those committed to her charge, and for herself that she might have a right judgment in all things, and be guided to speak the word in season.

Miss Rowe took advantage of her departure to mutter to herself, with scornful indignation, "The idea of preaching to me!" and, thus scattering to the winds the good seed sought to be planted in her heart, she provided herself with a volume of Dante's "Il Purgatorio," and spent the next leisure hour in thorough enjoyment of the dreary pictures drawn by that masterly and sardonic hand. She also would have written an "Il Purgatorio" had she the genius, and would have delineated a good many people she knew in very unpleasant positions.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

VICTORIA.—1. The address of the Royal Academy of Music is 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. Write to the Secretary for full information. 2. We think there is nothing "unladylike" in taking your luncheon in a train.

VIOLET.—The definition given of Modern English by Latham is that "it is a member of the Low Germanic division of the Teutonic branch of the Gothic stock of the Indo-European tribe of languages." Your writing is dreadfully careless and untidy.

JENNIE P.—Merton is the name of a college at Oxford.

W. G. B.—We are much obliged to you for your kind note and the lines on "Friendship." We are sorry to hear that "you are rather fond of putting your thoughts into rhyme," because we think it a great waste of time, and unless you had been properly taught to write in rhyme, you should not attempt it. We regret we cannot print your "poem" as a warning to others, but we hope from this time forth you will devote yourself to more useful things.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—We have a seaside book illustrated, at 3s. (56, Paternoster-row). We have also a capital work on Geology by Dawson. Write for what you want.

HENRIETTE.—In reference to clerkships in Post and Telegraph Offices, candidates must apply, in their own handwriting, to the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, E.C. He will send printed forms to be filled up by candidates between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. An examination has to be passed in writing from dictation, the four rules of arithmetic — simple and compound, and the geography of the United Kingdom. Successful candidates have also to pass a medical examination, especially in reference to sight and hearing.

CROSIER.—The crosses erected by Edward I., to commemorate the spots where the remains of his Queen Eleanor rested on his journey conveying them to burial, were at Woburn, Northampton, Stony-Stratford, Dunstable, Saint Albans, Cheapside, and Charing Cross.

ANNIE.—There are sixty geographical miles in a degree. As we are quite ignorant of your present proficiency in any of the subjects of the examination to which you refer, we are unable to say how many hours' study will be required daily. But as you are so young, and are occupied for so many hours in teaching, a couple more devoted to study would be as much as your health could reasonably bear.

A. M.—1. You will require a master to teach you the pronunciation of German. 2. You are quite right in teaching your child to read by looking at whole words and being told their sound. When she can read alone, so as to enjoy it, give her a short column of spelling to read to you every day, several times over, pronouncing the syllables for her every time, till quite familiar to her.

W. J. BREWER.—If Bengalee be the native language of Bengal, and Calcutta be the chief city of that province, we were perfectly right in replying that Bengalee was the native language of that locality. You endeavour to make "a distinction without a difference," and might have spared yourself the trouble of a silly attempt to put us in the wrong.

ANNIE AGNES.—There is a training college for teachers of the dumb, as well as for pupils, established at Ealing, on the German system — the Elms, Castlebar Hill; and there is a private school for gentlemen's children at 89, Holland-road, Kensington, W. Applications to be made to the Lady Superintendent, and for the Training College, to the Secretary, 9, Nottingham-terrace, York-gate, Regent's-park.

MADRIGAL.—1. You may either procure our catalogue of foreign books, or one from some foreign library or bookseller's in town. 2. St. Cecilia was a noble Roman lady and Christian martyr, under the prefect Almachius, who, it is said, vainly tried to put her to death in a bath kept hot day and night, at first, but afterwards caused her to be beheaded.

CHRISTABEL.—To have a knowledge of Latin is an advantage to any woman, especially on account of the derivation of so many English words. Sixteen is young enough to learn anything.

VIOLET.—Read the sermon on "The Unpardonable Sin," in the *Sunday at Home* for September.

MADGIE.—The fullest details on the Senior Cambridge Examinations can be obtained by writing to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. Your writing is neat and good for your age.

JINKS.—The highest certificates attainable by women are the degree certificates of Girton College, Cambridge. Then comes, we believe, the University of London, and afterwards the Cambridge University. The value of the first-class certificate of the College of Preceptors, is that it guarantees some experience in educational methods, as they take notice of "practical ability in teaching." Your writing is legible and neat, but unformed.

ELCONNA.—You pronounce the "a" in "vase," as the "a" in "Mars." Your writing would be improved by writing copies.

MAUDE EMILY LESLIE. All or any of the books you mention are excellent ones. Your handwriting requires to be more flowing and free.

LILIAN.—Perhaps your friend requires to be taught "how to teach," and a course of study at the Home and Colonial Society, Gray's-Inn-lane, would materially benefit her. Write to Miss Ravenscroft, at the College. You write well.

E. R.—We should recommend the system of instruction by correspondence to help you in your proposed course. Apply to Mrs. Reile, Trumpington-road, Cambridge, for a list of subjects, fees, and teachers.

FRANK.—You would find the tales of M. M. Erckmann-Chatrian better than a French journal. We think, from the style of your letter, that you cannot do better than read THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, as your younger sisters do. You will probably obtain much benefit from it.

A BOOKWORM (No. 2).—The Latin hymn *Dies Iræ* was probably the composition of Thomas of Celano, a native of the Abruzzo, who died 1255.

CATHERINE H.—Read "Nursing as a Profession," page, 454, vol. i.

DOROTHY.—Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," page 259, Vol. I. Bathe your ankles in salt water.

CLARISSA.—Write for particulars about the Cambridge Junior Examination to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. The fee is £1. Your writing is unformed.

BESS.—Write to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Croom Robertson, 31, Kensington-park-gardens, S.W., for information about Girton College. Attracting the attention of little children is always difficult, of course; but with good temper and perseverance you will succeed. If you strive to obtain a habit of going to your Heavenly Father with every trouble, and of thanking Him for every blessing, you will find that the simplest way of learning to love Him. This last also carries the richest of promises, in Psalm l. 23.

ONE ANXIOUS TO IMPROVE.—We have had reason to think in the course of our life that no education can be too high, as everything that has been learned, whether used in after life or not, improves and strengthens the mind in the learning. And so, we should advise your acquiring all that your parents can afford to have you taught. You will find no learning "supurflous."

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER.—We will hope that something may happen to prevent the marriage which distresses you so much; otherwise, we must believe that God will overrule all these apparent evils for good. Where there is "nothing wrong," as you say, it is a matter for consideration for you whether you prefer to keep your brother, or to lose him. If you love him very dearly, you will prefer the former alternative, and will bear patiently with his choice for that love's sake.

QUEEN MAB.—Clean silver with plate powder or paste. Your writing is very neat.

M. H.—A marble-cutter would be the best person to apply to.

ETHEL R.—You might try to wash them in tepid water, and hang up to dry, but we fear the working of the eis wool is not stout enough to stand much washing.

A. C.—It would take up too much space on our Correspondents' page. Your writing is pretty good, but you use too soft a pen.

KATE NICKLEBY.—See "My Work Basket" and Madame Karger's crochet articles in vol. i.

CELLBRIDGE.—Bridegroom is from the Anglo-Saxon *Brydgruma*. Your writing is very good for fourteen years of age.

A BOOKWORM.—The letters "S. P. Q. R." on the Roman standards meant "Senate and People of Rome." "Scot" means tribute, or tax. So, "Scot-free" means tax free. Your other questions have been answered in the correspondence. It is considered more elegant to say, "enquire," but it is allowable to say "inquire."

MOONBEAM.—Cricket is not, of course, a game for girls, but in many instances, where they have brothers, it is only goodnatured to play with them. All such active exercise is very good for girls also, who, according to the doctors, have far too little of it.

WITCH OF MACBETH.—Read "Seasonable Dress, and how to make it." Your writing is very poor. Take off your mittens when playing the violin or piano. Write "Violoncello." Ladies sometimes play it now.

A. L. R.—A servant should always obtain permission from her former mistress to refer her new mistress to her for a character.

C. E. G.—If you cannot cure yourself of your bad habit, you had better beg someone who is much with you to stop you continually, directly you begin it, by some little sign, which you alone will understand.

EMMA.—We do not know of any method of keeping plants during the winter, in the way that you mention. Of course, if there be a severe frost, and no artificial heat, they must die.

NESTA BURGES.—Perhaps a round head-comb would be better than a ribbon for your little sister's hair. Your writing is most legible.

LILY.—Bridesmaids in the winter might wear any pretty colour, trimmed with fur bands, to look seasonable. The bride might wear a sealskin jacket if she preferred it, and gloves to match her dress and bonnet.

PYRETHRUM.—We do not think that the pieces you mention could be used to make paper, but we believe all such pieces are used for making "shoddy."

ECILA.—It is generally considered advisable to cut off the hair after severe illness. "Nemesis" was the goddess of vengeance, in the Greek mythology. Your writing is good and clean.

VIC.—Cannot you obtain a few lessons? You would find it most difficult to paint in oils without them, though one of the many little shilling manuals might help you. Read some of the articles on painting in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

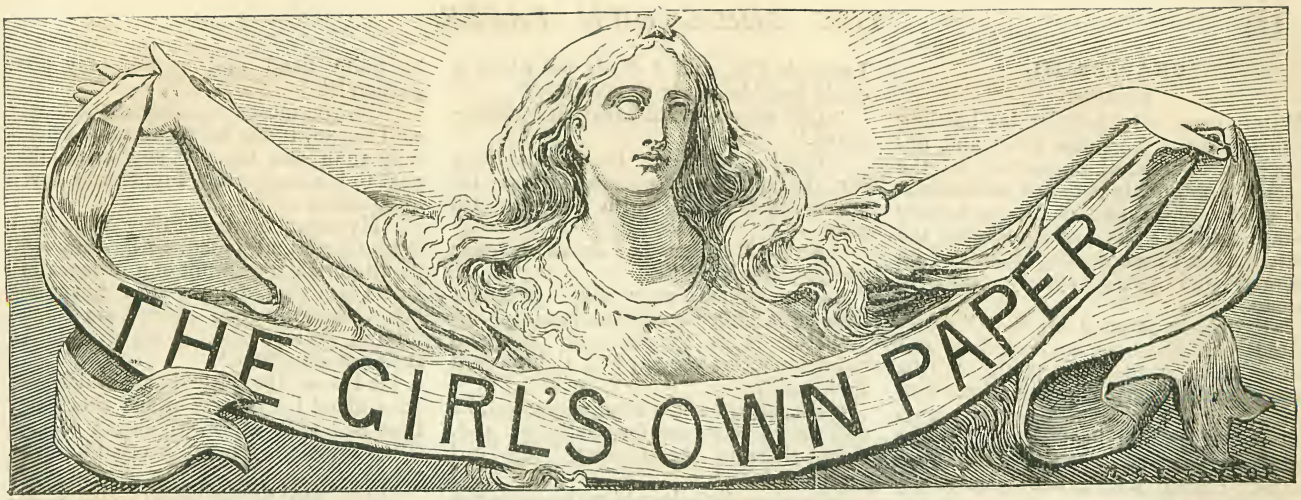
MAY.—The "Ingoldsby Legends" were written by the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, under the name of Ingoldsby.

SALOME V.—Can you not manage to hold back the angry word for a moment or two. That moment of self-recollection, and a cry for help—"Lord, keep thou the door of my lips!"—will give you the victory.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—The turned down corner of a visiting card means that it is intended for all the ladies in the house. You might ask any friend who had given a very costly present if she would like to have it returned; but it is supposed, of course, that the presents are given to you—not to your intended husband and yourself jointly.

TRUE TO THE END.—Many thanks for your encouraging and appreciative letter. You will find delightful children's books at the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

ONE WHO WISHES TO WALK IN WHITE SOME DAY.—1. Your letter has greatly interested us. We shall have a paper shortly on the failing which you deplore. Meanwhile, read your Bible, reflect upon it, pray over it, and strive more and more to follow the example of Him who was so meek and mild. Courage, friend! one so alive to her failings as you are is on the fair way to mend. 2. The poor are often aided much better by encouraging words and kind acts than by giving them money.



VOL. II.—NO. 47. NOVEMBER 20, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER SWEET REVENGE.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.



"SEE WHAT MY FATHER HAS JUST BROUGHT YOU."

[*All rights reserved.*]

CHAPTER III.

A CONFLICT.

WHILE poor old Philipart lay battling with the dread enemies, fever and delirium—a combat which needed all the reserve forces of his pure and abstemious life to give him even a chance of victory—the garden-plot, deserted by the watchful eyes and untiring hands of its master, was giving speedy signs of decay.

"Regularly parched up, it is," ruminated John Field, as he leaned on the fence which divided the plots. "This heavy soil just plays ruination with the things, once the hot sun gets full on. He won't beat me out o' the field this year, at any rate, at the rose show. I shall have a beauty or two, I reckon."

After an interval of watering, tying up, hoeing, &c., in his own ground, the man returned to the contemplation of his neighbour's.

"He would have beat us all, though, if he had been about. My word, there's a splendid Dubarri coming on—finer than ever; but they're drooping, and a slug has been up that stem, or I'm mistaken. Ah! well, he's only himself to thank for it. But *she* doesn't seem to think of that. *I* never saw such a girl. Might be her best friend instead of—that proud as he was—turning up his nose. Ah! well, there, he won't take the prize this year."

He lingered still; a feeling of pity for the neglected garden-plot seemed creeping into the man's heart, mingled with thoughts of his daughter's tender care of one who had put such a slight upon herself.

"Drat the weeds! how fast they do thrive!" he muttered, as he stooped and twitched up an obtrusive nettle already flaunting impudently from the hedge.

"They spread so fast, too. I should have 'em in my ground before I knew it," he said, as if excusing to himself his impulse of well-doing.

"It *is* a pity to see the poor things a drooping and dying, just for the want of a drop of water and a bit of shade. Another such a baking day as this will just about finish them."

Field went back a step or two as he left the garden to see that both gates were securely shut.

"That brute of a pig would make short work of both plots if he got into either."

Susan met her father with a beaming face.

"I am so thankful, father," she said, as he entered. "Dr. Parsons says he'll get over it, with God's blessing; the fever turned last night, and he slept so, and he's quite in his right mind; but, oh, *so* weak! But he will get round now with care and plenty of nourishment."

"Ah! and where is that to come from?" growled Field, as he ate his supper. "Has Philipart told you where he keeps his store? He must have saved money."

"I don't know," said the girl, thoughtfully. "I have not seen any, only the few pence on the shelf the day I went in first, and I don't see where it could be hid—not in the cottage."

"Oh! misers can always find a hiding-place."

"But I don't think, father, that poor Mr. Philipart was ever a miser. He never was close with money till after——"

"Ah! till after he drove Etienne away, you mean?"

Susan sighed, poor girl!—a tender little sigh, stifled ere it was heard.

"How is he to get such plenty of nourishment as you say? I don't see," Field said.

"Dr. Parsons has been very good, he will not let him want for anything; and, then, there is the garden," the girl replied.

"Precious little he will make out of the garden this year," rejoined her father. "Why it is regularly baking up, and, what with the birds and the drought, there won't be much to show in the way of fruit or flowers."

"Dear! dear!" cried Susan, pitifully; "it will half break the poor old man's heart, it will; and he so wrapped up in his garden, too!"

"Well now," said Field, with some asperity, "I ask you, if the old Frenchman had not done as he did, would things be as they are? and is he not reaping the just deserts of his own act?"

"Aye, father dear," returned Susan, gently, as she rose to clear away the supper things; and as she passed her father's chair she put her arm lovingly round his shoulder, "if we all reaped our just deserts, I am afraid we should be but badly off at times; and it must be God's goodness that spares us, don't you think?"

"At any rate, child, I don't think you've much to fear. But give me my pipe here now, and don't stay preaching to me."

John Field did not sleep so soundly as usual that night. More than once he had visions of that poor, neglected garden, with its drooping roses and the weeds springing up thickly on the untrodden paths.

CHAPTER IV.

RESTORED.

"IT is a blessing, Suzanne, to sit again at this window, and to feel the sweet fresh air and the sunshine once more."

The convalescent was sitting in his old cushioned chair by the open window of the little sitting-room. The summer sun came streaming in upon his wasted hands and the soft air fanned his pale cheeks, how grateful only those can tell who, like poor old Philipart, had pined during weeks of weary sickness in the solitude of his confined bedroom.

"It is a blessing," echoed the cheery voice of his young nurse. "Oh, I feel so thankful, Mr. Philipart, I could sing for joy. You will soon be able to get out a bit this lovely weather. Oh you must soon be quite strong!"

"It would be pleasant in the gardens now, Suzanne. My poor garden! my poor little garden!" repeated the invalid. "Oh! I so long to see it; but it will be quite dead and spoiled—my poor garden!"

"Oh, you must not grieve about that," said Susan, trying to speak more cheerfully than she felt, for she knew that next to his son the old Frenchman loved his garden.

"My dear flowers! they will have languished and faded. Ah, they will be all perished for want of a little water! But I am thankful, my dear Suzanne; believe me, my good child, I am thankful and grateful, too. I am grateful to thee, my daughter."

He kissed the little hand which was busy about the pillows at his shoulders, then he leaned back with closed eyes.

"Susan, girl, here!" cried a loud voice.

Susan ran to the door. Her father stood there.

"Well, how is the old gentleman to-day?" Field spoke in a tone which he in vain attempted to make ungenial. He was evidently in good spirits, and he held something in his hand covered with a clean linen cloth.

"Oh, father, he is getting on nicely, thank you! He is up to-day for the first time. Won't you come in and see him?"

"Not I! I haven't a moment to spare. There will be a row between me and that old Barmby yet! Twice to-day I have chivied that brute of a pig out of the plots. But, look here! Would the old gentleman fancy anything in this way, think ye?"

Field drew away the cloth and disclosed a bunch of fine ripe grapes, the bloom on which was a picture in itself almost too beautiful to disturb, though the mouth watered at the sight.

"Oh, father dear, what a delicious treat for him! Why, wherever did you get them? It was not a minute ago that I was wishing in my own mind I could but get such a thing as a few——"

"There, there, don't stand chattering, but take them in, and mind—not a word about where they come from!"

"Well, but father! I don't know—why, who gave them to you?"

"Never you mind! I hope he'll enjoy them, that's all. There's more where they came from; but never you mind. It's the flower show to-morrow, you know," Field called in a louder tone, as Susan turned to enter the house.

She looked back quickly, and shook her head, putting her finger to her lip with a warning gesture. But the invalid had caught the words.

"Ay, the show to-morrow," he said, sadly, as she entered. "I had forgotten—I had lost all count of time; and it is the flower show! My poor Dubarri, my dear Chrétienne Jaune; they will be all perished!"

"Never mind, Mr. Philipart, do not think of them," said Susan, cheerily. "See what my father has just brought you. Just what I was wishing you had this morning when your lips were so parched. Aren't they real beauties?"

"But they are like to my own," exclaimed old Philipart, eagerly, as, with trembling hands, he received the welcome fruit.

"They are! they are!" he cried out, vehemently, as he tasted the grapes. "I could swear to the bloom, to the flavour, to the leaf. Oh, Suzanne! they are my own beautiful St. Girons. I believed my vine to be dead—perished, Suzanne; but these are my own fruit, I am certain."

The old man's eyes sparkled and his cheek flushed as he gazed with looks of positive affection on the purple bunch, and handled it with tenderness that seemed to grudge even the gratification of his longing appetite.

Susan heard his words with amazement, then she recalled certain significant phases in her father's demeanour of late.

In truth, John Field had grown remarkably tolerant, for him. He appeared to have found more demand upon his time at the plots, had even taken to going out at sunrise and working some hours before breakfast, when he would return home beaming with a half-suppressed exultation, attributable, so his daughter had supposed, to the success of his roses and the prospect of a complete triumph over all rivals. But now she began to form other conjectures, which, however, were far from arriving fully at the truth.

(*To be concluded.*)

A TALK ABOUT THE CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

It was the prettiest and daintiest of rooms in which Aunt Mercy was sitting—Aunt Mercy, as everyone called her, perhaps because her name of Miss Cross was so ludicrously unsuitable. Her house was the centre for all the girls of the neighbourhood, who used to come to learn new patterns of fancy-work and tell all their little troubles and receive cordial sympathy and very good advice. Aunt Mercy was alone now in the large airy drawing-room with its French windows opening on a pretty lawn that rippled away between arbutus and laurel and lost itself in a green path under an arch of roses. The furniture was by no means "high art"; the walls were covered with a light paper, panelled out with a French design of birds and roses, and the carpet and all the cosy chairs and little tables, covered with knick-nacks, had stood there from a date long prior to the present style of dull greens and straight-legged furniture. But the whole struck an observer as refined and graceful and suited to the mistress of the place.

It was a charming summer day, and she sat by one of the open windows, knitting. She was of middle age, rather too rosy, rather too stout for elegance, with a comical *nez retroussé* and considerable humour lurking in the corners of her mouth; a little white cap covered her greyish hair, and yet, though all about her was so simple and plain, she wore a happy, comfortable look, which explained why May Alder used to call her "the fairy godmother."

A tap at the door raised Aunt Mercy's eyes from her work and preceded the entrance of that very May Alder, a tall, brisk girl, with sparkling brown eyes and a look of general capability.

"Good morning, dear Aunt Mercy. I have brought Janet Ray with me, for we want to consult you about a little plan."

Janet Ray, a smaller, older girl than May, with a somewhat troubled, shy look, came up behind her livelier companion, as if she almost doubted her welcome. That was warm enough and ready enough, however, and the girls were soon seated opposite their older friend, May explaining and chattering for them both.

"Now, you see, Aunt Mercy, this is my idea. I am, as you know, a very idle girl, and am forgetting all I ever learned as fast as possible; and poor Janet, who is so busy and good, teaching those horrid little Morrises for a mere nothing, would be glad to improve herself, so as to take a situation of a superior sort. We should both like to study; but in this out-of-the-way place we do not know how to set about it nor what is best to do. We have both a fancy to try for the Cambridge Local Examinations, but we know nothing whatever about them, and as you know everything, Aunt Mercy, we have come to you for advice and information."

Janet Ray put in a timid "We know so very little about it. I am afraid the work is quite beyond me."

Aunt Mercy put down her work, smiling, and, leaning over to a writing-table which stood near, she took some papers from a drawer.

"You are always so keen with your new plans, May," she said, "that the wonder is that you carry them out as often as you do. But I am not sure if you have counted the cost in this instance. Going in for an examination in good earnest means declining many an invitation to lawn tennis and afternoon tea; many a piece of self-denial when a charming new book comes from the library."

"You don't mean that one must do *nothing* but study for months and months!" said May, rather dismayed.

"By no means. Home duties, and even social duties, need not be neglected; but a girl reading for an examination cannot give so many hours a day to tennis and visiting as some seem to consider necessary."

"As for me," said Janet, "I fear you will say I have neither time nor ability for it." She spoke despondingly.

"No, no," said Aunt Mercy, cheerily. "For you the certificate would have a real practical utility, and, I may say, a money value, which is not to be despised. For May it would probably be solely a moral and intellectual discipline. But I should advise *you*, by all means, to *make* time for the work, and you can do it with more ease if you teach your pupils the very subjects you have to study."

"They are so small and such stupid little people."

"All the better. The more need you have to explain and illustrate your subject, the better you are forced to learn it."

"Will you tell us the rules of the examination, please?" said May.

"Here they are in this paper, which is called the syllabus. If you want one, write to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, enclosing a halfpenny stamp for postage. By the way, I only speak now of the higher examination for students over eighteen. The junior, for those under sixteen—and the senior, for those under eighteen, are in December, and neither would suit your age."

"I should like to know the rules of those examinations, however, for a girl of my acquaintance," observed May.

"You can get the syllabus at the same address; you will find the subjects differ from those set for the higher examinations and, I think, the work is required to be rather more exact because from older students a wider grasp of the subject is demanded."

"Our examination is in the summer, is it not?" asked May.

"The next begins on Monday, June 20th, 1881, and is open to all who have completed the age of eighteen before July 1st, 1881. The fee is £2."

"To whom is it paid?"

"You send it up with the form which you must fill in to request admission, and this you can get from the secretary of the local centre which you choose. Here in the syllabus is a list of all local centres and the address of the secretary for each."

"Will you tell us the subjects in which one is *obliged* to pass?"

"You mean you wish to know with how little work you may gain a certificate. Lazy May!"

May laughed.

"Well, not exactly. I only mean that the less I do the more chance there is of my doing it correctly."

"And without correctness in your work you cannot possibly pass. Well, for an ordinary certificate, you must satisfy the examiners in group A and in elementary arithmetic and in two other groups. Group A consists of English history, comprising (for 1881) a general knowledge of the whole subject, with special information on the century from 1715 to 1815—that is, to the Battle of Waterloo. Also English literature, comprising Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus,' Pope's 'Satires and Epistles,' and Burke's 'Thoughts on the Present Discontents,' and the 'Two Speeches on America.' For honours, a knowledge of early history, or an essay on the general literature of England, especially of the eighteenth century, is required."

"You said one must also pass in two other groups; what are they?" asked Janet.

"You may make a selection from group B, languages ancient and modern; group C, higher arithmetic and mathematics, &c.; group D, political economy, logic, and the constitutional history of England; group E, natural science; group F, music; and group R, religious knowledge."

"I should like to take religious knowledge, certainly," said Janet.

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Aunt Mercy, "for the work seems to me utterly unconsecrated if a girl rejects the highest study of all because it is not necessary for the certificate. Of course, in the case of Jews, or those whose parents abjure any essential point of our faith, the case is different; but for girls professing to be Christians, the study which alone can elevate the soul should surely go hand in hand with that which elevates the mind."

"What are the subjects in religious knowledge this year?"

"Kings 1 and 2; Psalms xlii. to lxxii; St. Luke's Gospel, II. Corinthians and Acts xx to end. Credit is given for a knowledge of the Greek. Also it is required to study two out of the three following:—Butler's 'Analogy,' introduction and part ii; Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' book 5, paragraphs 50 to 68; and Paley's 'Horæ Paulinæ,' chapters 1, and 6 to 16."

"These last works sound very dry," said May.

"They are not amusing, certainly, but deeply interesting in a literary point of view; and in regard to theology they give a steadfast hold on many points of faith which all—women, especially—are too apt to miss."

"And then one could take French or German for the other subject."

"Yes. A good grammatical grasp of the language and power to translate it are essential."

"But if one has not time to work up all these subjects, may one not go in for the examination at all?"

"Yes. The syndicate, or committee who manage these affairs, have mercifully decreed of late years that one may go in for group A (history and literature) and arithmetic alone, and take the other subjects in succeeding years, to accumulate for a certificate."

"That would suit me best," said Janet; "for after lessons are over I have generally a

headache which I never lose till I have had a walk, thus I have only about two hours in the day which I can reckon on for study."

"I think, after all, I would rather take all the subjects for a certificate at once," remarked May, "so as to force my lazy self to work. But, Aunt Mercy, *how* is one to study? I never worked at school, to my shame be it said, and how am I to begin now? I fear I should not know how to set about it."

"I cannot give you exhaustive directions at one sitting, May; but, generally speaking, I may say that each group should be taken in its separate component parts, one by one; as, for instance, each reign in history, each book set in literature (and in the latter let me add that knowledge of grammar and analysis are included). First read each, then make an abstract of it, adding notes on every obscure point, obsolete word, remarkable expression, &c. And then, if you can, get someone to set you a paper of questions on it."

"You are the only one who can or will do it for us, Aunt Mercy."

"I fear, with however good a will, I have neither power nor time. You can learn by correspondence from Cambridge professors, for which purpose write to Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge; or from ladies authorised for the work, whose addresses you will get from Miss A. Shore, Orchard Poyle, Taplow, Maidenhead. If you cannot afford or do not wish for this help, all I can say is, set the best questions you can for one another. There are, indeed, books of questions to be had, but the living teacher is so much better as a flint to strike sparks from the steel of your memory that I strongly advise the 'co-operative system" of teaching one another."

"Are there any prizes to encourage us?"

"Yes, several; but especially valuable scholarships. For these, I refer you to the syllabus which, of course, you will get from Mr. Browne if you think seriously of going in for the work. All I can say is, *begin to study early*. Do not think two or three months will suffice; and, above all, do not think because you did sums pretty well at school that you can pass in arithmetic without further study. More girls fail in arithmetic than in any subject, and even some who pass with distinction in other respects. All the newest and best methods are required; and in this subject, if in no other, I advise you to have a teacher."

"You told us what was necessary to obtain an *ordinary* certificate. Is there another kind?"

"Yes, the *honour certificate*, which is gained by those who also obtain a first or second class in two of the groups other than group A."

May rose and gave herself a little stretch.

"Well, Aunt Mercy, best thanks," she said. "My brain feels like a sponge quite full of water, so much valuable information have I taken in. I don't suppose I shall retain it, but one practical resolution remains —namely, to send for the syllabus. Come, Janet, poor Aunt Mercy looks quite exhausted, let us leave her in peace, more especially as I see visitors coming up the walk."

"I hope I may have given some *information* which will be useful to *you*, my industrious Janet, at any rate," said Aunt Mercy.

"I am sure you have. I feel more courage about the matter now," answered Janet Ray; "and in these days no governess can get on, or perhaps *ought* to get on, unless she can bear the test of an examination."

The visitors here entered, and the girls left.

ANNE MERCIER.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST PENNY.

THE following morning May was again seated on Aunt 'Lizbeth's lap in the beehive chair. It pleased Uncle Laban and comforted his wife to see her there. They breakfasted at peep of day, and all the family happened to be present. The events of the previous evening were freely discussed, and May, understanding intuitively what they were talking of, listened, and took in much through her sharp little ears. Laban said decidedly that he would take her back to his father, since Meredith declined to do so; while 'Lizbeth urged that she should remain



"'I AM SORRY IF I WAS NAUGHTY,' SHE SAID."

with them at Tygwyn, or White House, for a few days at least, saying that she was sure she was not well. The young people put it to May to decide. It was long before they could draw forth any kind of answer, for she appeared to be weighing the pros and cons in an unnaturally wise manner. She had previously been examining the room, and certainly that alone might have induced her to decide in favour of Aunt 'Lizbeth. The walls were covered with ornaments, and there was quite a handsome looking-glass over the mantelpiece. The pictorial history of Joseph and his brethren adorned the room, coloured and gorgeously framed, and beneath the print which represented the fraternal reconciliation, stood the harmonium of which Leah had spoken. But all this did not attract May so much as did a variety of children's toys, which were suspended to the walls and window frames in various fashions. There was an array of tiny, glittering spoons on one side, a wooden horse on another, a wee shelf covered with miniature crockeryware on a third, and, crowning glory, a doll in full dress on a fourth. It was on this that May's eyes rested longest, and Aunt 'Lizbeth sighed as she perceived it, and murmured, "*Gwen annwyl!*" or "darling Gwen;" for all these treasures, so beautiful in the sight of the living May, had belonged to cousins now in heaven.

"Will you stay with us, my fairy queen?" asked Meredith, seeing at what she was gazing.

She slipped off her aunt's lap and went to him.

"Put Terpsichore up there," she whispered, pointing to the doll in full dress, "and then she will have company. What is that doll's name?"

"Gwenny, I think," replied Meredith.

"Then she can talk to Gwenny, and I will go back to great-grandfather and old Peggy."

She drew Terpsichore carefully from her pocket and placed it in Meredith's hands, still pointing to the doll on the wall. He and Rachel rose at once, and managed to fasten the dolls side by side. May watched the proceedings with a whispered "Don't prick her, don't hurt her," and then, with a strong effort to restrain a sob, went back to Aunt 'Lizbeth.

"You won't burn her?" she said, with a little shudder, glancing at Laban.

"She is safe here, my pretty one. Here is a penny to console thee," replied Uncle Laban, with a smile and a sigh, and as soon as breakfast was over he took her back to Derwen Fach.

They found the old people much perplexed. Evan had acknowledged that he had been hasty, though he still held to his opinion that every trace of her former life should be removed from the child.

Peggy grieved in silence over the wreath, which she had much admired.

"I miss her dreadfully," she said, in an aggrieved tone. "She was beginning to be quite useful."

Just as she spoke, May walked in. She approached her grandparents nervously.

"I am sorry if I was naughty," she said; "so is cousin Meredith. Terpsichore won't come back. She is going to stay with a friend because she is afraid of the fire."

Evan sat down upon the settle, drew May between his knees, and kissed her. He muttered a few words to the effect that she was a good child, but that she must still have her hair brushed smooth, and then left her alone with Peggy, who began to question her concerning the past evening. But her Welsh was unequal to the occasion, and she could only reply by a succession of nods and shakes of the head.

Evan met Laban, who had stood outside the house to watch the interview between May and his father.

"Where is Meredith? Why didn't he bring the child back," asked Evan.

"He has just gone to bed, father. It was his turn up last night."

"He went home with Miss Edith; she told me so; staying outside my gate like a coward, while she ran in to let us know the child was safe with you. He must have been late for the pit. Take you care, Laban, or he will turn out ill."

"I hope not, father. He is high-spirited, and likes roaming about above ground better than work below; and I don't wonder. He is all for his books, besides, and reads everything he can get hold of."

Evan made no allusion to the incident of the previous evening, and father and son separated to pursue their various occupations.

May, meanwhile, busied herself about many matters that she had watched her grandmother perform; amongst them she took upon herself to lay the cloth while Peggy was in the dairy, and the old woman pointed out to Evan, with pride, the neatness and precision she had shown in the act. He said that she was quick enough of apprehension and imitation, and could now be trained into a useful woman. "But," he added, "you must wash and brush and comb her hair first."

Accordingly, when the dinner was over and the house tidied up, Peggy placed a good-sized brown pan before the fire, filled it with warm water, and gave May to understand her head was to be washed. This was a proceeding to which she had been accustomed all her life, so she enveloped herself in a large flannel apron, and began the operation herself. Peggy assisted as well as she could, but, being short of breath and stout of body, she soon gladly relinquished the task to May, who soaped and soused the offending hair as if she enjoyed it. This first process over, she seated herself on her little stool before the fire at her grandmother's knees, and allowed her to rub it with a rough cloth. It was not long in drying, and, to Peggy's dismay, the delicate threads bristled more and more. Evan came in, and this fact was pointed out to him; indeed, it was only too apparent there in the firelight. May submitted to the brushing and combing process with Spartan firmness; but the more Peggy brushed the more wig-like rose the hair, and each tooth of the comb only broke a golden link.

"Just as well try to comb out a skein of tangled thread," said Peggy, throwing down her implements in a pet.

"Let it alone, woman. Let it alone. The child is right; it was born so," cried Evan.

"Mamma washed it every morning," sighed May. "It won't be smooth like other little girls' hair. I wish it would. Terpsichore's is." She looked wistfully at her grandfather, who turned quickly away, and told his wife he was ready for his tea.

But when the meal was prepared, he was not slow to perceive that May did not eat, and that she looked weary and listless. This made him uneasy, and he asked her how she was more than once.

"Quite well, please, great-grandfather," she replied, with a melancholy shake of the head, which Evan took for a reproach, though it was not meant as such. Before tea was over Miss Richards and her sisters, Edith and Sophy, came in. May's face brightened up, and she was soon at Edith's side, who had brought her a coloured picture to replace her doll.

The elders were soon in earnest conversation, for Miss Richards had come to consult Evan about a matter of general interest. It had been long in contemplation to build a commodious room, or sort of school-church, near Derwen Fawr, that should serve not only for a general schoolroom, but for religious services, an institute, and place of meeting for the neighbourhood generally. The distance of the parish church was too often an excuse for the non-attendance of the people, and it was hoped and believed that a suitable building within easy reach might attract them to spend their evenings profitably in reading, practise of part-singing, lectures, and religious instruction, instead of wasting time, and money, and health in the alehouse. The lord of the manor had just written to Mr. Richards to promise him the land for this building, and Miss Richards had come to tell Evan the good news. She was her father's factotum, and opened and answered his letters during his frequent absences from home. He had shares in mines and quarries in different parts of Wales, and was, therefore, not so much at Derwen Fach as his wife and children wished. Laban acted as his overseer, and was, like his father, a person of importance in the district.

"We have now only to set to work to collect the money for the building," said Miss Richards, when the question of the land had been discussed.

"We must have it in hand before we begin. I'm for 'counting the cost' The parsons are too apt to get into debt," remarked oracular Evan.

"But they work in faith; why cannot we?" asked Edith, who was all for sending at once for architect, masons, and carpenters, and beginning the work.

"We must have an estimate first, Miss Edith; then we shall know how much money we want. But we can, at least, begin to collect from the neighbours," said Evan.

May had been listening intently to this conversation, understanding little or nothing. But when Edith spoke she looked into her face so inquiringly that Edith explained to her in English what had passed.

"And we shall have newspapers and magazines and books and tea and coffee, if we can, and a harmonium, and I don't know what besides, if only we can get the money! and Meredith as secretary," she said, rapidly.

"And religious services, at which the vicar will assist when he can," added Evan.

"And the study of Holy Scripture," supplemented Miss Richards.

"And all sorts of treats," put in Miss Sophy, who was of a more volatile turn of mind than her sisters.

May's hand was fumbling in her little pocket. She drew forth something which she slipped shyly into Edith's hand, with the words, "To help to make the big room." It was the penny Uncle Laban had given her that morning.

"Our first subscription!" exclaimed Edith, holding it up. "We will put it under the foundation-stone," and then, while the others were commenting on this graceful action, she kissed the abashed child. "How cold she is!" And all of a tremble. Peggy, she cannot be well," she added, in Welsh.

"That is just what I have been thinking, for she has scarcely touched her bread and milk," returned Evan, whose best feelings were aroused by May's little donation.

Edith led her to the fire and tried to warm her, but she shivered so perceptibly that she found it of no avail.

"She took cold last night, I dare say," remarked Peggy, "and I'll warrant this head-washing has finished it."

This was a thrust at Evan, against whose somewhat arbitrary commands she would have occasionally rebelled if she could; but she was too obedient a wife, and had too wholesome a fear of her husband, to do so openly. He understood her, however.

"I am afraid I was hasty," he said. "Make the child a posset and let her go to bed."

While this passed, Miss Edith was asking May if her head ached, and being informed, in confidential whispers, that it did.

"Do you think Terpsichore's aches too?" enquired May.

"I am quite sure it does not; and yours will be well to-morrow if you will take a dose that I will bring you," replied Edith, rising and telling Peggy that she was sure a few spoonfuls of her mother's pick-me-up would be more efficacious than a posset.

The young ladies took their departure, after each had fondled May in her own particular manner. The child looked wistfully after them, but said never a word.

"I wish George was here," said Evan, rubbing his head.

George was one of Evan's many descendants, who was a young doctor, and was likely to come to reside in the neighbourhood, Mr. Richards having offered him the post of surgeon to his miners.

"Mrs. Richards is better than an oaf of a boy like George," responded Peggy, who was feeling irritable, and who was helping the still trembling May to undress by the fire.

Mrs. Richards was, indeed, as good as a medical man, for she had made medicine a study with a view to helping the poor, when female M.D's. were unheard of. It was to her, principally, that her daughters owed their useful education, and it was she who had early inculcated into their minds that they could find scope for all their energies in the sphere in which they were born. She said they had only to look around them, and they would find plenty of extraneous work; while, at home, they were the greatest comforts and helps to their father and herself.

She returned with Edith to see May. They found the child in bed, covered up, as it would seem, with all the clothing the house contained, Peggy's scarlet cloak on the top of it.

"She is very feverish, in spite of the shivers," said Mrs. Richards; "and we must take off all this heap of clothes. I think you may venture to give her the effervescent dose, Edith."

May was caressing Edith's hand much as she was accustomed to do her doll; but she let it go, and obediently swallowed the not unpleasant medicine her friends had brought her. Mrs. Richards thought that old Peggy should have some younger person with her, and Edith asked to be allowed to remain until May fell asleep. The request was granted, and Edith seated herself by the crib. But May was far too restless and excited to sleep. All the events that had been crowded into her young life during the last two or three months, which had culminated in that of the previous evening, had overpowered the silent, self-contained child, and resulted in an attack of fever. By degrees the pale, wan, little face grew flushed, and the limbs burning, while the restless head, with its offending golden hair, tossed hither and thither on the snow-white pillow.

(*To be continued.*)



A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S DIFFICULTIES, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.



"My dear Madge,—You will be surprised to have another letter from me so soon after the last. But it has occurred to me that, as you have always been at school hitherto at this time of year, you may not know exactly how to arrange for your Christmas preparations. It seems very early to begin to talk about Christmas on the 10th of November, does it not? But having only yourself and one rather inefficient helper (as I fear Betsy will prove) to depend on, you must allow yourself plenty of time.

"There will not be very much to do by way of preparation in our little home, as you may imagine, but last year I was quite busy about this time. I suppose you have already put away most of the summer things, curtains, linen sheets, &c.? I generally begin that the first week in November, as it takes a long while to look over and mend each article before putting it away. I hope you remembered my advice to have all the curtains and other things which are usually starched rough dried before the winter, as they are apt to become rotten if laid by starched.

"The next step in my preparations was to look over the inventory of glass and china, replacing the missing articles, so as to start with my list complete for the next year. And I generally found that the sets of pudding-cloths, and sometimes knife, glass, and tea-cloths wanted renewing. Should you have to buy new ones, be sure you get them stamped, 'Glass,' 'Tea,' and so on, according to their use. They are sold at most good linen-drapers' now. If too dear, mark them *very*, *plainly* yourself, and be sure that Betsy keeps each to its own proper use. It is a curious phase in the character of some servants the fondness they have for using one cloth for all sorts of purposes, but the habit is always slovenly, and often disgusting, and should never be allowed.

"Then the cooking utensils ought to be inspected. If you do not know exactly what you have, I advise you to hold a grand parade in the kitchen some leisure morning. I fear I forgot to give you the inventory I made last year, so perhaps the easiest way for you to

ascertain if you have all that is necessary will be for me to send you a list of what I think requisite for a household of our size and means. Dear me! I must leave off talking about 'our household,' as if I still belonged to it, but it is so difficult to get out of the old way all at once. I actually signed my name 'Joanna Colville' yesterday in a letter to Arthur's mother, and did not discover what I had done till the letter was posted. Well, now for the list. Two frying-pans, one large, and one small for fish; four saucepans of different sizes, including an enamelled one; a colander; one chopper; one small meat saw; one gravy strainer; one suet chopper; one toast fork; one egg whisk; one dozen skewers, different sizes; one fish kettle (for any extra-sized fish, particularly turbot, you can hire a kettle from the fishmonger); one preserving pan; one bread grater; one nutmeg grater; pestle and mortar; mincing machine; kettle; one flour and one sugar dredger; pasteboard and rolling pin; chopping-board; salt-box; one funnel; spice-box; one dozen patty pans; two tartlet pans; meat jack and appurtenances; one large and one small cake tin; two wooden spoons; one baking tin; one paste cutter; one hair sieve; two wire covers (to protect meat from flies); one bread pan; four pudding basins; a set of six pie dishes; one jelly mould; one salt cellar; one pepper pot; one mustard pot; weights and scales; one fish slice; one egg slice; one flour pan or box.

"This sounds a long list, but I have put down nothing but what is really necessary, and there are many other little contrivances which you would find very useful, but which I refrain from mentioning as being outside the pale of absolute necessity.

"If your enamelled saucepans are worn out, get the common brown earthenware instead of them; unfortunately the largest size they sell at most china shops is only three pints, or I should recommend you to use them for all cooking purposes; but that size is large enough for most purposes for which you generally use the enamelled pans, and the earthenware is incomparably superior in many respects; besides their cheapness (the quart size can be bought anywhere for one shilling and fourpence, often for less), they are easy to keep clean, and do not allow the contents to burn so easily as iron.

"While on the subject of saucepans, I must say a word about cleaning them. You say you do not like cooking much yourself, because 'saucepans are such dirty things,' which remark gives me the impression that Betsy does not look after them properly. Saucepans need not be dirty things if properly kept, but you must see that they are washed directly they are done with, and upon no account allow them to be put away dirty from one day's use, to be cleaned the next. Have them well scrubbed with your saucepan brush, and occasionally some silver sand, and if you do not wish to run the risk of getting the next thing cooked in them spoilt and burnt, be careful that all the soot on the outside is well brushed off too. When they are washed, stand them before the fire for a few minutes to get thoroughly dry inside, before putting away, to prevent rust.

"If at any time Betsy is too busy to thoroughly wash the saucepan at once, let her fill it with hot water, and leave it on the fire to boil till she can attend to it; or sometimes, if its contents have not been at all greasy, she should pour off the water, after it has well boiled up, and wipe the pan round with a cloth, when it may be put away safely. The frying-pan should not be scrubbed, as that would roughen the bottom and cause the contents to burn; it should be washed in hot water with a little soda in it, and if done before the pan has cooled there will be no difficulty in wiping it clean with a cloth.

"Always make a rule of clearing up as you go on; it is a habit you will soon acquire, and which will save you a world of trouble. It is quite as easy to put a thing in its proper place when done with as to keep moving it about to make room for fresh requisites.

"You will, perhaps, wonder what the chimney-brush is for? I know there was one in the back-kitchen when I left home, but I do not think I explained its use to you. I was reminded of it this morning by a great commotion next door; their kitchen chimney had taken fire, and alarmed them all very much. It was entirely owing to negligence in allowing the chimney to get blocked with soot, so I determined to send you a word of caution, lest you should meet with a similar disaster. Once a week, or even oftener if you are having much cooking, you should instruct Betsy to sweep away the soot in the chimney, as far up as she can reach, with the brush provided on purpose. Your parlour chimney, and all others with registers which are much used, will require doing oftener, as the soot collects and catches fire so very quickly round the register.

"When all these matters are looked to, and put to rights, it will leave you a little breathing time before beginning the mince-meat and Christmas puddings. You will find such minute directions for both of these in the cookery book that I need say nothing about them, but will only suggest that you begin in good time, first stoning the raisins, because if anything should hinder you from finishing off quickly, these will keep quite well for a little while after stoning in a covered jar, while if you began with the other ingredients and were hindered from mixing them quickly the mince-meat would be spoilt.

"One word more, dear Madge, before closing. I hope you understood what I meant in my last letter about Tom and Dick. I have been afraid since I wrote it lest I had not explained clearly.

"What I think you should aim at is, not to have to *tell* them to do this or that, but to have such a good influence over them that a hint will be enough. And until you have acquired this influence I think you should ask rather than order them to do what you wish; boys are generally quite willing to oblige others, if asked politely, but they naturally resent being told peremptorily to do anything, particularly by one so nearly of their own age, and their faults are from want of thought, not want of will. You will find that love works wonders. Take the words of the Bible for your motto: 'Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous,' even to young brothers. Above all, do not lose your temper, for all boys (and girls, too) feel they have the best of the argument if they succeed in ruffling the temper of their elders.

"Do not be offended at my speaking so plainly, I appreciate your difficulties, and know that it is no easy task to keep order without giving any cause for offence to boys gifted with so large a share of mischief and good spirits as ours are; but be assured, dear Madge, that in your efforts you will always have the sympathy of your loving sister,

"JOANNA HELLIER."

"P.S.—I must tell you that in a letter a day or two ago father spoke of your management with the highest praise, and you know he never says anything like that unless he feels it very strongly."

The chilly days at the end of October were over, and November had set in damp and cold, proclaiming that the very threshold of winter was reached. A week or so before Margaret had performed the task of putting away all the now cast-off summer garments, and had prepared the household for the approach of winter by getting out the warm clothing. This piece of work had been anticipated with some trepidation, and it did truly seem to be a formidable undertaking.

There were two boxes amongst the winter stores which Margaret approached with some curiosity. They contained some of her father's and brothers' winter flannels, and her own fur jacket, muff, and so forth. She had been at home the previous spring for a day or two, in consequence of sickness in the school, and in helping her sister to pack these things away there had been some discussion as to the best means for preventing moths, with which they were a good deal troubled.

"I am going to try something new this year, Madge. I cannot bear the smell of camphor, and Arthur says that bitter apple or lavender would do just as well," said Joanna.

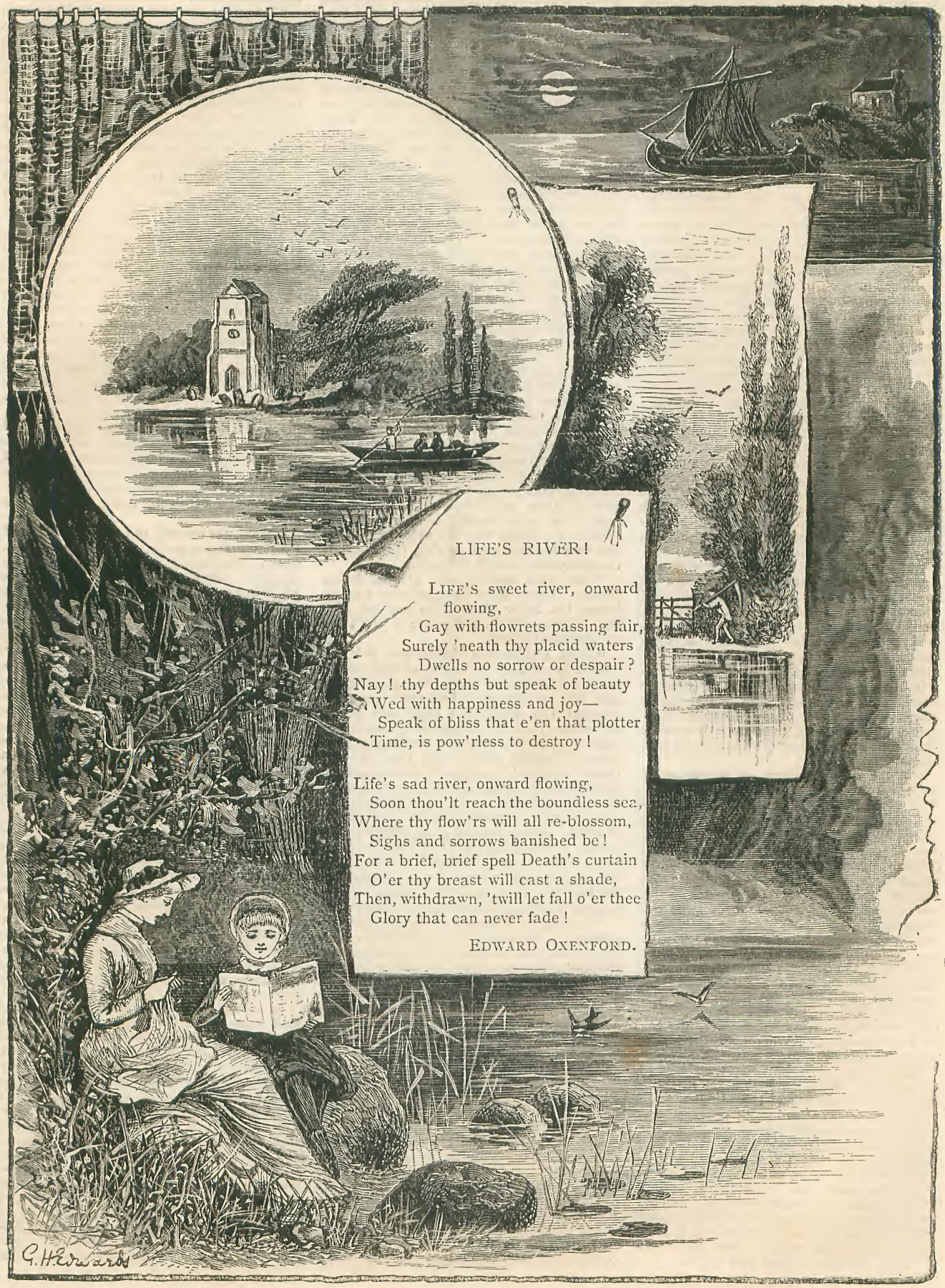
Margaret was firmly of opinion that nothing could be so good as camphor, having heard it mentioned in a chemistry class, or some such lesson at school, that this substance was absolutely fatal to insect life, if sufficiently strong. She was, however, too wise to argue the point, when her sister's opinion was strengthened by that of her betrothed, but agreed to an experiment. One box was accordingly packed with two large lumps of camphor (bought at an oil shop for twopence per ounce); the other was to be dependent on bitter apple and two lavender bags.

It was these rival cases that Margaret felt some excitement in examining. First the lid of the camphorated box was carefully lifted, the top article removed, the next, and on through the box. "No," she cried exultantly, "not a sign of living thing; now for the other one."

The lid was opened, and a cloth coat raised. Pouf! out flew a moth! "Catch it, catch it, Betsy," she cried, "I must send it to Miss Joanna." And, alas for the dignity upon which she prided herself! mistress as well as maid started round the room in pursuit of the offender, who was finally flicked down by a duster and captured. Now this was a very foolish proceeding, as in the meantime the other moths, had there been any, might have followed their leader, and gone in search of new fabrics in which to take up their abode. But happily there was but one more to be found, in spite of the most diligent searching, though these were quite enough to convince Margaret of the superior merits of camphor. In her heart of hearts she had a shrewd suspicion, which was really the truth, that any other aromatic substance would do equally well, provided the scent were only strong enough, the great superiority of camphor being due to its retaining its strength such a long time, and being cheap and convenient. She discovered afterwards another property of scents, that of preventing the formation of mould on ink, paste, leather in all its shapes, and even seeds, and very useful she found her discovery, for by putting amongst such things, kept in a damp cupboard, a piece of cotton wool dipped in any perfumed oil, she effectually preserved them from mould, that pest of housekeepers.

In looking over the winter things, she found that some new quilts would be required for the boys' beds; instead of the white ones, she was wise enough to buy Crimean blankets, which have a better appearance than any cheap quilt, and are also much more healthy, being lighter, though quite as warm, and the boys were delighted with their bright red colour. Margaret was in the habit of gleaning any little ideas of this sort from all kinds of sources, and always when reading books or articles kept her eyes open for any which would be likely to be useful; if it did not apply just at the time of reading, she would make a note of it in Joanna's miscellany book for future use.

At the same time Margaret took the opportunity of looking over the house and table-linen. She found, as Joanna warned her, that



LIFE'S RIVER!

LIFE'S sweet river, onward flowing,
Gay with flowrets passing fair,
Surely 'neath thy placid waters
Dwells no sorrow or despair?
Nay! thy depths but speak of beauty
Wed with happiness and joy—
Speak of bliss that e'en that plotter
Time, is pow'rless to destroy!

Life's sad river, onward flowing,
Soon thou'lt reach the boundless sea,
Where thy flow'rs will all re-blossom,
Sighs and sorrows banished be!
For a brief, brief spell Death's curtain
O'er thy breast will cast a shade,
Then, withdrawn, 'twill let fall o'er thee
Glory that can never fade!

EDWARD OXENFORD.

one or two of the sheets were wearing thin in the middle; these she cut in two lengthwise, sewing together the sides, that the strongest part might come into the middle, which always wears out first. Several dinner napkins, too, which seemed beyond darning for table use, were degraded to the rank of fish or potato napkins; the worn table-cloths she darned so neatly with flourishing thread that she flattered herself no one would notice the holes, but lest any fastidious visitor should come with prying eyes, these were reserved for breakfast use, and a couple of new ones bought for grand occasions.

In mending the summer clothes before putting them away, Margaret had frequent recourse to the patch drawer, a most useful institution founded many years before, in which were kept pieces and patches of all sorts and sizes rolled up in neat little bundles, which, however unlikely it might seem, were sure to come in for use sooner or later.

It will be readily believed that with this amount of mending to do, Margaret had her hands quite full for some days. Betsy proved to be one of those good-tempered, willing girls, who, though slow at learning and requiring constant looking after, seemed to be capable of an almost endless amount of work. With her assistance, cheerfully given, the mending was soon accomplished, and Margaret was recovering from her exertions when Joanna's letter came. It was at breakfast, and she groaned aloud when she read it.

"Why that heartrending sound?" asked Mr. Colville. "Has Joanna discovered that Arthur is not the perfect man she supposed; or have either of them broken their arms, or what?"

"Oh, no, father; nothing of that sort. Only—well, I do think Joanna is really too particular and methodical for anything. Truly, if everything has to be looked after and bothered about to the extent she says, galley-slaves will have an easy life compared to mine and the unfortunate Betsy's."

"'Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?'" laughed her father. "I do not feel myself competent to act as go-between for two such accomplished housekeepers. But I do not want you to do too much, dear, on any account; have a charwoman in to help you at any time when you feel you have rather more than you can manage."

"Oh no, father, there is nothing more than I can do perfectly well," she replied, scorning the idea of a charwoman, "and I have no doubt at all that Joanna is right; but it was rather a blow, just when I thought there was nothing that *could* want doing for the next week, to be told by my mentor that the pots and pans have to be looked to at this identical time."

"As you are so overwhelmed with work for the next day or two I suppose I must send a refusal for that?" remarked Mr. Colville, with a twinkle in his eye as he tossed over to her a letter enclosing tickets. It was signed Wilfred Trent, and its purport was to request Mr. Colville's acceptance of tickets for himself and his daughter for a concert to be given in the town hall some few days later.

"How delightful!" she cried, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks rosy with pleasure. "Just look at the list of singers; it will be perfectly lovely, and it is such an age since I have been to a good concert!"

"But what about those pots and pans?"

"They will be all finished and settled by this time to-morrow, I'll engage, father. Oh, boys, I wish you were coming too!" she added, turning to them with a burst of kindliness, in the exuberance of her pleasure.

"I should not have gone, even if Trent had sent me a ticket," said Tom, grandly; "there is a match on that evening, our eleven against Southall Grammar School, that I am compelled to be at. Thanks all the same, you know."

The prospect of the pleasure in store kept Margaret in the best of spirits all that day, and the disagreeable "grand parade" in the kitchen, which Joanna recommended, was carried through with a light heart. Finding that, as is so often the case, her enamelled saucepan was considerably chipped, and as she meditated having all manner of dainty dishes at Christmas, she went to the extravagance of buying two of the earthenware pots Joanna mentioned, not the elegant but fragile French china lined with white, but common brown ware, like pipkins with covers to them. They proved afterwards most successful, as she could wash them out quickly, and then use them for one thing after another, without the unpleasant result of the flavour of the first thing cooked permeating the whole number. Having been rather economical during the previous weeks, too, and saved a little money,



OUR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER DUSTING THE DRAWING-ROOM ORNAMENTS.

she expended two shillings and sixpence on a frying basket, which soon repaid her for the outlay by the clean and economical way in which rissoles and all other "fries" could be cooked in it, and the quickness and ease of dishing them up from it.

The evening of the concert came at length, and Margaret set out with her father for the hall, being assured by her admiring brothers as she stepped into the cab that she looked "awfully jolly," and ought to be dressed like that all day and every day.

And very sweet she certainly looked in her pretty pale blue cashmere dress, dainty lace ruffles at throat and wrists, and a knot of blue ribbons nestling amongst the shining waves of her soft brown hair. She thoroughly enjoyed the music, and as she sat drinking in every note and expression, many a head was turned to look at the bright, happy-faced girl, who, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, seemed oblivious of all around her, seeing and hearing only the singers and the floods of melody they poured forth.

At the close of the concert Mr. Colville suggested that as it was a beautiful starlight night, they should walk home, to which Margaret joyfully assented. As his road lay in the same direction, Mr. Trent joined them, and they walked home together. On reaching the house, Mr. Colville asked him to come in to get a set of engravings which he had promised to lend him, adding, "I suppose there is some bread and cheese or something for supper, Madge, if Mr. Trent will join us?"

By that time they were in the hall, but Margaret's rather dubious and hesitating, "Yes, father," made Mr. Trent reply, "I am afraid it will not be convenient to Miss Colville; she naturally does not approve of such late visitors."

"Oh, it was not that; it was very rude of me not to speak more cordially, and I hope you will stay; but—well, the real truth is, I am afraid you will think I am always playing the 'maid of all work,' for the last time you came I was all over flour, and now I told our servant not to sit up for us, as we have to be so early in the mornings, and that I would get the supper myself."

"Then, Miss Colville, I must thank you sincerely for giving me the opportunity of seeing that there is one young lady in the town (which I have had cause to doubt lately) who treats her servant as a fellow-creature and not a machine, and also (which I doubted still more) that there is one who does not consider it derogatory to understand and practise household work herself."

While this conversation was going on, Margaret had slipped off her gloves and bracelets, and donned the large white apron and sleeves which Betsy had put on the table ready for her. On the trivet stood a small saucepan, the contents of which, a savoury stew, she emptied on to a dish put into the fender to warm.

"You see," Mr. Trent, she said, laughing, "we are all blessed with such very good appetites, I knew it would be no use providing a few little delicate nothings, or they could have been laid out ready before hand, and besides, one needs something warm this cold weather. But our kitchen is not only downstairs, but down a very disagreeable flight of stone steps, so Betsy and I invented this arrangement between us. The second course is invisible to the naked eye, until pointed out;" whereat she produced from *under* the grate a pie dish, closely covered with an inverted tin baking dish. "This is only an experiment," she remarked, "but it seems to have been successful; it is a plain and humble rice pudding, made very milky to allow for some drying up."

"A capital idea, Madge; was it your own?"

"Well, not entirely, father; as Betsy says, 'we goes partners' in culinary matters; I supply the brains and she the experience. I should simply have put the pie-dish on the top of the saucepan, instead of a lid, in most cases, but with the wind in this quarter our chimney has taken to smoking, and of course that would have spoilt both."

Supper over, and after a pleasant chat over the fire about music and musicians, Mr. Trent departed, and Margaret rose to go to bed, tired indeed, but full of delight at her happy evening.

"My child," said Mr. Colville, "I must tell you before you go to bed how pleased I am at the pains you take to make everything comfortable for me and all of us. I think you are a capital little housekeeper, and in your kind thoughtfulness for others you constantly remind me of your dear mother. That you may become in all things like her, my child, is the greatest blessing I could wish for you."

Need we say that Margaret's sleep that night was sweet and her dreams happy?

(To be continued.)

HOW TO FORM A SMALL LIBRARY.—II.



WE agreed, you may remember, to aim at accumulating a library of fifty books. Now what these *fifty are to be is* a nice question, for a great deal depends on the character and education of the people who are to read them.

The poet Southey once drew out a "list of a gentleman's necessary library," and the works he put in it were the Bible, Shakespeare, Spenser's "Faerie Queen," Sidney's "Arcadia," the works of Sir Thomas Browne, the works of the Rev. Cyril Jackson, Walton's "Complete Angler," Clarendon's History, Milton, Chaucer, Jeremy Taylor, South's Sermons, and Fuller's "Church History." These are all good books, and one of Southey's scholarly tastes might think his bookshelves completely furnished with nothing else; but it is doubtful whether we, who are less sedate, would care *for five books* out of the whole thirteen.

Perhaps the poet would have been as little satisfied with the following "list of a girl's library;" but if you, girls, are pleased that is enough.

The longer I think about the fifty, the smaller the number seems to be. Let none of you run away with the impression that a little book-case can contain all the literature of worth in the world. Even had you ten times that number you might well heave a sigh at the consideration of the number of works of beauty and glory of which you have not so much as turned over the leaves.

Many of our books will be necessary ones, but others I shall mention only "on approval." They are recommended, certainly, with all the enthusiasm with which one introduces his best friends: but if a girl desires to read other books, then those others are likely to do her most good, so let her buy them, after taking counsel with some friend whose judgment she respects.

In selecting the fifty I have tried to put it to myself in this way: Suppose I were Mary, or Kate, or Alice, and banished—of course for nothing at all—to a desert island, what books would I carry with me of a useful and fairly representative kind, so that the time might be pleasantly and profitably spent till remorse attacked my oppressors and urged my recall? Here they are:—

The first is the Bible, the best of books and a library in itself. "Turn it, and turn it again," says an old writer, "for everything is in it." The Bible should form the keynote of every collection, and all the rest should be in harmony with it. Get a good edition, with notes, and strongly bound, so that it may stand constant handling.

Whoever sets a high value on the Bible will welcome every aid to the understanding of its sacred pages. The best of all helps in this way is "Cruden's Concordance," of which there are several cheap and serviceable editions to be had.

Of other religious books to be placed beside the Bible and the Concordance, we shall choose five. The first is the "Pilgrim's Progress," the work of the "prince of dreamers." No other book in the English language, the Bible alone excepted, has, as everyone knows, obtained so constant and so wide a sale.

Besides prayer-book and hymn-book, you should have a good manual of daily devotional reading. Bogatzky's "Golden Treasure" is an old favourite, and one of the best of those recently published is "The Daily Round." The "Book of Praise," edited by Lord Selborne, is one of the best collections of sacred poetry. With the concordance, I ought to have mentioned the new Companion to the Bible, published at 56, Paternoster-row, a little book, with much information on scriptural subjects. The Bible Handbook of Dr. Angus is also of great value.

We have now decided on seven books, but perhaps we have gone ahead too fast. We should, maybe, have begun by speaking of what are strictly utility books, books not for reading but for reference. These form a good solid foundation for a library.

There must be a Dictionary of your own language, of course, and let it be the best you can afford to buy. When you get it, too, use it, and never fall into the lazy habit of making a guess at a word whose meaning you do not know. As a supplement to the dictionary, you must have a good work on English Grammar; including, if possible, a sketch of the history of the language. When on the look out for this at your second-hand bookseller's, do not buy the first that offers merely because you have not patience to wait till another turns up. The best and most satisfactory purchases are often only to be made by waiting.

Next comes a Dictionary of Dates, which will give you in a disjointed fashion the history of the world. To this should be added the "Elements of History," and from it you will gain a correct idea of the orderly progress of events.

A Dictionary of Biography cannot be done without; neither can a Gazetteer, and we can as little dispense with an Atlas. Let these books be of recent date; give the cold shoulder indeed on every occasion to antiquated books of reference. They are little better than waste paper.

You must now narrow your views, and having what will represent in a general way the places, the biography, and the notable events of the whole world, invest in a History of your own country; it must be the best your purse can afford. But stay, we said that when speaking of the dictionary. It is, indeed, a rule applicable to every book bought for your library.

Whose history should it be? Why, my friend, if I were to name an author for this, or for many another of these books, it would be of small use. If we had started with the understanding that you were going to buy them all new it would have been different. As it is, you must take the best that present themselves, and may fortune send you a happy choice!

A Handbook of English Literature will come in nicely now, giving short notices and specimens of all the famous authors who have adorned the past. This is a most interesting branch of study, one rich in everything that can enlarge the mind and improve the heart. There is none better than the Handbook of Dr. Angus, and its companion volume, "Specimens of English Literature."

An Atlas and Geography you must possess; Milner's Geography, new edition, by Keith Johnston, is the best. Add next a Guide to your own town or county, so that you may take an intelligent interest in your own immediate neighbourhood.

In Biography there is an immense number of books one would like to have, and all the more so because in biography we have one of the most valuable aids in the formation of character; but we must be satisfied with three. There is Plutarch's "Lives" to start with, a readable, medicinal, invigorating book, which is not to be spared from the smallest library. When I name it I always remember how Alfieri, the great tragic poet of Italy, read it with such enthusiasm that he was afraid the people in the next house would think he was mad. The second is Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and let the third be some collection of the lives of eminent women.

Amongst volumes of Essays we may select as many as we did of biographies. The first are those of Lord Bacon, a book containing a great fund of useful knowledge and displaying a more intimate acquaintance with human life and manners than perhaps any other. "It may be read," says the great Scotch philosopher, Dugald Stewart, "from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before." Then there is the "Spectator" of Addison and Steele, an inexhaustible mine of humour, invention, and good counsel; last of all, we must have the Essays of Lord Macaulay.

What about Poetry? Now we feel pinched, indeed, for room, and filled with alarm lest we should not be compelled to make another shelf. Let us begin by getting a good general Collection of English Poetry. There are several good ones to be had, books which will familiarise us with the names and highest efforts the chief writers of verse of our land.

We must next make the acquaintance of the ancient heroic world by purchasing and reading Pope's translation of Homer. The defects of this translation have often been pointed out, but its merits, too, are great. The only objection which you who are so gentle-minded are likely to find with it is one that belongs to the subject, and not to either the poet or his translator; the Iliad, at any rate, has rather much fighting in it.

The next whose works you must buy is Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic poet of the world. Then comes Dante, in whom the Middle Ages found a voice, and of Dante the most readable translation is Cary's. We must not forget the gentle Spenser either, or Milton, and these are all the poets I shall insist upon. They are five of the greatest of the great. Read them, and as you do so thank heaven for having sent such genius to brighten, elevate, and purify the lives of men.

But you may wish to add other poets, for one is sometimes most in love with lesser lights. Choose, therefore, three others, whom you please. Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Scott might be suggested, and pray don't forget the "holy George Herbert."

How are we getting on now? We have named thirty-five books in all, and after enumerating fifteen more shall be at the end of our tether.

To fiction we shall devote five books. One will be "The Vicar of Wakefield," and this, by the way, you may meet with bound up in the same volume with Goldsmith's Poems, and

some of his dramatic and miscellaneous works. Thus you will increase your collection without infringing the rule as to the fifty. The remaining four should be one story by Scott, one by Dickens, and one by Thackeray—say "Pendennis," "David Copperfield," and "Vanity Fair," and one favourite—you will yourself name who he is to be. What! no? You ask me to choose, do you? Then, I say, a good translation of Grimm's "Fairy Tales," for the enjoyment of which all happy people can never grow too old. These will supply more nourishment to the imagination than half the novels in Christendom.

This will be a delightful corner of our library, but we must not be too much taken up with it. The rule, as somebody says, should be this—"Mix light reading with serious reading, so that the one shall not engross nor the other weary."

Good Letter-writing is a rare accomplishment, and one book may be named as a model in this department. Critics of most opposite tastes, Southey, Jeffrey, Robert Hall, have all pronounced the poet Cowper the most charming of letter-writers. An edition of his selected letters, with memoir, and notices of his correspondents, is published at the office of this paper.

In Science we must have something, and the most charming work in this line I know is White's "Natural History of Selborne." Get it by all means, and it will teach you, as it has already taught many, to be a close observer of nature and an enthusiast for rural life. Add to this one work of a thoroughgoing character on any science for which you have a decided taste: botany, zoology, astronomy, or anything else.

Now we come to miscellaneous books, and of these you would do well to have three at least: a Dictionary of Quotations, a Book of English Proverbs, and a Collection of Anecdotes. These are all food for thought, and most valuable for such as know how to use them.

Of "home books" you must have three also. Let one be a sensible work on Cookery, another a book on Domestic Management, and the third a Guide to the Preservation of Health and the cure of simple ailments. These all treat of subjects belonging to the sphere of woman, and you will relish the poets none the less for knowing the best way to boil potatoes, lay the fire, or bind up your little brother's cut finger.

An almanack is hardly to be reckoned in our list, being usually of pocket size; but if a book, let it be "Whitaker's Almanack," the completest and best.

You are musical, of course; so your forty-ninth book — for we have really come to the forty-ninth — should be a thorough-going treatise on the Theory of Music, another special subject for girls.

And the fiftieth; what is that to be? What should it be but THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL? Modesty makes the Editor insist that I should put it last, but we all know how high a place it deserves to hold. It is true that all our other books differ from THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL in this, that they may be had in one volume, whereas, in the course of time, there is no saying to how many volumes our magazine may grow. "But," says Mary, "never mind that; we shall shut our eyes to the peculiarity you have mentioned, and, whatever number of volumes we possess, we shall always reckon them just as one book." Thank you, Mary; you are a very nice example of woman's ingenuity.

Now our library is complete. Complete, at least, for the present; for, as I said before, the appetite for books grows by what it feeds on. In these fifty books you have a little collection representing the best thought of all time, and containing an immense store of the most useful information, and no one who possesses it and uses it can fail to lead a happy intellectual life—a life, too, that may exercise some good influence in the world.

But never forget that many of the books just named are not of necessity the right ones for you. I hope you will in the end let them all rank with your best friends; but never, no, never, form a library on a plan suggested by somebody else without regard to your own inclinations. If a library is worth anything, it should faithfully represent the tastes and aspirations of its owner. It should be such that a stranger coming in and looking at it might say with confidence either, "There are many points of contact between that girl's mind and mine;" or, "I am sure that girl and I will never get on, for she cares for nothing that I like and likes nothing I am keen upon."

You may say that we have made our library hold more books than we can ever hope to read. I do not think so; but what matter if we have? To own more books than we can read, is one of the conditions of intellectual growth. Our minds expand even by the contemplation of the subjects we cannot master and the authors with whom we can never hope to grow familiar.

Having started your collection, keep it in good order. Keep everything in order, but especially your books. Have them neatly arranged according to size, placing the biggest on the bottom shelf as ballast. Were your library larger, I would recommend placing the books by subjects; but you will be able to run over the whole fifty in a minute, so it is not necessary, and I expect you to handle them so often that you will be able to pick them out blindfolded or in the dark.

Keep a catalogue, and whenever you bring home a book enter it; and whenever you lend one enter it also, with the date and the name of the friend who has borrowed it.

On the subject of lending, do not cease from indulging in this kindly practice because of some unhappy experiences. I sometimes think there is a great deal of false delicacy shown in not asking the borrower to return a book when one thinks she has had it long enough.

It has been suggested that at Christmas one should devote some time to searching for borrowed books and returning them to the owners. This would certainly add another charm to the festive season.

Enter all the books you borrow in an appendix to your catalogue. This is a useful practice, and in the course of time you thus secure an interesting record of all the books which have passed through your hands.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

JOHNNY AND PEACOCK.—These were a pretty little pair of horses, that ran together in a carriage. They were merry little things, full of tricks and capers; but as docile and free from vice as possible. Very often, when out together, it was noticed that Johnny would give Peacock a sly kick, not enough to hurt him, but certain to be followed by a start forward and more rapid trot. This was observed again and again, and at last the coachman was asked what Johnny meant by thus assaulting his companion. "Peacock is a little bit lazy sometimes," said the man, "and does not take his honest share of work; but Johnny is a cute little fellow, and not to be done; so he just gives him a slight kick whenever he catches him lagging. Peacock knows what he means quite well, and starts off at a proper pace to keep alongside his mate, or he would soon get another and harder kick."

POLLY, THE BLIND MARE.

WHEN returning home in a cab, one day, I was much pleased with the kind and gentle manner in which the cabman treated his little mare. No whip was called into use; but now and then he cheered her on with a chirrup, a little shake of the reins, or a "Come up, Polly," which she responded to by a brisk toss of the head and more rapid trot. There seemed to be a positive friendship, as well as a perfect understanding, between the mare and her master; and, as I took out my purse to pay the man, I could not help expressing my pleasure at seeing the humane manner in which he treated her.

"No need of a whip for Polly, ma'am," said he, his face quite lighting up as he patted her sleek sides. "She's as gentle and loving as a little dog, and I should be sorry for her to have a smart of my causing. Have you noticed, ma'am, that Polly is stone blind?"

I certainly had not; and when I thought of the manner in which the mare had threaded her way, in and out, amongst all the horses and vehicles in the busiest part of Manchester, I was astonished to find that Polly had never been able to see.

"She's the best little thing that ever was," said the cabman, "and so sure footed she never slips. Many of my lady customers would rather have Polly in the shafts than any horse going, and ask for her to take them to the city. She's quite a pet, too, and often gets a piece of bread from the ladies. If we go to a house where she has once had it, she knows as well as I do, and she turns her head to the door and waits and listens for somebody to bring her a bit again. Polly's very fond of bread."

I took the hint, and brought out some bread, which the pretty creature took from my hand as gently as a child—I mean a polite child—would do. While she was munching it she kept turning her sightless eyes towards her master, and, guided by his voice, moved near enough to let her now and then place her head over his shoulder with a caressing touch, to which he always responded with a "Poor old Polly," or a pat.

I observed this scene with great pleasure, and my sympathy encouraged the man to tell me still more about Polly.

"She is just petted like a dog by the children," he said; "and when we are at dinner in the kitchen, which opens right into the yard, she will come and pop her head in and then step towards the table to be fed from their hands.

"I've a little thing, only a twelvemonth old, and she always will give Polly some broth or milk out of her spoon, and it looks so funny to see Polly taking it. Then baby gives her such small pieces of bread out of her little hand, that you would wonder she could take them without hurting the child; but she never does. She would rather drop the nicest bit than hurt the baby. We are never afraid, and the mare goes about the place like a dog; we never fasten her.

"Polly will never forget this place, ma'am. You have talked to her and given her bread, and she will know your voice as well as possible whenever she may hear it."

The mare had by this time finished her lunch, and the master, with a "Good morning, ma'am, and thank you for Polly," started on his way. Not on the box, though. He only said "Come on, old girl," and the pretty mare, guided by his voice alone, walked after her master, never deviating from the path or stepping on the edge of the lawn, until they passed the entrance gates and were lost to sight.

I always remember Polly and her kind master with peculiar pleasure, and wish that every one who has to do with horses displayed as much humanity towards them as did the kind-hearted cabman towards his little mare.



SKETCHING FROM NATURE.—II.

By John C. Staples.

All pictorial art is, and must, in the nature of things, be an expression of ideas by the means of conventional signs, a sort of elaborate hieroglyphics. I will try to make my meaning clear to you.

Your arrangement of so many upright and horizontal and slanting lines on a piece of paper is not a cottage any more than a certain number of appropriate descriptive words and phrases is that cottage. The draughtsman and the writer do but use the methods each has at his disposal to call up in the mind of the beholder or the reader the idea which they wish to evoke; the one method is as arbitrary as the other.

Your outline drawing, then, was but an exercise in the expression of ideas by conventional signs of a rudimentary sort. Your arrangement of lines, to be precise, was intended to express in a rough way the shapes of certain masses of shade and light of different tones and colours. It will now be your task to express these masses and patches in a less imperfect way, by imitating their depth of tone and relieving them against one another, or gradating them into one another; and although it may still be convenient to retain your outline drawing as a preliminary to the shading and sometimes as an adjunct to it, yet I would have you remember, what is a trite commonplace of art, that there is no such thing as an outline in nature, for what we endeavour to express by outlines are only the edges of patches of shade or colour adjoining other such patches of a lighter or darker tone, and these boundaries can no more be truly expressed by a line drawn on paper than can the mathematical line which is defined as length without breadth. The ideally perfect drawing would dispense with the use of outline altogether.

And I think it will be well for you, even in your early studies, that you should realise the limits which the materials under your hand impose upon you, as well as the large possibilities of graphic expression which they afford.

I mean this: that if, for example, you are using the pen and ink, you can very satisfactorily represent any piece of drawing which depends for its expression upon the set of its lines, upon the ruggedness or the unbroken sweep of its outlines, or, as in the case of an ancient tree-trunk, the richness of its knotted and lichen-stained bark, and so on; but you cannot give smooth and gentle gradations of shadow except at considerable cost of labour, and then only with an approximation to the delicacy of nature. Realise this, and limit yourself to the representation of those characteristics of the scene which the pen is adapted to express. Again, with a soft pencil or with chalk, you may very readily get soft gradations of shade, but cannot so readily represent fine crisp lines. Devote your efforts, then, in this case, to the gradations of shade, and let the finer, sharper touches take care of themselves. If you will do this, working sometimes in the one manner, sometimes in the other, you will gain a wider experience and will produce better drawings in each kind.

You should pause, too, from time to time, in your work and consider, not only whether the lines and the masses of light and shade which you are disposing on your paper are right in shape and relative proportion and prominence, though this is of primary importance, but also whether, by any deftness of touch, or emphasis of line or tone, or by any device, you can make your drawing more accurately descriptive to the beholder. Be always asking yourself what is the characteristic quality of this or that portion of your sketch, and whatever else you may miss, give that in its full force.

So much in general terms. We must now address ourselves to our task of substituting light and shade for our outline drawing.* And if you ask, "How am I to shade?" I reply, "Anyhow you please," in the manner which, on trial, seems to yourself most easily and readily to bring out the power of the instrument you employ. If you are using the pen, the favourite tool with many accomplished artists, you *must* shade with clear lines, arranged side by side more or less closely. If when you have covered a certain space in this way, you find that an increased depth of shade is needed, you may cross them with others laid in a different direction, and the whole may be reinforced, if necessary, by a third set drawn still in a new direction; but it is best to try to get the required depth of tone at first, either by a closer arrangement of lines or by using thicker lines; in this way you may get an approach to flat tints or gradations of shade with pure lines.

Never begin to cross one set of lines with others until the first set is quite dry. In representing distant objects you will find that fine lines arranged very closely together will be best; but as you approach the foreground you may use thicker lines, wider apart, or even a blot of ink, to reinforce the deepest darks.

With the pencil (those marked HB, or Faber's No 2, are best for all ordinary work) you may proceed in the same manner, but now you have this advantage, that, by pressing lightly on the point, you get a faint grey line, by pressing harder a dark one, and by using the side instead of the point you may get a good broad line, grey or dark, according to the force you employ. All these qualities are valuable, and you must use these and invent others, as your judgment and the requirements of your work suggest. The chief drawback to the use of the pencil is a disagreeable shiny quality in the dark passages. Black and white chalk are very useful for rubbing in transient effects of sky and landscape, and for general use; the best tint of paper to use is a pale, warm grey, and charcoal is even a freer and more facile material. Of the use of the brush I shall have occasion to speak in a future paper. You should make yourself familiar with the employment of all these tools; but after due experience, choose that which lends itself most readily to your impulses. Make it your slave; conquer it thoroughly; and then you may indeed amuse yourself with the others; but you should work with this.

When after careful practice devoted to this end alone, you are able to produce flat spaces, evenly tinted to any required tenderness of pale grey, or depth of black, or medium tone, and can gradate a space evenly from light to dark, you may again take your seat before Nature and fill out and enrich your sketch with the proper gradation and opposition of tones which you see before you, following, to the best of your ability, the exact relationship, in degree of lightness and darkness of the different objects, or parts of objects, you have selected to copy.

At first you will find, no doubt, some difficulty in estimating the powers or values of objects, that is, the proportionate quantities of light or dark which express them in the picture. For instance, the extreme delicacy and, at the same time, variety of tone in distant objects will be a matter of constant surprise and perplexity to you. You will continually find that you have exhausted your scale of tones in the representation of the distance and middle distance, and have nothing left for your foreground objects but a monotonous and heavy black; but experience will teach you in time a wise economy of tones, and you will not be so ready to over-estimate

* It will be desirable for you, at any rate for the present, to retain the habit of making a faint preliminary outline drawing, so that you may arrange the tones and shades in their true positions with decision and accuracy, and avoid a hesitating and timid method of execution.

the extent of the resources at your command. In the meantime you may with profit begin sometimes with the foreground and work backwards to the distance.

The translation of colour, as such, into black and white is another matter which may puzzle you a little at first. It will have an important but very simple effect on the tones of your drawing. I will give you an illustration. Imagine, if you please, that you have before you three roses identical in shape, the first of the pale colour of the tea rose, the second pink, and the third a rich damask. Now a drawing of the form and the modulations of light and shade of one of these roses will evidently answer for the rest, for they are supposed to be identical in all but colour. If, therefore, you add to the first a very delicate flat tone of grey to express the difference of its creamy tone from pure white, and a deeper tone to the second to express its pinkness, and a still fuller tone to the third to represent the fulness and richness of its damask, you will have enabled the observer to determine which is intended to represent this, that, or the other rose. Every colour has its equivalent value in monochrome, and a little practice, added to a great deal of attention, observation, and comparison, will enable you to translate the one into the other.

So, again, the red roof of a cottage, other things being equal, must always demand a deeper tone of grey adequately to represent it than will suffice for its plaster walls; but, on the other hand, you must note that light and shadow may modify the intrinsic tone value of colour; so that, if the sunlight glances brightly on the cottage roof last mentioned, and at the same time throws the shadow of a tree upon its whitewashed wall, this last must be represented (*white* though it is known to be) by a tolerably deep tone of grey, while the roof may be the lightest passage in the picture. This would be the case in the illustration were the wall wholly in shadow, but one patch of sunlight remains on the white wall, and this is naturally the highest light. In the same manner a greyish-green ash will stand out light against the richer foliage of the oak, and this will be paler than the sombre yew; yet the accident of a passing cloud may reverse all these values.* It is for you to observe diligently, and to treasure up, in note-book and in memory, a store of such facts, and by this means to mature your judgment and enrich your fancy, and convince yourself that in art, as in other matters, "things are not always what they seem."

Take your sketch-book, then, and record passing effects of light and shade quickly; more permanent effects with greater care. Work now for the sake of acquiring rapidity and dexterity in seizing the essential character of the scene or effect before you, and again for the sake of elaborating a portion of it. Select very often "little bits," and study them lovingly and carefully. A bit of cottage gable, with its lattice window and its broken tiles and soft, rounded tufts of moss, will reward you amply for all the care you can bestow on it. Strive to get the nature of the thing expressed; try to make your glass look transparent, your tiles as rough, irregular, and stained as those upon the roof, and your moss soft and velvety. If it is a clump of weed that you have chosen, be sure that each stem has its individuality of springiness and elasticity, and each set of leaves and blades their symmetry and freedom.

So far I have supposed you to be working from Nature for the purpose of pure study; striving to see things as they appear, not as you thought them to be, nor as you would wish them to be. Your drawings may have been unpleasing, but at least you have striven to make them right. This is well. Fidelity to Nature must ever be the religion of your art. But you may now try to find pictures instead of studies in your surroundings, and I shall endeavour to aid you in determining whether this or that scene possesses the elements of a pictorial composition. If you can acquire a faculty of judicious selection it will be of great practical value to you, and will save you much fruitless labour expended on inadequate objects.

I have said "fruitless labour," and I will not recall the phrase, for it gives me occasion to remark that, after all, none of your efforts can be wholly fruitless. Let it be your consolation, as it has often been my own, that we learn as much from our failures as we do from our successes. Try to remember this when you have made a dull, ineffective, or inaccurate sketch—when you feel tempted to throw aside your pencil in disgust, and to tear your paper, confessing to yourself that you have miscalculated your capabilities. Lay your pencil quietly on the shelf, place your paper untorn in the portfolio, and assure yourself, for it is surely true that the next time, or the next, you will do better, for you will gradually learn wisdom by experience, and will acquire a wholesome distrust of hasty impressions.

There are certain rules and principles in art which will aid you in judging of the pictorial value of any scene and in doing justice to its merits. These will form the subject of the next paper.

* "Value." This term, which I have already several times employed, signifies in these papers that quantity and quality of tone which justly expresses the colour of an object, added to the light or shade falling on it, and modified by the distance at which it is viewed—its force or power in black and white, when all the circumstances affecting it are taken into account.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER IX.

HELEN embellished her exercise book with a drawing of a cat dragging itself stealthily along, with its body close to the ground, towards a wounded dove, vainly trying to flutter upwards with a broken wing.

"One slight mistake in this sum, Miss Edison," said the old Professor, with a smile bent on the book just handed up to him. "One slight mistake, but really



HELEN'S DRAWING.

I must forgive it on account of the very clever sketch below. May I ask if it is a copy?"

"No, sir," said Helen, demurely; "it is only a memory of something I saw this morning."

"Dear me! Then I hope you saved the dove?"

"I think I startled the cat a little," replied Helen, with a curious light in her eyes. "But I got rather a nasty scratch myself in doing it."

"Dear me, dear me, did you really?" said the Professor. "I hope, then, that you have had it seen to."

"Oh! thank you, I haven't troubled about it, sir; it's all right again. And please," she added, hurriedly, as the door opened and the Principal entered, "please will you let me see now if I can discover my mistake in that sum?"



"'ONE SLIGHT MISTAKE IN THIS SUM, MISS EDISON.'"

She held out her hand eagerly, but the fussy little elderly gentleman was not to be so hushed up. He liked his clever, heedless, handsome young pupil, and instead of attending to her request he called out—

"If you please, Miss Crofton, I have just learnt that one of your young ladies has been scratched this morning by a savage cat, and has neglected it. I assure you it should be attended to without delay. The scratch of a fierce cat is sometimes as poisonous as a mad dog's bite."

"Yes, indeed, Professor, so I have heard," replied the Principal, in anxious tones, as she came quickly forward and made her way to the pupil indicated, who was looking unusually confused.

"Miss Edison, my dear, you should have told me of your hurt," said Miss Crofton, reproachfully. "You know, my dear, how strict my rule is that I should know of all such matters instantly, however trivial they may at first sight appear. Let me see your scratch now at once, please."

"I can't, madam," said Helen, with flushed cheeks. "It's—it's—internal."

"It is what?" shouted the gentleman, startled out of his usual professorial dignity by the extraordinary information. "Good gracious! how can the cat's scratch be internal?"

Helen glanced up at him as he stood fluffing up his iron-grey hair, and gazing at her as if she were some newly-discovered fossil, and then she suddenly ducked her head down, and was seized with a violent fit of choking.

"Miss Edison!" said Miss Crofton, sternly, and with a sudden expression of comprehension on her face. "Compose yourself, Miss Edison; you are interrupting the class. You need not be alarmed for her, Professor; the scratch has not broken the skin."

"Ah, I see!" said Professor Smith, relaxing into a smile. "In that case, if she feels any hurt at all it is indeed internal. But our young lady was more frightened than harmed, I should say."

"You are certainly right, Professor," assented the Principal, as she moved away to her seat, and the lesson proceeded, while Milly Wilmot muttered in her friend's ear—

"I guess it was your internal feelings that got the scratch, ma'am."

"What a genius!" muttered back Helen. "Are you not afraid to be so clever? They say geniuses are short-lived."

Before Professor Smith's class was over, Miss Crofton was called away to little Rose, who had somehow managed to tumble down the stone steps into the garden, and had bruised her leg, hurt her arm, and got a terribly big bump on her forehead, rapidly turning to all the colours of the rainbow.

Neither Josephine nor any of her companions knew why the Principal had been summoned out of the room, and to one, at least, of the number it was a great relief.

The door had scarcely closed when Helen Edison raised her eyes from her book on geology, with which they were now occupied—

"If you please, sir, that creature was a two-legged cat."

"What! what! what!" exclaimed Professor Smith, astounded, and pushing his spectacles above his bushy eyebrows. "Really, Miss Edison, you must pardon my saying that you are the most singular pupil it has ever been my lot to instruct. On what grounds, pray, do you found your belief that the ichthyosaurus was a two-legged cat? The most careful and profound research proves it to have been of the lizard tribe, and to have been possessed of the full compliment of six legs. It was utterly unlike a cat in every particular."

"Then," said Miss Helen, reflectively, "it is equally certain that the long-named thing was also utterly unlike a good many human beings."

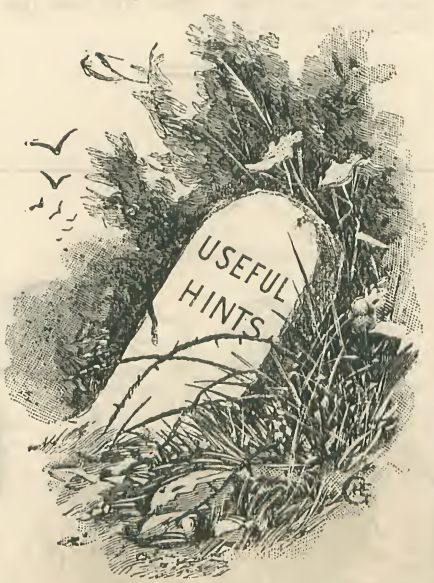
"No doubt," assented the Professor.

"But," said Helen, "I don't care to have you think that I was more frightened than hurt this morning, as you said half an hour ago, so I wish, please, just to tell you that the cat that scratched me was a human cat, and it scratched my pride and dignity badly, and they are both smarting still."

"Internally! ah, to be sure, internally!" exclaimed the old Professor, and he broke into a sudden burst of laughter, which greatly astonished most of his pupils. It appeared equally to astonish himself, and also to frighten him, for he checked his merriment as suddenly as he had given way to it, and with a hasty, almost humble, "I beg your pardon, young ladies," hurriedly resumed his geological lecture with an air of extra solemnity from that with which he usually honoured his lady pupils.

Miss Helen Edison had relieved her mind, and during the following quarter of an hour proved a most exemplary student.

(*To be continued.*)



GOLDEN PUDDING.—Bread crumbs, marmalade, brown sugar, and suet, each weighing a quarter of a pound. Beat up two eggs, and mix the ingredients well together, and boil the pudding in basin for 2½ hours.

CUP PUDDINGS.—These puddings require a little time in making, as each ingredient is put in and beaten separately. Weigh out the butter, flour, and pounded sugar, according to the number of cups you wish to fill, each ingredient to weigh the same as one egg. First beat the butter to a cream, gradually sift in the sugar, again beating the mixture for five or ten minutes with the sugar. Separate the yolks from the white of the egg, beat the yolk well, and add to the sugar and butter; sprinkle in a little flour and again beat it, then whisk the white of the egg to a froth, and beat for another ten minutes or more. If the quantity is greater bake for twenty minutes, and serve with white sauce made of sweetened corn-flour. This mixture makes a canary pudding, boiled for 3½ hours; serve with sherry sauce.

TO REMOVE TEA AND COFFEE STAINS.—Pure cold water sponged over the part stained will be found the best method of removing it without injury to the most delicate colour and material.

SCORCHES from ironing can be removed by applying the following mixture: The juice of a bruised boiled onion, mixed with a small quantity of vinegar, white soap, and fuller's earth. The part will require to be well washed after the scorch is removed.

A GOOD RECIPE FOR BUNS.—One pound of flour, quarter pound of butter, half pound of lump sugar, half pound of currants, quarter of a candied lemon, one dessert spoonful of baking powder, one gill of cold milk, two eggs. Rub the butter into the flour first, and then mix all together.

COLLEGE PUDDING.—One pound of white bread grated, half pound of shred suet, half pound of currants, quarter pound of brown sugar, four eggs, a few pieces of candied lemon, and a little nutmeg.

MACAROONS.—Blanch 40 sweet almonds and 20 bitter ones; pound well in a mortar, gradually adding ½ lb. of well sifted white sugar. When reduced to a smooth paste, then flour a baking tin, lay on it some sheets of wafer-paper, and drop small quantities of the paste upon it in separate places. Then bake in an oven moderately hot, and cut round the paper so as to make twenty macaroons,—which the quantities named are sufficient to supply.

VARIETIES.

TALKING ABOUT HOME DUTIES.—It is in bad taste, to say the least of it, to make domestic economy and home duties the constant theme of conversation. They are the private employments of a woman; she must study other things in order to entertain her relatives and friends. Those who talk most of their duties are generally those who perform them most imperfectly.

MENDELSSOHN AT THE PIANO.—In playing the piano or any other instrument, spiritual gifts on the part of the player are of much greater importance than mere manual dexterity. This was specially noticeable when one heard Mendelssohn play. "My recollections of Mendelssohn's playing," says Madame Schumann, "are among the most delightful things in my artistic life. It was to me a shining ideal, full of genius and life, united with technical perfection. It never occurred to me to compare him with *virtuosi*. Of mere effects of performance he knew nothing. He was always the great musician, and in hearing him one forgot the player and revelled in the full enjoyment of the music. He carried one with

him in the most incredible manner, and his playing was always stamped with beauty and nobility. In his early days he had acquired perfection of technique; but latterly, as he often told me, he hardly ever practised, and yet he surpassed everyone."

EASIER THAN PEOPLE SUPPOSE.—Some religious truths seem hard because people only see what religion requires without perceiving what it offers, and ignore that loving spirit which makes everything easy.

LOST DAYS.

"Full many a day for ever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow."—*Eliza Cook.*

AT PEACE WITH EVERYBODY.—Quarrelsome dispositions are too numerous, and some girls seem to find never ending delight in falling out with their friends and companions. To these the truth cannot be too often repeated that "it is the interest of all of us to be at peace with our fellow-creatures far less for their sakes than our own, and that the only qualities to carry us safely through life are moderation and gentleness, not a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves.

IN BAD COMPANY.—As our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed: so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation of wicked company.—*Izaac Walton.*

THE HEIGHT OF VANITY.—Vanity it is to wish to live long and to be careless to live well.

NOW IS THE TIME.—The time that is now present is very precious. Arise, then, this very instant, and say, "Now is the time to be doing, now is the time to be striving, now is the fit time to amend myself."

"THE WOODPECKER TAPPING AT THE HOLLOW BEECH TREE."—An undeserved character for conceit has been thrust upon the woodpecker by the peasants of Normandy, in consequence of its habit of knocking at one side of a tree, and then running round to the other side to see if any insects have been startled out of their homes. Their opinion is that the bird has so high an idea of the power of its bill that it has no sooner struck a blow than it runs round to see if it has pierced right through the tree.

LIFE FRITTERED AWAY.—The gifted and amiable Mrs. Fawcett not long since contributed a paper to a contemporary, in which she dealt with the question of woman's employment in the most sensible manner. She supposed the case of a family of six daughters, three of whom married, while the others remained single. What are these three spinsters to do? "They have," says Mrs. Fawcett, "no real or sufficient occupation. They spend their time making their dresses, and endeavouring, by snipping, altering, and turning, always to be in the latest fashion, and so make £30 a year or so, which they have for pocket money, go as far as £35 or £40. This is surely an unhealthy and unnatural existence, for why should the labour of three strong, active young women produce such an insignificant result? Further, these girls are apt to present, as time goes on, the unlovely spectacle of middle-aged spinsters aping the appearance and manners of girls of eighteen."

BURIED ISLANDS.

1. Poor Philip pines for love.
2. You have gone too far; O, Ethel, I am so sorry!
3. Joe is playing with his ark in the nursery.
4. Do not let him tire Edith too much.
5. That question, as you put it, was difficult.
6. My cousin Gaspar ran for the doctor.
7. His staff and shield are in the library.
8. He did not want to do it, but Emily coaxed him.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials form the name of a river in Ireland, and the finals a town on it.

An island in the Atlantic Ocean. A town in the east of England. A tributary of the river Sacramento. A grand duchy of Holland. A large town in Scotland.

ANSWER TO BURIED RIVERS.—(p. 95.)—1. Shannon. 2. Witham. 3. Welland. 4. Seine. 5. Wye. 6. Don.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

C. M. K.—We do not quite understand your query. Do you mean the two sides of the grafting seam? In this case, your failure is caused either in consequence of the threads not being properly pulled out from the loops, the needle and cotton being of too coarse a size, or the material itself being too much worn-out to bear the mending. If, however, you refer to the sides, without the loops, you will never succeed by grafting in the ordinary way. Each edge must be "button-holed" quite a web and a half in. Both ways require a very light hand. See page 314, in the June number.

DOLLIE.—The *point de neige* is explained in the same column as the illustration; see page 508, vol. i. Should you wish to work your shawl quickly, crochet it in straight lines, and change the colours according to your fancy, finishing it off with a pretty daisy fringe.

M.P.—Your pattern enclosed to us shows two mistakes in connecting the shells. First: instead of catching the six chain of the first row to the top of the first scallop in the preceding shell, you have worked it into the open space before. Consequently, it is not sufficiently firm. Secondly: in the remaining rows you have not "slip-stitched," as directed in the recipe given, which leads us to think that you have overlooked the description of how the shells were to be connected one with another; and which, apparently by some mistake, was transposed in the second column of the next page, 508, line 21, "Crochet for Little Workers."

COOKERY.

A CONSTANT READER.—Add baking powder to make the paste rise. There is no "d" in oblige.

Y. Z. and A. H.—In the recipe given by Dr. Pereira no cream of tartar is included, although in others it is usual to employ it. Another method consists of using two gallons of cold water, placed in a pot on the fire, adding two ounces of good bruised ginger and two pounds of sugar, white or brown. Boil for half an hour, skim, and place in a jar or tub, to which add a sliced lemon and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold put in a teacupful of yeast. The beer, now made, must be left to work for two days; then strain, bottle, and cork securely.

GIPSY.—Consult "Useful Hints," for pudding recipes. Your question has been answered.

JEMMY and GERSTERN.—You stir your toffee too much, probably boil it too fast and too long. You write very well.

ENGLISH BETTY.—See page 95, vol. i., for a recipe for blancmange.

A WILD LASSIE.—See page 126, vol. i., for oatmeal cakes. Your writing is remarkably good.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Your first query was answered on August 14th. We do not understand your question about the grotto, which is an Italian word, meaning a cave, or an ornamental retreat in a rockery. Pseudonym is pronounced as if spelt "Su-do-neem"; the P is, of course, mute.

ART.

CHRYSEIS.—An article will be given on "Terra-Cotta Painting." There is no reason why your Balbriggan stockings should not be dyed. You write a good legible hand.

HENRIETTA and ADELAIDE.—1. The recipe of the School of Art for setting chalk drawings is to add two ounces of methylated spirit to half a drachm of gum mastic, and apply it with an odorator. 2. We regard it as an act of good breeding to acknowledge everyone's salutation.

ROSE and PINK MAY.—To bleach prints, immerse them in oxygenated muriatic acid, watching the engraving that it may be removed as soon as whitened; then carefully raise it by means of placing some flat surface under it, and lay it in a bath of clean water. Renew this every hour, to extract the acid and dissipate the smell.

MOTHER GRUMP.—1. See page 340, vol. i., for "How to Paint on China." 2. See pages 223 and 255 vol. i., "How to Clean Marble."

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—1. The symptom you mention in your letter to us is one of indigestion, from which you at your age (age judged from handwriting) ought not to suffer. Get a dinner pill from your chemist composed of half a grain of quinine, and two each of powdered rhubarb and ginger, amalgamated with any simple extract, and take it before the principal meal of the day. Go early to bed and rise early and take exercise in abundance in the open air. 2. We do not admire your caligraphy, nor that of your cousin, both could be improved; yours is the better style.

EDITH DOMBEY.—The term "conventional" is used to denote an idealistic representation of natural forms, giving the general characteristics sufficiently clearly to identify the object, yet not according to nature. You write a nice hand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RED ROSE.—All Hallows Eve is the eve of the day dedicated to the commemoration of All Saints, or all hallowed persons. But the quaint sports and observances attached to that night have no apparent connection with the Christian Church, but seem to be relics of heathen times.

CHISPA.—Your writing would not be so bad if you used a better pen. An article will be given on the uses to which old kid gloves may be put.

GERALDINE.—1. Handwriting might be smaller and neater; it may be improved by practising from good copies. 2. Egerton is the name of a place at Ashford and also of one at Bolton. Do not know derivation, unless from Egeria, one of the goddess Juno's titles. 3. Yes. 4. You do not state your servant's age. Please do this and we will gladly prescribe for her eyesight. We have filed your letter.

ELLA.—1. Sore eyes and eyelids are very common in weakly young people, and are generally due to derangement of the general health. Tonics will be required, the simplest being iron in some form; from ten to fifteen drops of the tincture of iron thrice daily in a wineglassful of water is as good a one as any. Cod liver oil, dose from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful thrice daily after meals, does great good in such cases, only it must be taken regularly, without intermission, for months. The food ought to be nourishing, and the eyes bathed frequently in cold spring water. Smearing a little oxide of zinc ointment on the lids of a night prevents the eyelids from sticking and helps to heal them. The eyelashes will grow as the lids get stronger, but tipping them occasionally will aid their growth. 2. Use for the face the mildest transparent soap, and wash the soap off with clean soft water. Rain water is the best, but it is not always procurable. 3. Handwriting neat and pretty, though not very straight.

CURIOUS JANE.—1. We would give you the same advice as we give to "Ella," but in addition you must gently wash your eyes with tepid water often enough to prevent crusts forming on the eyelids. 2. Do you really believe we would say your handwriting was "pretty" if it were not? We credit ourselves with candour in these pages, and our columns would not be trustworthy if we were given to flattery. Your handwriting is *not* pretty. There! but you may improve it by patient practice in copying.

IOLETTE.—1. You can only hope to remove the tendency to hoarseness by giving the organ of voice as much rest as possible, and taking tonics to keep your health standard up to concert pitch. Use this pill three times a day for a fortnight, then omit two days and begin again; quinine, half a grain, powdered rhubarb two grains, ginger, one grain; the chemist will compound it with some simple extract. Take as much outdoor exercise as you can; fresh air is indispensable in your case. 2. Back numbers can be had by sending the necessary stamps for them and for the postage to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER Office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The Index to vol. i. is sold for 1d., and the packet containing the frontispieces to the monthly parts and index is sold for 9d.

S. J. V.—Give your kid plenty of nourishing food, oats or even oatmeal, potatoes, carrots or parsnips, crusts from the house, fresh green food, &c., and plenty of water. Wash the feet and dry them well, and give him a clean, dry place to sleep in at night. Examine the legs for sores, and if there any, get a bit of blue stone and touch them with it once a day.

A. S.—1. Use rose-glycerine at night for the roughness and redness of skin which you tell us exposure to the cold produces, and use the following wash three times a day, letting it remain for a few minutes before drying with a soft towel:—Fresh lemon juice, a wineglassful; rain water, a pint, with a few drops of otto of roses. Put it in a bottle and shake it. But we tell you—and we speak to others through you—that when young girls are easily affected by the cold, as you are, their general health needs seeing to. Ten drops of diluted phosphoric acid and fifteen drops of tincture of iron in a little water thrice a day will help you. This is the dose for a girl of seventeen, which your handwriting tells us you cannot be under. Try the soap bath and cold sponge every morning. 2. We cannot recommend face powders.

B. W.—1. No, you are now used to your morning bath and ought to continue it independent of the

swimming bath. You seem as fond of the water as a trout; we wish many more were like you. 2. We can hardly recommend the cold bath at night as a rule, but in summer, if the skin is hot and you are sleepless, the bath would very likely act like a charm; it does so in our own case Yes, coffee is very refreshing and less injurious than tea. For the numbness in your hands try cod liver oil. Thank you for stating your age. You are a sensible girl, for how can a medical man prescribe a dose of any medicine to a correspondent without such knowledge?

TOPSEY.—We blame you not for weeping, as the song says, but try to take things more easy. Some people "worry" through life, make life in fact a continued "fever," and shorten their days by so doing. If you cannot learn to command your feelings at fifteen, you will not be able to do so at twenty. We are not making light of your troubles indeed, for such a girl's grief is often very real. Bathe your eyes with water (cold) in which a little toilet vinegar has been poured; then lie down a little and repeat the bathing when you get up. Afterwards sit in the fresh air for a short time, or at an open window. 2. All Walter Scott's novels are good, but read "Ivanhoe," it is spirited, and will not make you cry much. Writing fair, rather too round. Practise.

GREY EYES and COCKATOO.—Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," page 259, vol. i., THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. "Mignon" signifies "darling," or "favourite."

A YOUNG COLONIST.—We are glad to hear that you have derived so much benefit from our paper. We believe whooping cough can be caught twice, but such an occurrence is not frequent. Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," page 259.

JEANNINE.—It is not considered good for the voice to sing continually out of doors, as it strains it a great deal.

DIDO.— The wire for putting up plates may be purchased at any china shop. Wash the gold chain and brighten-up with a little whitening and a leather.

ELLENNETTE.—Wash the silver ornaments in borax and water. Your writing is eminently legible.

EDITHA EURYDICE.—The usual way of dressing hair is in a knot at the nape of the neck, or perhaps a plait which hangs down, tied by a ribbon bow.

CHUM.—Perhaps in this case "opinions differ," and both may be right.

LITTLE GEM.—"Ethelind" means "a noble snake," and is Teutonic. We cannot give you the dates you wish. You write a very good and amusing letter.

FLOY.—Read article on "Pianoforte Playing," by Madame Arabella Goddard, at page 104, vol. i., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Send for the general catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

FLORENCE.—If your necklace be one of those made at Venice, we should think that you had better wear it as it is, for it cannot be "ugly and unbecoming." You write a hand like copperplate.

VIOLET LOTA.—We cannot assist you in the disposal of fancy work. It is better not to waste time over it for sale, as there is no demand for it whatever.

ROSY AND MATILDA.—It would be cheapest to purchase the Jersey bodice ready-made. For girls of fifteen they should button at the back.

SENGA ETIHW.—1. Make a new velveteen bodice of the same green as your cloth dress. Use the cloth sleeves if good enough to turn. Turn and clean the skirt and deep kilting, and trim with velveteen. Add a velveteen scarf in place of the cloth one, which you could make into new sleeves. Make a small gathered "toque hat" to match, of the pieces left. 2. Plait all your hair in a single plait at the back, and tie with a ribbon wide enough to conceal its small quantity. Yes, the essay may be on a girl.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—1. A design of wildflowers on black cloth would be very pretty for slippers. They are usually lined and bound by the shoemaker, but if you choose you might quilt a lining of silk or flannel. 2. Take iron through a quill or a glass tube, which may be obtained at any chemist's for a few pence.

HETTIE.—Red and blue, or violet and red, are pretty combinations for a sampler. Your writing is very neat, but you leave your "t's" uncrossed.

BAG-OF-BONES, RAGAMUFFIN, AND BENMORE.—You should pronounce the "tle" distinctly at the termination of both apostle and epistle. Very rapid growth makes some young people very thin; but this need not give uneasiness if unaccompanied by other objectionable circumstances. The "h" should be aspirated in "hotel."

ENID.—The word "samite" is the name of a beautiful and rich description of silk textile, interwoven with gold and embroidered. Chaucer likewise makes mention of it in his "Romaunt of the Rose," i, 874. You will also find it in "Richard Cœur de Lion."

BESSIE.—Amongst the French works suitable for young girls, we may suggest Madame de Genlis' "Veillées du Château"; the poetical works of Lamartine, and his "Voyage en Orient"; Saintine's "Picciola"; Madame de Staël's "Allemagne"; and the "Cours d'Histoire," by Lamé Fleury. All these may safely be put into their hands for educational purposes.. Your writing is beautiful.

H. B.—"A Universal Geography," by the Rev. T. Milner, brought down to the present time by Keith Johnston, is what you require; published at 56, Paternoster-row. Also the "History of England," by the same author.

STUDENT.—For information respecting the scholarships attached to Girton College, apply to the Hon. Sec., Miss Davies, 17, Cunningham-place, N.W. The highest certificates are conferred on examinations in the same papers and held on the same conditions as those which qualify for degrees in the University of Cambridge, but are conferred only on resident students who have gone through a systematic course of education. Candidates must be not less than eighteen years of age, and must pass an entrance examination. The course extends over about three years, half of each year being spent at the college. The fees amount to one hundred guineas per annum, covering board, lodging and instruction. You write well.

AILSA.—Never betray that you feel annoyed by any petty aggravations on your brother's part, and then perhaps, by treating him as a grown person would a small child, he will learn a more manly style of behaviour. Your writing promises well.

J. J.—Use tweezers and pumice stone to the chin only.

WAITING.—You write very well.

INGARCTHA.—Writing good, if sloped rather more. Flowers in a bed-room—with very few exceptions—are not injurious.

C. C. G.—We prefer the "t" crossed.

NELLIE B.—You write well, but red ink is objectionable, as it is too pale.



AFTERNOON ENJOYMENT.

LAMPLIGHTER.—The 29th of August, 1854, fell on a Tuesday

PARNELLA.—1. *Semper eadem* means "always the same." 2. When the letter "t" is so made in copybooks as not to require crossing, you need not alter it. But when writing without a model, adopt which style you like the best. You write rather too large a hand, and the tails are too long.

MAIDENHAIR.—The 8th of October, 1867, fell on a Tuesday. We do not understand your second question. Your writing would be improved were you to join your letters.

PENNY-COME-QUICK.—1. Wedding presents may be sent to the bride at any time within the last month before her marriage. 2. Butter the eggs and pack them in table salt. There are other methods recommended for their preservation.

CICELY.—Your name was a favourite one amongst the Plantagenets.

WYNHAM.— 1. Your question has been answered already in our correspondence. 2. The following recipe is good for cleaning tarnished jewellery. Wash the articles in a solution of liquor potassæ 1 fluid ounce, water 20 fluid ounces, mix, and then rinse them in warm water. After that immerse them in the following gilders' pickle:—1 part common salt, 1 part alum, 2 parts saltpetre, 3 or 4 of water mixed. Let them stand in this bath, stirring them now and then, during five minutes at most, and wash again in water, and dry in hot box-wood sawdust.

JACK'S LILY.—1. The 17th of October, 1859, was a Monday. 2. Give a little saffron to your canary. It will not sing while moulting.

M. H. SANDS.—See page 96, for cleaning kid gloves.

MAIDEN HAIR, ROSE, MANOR HOUSE and TWO GIRLS.—We should advise your removing fern roots and repotting flowers in the autumn. White is the "best coloured velvet to paint upon," we should imagine. See answer to "Rose" in "Art," also "Stars of Earth," page 473, and "Flowers in the House," page 420. Ferns should have shade as well as a little sunshine. Impulsiveness is a defect. We should speak and act on a cool, clear judgment and consistently generous feelings.

A QUILLE PENNE.—The first oil lamps were set up in London in the reign of Queen Anne, 1730.

GREENCHEESE.—1. On a gentleman's first introduction to you bow only; and always bow afterwards when passing out of doors. 2. Put sand or fine gravel in the bird's cage, not bathbrick.

YAYA.—1. Stand at the right side of the performer, the leaves of whose music you wish to turn. 2. The Flower Mission has no less than seventeen depôts, nine of which are in connection with the Bible Flower Mission. Both field and garden flowers are acceptable; but we do not think that painted flowers are admissible at these depôts, though welcomed in hospitals. Amongst those to which you might find an easy access, Mrs. Ranyard's Biblewomen Nurses, 20, Regent-square, W.C., and 58, Harley-street, and Homœopathic Hospital (Mrs. Hale), may be suggested.

CORA FOREST.—You may either peel the orange and divide it in its natural sections, or cut it in halve and quarters, and use both knife and fork. Your writing promises to be good.

STRAWBERRY.—To remove stains from mahogany, mix six ounces of spirits of salt and half an ounce of powdered salts of lemon. Drop a little of this solution on the stains, and rub well with the end of a cork until they disappear, and then wash it off with cold water.

LUCAS.—1. Sprinkle powdered camphor all over the articles from which you desire to keep moths, and, having sewn them up in a piece of calico, lock them into a tightly fitting tin-box. 2. A rector has for the most part a right to the whole ecclesiastical dues in his parish, but a vicar has generally an appropriator over him, to whom he is a perpetual curate with a salary.

HELIOTROPE.—If the initials "P.P." be placed in the corner of an envelope, we presume it means Postage Paid.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—Your writing is a beautiful copperplate hand.

SWEET BRIAR.—Send to Novello's for a catalogue and make your own selection,

OSBERGA.—We sympathise much with you, but cannot give you any hope of obtaining work in translating from the French.

J. B. VANE.—The age at which a girl may be engaged must depend on her mother's wishes. We should consider seventeen too young, unless under exceptional circumstances. You promise to write well.

MADGE.—We have told all about "Darby and Joan" in a previous number.

VANESSA.—1. The "Holy Grail," or "St. Greal," was the vessel from which our Lord is said to have taken His Last Supper, and subsequently filled with the Sacred Blood that flowed on Calvary. It was, also, a tradition that St. Joseph of Arimathea preserved it, and the "quest" of this vessel was the great aim of the "Knights of the Round Table," and others. 2. See "Ballad Stories," in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MAUD TREVOR.—1. Pronounce choir as if written "quire"; and hotel with an aspirated "h." The "o" in the words "violent, violate, violet, and violin," are all made a distinct syllable. The word "void" is pronounced as if written "vaw-eed."

L. B. WINTHROP.—Your writing is good, but the terminal tails or dashes are three times too long, and have a spidery appearance. The erection at the top of the capital "D" in "dear," is objectionable, and the long stroke commencing the "M" in "Mr." You have our best acknowledgments for your kind commendation of our paper.

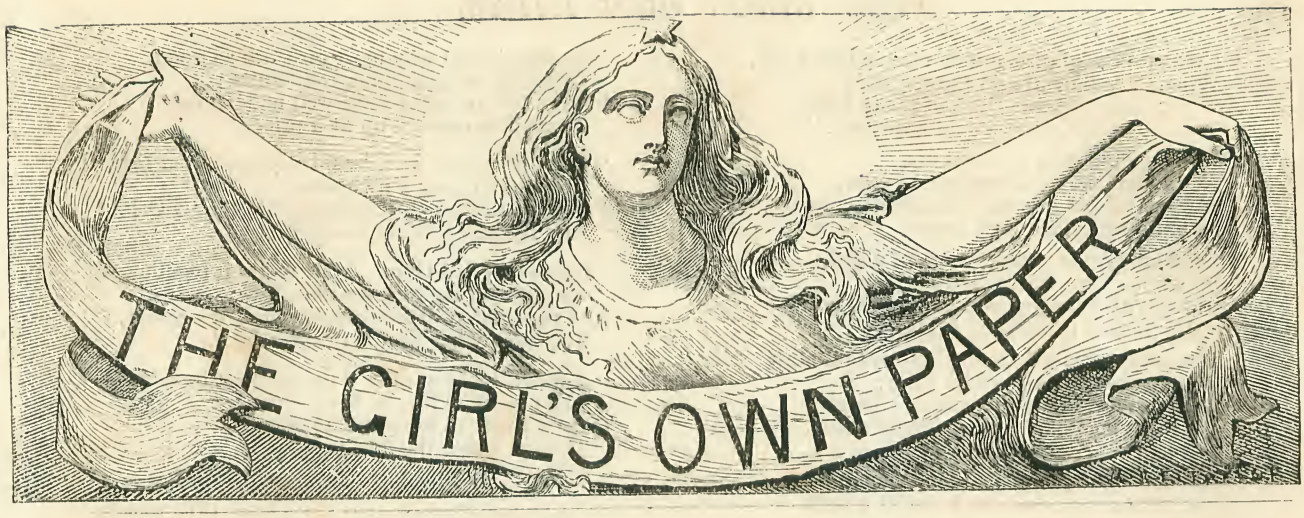
THEKLA.—The name "minster," or, in Anglo-Saxon, *mynster*, is derived from the Latin *monasterium*, and means the church of a monastery, or to which the latter has afterwards been attached. "Cathedral," from the Latin *cathedralis*, means the principal church in a diocese, so called because in it the bishop has his official chair or throne, *cathedra* being a seat or chair of one in authority. Your writing is legible. We thank you for your recipe.

A. PRON.—Write *à l'italienne*. Thank you for your kind letter. You write a pretty hand.

JENNIE WREN.—Your natural hand, No. 1, is by far the best of the collection, and very good. Your verses very much the reverse. Your letter a nice one, deserving our best thanks.

HONOUR BRIGHT.—1. Send for the catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, and you will find little books suitable for use in a Sunday school, appropriate for the very young children in your own class. 2. It is more usual amongst persons in good society to pronounce the word Spa as if written "Spaw," than as the "a" is sounded in papa.

JENNY GEDDES.—A travelling companion should speak French, German, and Italian, be familiar with the coin of each Continental country, should be well read in all the best guide books, and should be quick in understanding railway guides. When a route has been chosen and the best places for breaking the journey decided upon, the companion should make herself well informed as to the places of interest best worth a visit, and be able to act as a valuable guide.



VOL. II.—No. 48.] NOVEMBER 27, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LOOKS AND BOOKS.

A COLLOQUY OVER "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."



[*All rights reserved.*]

"I WONDER why girls are so nice in this book,
When *here* they are oft the reverse;
And yet for an answer I've not far to look—
Than *myself*, O, who could be worse?"

And Popsy put on a penitent air,
As though she were fain to be better,
And learn all her lessons with intelligent care,
Gaining for each a Red Letter.

Then Gypsey, the veriest sprite of a girl,
Shook back her ebony hair,
And said, as she toyed with a fugitive curl,
"The reason is plain, to declare.

"The reason, indeed, is as plain as that staff
They name after good Mr. Pike;
Or clear as a riddle which raises a laugh
When its meaning doth suddenly strike.

"You find, Popsy, dear, good girls *in a book*
Are just what young maidens should be;
But a girl in *real life*, you know at a look,
Is far from the pictures you see.

"In *print* you will find all *short*-comings hid
Of pretty Miss Sukey or Jane;
For kind Mr. Artist must do as he's bid,
And portraits must never be plain!

"So *that* is just why most girls are so good,
Or lovely, or something that's nice;
In fact, 'tis an *entre-nous* well understood
As models marked up at a price."

"Then *if* this be true," said golden-haired Pop,
A model to copy I'll choose;
I'll fix on the sweetest portrayed in the 'G O P.'*
And try how to walk in her shoes."

"Bravo!" cried Gyp. "Let us try it together—
Each fix on the girl she likes best;
And then follow *bravely*, regardless of weather,
The line by her conduct expressed."

"Agreed," Popsy said, "the gentlest be mine—
The beauty of love in her face—
Quietly living in home-life to shine,
Though filling the lowliest place!"

* The following letter was sent to the Editor by the writer of the above verses: Dear Mr. Editor,—In reference to the 8th verse of the enclosed "Looks and Books," I must say, by way of excuse, that I find "G O P" has already become the pet household name for this welcome paper. A friend told me her children all look forward to the day the paper comes, and call it their "gop day." So I have good authority.—Yours very truly, The Author of "The Girl's Own Fanfarronade."

HER SWEET REVENGE.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

CHAPTER V

TRIUMPHS.

THE flower show was held in some public gardens a mile or two out of the town. It was always made a day of general holiday, and from time immemorial a fine day had marked the event.

No one was excluded, let his station or opportunities be what they might, who had a flower to exhibit; and not a few prizes had been taken by competitors of humble degree, competing, though they did, with growers possessing every advantage of means, leisure, and outlay.

Philipart had already taken several second prizes, and it did seem specially hard upon the enthusiastic gardener that at this very season, when he had set his heart upon outdoing all his former attempts, he should be so utterly incapacitated by his prolonged illness.

Susan had carefully abstained from remarking on the subject, and, but for her father's incautious remark, she hoped the day might have passed over unnoticed. But this was now impossible, and the topic had been more than once recurred to.

"I hope, Suzanne, your father will get a prize. His flowers were most lovely the last season, and it would truly be to me a pleasure. Do you believe he will get a prize, my child?"

Indeed, I do not know at all. I have not been down to the gardens this long time," Susan made reply.

"Truly not! Ah, thou hast wasted thy summer here with me, good child!" said Philipart, sadly. "What have I not to thank thee for, Suzanne! But it will be repaid to thee, child; it will be repaid."

"I want no payment, I am sure," began Susan, gently. "Pray don't think so. I am only glad to see you so much better, and pray do not grieve any more about the garden. It will come all right after a bit; once you are able to get into it. Hark! what is that noise? Who is coming?"

There was a sound of many feet, a shouting of boys—those irrepressible heralds of news, good or bad.

Susan hurried to the door.

A self-constituted deputation of youngsters, of both sexes and various ages, filled the court, out-bawling each other.

"Mr. Philipart's got the prize!"

"He's won *first* prize!"

"A silver cup! the first PRIZE!"

So ran the cries which could be distinguished amid the *mêlée*.

Susan hurried back into the room, joyfully repeating the words; but the Frenchman had heard, and had hastily risen from his chair. He gazed wildly about him, doubting the evidence of his senses.

His dream fulfilled! His beloved flowers left uncared for, unvisited for weeks past. The first prize! Impossible!

But all doubt upon the subject was soon banished.

The festivities of the day concluded with the awarding of the prizes. To most of the judges the old Frenchman was personally known. Before Susan and her patient had time to make out the truth of the rumour so wildly borne to them, a much more reliable informant appeared, in the form of a messenger, despatched post-haste with an authentic account of the result of the show, and bearing imperative orders that the successful candidate should appear in person on the scene of his triumphs, did the state of his health permit.

Not a doubt upon the latter point. The welcome news appeared to have acted like an electric shock, and to have put the finishing touch to the cure of the invalid.

Only half comprehending it all, and feeling very much as though she were in a dream, Susan permitted herself to be hurried into the fly, along with her late patient, which then drove off at great speed, followed by the cheers of all the youngsters, and to some distance by not a few of them in person.

More cheering when, arrived at the scene of the day's display, M. Philipart was ushered to the stand where the judges made the award.

There, in very truth, stood the silver cup—a very handsome specimen of its kind—and beside it the vase of common earthenware, filled with the magnificent flowers which had carried away the palm from all competitors.

The second prize was awarded "to John Field."

Then, for the first time that day, Susan saw her father, who, standing modestly apart, had to be called forward to receive his guerdon of merit, with "honourable mention of the first class," which declared him to be only second to the great triumph of the day.

When comparative silence had been restored, the old Frenchman uttered a few words of grateful acknowledgment, but declared himself at a loss to comprehend.

"I have been laid on a sick bed, many weeks past, gentlemen," he said. "But for this good, dear girl here I do not believe I should ever have returned to

life and health again. She it is who has cared for and nursed me. But I have never even looked upon my garden for two months. How, then, can the prize be mine? I do not understand——"

There was a confused murmur of voices. Many eyes were turned upon Susan Field, who stood blushing at the unaccustomed publicity thrust upon her.

"I can't say how it has been done, Philipart," said one gentleman, "but certainly I never saw a garden look better than your plot did when I passed by a morning or two ago. As for the grapes, they are a perfect picture. I only wish my gardener had your secret."

"Here has been magic at work," remarked one of the ladies.

"Fairies, perhaps," put in a very young gentleman in the background, with a look at Susan's blushing face. She felt quite uncomfortable, and shrank behind them all, looking round for her father, but he was nowhere to be seen

The crowd began to break up. Susan felt a pull at her cloak. It was old Philipart.

"Let us go," he said; "let us go to the garden. I cannot understand at all. I must see for myself."

The vehicle which had brought them was at the gates. They were soon driven to the end of the lane leading to the plots.

As the two walked down Susan saw her father at the gate of his own garden in conversation with some one, who, as they approached, disappeared, and Field had entered his own plot by the time his rival reached the grounds.

It was indeed like enchantment, the scene that met the eyes of the convalescent.

His cherished flowers, screened from mid-day scorching heat, well watered, well tended, surpassed in perfection even his fondest anticipations. The carnations were a bed of choice perfume and radiant beauty. The vine, the pride of his heart, put forth the luxuriance of its treasures in masses of purple fruit, while a cunningly contrived network defied the attacks of the birds.

Carefully raked beds, walks well weeded and rolled, hedges neatly clipped, the gate freshly painted, and with the addition of a new spring catch—these met the sight of the long absent owner, where he had expected to find everything parched and withered.

He turned to Susan, but her gaze of surprise met his own with like questioning bewilderment.

At that moment Field approached with a smile of congratulation, as he held out his hand.

"I *am* glad," he began; but the Frenchman's astute gaze had read his neighbour's face, and in it the answer to the enigma.

"Ah! my benefactor!" he exclaimed; "it is then thou who hast done this!"

He caught John Field's two hands in his own, and shook them with a vehemence which might well have brought into the eyes of the Englishman the tears which stood there. As for Susan, she sobbed for very joy, as she held and patted her father's arm.

"Bless you, my friend! my very good friend," cried Philipart. Words seemed to fail him, and indeed the other cut him short.

"Oh! it's all right, and you're as welcome as the day, and, once for all, don't thank me. It's my girl Susan as we have both to thank, I believe. The fact is I tried hard to be a brute and to revenge the slight you put upon her that way. But there she taught me a lesson, and her revenge is the right one. May be it's all for the best—who knows! Susan, you just hurry on home and get the tea ready. Mr. Philipart and I will come along after. We don't want any fly! he'll have my arm."

Away went Susan at her fleetest pace. Her heart was so light, she seemed to skim the ground like a bird.

More leisurely came John Field and his companion. On the way, no doubt, certain confidences were exchanged, for when they reached the house and were met upon the threshold by a handsome, well-built fellow, who caught Philipart in his arms with a cry of "*Mon père!*" the old man seemed more overcome with joy than surprise.

Then Susan came forward, blushing and smiling, as her father pinched her ear, and "hoped she had not been startled when she found a stranger there before her."

There was much to relate that evening as they gathered round the merry tea-table. How the father had repented of his harshness and had pinched and saved to buy his son's discharge; how Etienne had looked back with longing to the old life when he thought of his only parent's loneliness and grief; how he had come home, a free man, to make a fresh start and to marry Susan—"that is," he added, "if she will have me."

[THE END.]

HOW TO HAVE AN EASY MIND.

If you are going to enjoy life, girls, you must get rid of anxiety for earthly matters; there is no doubt about that. The least little cloud of it floating in your minds will make everything look gloomy, and so long as it remains there you will be miserable; even sitting down by the wayside to indulge in the luxury of a good cry won't mend the matter much. Away with anxiety, then, altogether: let it melt before the warm sunshine of cheerful wisdom.

There are some girls, to be sure, frivolous, thoughtless, giddy young things, who, just because they are so frivolous, thoughtless, and giddy, never know what care is. And there are a great many others who have the easy minds that belong to downright stupidity. But we neither speak of these nor to these. You, friends, are the thoughtful, and we wish to point out to you all that right-thinking and calm contentment go invariably hand in hand.

There is a sweet influence exercised by a mind free from anxiety, and in a girl it has a beauty beyond telling. An easy mind is certainly a sign of wisdom, and the man who first coined the proverb "Merry and wise" knew what he was about.

To be rid of anxiety we must look at life the right way, calmly surveying it in every aspect. There must be no vain regrets for the past, no grumbling at the present, and as for the future, nothing can really trouble one who casts every care upon the God of pity and love, and knows that *all things* are working for good to those who seek to please and serve Him.

There is nothing more ridiculously unprofitable than to torment oneself about the past, and the best practice in the world is to practise the art of forgetting anything unpleasant. The past is over and done with, and the only good reasons for our ever falling back on it are its many lessons and its happy memories.

But think, you say, of all those matters of regret which to me are ever present. For such matters, dear child, the whole wisdom of the past may be summed up in a homely Scottish proverb and a couple of lines from an old ballad. The proverb tells that "There's no use greetin' over spilt milk," and the couplet points out that

> "Violets plucked the sweetest rain
> Makes not fresh nor grow again."

A healthy mind will banish, yes banish, everything belonging to the past that cannot be made to exercise a profitable influence on the present and the future life.

The present is the real thing, and when we come to it care gives us a nudge and suggests that we shall have enough to trouble us. No doubt we shall have something every day, but there is no reason why we should be upset about it. "Tell her who is oppressed with care," says an Arabic poet, "that it will pass away: As happiness passeth away, so passeth away anxiety." Misfortune will come, then, but we shall simply do our duty, and wait with easy minds for all being well again.

Remember, girls, that Providence guards the good, and that if one only belongs to the Trust-in-Providence sect, she need feel no anxiety even whilst battling against a sea of trouble. Never give way to despair: "Despair will bring no advantage."

Some of you, we know, have responsibilities beyond your years. But you must not worry over them. When your best has been done what more can you do? Nothing. And it is worth considering that the moment you grow anxious you unfit yourselves for exertion. Strength lies only in a quiet, easy mind.

Others again have to bear the burden of ill-health, and think they indeed have something to fret about. But the way to grow well is to strive to be contented. Happy people, as every one is aware, live long, and the invalid diet of least nourishment is certainly grumbling.

A few others—you know how many—are alarmed at creations of their own fancy or things not much better. How many wise children have we seen scared by a phantom which was nothing better than a poor paper lantern with a candle-end in it.

The future interferes with the ease of quite as many minds as either the present or the past, and with as little reason. How often must it be repeated that we are to "take no thought for the morrow?" Let us work, girls, and our very best, in the present, and leave the future to take care of itself.

The greater number of those events which we think to ourselves *may* happen, and which we are sure, if they happen, will prove such terrible disasters, never do take place. All our worry goes for nothing, and we may write ourselves down as uncommonly stupid into the bargain.

A celebrated living philosopher has put this into a stanza which every one should commit to memory and repeat to herself when the outlook appears more than usually unpromising:—

> "Some of your hurts you have cured,
> And the sharpest you still have survived;
> But what torments of grief you endured
> From evils which never arrived!"

The secret of an easy mind, then, is very simple, like all other good things in the world. So, girls, let us cast off our burdens of worldly care, and go singing on our way.

JAMES MASON.



THE COUNTRY IN NOVEMBER.

THE PINE WOOD.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines,
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And there the sunshine darted through,
Spreading a vapour soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines."—*Longfellow.*



IN our walk on this cold November day we found no flowers, and multitudes of fallen leaves carpeted the roads as we passed along. But there were numbers of bright berries—the hawthorn, with its deep red fruit; the honeysuckle hung out its red transparent fruit; dark purple sloes, bitter as rue, clustered unheeded on the bushes; dark green bunches of privet berries; black byrony, with its bright scarlet poison fruit; oblong red hips, on the wild hedge-rose, formed quite a gorgeous display in the hedges. They were clusters of gems—winter's rubies and corals, and other bright adornments. Deep down in the grass were spiral bunches of red berries, the last remnants of the arum, or "cuckoo pint," and far above them towered the mountain ash with its clusters of vermillion fruit.

At last we reached the pine wood, and stood for awhile to admire the stately growth of the noble trees. Their boughs, covered with dark green and yellow foliage, were waving to and fro in the rising wind with a mournful sound, and the soft ground underneath was covered with sharp-pointed leaves and pine cones.

A pine forest is ever an impressive sight. The straight, round trunks of the trees stand upright without branch or support. People have compared the trunks to stately pillars, the avenues to grand aisles that seemed to be pillars of some vast cathedral, and the strange surging sound among the high branches to some sublime harmony that never ceases.

Flowers are very shy of taking up their abode in the pine woods. One reason is, that the roots of the trees grow out horizontally, and grapple the soil very tightly, for their nature is to grow in exposed situations and northern climates.

Another reason why flowers do not love these woods is, doubtless, the strong smell of turpentine that comes from the trees, and seems to load the air. Springtime is the best for the pine woods, for then the trees seem covered with fringes and tassels of the richest green, and the young cones are a beautiful purple.

The name of these kinds of trees is "conifer." All pines, yew trees, larches, &c., are called conifers, and are of the fir tribe, which is a most important one. The stamens and pistils are often found on separate flowers on these trees. The fertile flowers are in cones, which are the fruit of the conifers.

Examine this cone; there are broad scales; at the base of each scale there is a tiny seed, which sometimes has little thin wings.

Some of the conifer family grow to an immense size, higher than our highest church steeples, and they live to great age, for it takes centuries for them to grow to their full girth.

In America, where everything seems on a gigantic scale, some of these conifers, called Wellingtonia, are enormous, and their age is counted by thousands of years. This wood will be standing and flourishing long after the present generation has passed away. I will repeat you a verse about the conifers. The prophet says of God: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the fir tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together, that they may see, and know, and consider and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."

No hand of man ever planted the immense forests which travellers describe. Those in Brazil are said to extend hundreds of miles, and some of the trees reach a hundred and fifty feet high.

In some parts of America still more wonderful trees are said to flourish; they are 300 feet high, and have grown on for ages. When any of them chance to fall, there they lie, for there is no possibility of getting away the timber to make use of it.

The tall, straight trunks sometimes serve as masts for ships, and the wood is used for numberless other purposes. We also get resin, turpentine, and pitch from these trees.

"Do they spring from these tiny seeds?" asked Laura.

"Yes, and doubtless the wind or the birds scatter them about, or the torrent carries them along on the banks of the rivers, and deposits them in remote places. There are many ways by which they are distributed in spots where the hand of man has never touched the soil. Pine trees grow in northern regions—on the rocky sides of mountains, in exposed and desolate deserts, any place in fact where there is soil enough for the roots to strike. It will bear rough storms without much damage, for its peculiar cone-like shape is peculiarly adapted to resist the tempest. Very little sunshine is needed to bring it to perfection, and the winter's snow may lie heavy on its head without crushing it to the earth. There are forests of pine trees in Russia, Lapland, and Norway that grow 200 feet high, and live on for generations. Hard cones like those under the trees do not ripen in a year, as pears and apples do; doubtless each one takes three or four years growing to perfection. You may notice them in all stages of growth on the same tree. How wildly the branches are waving about high over our heads, showing the wind is increasing! We had better retreat as soon as possible."

"Are the palm trees of foreign countries of the same tribe as the pines?" asked Fanny.

"They belong to the palmaceœ family, and are, I think, quite a contrast to the hardy trees of which we have been speaking. True, they have tall, straight trunks, and the leaves and branches grow quite on the top, but there the resemblance ends. The palm lives in the sunny south, where the bright sunshine and heat ripen the delicious dates the palm tree yields. It is the most graceful of all trees, and the Orientals find many of their wants supplied from its numerous productions. From it they get dates, wine, oil, and vinegar. It supplies timber for a hut, thatch for its roof-mats, ropes, and paper. One may almost wonder what some of the natives would do without this marvellous tree.

"The leaves of the palm tree are like a plume of long emerald green feathers, sometimes twenty feet long. I have heard these trees are most remarkable-looking during a storm; the tall trunks swing in the blast, and the whole tree is in motion. What a waving of feathery plumes there must be! What a commotion in the forest! What a noise of conflicting elements! Something like there is in the pine wood at this moment, and that warns us we had better delay no longer under the branches."

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

OUR bonnets and hats are usually a question of very deep consideration to all of us, and it is most natural they should be so, when we consider for a moment how really important they are as being the frames and shelters to our faces, and adding to or detracting from the pleasantness of our looks. A cheap bonnet or hat is hardly to be had unless we are fortunate enough to make them ourselves, when, I am sure, we have all been surprised at the great show which can be made at very little cost. This has been my own case this very season, when I have made two lovely *creations* (as the French milliners would call them), starting with one elderly bonnet, which, purchased in May, had lasted through the season. It was a very pretty and good black-jetted one, trimmed handsomely with jet, but it had quite done its duty and seen its best days. However, there was a new bonnet to be made from it, I was sure, and some little assistance toward another, perhaps, and my expenditure over both must be limited if other parts of the wardrobe were to be supplied as well.

Now my rule is to make such purchases invariably at a large shop—never where there is only a limited stock—as I am then sure of cheaper and better materials, and much newer and fresher things. On this occasion I followed my usual rule, and here is my bill *in extenso*—

	s.	d.
1 black straw bonnet . . .	1	0½
1 shape bonnet	0	6¾
½ yd. black velvet, at 2s. 11½d. yd.	1	5¾
2 strings beads, at 8¾d. .. .	1	5½
4 yds. black ribbon, at 1s. 0½d. yd.	4	1
1 flower and leaves . . .	2	6
	11	1½



A WINTER COSTUME.

The black straw bonnet was one of coarse straw in the princess shape, small and closely fitting. A rummage in my bag of odds and ends soon found me enough black silk to line it with, and then it was bound all round back and front with a gathered bias of black velvet, which was slightly full, and was about half an inch on the edge of the bonnet. Above this all round were sewn on my strings of beads, which were as big as peas, and were kept on the thread on which they were strung, which was caught down at intervals with a stitch or two. On the front of the bonnet I placed one of the long knots or bows now so much worn cut from my half-yard of velvet, which I forgot to say was bought on the bias. This bow was about three inches wide, and was "slip stitched" round to prevent the stitches showing on the right side. A narrow band of velvet crossed the back above the beads. Then the strings were sewn on, and my little bonnet had reached completion.

I then turned to my old bonnet, which I carefully unpicked and brushed with a bonnet brush, before reconstructing it. After this I covered the coronet front of the new shape with some new black velvet, and bound the back with the same, first transferring the silk lining, which was quite clean and nice. Then the crown was covered with the embroidered bugle covering of the other bonnet, and the velvet coronet was quite covered with the deep-jetted fringe, which was sufficient to go all round to the back also. Lastly, my pretty old gold flowers were put deftly on the top of the front, the strings sewn on, and my second bonnet was done, the expense of both bonnets being 11s. 1½d.,—5s. 6¾d. each. One, of course, was entirely new, but did not cost any more than the other with the flower and new strings. Now this little account has been given with a view of showing what can be done, either for ourselves or for others, if we choose to take the trouble of thinking about the matter.

I have always been thankful for my knowledge of millinery and dressmaking, which I derived from my nurse, who had been apprenticed to a milliner and dressmaker. Under her instructions I dressed and redressed my dolls, who went to endless entertainments, and altered and re-arranged their clothes with a boundless extravagance, which would have brought their male relations to the verge of

bankruptcy if they had been anything but dolls. I do not remember either to have had any new things for my dolls in those happy busy days; nothing but a big band-box full of



A NEW BONNET.

scraps of every kind, to which everyone seemed to contribute bits of lace, ribbon, and silk, besides anything and everything which could be turned to account for a doll or a doll's house. For my dolls lived in a big cupboard for a house, every room of which had been furnished by nurse and myself with wonderful home-made contrivances, much of which knowledge I have made use of in after life. But I fear very few girls have nurses like mine, and they must acquire their knowledge later in life, even if they are lucky enough to acquire it at all.

But to return to our "Seasonable Clothing." Now that we have disposed of our bonnets for the moment, I am very anxious to help those amongst our girls who have just begun to have allowances, and do not yet know how to use them to the best advantage. There is no doubt that without a fixed plan we shall waste our money, and we must begin by making a fixed rule that we will try to buy everything we want at once, and not be always buying, or else we shall never get anything really good. There are a few rules which I think may be useful, and the first thing is to have as few dresses as possible, and nothing but what is good. One winter and one summer dress are quite sufficient to add to your stock yearly. Two bonnets and two hats are also enough; two pairs of shoes, and

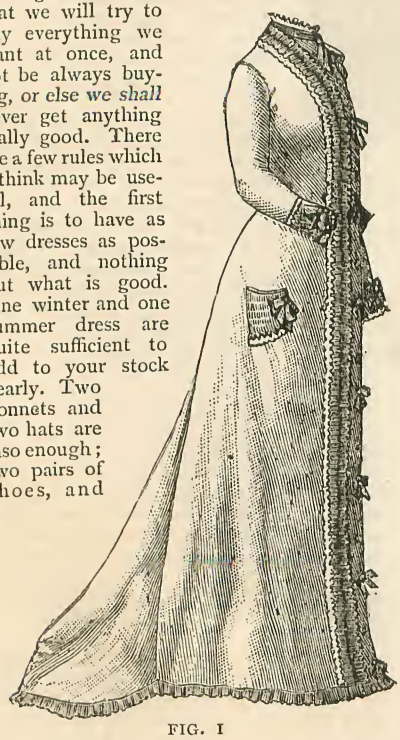


FIG. 1

two pairs of boots. Four pairs of gloves will be found sufficient, if you buy only the very best, at 3s. 9d. or 4s., and having worn a pair three months for best, take them for second best, and get a new pair to replace them as best. You should always manage to have two pairs of boots in wear at once, and two pairs of shoes, and never wear your best boots in wet weather. Stockings are another thing it is foolish to be saving in, as nothing really good in woollen can be obtained under 3s. 6d. or 4s. Three pairs are enough, and if of the best will wear for three winters. As occasion offers, take out the worst from your stock and replace them with new ones. For the summer you will require six pairs at least; and if you darn and wear them carefully they will last three summers also, observing the same rule of replacing them.

All underclothing is kept in good order by the same rule, and every girl should always have some article in hand, and endeavour to keep her stock of chemises and drawers up to six, while three or four night-dresses are quite enough. Flannels, too, are treated by the same rule, adding one at intervals (generally every autumn) to the stock, and using the thin petticoats in the summer. Summer petticoats are a very small item in the expenses, as they can be purchased by the yard as low as 10d. and ready made for 3s., and they do not last beyond the season. Winter ones are rather more; I think that black moreen, or that satin-faced woollen material used to line gentleman's coats, are the best to use, but they may frequently be made from old black dresses. Black silk dresses are most economical wear, and, as a rule, one every four years is quite enough to keep anyone in best dresses. A few yards of new brocade, satin, or velvet will make a half-worn dress look like a new one. French merino and cashmere are also materials that will wash and wear to the last thread.

For those who require them I give two flannel (figs. 1 and 2) dressing-gowns, which will be most useful to invalids. About eight yards will be required for each, and the trimmings may be of old black silk or cashmere for either, with a little cheap lace or work to enliven them, which can be taken off and washed. Fig. 3 is a flannel dressing-jacket, trimmed with flannel embroidery bands, or with torchon lace, and rows of herring-bone embroidery done with coarse purse silk.

The large illustration gives an idea of the winter fashions. A small coat-like jacket is in much favour, which reminds one of what is known, I believe, as a gentleman's "Newmarket" coat. The cheapness of Ulsters is quite astonishing in London this winter; I have seen them well made and of wonderfully good material for 12s. 6d., and very excellent ones of a better class at 19s. 6d.



FIG. 2.

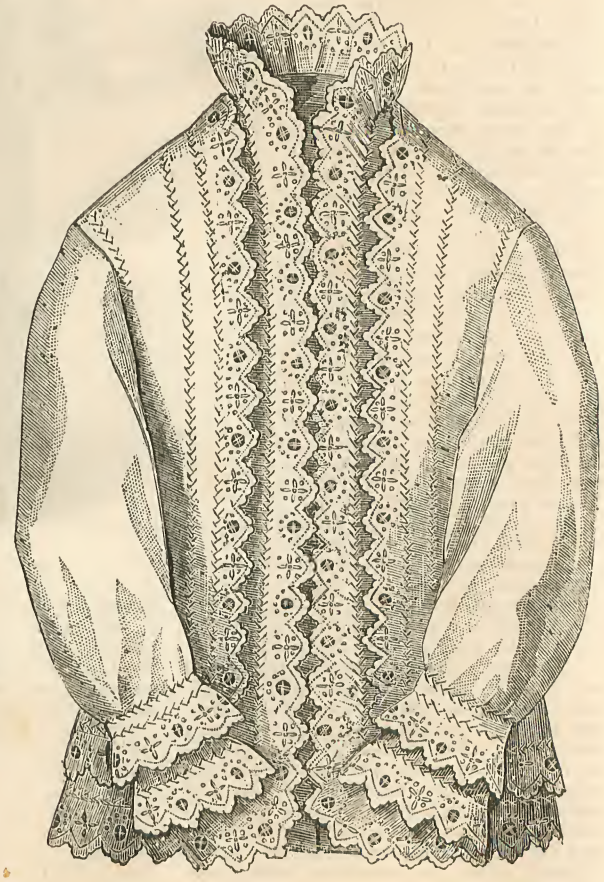


FIG. 3.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER VIII.

FEVER.



MAY'S fever increased day by day, and she grew delirious, so that her shining "golden fleece" had to be shorn. When the old man saw the fluff of silken threads laid aside upon the drawers he wept over them; nay more, he actually took them up and pressed them to his lips. "If the child is taken perhaps it will be my fault," he groaned, as he remembered her shriek and flight into the dewy evening. But self-reproaches soon merged into a strong desire to save the tender blossom hitherto so roughly nourished. Unflinching sternness, petty jealousies, doubtful prejudices—all fell as weeds before the sickle at sight of the pretty prostrate flower. Leah and Rachel took turns in watching by her bedside both by night and day. Meredith came and went unnoticed by his grandfather; the Misses Richards were in and out continually. All the neighbours were anxious about the strange little girl, and clergy and laity united to comfort Evan. But the child had gained his affection in spite of his opposition to her pre-acquired tastes, and he reproached himself for needless harshness, so he would not be comforted. The vicar reasoned with him in vain, for although he believed that if May were taken she would be another lamb safe in the dear Shepherd's fold, he could not let her enter without her forgiveness. Yes, "forgiveness" was the word he used.

And she, in her delirium, wandered more in the past than the present. She was always with her mother, and seemed happy in talking of her wreath, her darling, and the shillings she earned. She would sing snatches—not only of her May Queen songs, but of hymns, and this comforted Evan. Mr. Everton was often on her lips, and she connected him with her mother in heaven. "I shall see you if I am good, mammie," she said more than once. Miss Edith and Meredith also were now and then the themes of her excited talk, but, strange to say, she never mentioned either Evan or her doll. It seemed as if she were afraid of that subject even in her delirium. Yet she had a sort of perception when Meredith was near her, and would be soothed for a moment when he murmured a passage of a hymn or a bit of Handel.

"Sing her *Merch Megan*," said Evan to him, one day. They were the first words he had spoken to him since he had rescued Terpsichore.

Meredith sang the air in a low, clear voice. She was conscious for a moment, and opened her arms with the words, "Here is your little Megan, mamma." She did not know that it was her cousin's, not her mother's, neck that she clasped. And so the days wore on.

Before the crisis, George Morrison arrived, the young doctor already referred to, as one of Evan's numerous family. Although he was to make his abode at some distance, amongst the miners scattered over the mountain-side, he was summoned to see the child. He said that all had been done by Mrs. Richards that could be done, but that she must be kept from all excitement. Accordingly, Miss Edith took upon herself to see that one person alone should be with her at a time, for she knew how difficult it was to keep the sick-rooms of the cottagers from a constant influx of visitors. Friends and neighbours crowd in with offers of aid or sympathy, and often retard recovery by over zeal. Edith, therefore, did much of the nursing by day, and thus enabled Evan, Peggy, and the rest to perform their necessary avocations, which cannot be intermitted even in sight of death. The two cows had to be milked, the poultry fed, the sheep on the hills reckoned, the wheat-mow thatched, the mines worked, even while the fatal scythe was suspended over the head of the orphaned little one.

May wanted nothing that was not provided; for Mrs. Richards took care that the sick should be nourished, and Evan would have spent his last penny to save the child. She was, indeed, better off in this respect than she could have been in London, where it is impossible to relieve the multitudes of sick and dying ever needing help in that huge metropolis. But in spite of care and hourly watching, the fever seemed only to increase, and with it the small frame diminished. However the crisis was at hand, and the one great anxiety appeared to be whether the sleep which had fled from the weary little eyes would visit them when that crisis was past.

Not a sound was heard in the little farm, save the child's occasional delirious utterances, for she was getting too weak even for these. Her friends crept in and out of the house like stealthy cats, and Miss Edith alone was in the sick chamber.

Evan met Meredith watching at the door at the moment he should have been in bed.

"Grandfather, may she have her doll back again?" asked the lad. "It will perhaps comfort her when she is conscious."

"Of course she may," replied Evan, who had never looked on the matter in this light.

"I am sorry that I offended you, grandfather," continued Meredith, drawing a parcel carefully enveloped in white paper from his pocket. "Will you give her this yourself, and shake hands with me?"

He unfastened the parcel and produced Terpsichore, whom he had been carrying in his pocket for many days. Evan recoiled at the sight, but took the doll into his rough left hand, and gave the right to his grandson. Not a word more was spoken. Evan returned to the house, and Meredith crept round to the lattice window of the bedroom, which was open, and through an uncurtained corner of which he was able to peep and just catch sight of May's poor little face.

Evan took off his shoes and stole into the room. Peggy was seated in a corner, motionless and half asleep. Edith was near the crib, May's hand in hers. The child was unconscious. So quiet was Evan that the watchers did not hear him. He reached the crib, and silently placed the now faded doll in May's arm as it lay outside the patchwork coverlet. Her eyes unclosed, she looked at Evan, and he was sure there was recognition in the look. She smiled, withdrew her hand from Edith's, and clasped the doll as if by instinct, then the heavy lids again closed over the blue eyes. In a few minutes more she was asleep.

That sleep, with God's blessing on it, saved her life. No one knew how long she slept, but during the blessed time her breathing and pulse became more regular, and hope dawned for her anxious friends. The crisis was passed in that slumber, and when at last she awoke she was conscious. She knew those who surrounded her, and these were her grandparents and Edith. Her first scarcely-audible word was "Great-grandfather." He stooped over her and kissed her. She was trying to articulate something more, which he construed into a request that he should also kiss Terpsichore, which he accordingly did. She smiled, but she was too weak to return the embrace. Indeed, she could not move, but she became suddenly more communicative than she had previously been. Amongst other matters she confided to Edith that she wished her to write to Mr. Everton, and told her exactly what she wanted to say. Her kind friend wrote it in her own words.

"Say that I can't write to him, because I am poorly, and I can't go and see him," she said, remembering her promise at Paddington. "I want him to come and see me, and you, and all of us; and to help to build the big room, because he is a clergyman. Tell him I try to be good, for I want to see mamma again. Give my love to Mrs. Pope"—this was the landlady—"and say I can sing more hymns, and that Terpsichore is very well now, but has been poorly, like me. Say that perhaps I am going to Heaven."

"What is Mr. Everton like?" asked Edith, when there came a pause in May's dictation, at this clause.

"Oh! he is so pretty, Miss Edith!" whispered the child. "He has such kind eyes. I think he is like mamma—and—and Terpsichore!" she added, uncovering her doll's face, and displaying meaningless blue eyes, a flaxen wig, and rosy cheeks and lips.

Miss Edith laughed. She had been drawn into a long correspondence with May's friend, not knowing whether he were young or old, handsome or ugly. But she liked and admired his letters, from which not only she but her mother and sisters drew the conclusion that he was a Christian and a gentleman. From his bold, steady, clear handwriting, she was inclined to imagine him young; while from the subdued and almost fatherly tone of his letters, she concluded him old. She had read them over and over again, and tried to picture the writer, as one strives to paint a friend or relative whom one has never seen, in some distant land. In her replies she had not only written her best, but taken great pains with her diction; for it was an event in her young and retired life to be corresponding with a stranger on a subject which was both pathetic and peculiar. Accordingly, she intended to take the rough draft of May's letter home, in order to re-copy it; for she was obliged to write it on a half-sheet of paper with a scratchy pen and very brown ink. But this did not satisfy the child. With the irritable excitement of sickness, she must have it enclosed in an envelope, directed, and stamped before her face, so that Edith had not time even to make an apology.

"But how am I to end it?" she asked.

May considered a few moments; then said, "'Your obedient little servant, May,' that was how Mrs. Pope wrote when she asked him to come to mamma."

And so the letter went.

When the actual, immediate danger was over, Miss Edith came only occasionally; for she had many other duties to perform. But May's grandparents were very tender of her, and her cousins very kind—Meredith especially. He would come at every odd minute to sit by her, talk or read to her, nurse and amuse her. The wistful little eyes watched for him, and welcomed him when he came with a pleased expression that repaid him. She never seemed to tire of one particular theme, and her first question always was, "When will they build the big room?" He was, fortunately, able to report progress, and when Evan learnt how interested she was in what was a cause of general interest, he also began to talk to her of this, to him, darling theme. Thus the little crib became the rallying point for all who had news to bring of donations and subscriptions towards this much desired building.

It was long before May was able to quit this—her haven; for she had received a severe shock to her slight and delicate frame, and cousin George, the young doctor, ordered her to be kept warm and quiet, to be well fed, and on no account excited. Winter was against her, for it was impossible to know how she would bear the damp and cold of the hill-country after the smoky closeness of London. However, she left her crib at last, and she never forgot her return to that kitchen whence she had run away after Terpsichore.

It was afternoon; the work was done, the doors were closed, the settle was drawn opposite the fire, the tea-table spread, and Hedfa and the cat were asleep on the hearth; they had been May's frequent guests during her illness. Evan and Peggy brought the invalid in between them and laid her on the settle, previously spread with pillows and blankets.

"I am quite well now, great-grandfather," she exclaimed, sitting up. "Now I can help you to do all the work, great-grandmother."

Old Peggy burst out laughing, and May joined. It seemed to the old people as if she had never laughed before.

"God bless thee, child; and thank Him for giving thee back to us," said Evan, uplifting his hands. He was about to lay them on her head, but drew back when he perceived what a short little crop of hair she had.

"It is growing, and I think it will be smooth," she said, humbly.

"Let it grow as it will," replied Evan.

Never was there a happier tea-table. May's pinched little face expanded, and she seemed at home at last. Suddenly she put a question that puzzled her grandfather and accounted for a word used occasionally in her delirium.

"Will Armageddon go into the big room?" she asked.

"No, for it is to be a great battle, and we will have no fighting there," he answered, not remembering that this word had been used while May was a silent listener at Miss Richards's class.

Meredith came in, and brought welcome news of a handsome donation from a neighbouring squire. He greeted May with delight, and it was to her that he first communicated it.

"Miss Richards says that the foundation-stone can be laid in the spring, and that May's penny shall be put under it," he continued eagerly. "I have been examining the ground. That disused pit isn't far off, and I went again to look at it. I am sure there is a seam of coal close by, if anyone had the courage to sink a new shaft."

"I wish you would cease your speculations, and stick to work," reproved Evan.

"I should like to sell all we have and buy the field, like the man who bought the hidden treasure in the parable," argued Meredith.

"I hope I shall be well to see my penny put under the stone," whispered May to Peggy while this was passing, and so ended what might have been a dispute between Evan and Meredith.

(*To be continued.*)

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up, brother, never give up!
God has a blessing for those who work hard.
Why should you murmur and grumble and fret,
And envy the pleasures from which you're debarred?
Work like a man,
Do the best that you can;
That is the wisest and happiest plan!

Never give up, brother, never give up,
Though the future looks lowering and gloomy and drear;
Though the sun shine not now, yet it may very soon,
So keep up a brave heart, and tread down your fear.
Soon may come light,
And all will be bright,
Only struggle and strive and do what is right!

Never give up, brother, never give up,
Though your burden be heavy and dark be your way;
The bow in the clouds only comes with the rain,
And when night is deepest, then bursts forth the day.
Soon troubles will cease,
And your sorrows decrease;
Only trust in the Lord, and then all will be peace!



Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Milton Wellings.

"Oh, pray tell me the road to Banbury Cross!"

On a certain afternoon late in August, when the fields were "wreathed with nodding corn," a little maiden, of some nineteen summers, might have been seen wandering along one of the prettiest little lanes it is possible to imagine. Every now and then she came to a standstill, and looked anxiously about her.

"I thought," she said—and her voice was as musical as the ring of silver—"that people put up sign-posts to show strangers the way to any place they wished to go to; but not one have I seen since I left Sunniton station, and that must now be miles and miles away. I do so hope I have not started in the wrong direction, for they'll wonder at home what can have become of me."

Perceiving, like a wise little maiden as she was, that it would be foolish to go further on a road which might, after all, turn out to be the wrong one, she determined to wait until she had an opportunity of inquiring. Accordingly she perched herself on a stile, and sat patiently awaiting the expected wayfarer, whiling away the time by gathering the ripe blackberries that grew within her reach.

It was a pretty picture, and would have made the fortune of a roving artist, always supposing that he knew how to paint well enough.

Her patience was not tried very severely, for in less than twenty minutes she heard the sound of footsteps coming along the dusty road. Sounds were borne a long distance on the still autumn air, and she had consequently plenty of time to take stock of the person of whom she proposed to ask her way.

It was a man evidently; she knew that by the sound before she looked up, and now that he drew nearer she saw it was not only a man, but a gentleman. He carried a portfolio under his arm, and one or two long sticks with a ball at the end, the object of which she could not for the moment divine. They look like long drumsticks, she thought, but a gentleman would never carry drumsticks about a country lane, especially as there were no drums to beat. He could not be the drummer of the Banbury Cross Volunteers? No, that thought was absurd, for she knew that person very well by sight, and, moreover, the approaching stranger had not a bit of the air of a drummer; quite the contrary.

"It's very odd," she said aloud, as she jumped down from the stile and prepared to put the necessary question.

"What's very odd, missy?" cried a cheery but respectful voice.

"O, sir, I did not know you could hear me!"

"But I did, you see. Come now, tell me what is very odd. Do you mean me?"

Hetty—for her name was Hetty Bradford—coloured up very much, which, by the way, only served to make her look prettier, as she replied—

"Of course not, sir; I should not be so rude. I was only thinking."

"Thinking aloud! Now, that *is* odd, if you like," he said, with a smile. "But what are you doing here all alone? There is not a house for miles and miles, so far as I am aware."

"That's just it, sir," she replied, simply; "I wish I *could* see a house. I fear I must have lost my way. I left the train at Sunniton station, intending to walk to my home, which the guard told me was about six miles off, across country." Then suddenly remembering that it was not at all advisable to enter into a conversation with one of whom she knew nothing, she said, rather abruptly it must be admitted, "But do not let me detain you, sir. If you could kindly

'Tell me the road to Banbury Cross'

I should feel very much obliged, for I am late as it is, and my parents at home will

'Wonder what's happen'd to me!'"

"Why, Banbury Cross, pretty maiden," he said, "is many a mile ahead. But I'll show you the way—that is if I may?"

She thanked him for the information, and accepted his kind offer, for she saw at once that he was a gentleman, and she also knew that if left to herself she never could have reached her home before nightfall. Still she wondered what those "drumsticks" were for. Hetty was not stupid, far from it; but she was only the daughter of a small farmer, and had not seen very much of the world as yet.

"So they journeyed along towards Banbury Cross,
Through lanes that were border'd with flowers."

And Hetty told her guide, in that simple little manner she possessed, of the lanes and woods near Banbury Cross, where she was in the habit of searching for ferns and mosses.

"Don't you think, sir," she cried, with sudden fervour, "that ferns are the prettiest things in the world?"

"Well, miss," for he had not learnt her name by this time, "they are very charming, I admit, and I am a great admirer of them myself; but they are not *quite* the prettiest things in the world. The prettiest thing to my mind is a charming little country maiden, sitting on a stile pulling blackberries, and half-inclined to cry because she has missed her way home, poor little thing!"

Hetty looked at him with her big brown eyes, and for a moment or so did not appear to comprehend the drift of his remark. Then once more the colour flew up to her temples, and she could only ejaculate a surprised "O, sir!"

"But I mean it, Hetty," he said, "and I ought to be an authority, for I am an artist, you know. I had a picture in the Academy this year, and shall have one in next, on one condition."

He paused, and Hetty thereupon felt bound to say—

"And pray what is that, sir?"

"That you will let me paint your portrait, miss."

That shy "O, sir!" was again forced from Hetty's lips, but she was too much surprised to offer any further remarks.

"May I?" continued he.

"Really, sir, I am not worth painting; I should spoil your picture. I——"

"Now you know very well that you would do nothing of the kind," he laughed, "for I would not believe the most truthful of pretty girls were she to tell me that she did not know she was pretty!"

"Then, sir, you must please ask my father. I don't know what he'll say, I'm sure; but he's certain to allow it if *I* wish it. O, he's such an old dear!" she exclaimed.

"And you are the little fawn, eh, Hetty?" But Hetty did not see the joke, so he continued, "What with the pretty country, the ferns, flowers, the old and the young 'dears,' not forgetting the world-renowned cakes, Banbury Cross must be a charming place.

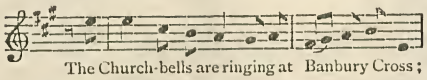
'What happy lives must be led.
How I wish, yes I do, that I lived there too!'"

The distance they had to walk was about four miles, but it seemed very short, and Hetty confessed to herself that she felt anything but pleased when her father's farmhouse came in view. Not that she did not wish to see its occupants, for she longed to do so, but she wished it had been a little further on.

"Then to-morrow morning, Hetty, I shall call and ask Mr. Bradford for his permission to put you in my picture," said the artist, as he quitted Hetty close to her gate. "Good-bye for the present!"

"Good-bye, sir, and many thanks for your kindness in having shown me the way."

Saying which she tripped off, and was soon in the midst of her family, retailing to its members the particulars of her eventful walk from Sunniton, and the obliging artist who had accompanied her on her journey.



The Church-bells are ringing at Banbury Cross;

And why? Is it difficult to guess? I think not. Mr. Bradford willingly gave his consent to the painting of Hetty's portrait, and day by day that little lady and her artist friend grew dearer and dearer to each other. After a few weeks he asked her to be his wife. He was a fine, manly, upright man; so, she, "whispering 'I'll never consent,' consented," and the wedding of the happy pair was fixed to take place in the May following. So—

"Afar and anear there rings many a cheer
For those to be married to-day."

And the hearty wish of the writer is that they may "live happy ever after," as is the case with all people in the fairy tales, and no doubt the fair readers of this authentic little story will re-echo this wish, and think of the farmer's daughter and the roving artist whenever they eat Banbury cakes, which he trusts will be often, for they are very, very nice.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

By MEDICUS.

THE permanganate of potash, which forms the basis of Condy's disinfecting fluid as well as Condy's ozonised water, possesses remarkable powers of purification. It is a reddish brown salt, and can be bought for a reasonable price from any respectable chemist. In cases of sickness it is invaluable as a disinfectant. Redden a quart of water by mixing a teaspoonful of the salt in it and shaking the bottle, and pour a little of this into a saucer, standing it in a room wherever the air is likely to be tainted. A little of this water may be used to slightly tinge the bath, or the water with which you wash the hands, or rinse the mouth. When the breath is offensive, either the stomach, lungs, or teeth are in fault. If the former, a little Gregory's powder is a good thing to take every morning. And three times a day, ten drops of the following mixture should be taken in a little water: twenty grains of permanganate of potash, dissolved in five ounces of pure water. If there is reason to believe that the lungs are weakly, there is nothing in the world better than moderate exercise in the open air, especially on sunny days, and the light brown cod liver oil. Begin with a teaspoonful three times a day after meals, and gradually increase till a tablespoonful can be taken. It may not seem to agree at first, but persist in it, nevertheless. It is a grand remedy for all kinds of constitutional weaknesses.

Many girls between the ages of ten and fifteen suffer from what we medical men call *anæmia*, or, in plain English, poverty of blood. Such girls are often looked upon as merely delicate, and little that can be of any avail is attempted to be done for them. Here is a case in point, and it teaches a lesson that you will do well to lay to heart. Miss Julian A. is fourteen years of age; she is an only daughter and adored by her parents. But her mother says, expressively, "Julian won't make old bones." Her mother's words may come true, because this is the way in which she is treated: She is kept and coddled almost constantly within doors, she has always a little fire in her bedroom, and the window is seldom opened. If she goes out she is positively burdened with clothes, and, in addition to all kinds of good living, she is made to drink wine "to keep her up." She is pale and blanched in appearance, too weakly to work, and suffers from *back ache*. This case, and all others of the same kind, requires plenty of exercise in the open air, the companionship of other girls of the same age, good food, cod liver oil, and tonics of iron, of which the following is an excellent sample: twenty grains each of sulphate of quinine, dried sulphate of iron, and the extract of henbane made into fifteen pills, and one taken twice a day. With this treatment an aloes pill should be taken at night about once a week. I ought to tell you that ten drops three times a day in a little water of the tincture of iron, or "steel drops," is an excellent tonic for pale weakly girls. But they ought by all means to take plenty of open air exercise. They should not make hot-house plants of themselves. Hot-house plants are good enough to look at, but they are of no other use that I know of.

Girls of weakly habit and constitution often suffer from *fainting fits*. So, too, do older people, and everyone ought to know what to do in a case of this kind. When a person faints, then, or swoons and falls to the ground, place her prone on the floor or sofa, the head being level with the body or not raised above an inch, loosen the clothes, let her have fresh air by opening doors and windows, rub the breast with brandy or spirits, dash cold water in the face, and apply smelling salts to the nostrils. The mistakes people generally make in fainting fits are: first, crowding too much around the patient, thus excluding the fresh air; and secondly, raising the head above the level of the body. *Epilepsy* or *falling sickness* is distinguished from fainting by the convulsions, grinding of the teeth, and foaming at the mouth. Little can be done during the fit further than preventing the patient from hurting herself or biting the tongue; the clothes should be loosened, however, and fresh air admitted.

A fit of *hysterics* is usually brought on through fatigue, or by mental emotion of some kind. It is too well known to need description. I cannot lay down any general plan of treatment. During the fit, some may be

relieved by being gently soothed, others may need a soothing drink, followed by rest; but at all events, as it is only a weakly person who can be subject to hysterics, tonics should be taken in the intervals, quinine and iron &c., with good diet and moderate exercise, and the bath.

Have my readers ever heard of a disease called *St. Vitus' Dance?* It is characterised by uncontrollable movements of the hands, or feet, or face, or even of the whole body, which greatly interfere with walking, or working, or even talking. It is far more common among young girls than among boys. Very distressing though this complaint be, both to the patient herself and to her friends, most cases can be cured by care and kind treatment. Patients who suffer from St. Vitus' Dance are generally irritable in temper. They ought never, therefore, to be excited, far less mimicked. They should have no worry, not even the worry of lessons to learn. The diet should be nutritious, with plenty of milk. The cold shower bath may be tried, it does great good when the shock can be borne. Or the sea-salt bath may be taken every morning before breakfast, cold if possible, if not, tepid. Two large handsful of sea-salt should be added to each bucketful of water used. Then, exercise out of doors will be found exceedingly beneficial, if taken with regularity and judgment. Meanwhile cod liver oil must not be forgotten, and a tonic; I have great faith in a combination of zinc and steel, with an occasional aloetic pill. Take twenty grains of phosphate of zinc, one drachm of tincture of iron, one drachm of dilute phosphoric acid, and mix in eight ounces of peppermint water. Of course a chemist or druggist must compound this; the dose will be two tablespoonfuls twice a day, for a girl about fifteen; if only about ten years of age, one tablespoonful will be enough.

The old-fashioned plan of treating a *common cold* is by no means to be despised, and if taken in time is generally effectual. Warm drinks should be taken, according to this method, before going to bed, and about eight grains of Dover's powder for a girl of fourteen or fifteen. A handful of mustard should be thrown into a pailful of hot water, and used as a foot-bath, and an extra blanket should be put upon the bed to induce perspiration. Care should be taken to wrap up well next day, and to live as well as possible.

A teaspoonful of the solution of the acetate of ammonia, with fifteen to thirty drops of the spirits of sweet nitre, taken in cold water, three or four times a day, is a nice mixture to reduce the heat of body and the feverishness caused by a cold. So simple a remedy should find a place in every family medicine chest. When the cold attacks the chest, there will be at first a harsh, dry, and painful cough; the pain gets less or goes away entirely when the cough is accompanied by expectoration, which it is in the second and last stage. A mustard poultice may be applied to the front of the chest, or friction, till the lower part of the throat and upper part of the chest are well reddened, with turpentine. You apply the turpentine by pouring about a tablespoonful of it over a piece of flannel, wrung from water as hot as you can hold it. This and the same treatment as that recommended for a common cold will usually give relief.

Many young girls are greatly troubled with *indigestion*. This tiresome complaint, trifling though it may seem to some, should never on any account be neglected, because it is the forerunner, and even the cause, of many dangerous and fatal illnesses. Independent of this, no one can look well who suffers from it; the complexion of a dyspeptic girl is never clear, nor is her eye bright and full. Anyone suffering from indigestion should first and foremost find out the cause. Let her ask herself these questions: Do I take sufficient outdoor exercise? Do I practise early rising and always take my matutinal bath? Do I eat intemperately or eat in haste? Are my studies too long and tedious? The lighter and the more easily digested the food which a dyspeptic person takes the better, too long intervals between meals are injurious, and so, of course, is overloading the stomach. Milk is the best beverage, and tea should be avoided. Ginger ale may be taken with dinner; of medicines the fewer the better, but gentian bitters will do good if taken about half-an-hour before meals, and if there be paleness of the countenance, or inside of lips and gums, iron will do good (steel drops). If the tongue be yellow or white in the morning, the liver is probably somewhat in fault, in which case dandelion tea may be taken in doses of half a wineglassful three or four times a day. The proportion is, of dandelion root sliced and bruised, one ounce boiled for a quarter of an hour in a pint of water. It is then simply strained, and enough water added to make it measure a pint. A teaspoonful or two of cream of tartar may be mixed in water, and half a teaspoonful of Howard's carbonate of soda added, and taken first thing in the morning; this medicine is very cooling and agreeable. A small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a wineglassful of water is an instantaneous cure for *heartburn*.

I know that many of my youthful readers suffer greatly from that most dreadful complaint called *tic douloureux* or *neuralgia* of the face. The pain is usually confined to one-half of the face and head, and comes on in paroxysms of great severity; an attack may last for days or even for weeks. Then it may be absent for quite a long time, when some little irregularity in diet or accidental chill may bring it all back again. It is most common in *weakly* girls.

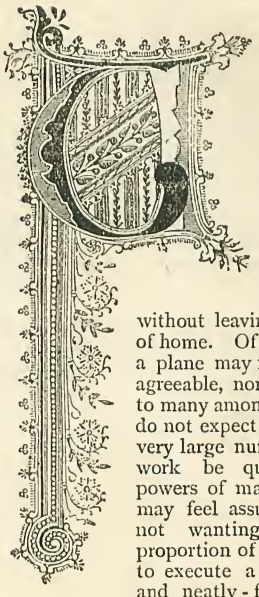
To get rid of tic, the first thing to do is to have the teeth examined by a proper dentist. The removal of a bad one will often in itself suffice to effect a cure; a mild pill of aloes and pepsine combined may be taken about once a week, but stronger medicine is objectionable. An ointment composed of one grain or a grain and a half of aconitine with sixty grains of lard may be carefully and cautiously rubbed into the painful part of the cheek in front of the ear. A skilled chemist would tell you exactly how to use this. Liniments of chloroform, belladonna, and aconite are also worthy of a trial. But there is one medicine for the relief of neuralgic pains that I must not omit mentioning, because it often—mind I do not say, always—acts like a charm; I refer to sal ammoniac. The dose for a grown up person would be twenty grains in about half a cupful of water, repeated every hour till four doses were taken. If relief is obtained, the medicine should be taken three or four times a day for a week. About half the dose would do for a girl of about twelve.

Having got rid of the torture, a great effort ought to be made to improve the general health, and so prevent its return. Quinine wine should be used three times a day, with steel drops if the patient be pale and bloodless looking. The diet should be nourishing. Milk should be substituted for coffee or tea. The clothing ought to be warm, and the feet especially kept comfortable, white flannel must be worn next the skin. The Turkish bath twice a week is worthy of a trial.

I hope my readers will get any prescriptions I may give from time to time, either in my papers or in my Answers to Correspondents, made up by a regular chemist, except indeed, the more simple of them, such as dandelion or chamomile tea, &c. I would also remind them that unless attention to the ordinary rules of health is paid, such as regulation of diet, exercise, fresh air, early hours, and the bath, medicines will not work the wonders which they ought.

HOME TRADES.

Frame-Making.



THE art of making and gilding picture frames appears to have been much overlooked by women hitherto, as a branch of industry which might be easily accomplished by them, and this without leaving the threshold of home. Of course, to handle a plane may not appear either agreeable, nor very practicable to many amongst them; but we do not expect to find pupils in very large numbers, and if the work be quite beyond the powers of many of our sex, we may feel assured that there is not wanting a considerable proportion of men also, unable to execute a well-constructed, and neatly-finished piece of handiwork of any description, even if it were to save their lives!

The first consideration must naturally be given to the amount of expenditure essential to the carrying on of the work. Fortunately, a good deal of labour and time is saved in frame-making in consequence of the facility of procuring strips of every variety of prepared mouldings; and even ready gilt, if desired. These may be purchased in any lengths required and suitable for making gold frames, from the handsome "Alhambra," down to the simplest "bead." There are also ornamental mouldings in the form of stars, roses and other devices to be purchased in quantities, made of some kind of composition, which may be attached to the corners or sides of flat frames, not otherwise decorated. Ovals are to be procured ready made, and nothing remains to be done save the gilding. In all the mouldings sold for picture-frames, the rabets at the inner side, into which the painting and glass are to be inserted, will be found ready prepared.

The trade of the carver and gilder naturally divides itself into two departments, as the name itself implies; and thus renders a double set of implements and materials essential at the very outset. A work-shop, also, must be found in some part of the home-dwelling for this, as for several other of our "Home Trades." Though by no means very dirty or noisy work, it would not be suitable as a drawing-room occupation.

There are three methods of gilding in reference to picture frames; the mat, or water gilding, the oil, and the burnish. Mat gilding is that dead gold style done on the flat, either applied to the inner and separate portion, immediately surrounding the picture, and frequently leaving an oval opening for it in the centre; or else to the square-made flat exterior part of the frame, the plainness of which may be relieved, if desired, by the affixing of certain decorations at the corners, which may be gilded in like manner.

The appliances absolutely required for the making of the frame itself consist of the following: a mitre-block, mitre shoot, nine-inch tenon saw, trying plane, bradawls and brads of various sizes, carpenters' measure, oil stone, hammer, two-and-a-half-inch vice, at 6s. 6d., glue-pot and brush, and emery paper.

Were further expense no serious object, an iron "mitre machine" might be added to this list—as doing the work more quickly, and perhaps more accurately than by using the vice—the cost of which will amount to two or three pounds. The mitre block and shoot are inexpensive, and can be made by any carpenter. They are made of wood only, and are employed in the work. The trying plane is a large and heavy instrument, but as it is laid always resting upon its side on the mitre-shoot, the weight will not prove a source of difficulty to a woman's hand and wrist.

Before entering into any details of the work I will give an outline of the whole, further particulars respecting each separate branch of the same being given in its proper order of succession :—

1. Mark and saw the mouldings into appropriate lengths in the mitre-block.
2. Finish ends in mitre-shoot (or machine).
3. Put together in vice.
4. Stop holes.
5. Rub down with emery paper.
6. Brush over with chrome clay.
7. Rub down when dry.
8. Apply two coats of size.
9. Paint with oil-gold size.
10. Gild.
11. Skew off.
12. Finish with ormolu size.
13. Colour back with ochre.

If mat, or water gilding, be required, the work is similar at the commencement, but differs after No. 7, thus :—

8. Apply four coats of mat-size.
9. Rub down with emery paper.
10. Wash lightly with sponge.
11. Apply weak size.
12. Lay on gold leaf with water.
13. Relay where the gold is defective.
14. When dry rub off with wadding.
15. Apply two coats of size.
16. Colour back with ochre.

Having selected the moulding, first measure the lengths required for the uprights and horizontals of the frame, and mark them at the short ends of the mitred cuttings respectively. Then take the long portion of the moulding and lay it on the foot of the mitre board, so adjusting the mark upon it as to correspond with the diagonal incision through the upper portion of the board. Into this aperture the saw should be introduced, which will guide it in the severance of the moulding at such an angle as will form a good corner, when united to its fellow piece. Having sawn out the four lengths, you next transfer each successively to the mitre-shoot. This instrument has likewise a projecting foot, but at one side, not facing its employer like the implement before-named. On this foot the plane is laid, with the iron cutter on one side, facing inwards. Sharpen it well on the oil-stone, and then secure it by means of its wedge in the plane; but not too tightly, so as to preclude its adjustment—which is a delicate matter—as the edge must only be just visible, protruding from the flat surface of the plane, when looking along it from one end to the other, held closely to the eye. To make it fall very exactly into the right position strike the upper end of the cutter smartly with the hammer; and when quite true, secure it firmly by striking in the wedge. The shoot has a triangular fixture of wood on the top, formed by the conjunction of two flat pieces, or bars of wood, placed like a *chevron*, or two sides of a triangle, with a section of the sharp angle cut off flush with the raised board to which it is affixed. Against the nearest side of this triangle lay the moulding, adjusting the mitred end towards the plane; hold it firmly with your right hand, and plane with the left. The shoot will have to be turned round for the planing of the opposite ends of all the four mouldings respectively, and the plane worked with the right hand.

Plane carefully, and examine the ends of the mouldings while working with the plane, to see that the cutting be sharp and clear. If the cutter be at all blunt, the fibres of the wood may be frayed, or even split up at the edges.

Having well finished the mitrings and proved that they will fit together truly with their respective fellows, take one of the long lengths and secure it in the vice, facing upwards; then take a short one and lay it up against the end, so as to form a sharp angle by their connection. Let the extreme edge of the second, or short, half of the chamfered end project in the least possible degree beyond the first, to allow for the hammering in of the brads; hold them securely together, bore two holes for the brads, directing the awl, so as to go through the thickest part of the wood. Then hammer in well, but carefully. The brads should be two-and-a-half-inch ones, for two-inch mouldings.

The frame being put together, the gilding is next to be considered. The appliances requisite for this part of the work must be enumerated. For oil gilding—pipeclay, size, and chrome-yellow mixed; gold-leaf books, from 1s. 3d. upwards to the treble gold; tips (broad, flat squirrels' hair brushes, with short flat handles): "skewing" brushes; white, hard spirit varnish; mat-gold size; emery paper; ormolu (in solution); burnish size; oil sizes; agate burnishers; gold knife; gold cushion, for cutting upon; round bristle and thick camels'-hair brushes; parchment and cotton wool.

Gold books contain twenty-five leaves, each about three inches square; they are counted by the hundred, not by the books. There are many different tones of colour in the gold. The cushion might be home-made. It only consists of a small square, like an ordinary pincushion, made of wood, covered with baize; and, secondly, with chamois or buff leather very tightly sewn over it. At one end there should be a little screen, made of a double piece of parchment, sloping down at each side round the corners, which may be nailed on with broad-headed nails or tacks. This barrier secures the gold-leaf from being blown away. This cushion should have some little straps attached to it underneath, one through which to insert the thumb of the left hand and the knife. Mat-gold size is composed of one part yellow ochre, two of copal varnish, three of linseed oil, four of turpentine, and five of boiled oil. Mix these. The ochre must be previously ground to the finest powder, together with a small quantity of oil, before being blended with the other materials.

When the frame has been put together, it must be "stopped"; that is, all the crevices, and the holes where the brads have been driven in, must be filled in with a stiff compound of whiting and size. Then rub down the whole surface of the frame carefully with emery paper, rather fine in quality. At this stage of the work it must be decided whether mat, otherwise water, or oil gilding be preferred. If the former, it will have the appearance of dead gold, and cannot be burnished. Thus, the dull and bright portions of a frame, if both be united, must be worked in a manner dissimilar the one from the other. Oil gold may bear being carefully washed, treatment to which the burnished can never be subjected.

We will suppose that the frame has been rubbed down for oil-gilding. Give it now a coat of the pipe-clay size, and chrome-yellow mixture, which is of the consistency of paste, and which must be painted on it when boiling, but very smoothly and thinly. When dry, brush size all over it, to prevent its soaking in; and then again polish with the emery paper. Two coats of size must now be applied, and then put on the oil gold size over-night, and leave that to dry till the morning. This oil gold may be bought in a pot ready-made. It will take about twelve hours to dry sufficiently, and when slightly "tacky," it will be ready for the laying on of the gold leaf.

It is now time that you should collect your gilding materials and tools around you—the cushion, gold-book, gold knife, tip, a saucer of water, and two or three camels' hair brushes of different sizes. Take the cushion in the left hand, together with the gold book, and having calculated the number of "lays" (or layers of gold leaf) required to cover a certain length and width of frame, raise a leaf out of the book by means of the tip—which you must lightly brush over your hair, to give it the very slight degree of greasiness requisite, for attaching the leaf to it for a moment—lay it on the cushion, and cut it into three or four strips. Then dip one of the camel's hair brushes into a saucer of clean water, and wet a small portion of the frame or moulding, extending just beyond the extreme length of the lay about to cover it; then with the tip again slightly stroked over your hair, pick up the lay and place it on the wet spot prepared for it. This will need carefulness, as it must not be put awry. Blow forcibly upon it to disperse any superfluous water from underneath it; and, lastly, press it closely down with a camel's hair brush. When the next lay is to be placed in position, wet the extreme end of the last, when preparing the rest of the foundation for it, and let each successive lay overlap the edge of its predecessor, letting the water flow over it, but carefully guarding against any breakage of the delicate edge. If the overlapping extend about the eighth of an inch it will be sufficient. When the whole is completely covered with gold, stand it aside to dry.

Should the frame be a handsomely decorated one, having a more or less elaborate design, some portions suitable for burnishing will be in bold relief, and some in low—the latter occupying the sunken spaces enclosed with the major parts of the design. To make the gold adhere to these in every little crevice, you must take the large round brush intended for the purpose, and according to the technical phraseology employed in the trade, "skew-off." This means that you should work it round and round with a circular movement of the brush, which will serve to work-in the gold, in a manner which could not be accomplished by any other method. This done, mix about six drops of ormulu in a teacupful of size, and brush it all over the work.

The portions of the design which require to be burnished must now be prepared. Give them two or three coats of burnish size, and then add any scraps of gold leaf where the gilding has been deficient, wetting these spots with water a little beyond their respective margins, as before directed, to make the leaf adhere. Then take a piece of cotton wool, and with a very light touch brush off all loose ends and particles of gold that may cling about the smooth surface. When quite dry, take the burnishers, two or three of slightly differing size and shape respectively, and rub carefully and steadily up and down, to and fro, over the portions to be brightened, with a firm, yet gentle pressure, adapting the curved agates to the form to which they are applied. This is a long and delicate piece of work, over which you must not attempt to hurry. After this has been satisfactorily accomplished, apply either yellow gold-lacquer, or white hard spirit varnish, and then colour the back of the frame with the ochre.

Supposing that you have a frame requiring to be re-gilt, you must first wash it with a sponge dipped in clean water, and when dry make a mixture of water gold-size and thin parchment size, and paint it warm on the frame with a camel's hair brush. When dry,

give a second coat, and when ready rub down with fine sand or emery paper. Then lay on the gold leaf, and stand it for a time to dry more thoroughly, on its edge. When quite firm, dip a fine brush into water, and brush the gold over lightly with it, to remove any loose particles, and if any spots appear to have any deficiency of gold, lay on what is needful, and then give the whole a coat of the clear parchment size; painting the back of the frame afresh with ochre.

Before concluding I may add a few words on the cleaning of gilt frames. Many a frame has been subjected to the most destructive treatment at the hands of the housemaid, who in washing off fly-marks, has removed all the gilding with them. Damp a small sponge with hot spirits of wine, or turpentine, and, having lightly wiped the gilding with it, leave it to dry. If burnished gilding, dust it with a brush of badger's hair, dip the sponge in gin and water, and pass it very lightly over the surface, drying the gold by mopping it with a silk handkerchief; after which apply the varnish beforenamed.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER X.

"PLEASE GIVE ME A REWARD."

IT was a rule at Crofton House that the twenty minutes before the dinner hour should be relaxation time. The girls might spend that little space exactly as they pleased, even in doing absolutely nothing, if they so chose. But there was one privilege especially attached to those twenty minutes which had as much as anything to do with the happy atmosphere usually prevailing in the establishment.

From ten minutes past one until the half-hour the Principal was always quietly seated in her arm-chair in her own study—in the winter beside the fire, in the summer beside the window leading through the wide French glass doors into the garden. And thither anyone of the inmates of her home was welcome to come, from the senior English governess, the next in authority to herself in the house, down to the shock-headed little lad who weeded the gravel-paths and cleaned the boots.

Anyone who was in trouble, perplexity, difficulty, or even disgrace, might claim a hearing from the chief during those invaluable twenty minutes. If two happened to come together, it was established that the younger, and presumably the weaker, had first attention. But, as a rule, the wheels of the establishment ran so smoothly that very frequently for weeks together Miss Crofton would have her twenty minutes as a little quiet breathing interval for herself. The privilege had been made more use of since Miss Edison's arrival than the schoolmistress ever remembered to have been the case during a similar period since its first establishment the year after she set up her school.

To tell the truth, Miss Nellie very much enjoyed a quiet chat with Miss Crofton, for whom her liking was as great as her dislike for Miss Rowe, and she seized every excuse to plead admission during the holiday minutes to the sanctum. Then Miss Rowe had several times claimed an audience to complain of her headstrong pupil, and once Milly Wilmot's rosy, round face had made its appearance, all tear-stained and piteous, to beg off a punishment which she had incurred through following the mischievous Nellie's leadership. Altogether the patient, hard-worked Principal had begun to resign herself to the expectation of daily visitors, and was accordingly the less disappointed when, soon after she had left little Rose quietly sleeping away some of the effects of her tumble, a tap came to the study door, and was followed by the appearance of



"MY DEAR CHILD, YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO EXCITE PROFESSOR SMITH INTO AGITATION."

Helen Edison's curly dark head. The eyes beneath the curls were not quite so brave as usual in their glances, and the two little slim white hands hung down in front with a copy-book between them.

"Come in," said the Principal. But her voice was very quiet, even stern, in its gravity. Miss Crofton was having a good deal of trouble with this wilful, indulged, only child, and the half-understood matter of the pretended scratch and interruption of one of the master's classes had much annoyed her. She was not disposed to greet her pupil's interruption of her quietude with her usual genial greetings and friendly welcome. However, Helen did not expect smiles just then, so she was not disappointed. She obeyed the "Come in" meekly, and as the schoolmistress looked at the girl's fine expressive, earnest face, she began to grant a pardon before it was asked.

"I am very sorry I vexed you, madam, by laughing in the class to-day," began Helen, demurely; "but—but—he did look so—funny." And then that mischievous crimson mouth began to unbend and quiver into laughter—that laughter which nearly everyone found themselves so utterly unable to withstand.

Miss Crofton made a vigorous effort at self-control as she said—

"My dear child, you had no right to excite Professor Smith into agitation. You had no right at all, as you well know, to allude to any matters whilst with him outside such as were connected with your studies. How you came to forget yourself so far I cannot understand."

"It was owing to that," replied Helen, opening the book she had brought with her at the cat and dove drawing. Like the Professor, Miss Crofton was for a few moments lost in admiration of the unsuspected genius displayed in the spirited little sketch, whose meaning she read too clearly to need explanation. At last Helen said, quietly—

"I made the sketch in my book without thinking, and then I could not tear it out because of the sums, and when the Professor asked me about it I could not say 'the cat is Miss Rowe,' could I? I did tell him after you had gone out of the room that it was a two-legged cat. I could not do more, I thought."

"I should think not," said Miss Crofton, with a half laugh, which she could not wholly stifle. "I should think not, indeed, as regards saying for whom you meant the cat. But, my dear child, do you not know that your sketch is a proof of a great want of charity? You make Miss Rowe's life far harder for her than it need be. Teaching is very trying and wearying work under any circumstances. But for Miss Rowe it is harder than it would be for many. She has a high, impatient temper, like yourself, which she needs to be perpetually curbing in dealing with even her most docile pupils, and this in itself is very tiring; but you expect her never to be irritable, never to be hasty, never to be

severe, never to look for obedience from you unless she will spend time and care in almost suing for it. This is very unjust of you and discourteous. It is also much against your parents' intention in placing you here. If your father were in this room at this moment he would tell you that one of the highest duties anyone can learn is to learn to obey."

"I do obey you," said Helen, in a low tone.

"Yes," said Miss Crofton, gently, "that is very true. But, my child, why do you obey me? Is it for the sake of obedience, or is it because I have been so happy as to win your love?"

"Because I love you," was the instant answer; but the handsome young face looked thoughtful too, and hopefully yielding.

The schoolmistress drew her to her side as she continued, kindly—

"And for the future you will continue to obey me because you love me, and you will yield obedience where obedience is due to others for duty's sake, even perhaps a little also to spare me the vexation of having to listen to complaints about you? I can even give you another reason that I think will help to make your submission to Miss Rowe more easy to you."

"What?" eagerly. "That she will be going away soon?"

"No, indeed," answered the Principal, rather taken aback. "Certainly not, unless you worry her so that she is obliged to go. I was about to tell you that she has a widowed mother and young brother greatly dependent on her exertions, and you will be truly guilty of great cruelty if you trouble her that she cannot remain here, or that I should find I cannot keep her. Do you understand?"

"Ye—es," said Miss Nellie, slowly. Matters had taken a wholly unexpected attitude to her. After a silence of some minute or more, she said at length, but unconsciously, with the air of a gracious little queen—"Yes, then. I will put up with her for the sake of the little brother, and to please you, as much as ever I can for the future. I will really; and to reward me for that beforehand you will please say yes to what I am going to ask you, won't you?"

For answer Miss Crofton gave free vent to her laughter this time, as she exclaimed—

"Well, truly, you are a little Miss Impudence to come asking rewards for doing, or rather for the present only promising to do, what you deserve punishment for not doing!"

Nevertheless Helen Edison's petition was granted, for it was a generous request to be allowed four times a week to give up her scanty leisure to helping poor Josephine with her lessons.

(*To be continued.*)

SOUFFLÉS.

BEFORE leaving puddings entirely, I think girls would be glad to know how to make the very delicious superior puddings called soufflés. Soufflés are troublesome, because there are so many little points about them which seem trifling, but which really must be attended to; but these are not very difficult when one has got into the way of doing them. Anyhow, great care must be taken with them, and the directions I am about to give must be followed *exactly*. There must be no guess work with soufflés. If a girl is inclined to say to herself, "Why be so particular about small things? I daresay they do not really signify," her soufflé will be a failure. Soufflés may be either baked or steamed. When they are baked they are served in the tin in which they are cooked. In this case a frill of white paper or a folded napkin made hot is fastened round the tin, or if there is such a thing at hand the mould is put into a plated soufflé dish kept for the purpose. It is not every one, however, who possesses a plated dish of this kind; and when we have to manage without one, care must be taken to have the paper frill or the folded napkin quite ready to pop over the soufflé, for it must be served straight from the oven before it has time to fall, or its excellence will be gone. Many cooks have a hot salamander—or, what does just as well, a red-hot shovel—ready, and hold it over the soufflé on its passage from the kitchen to the dining-room door, in order to keep it up.

I should, however, recommend a girl, until she acquired a little skill in this direction, to steam the soufflé instead of baking it. A steamed soufflé does not sink so quickly as a baked one; it is easier to manage also; and, in my opinion, quite as good. Also, neither soufflé dish nor frill is needed for it. It is simply turned upon a hot dish, and the sauce which, of course, was made ready for it, is poured round it, when it is ready to serve.

One word, however, I must say by way of warning. Keep the tin that is used for steaming soufflés *exclusively* for steaming soufflés; never let it be put into the oven, and do not allow a tin that is used to bake soufflés to be washed out when done with. Scrape it well and wipe it out with a dry cloth or a piece of clean paper. In making a soufflé, the first thing that we have to do is to prepare the tin. It should be an ordinary plain tin mould that will hold a pint and a half. Butter it well inside, using the fingers in doing this so that every part may be reached. Cut a round of paper, butter this also, and lay it at the bottom. Now take a large sheet of kitchen paper, fold it to make a band that will go round the tin, spread butter with a knife on the part that will be above the tin, and place the paper outside so that it will rise two or three inches above the rim, and tie it on securely. Put 1oz. of butter in a small stewpan, melt it, then stir in 1oz. of flour. When quite smooth, add a dessert-spoonful of fine white sugar and one gill, or a quarter of a pint, of milk. Keep stirring the sauce till it boils and thickens. When it leaves the sides of the stewpan quite clean it is done, but it should not be taken off before this point is reached. Lift the stewpan off the fire, then take three eggs, break them into a cup, divide the whites from the yolks, and put the yolks, one at a time, into the mixture. When all are well beaten in, add fifteen drops of vanilla, or any other suitable flavouring.

It is a little dangerous to say how much flavouring should be put into anything: firstly, because tastes differ about flavours; and, secondly, because essences vary in strength. Vanilla essence, for example, is very much stronger when the bottle is freshly opened than it is after it has been used three or four times. Therefore, as I said when we were speaking of puddings, it is best to put a small quantity of essence in at a time, and taste it before adding more. If a newly-opened bottle of vanilla is used, fifteen drops will be too much.

We must now whisk the whites of the eggs, with one more white added to make four whites, till we have a firm, stiff froth, so firm that we can cut it through with a knife. (In making soufflés we must always have more whites than yolks of eggs.) If we have an egg whisk we can soon make the eggs firm, but if not we should put the whites on a plate, and beat them with a clean, broad-bladed knife that has been dipped in cold water and wiped dry. Also we shall find that the eggs will froth much more quickly if beaten in a draught. When they are quite firm stir them lightly into the mixture, and pour it into the tin already prepared. Have ready a saucepan with boiling water that will come half way up the mould, and that will not reach the paper tied round the tin. Lay a piece of buttered paper on the top of the pudding. Put on the lid and steam the pudding till done. When it is firm in the middle if touched with the finger it is sufficiently cooked.

There is, however, still one more point to be attended to, and that is, the soufflé must be *quickly* steamed. If the water is allowed to boil fast around it, it will be spoiled. It will take from twenty to thirty minutes.

While the pudding is being steamed we may make the sauce. Put a quarter of a pint of cold water in a saucepan, and add one ounce of loaf sugar, and a tablespoonful of jam; boil together till the sauce is reduced to half the quantity, and add four or five drops of lemon juice. When the soufflé is turned into a dish, strain the sauce round it, being careful not to touch the sides, and it is ready to serve.

If we think over the cost of the ingredients of which this pudding is composed, we shall find that it costs eightpence. A quarter of a pint of milk, one penny; four eggs, fourpence; butter for greasing the paper and the tin twopence; flour, flavouring, and sugar, one penny. The sauce will cost twopence-halfpenny; that is, if we allow twopence for the jam, a halfpenny for the sugar, and make ourselves a present of the four drops of lemon juice. I do not think any one will say that, considering this is a superior pudding, it is an expensive one.

By following the above directions soufflés may be made of all kinds of farinaceous substances, such as arrowroot, ground rice, or tapioca, also of sponge biscuits and macaroni. The flavouring also may be varied to suit the taste. Some people like a soufflé flavoured with strong coffee. If we wish to make a coffee soufflé, instead of the vanilla soufflé, the recipe for making which I have given, we should have to substitute very strong coffee and cream for the milk and vanilla. It may, however, be useful if I give the details for making another very delicious dish, lemon soufflé. Clean a fresh lemon, peel the rind off very thinly, being very careful not to take the thick white pith, which is always bitter, put it into a stewpan with half a pint of milk, till the flavour is extracted, then strain it; melt an ounce of butter in a small stewpan; stir in two dessert-spoonfuls of flour and one dessert-spoonful of arrowroot, and when quite smooth and well cooked, add a dessert-spoonful of castor sugar, and, very gradually, the milk. When the sauce is thick and smooth, add the yolks of three eggs, one at a time as in the first instance, and the whites of four eggs, and steam or bake the soufflé according to the directions already given.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

THE RESULT OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.

ESSAY WRITING UPON THE LIFE OF SOME FAMOUS ENGLISHWOMAN BORN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Examiner: THE EDITOR.

THE Essays sent in for this competition amounted to about five hundred, *i.e.*, half of the number forwarded for the previous competition. But as we always value quality before quantity, we are much more contented with this competition, because the style and spirit of the work has been found to be much superior. The girls for the most part have written in an easy, original strain of the leading features of the lives of those forming the subjects of their essays, and have admirably pointed out the valuable lessons to be gathered from the story of their lives.

The essays of many little girls under fifteen have proved surprisingly meritorious, and in the course of a few years we might venture to expect to find some capital writers amongst them.

Nearly fifty essays were thrown out of the examination in consequence of inattention to our printed regulations.

The life of Mrs. Hemans formed the subject of most of the essays, and after her, in point of numbers, came good Mrs. Fry, the prisoners' friend. Then in order came Hannah More, Frances Burney, Mary Sommerville, Sarah Martin, Charlotte Elliott, the author of "Just as I am," Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, Jane Taylor, Catherine Macaulay, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mary Mitford, with many others too numerous to mention.

FIRST PRIZE, £2 2s.

Keene, Edith Montgomery, Amritsur, The Punjab, India (20), for her essay on Hannah More.

SECOND PRIZE, £1 1s.

Hamilton, Georgiana, 146, Upper Brook-street, Manchester (19), for her essay on Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi.

SPECIAL PRIZE, £1 1s.

Fagan, Edith, Nettlesworth House, Heathfield, Sussex (13), for her essay on the Life of Elizabeth Fry.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Payne, Edith Orsmond, Caterham (17).
Crowther, Henrietta Alicia, Longnor Vicarage, near Buxton (18).
Crowther, Theodosia Phebe A., Longnor Vicarage, near Buxton (20).
Gayford, Edith, Manor House, West Wretham, Thetford (19).
Bedell, Alice Maude, Marlboro' Villa, Harrow (18).
Woodward, Maria Gertrude, Bloomfield-street, Ryde, Isle of Wight (16).
Laurence, Clara T. E., Silvermere, Ryde Vale-road, Balham, S.W. (18)
Robertson, Florence Louisa, The Grove, Batheaston, near Bath (20).
Blick, Edith, Hill-court, Droitwich (16).
Greener, Janet, Alnwick, Northumberland (19).
Murray, Janet, care of Professor Murray, Stellenbosch, Cape Colony, South Africa (13).
Mausen, Eunice Adeline, Derby-terrace, Rochdale, Lancashire (14).
Lewin, E. J., 1. Spanish-road, New Wandsworth, S.W. (15).
Smith, Rosamond Mary, Bent's Green Lodge, Ecclesall, near Sheffield (14).
Bridge, Mary Annie, Stubbylee, Bacup, Manchester (14).
Staynes, Frances Mary, York-street, Wakefield, Yorkshire (15).
Griffin, Rose Marion, 26 Clarkson-street, Ipswich (15).

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Sternberg, F.E., 191, High-street, Cheltenham (20).
Scott, Isa Ward, 4, Hymin-terrace, Penarth, near Cardiff (19).
Seppings, Amelia, Eythorne Rectory, Dover (19).
Nathan, Annette M., 25, Queensborough-terrace, Kensington-gardens, W. (18).
Heritage, Margaret, 19, Cherry-street, Coventry (20).
Silk, Ada Alice, 107, Alexandra-road, Ford, Devonport (20).
Coffee, Margaret Hannah, 1 Belle Vue, Victoria-road, Seacombe, Cheshire (16).
Woodward, Henrietta, 6 Northwich-terrace, N.W. (20).
Ogden, L. M., Ladies' College, New Brighton, Cheshire (16).
Forbes, Kate Janette, 13, Keir-terrace, Pollokshields, Glasgow (16).
Leader, Maud M., Oakburn, Sheffield (17).
Gostling, Edith Cubitt, Edgecumbe-villa, St. James's-road, Upper Tooting, S.W. (16).
Walker, Annie, Barrow-road, Barton-on-Humber (20).
Trotter, Lena, care of Miss Dodd, 7, George-street, Carlisle (16).
Eagleston, Louey, Gloucester-street, Oxford (18).
Ridge, Edith Marion, 4, Normanby-terrace, Whitby (19).
Beaufort, Frances Emma, Mary Egglestone Vicarage, Darlington (18).
Bennett, Minnie, Falfield-green, Falfield, R.S.O., Gloucestershire (18).
Stewart, Jenny Mary, 24, Walpole-street, King's-road, Chelsea (17).
Lyddon, Annie Elizabeth, 2, Oakland Villas, Redland, near Bristol (17).
Clark, Bertha E., Whitefield, Porus P.O., Jamaica, West Indies (18).
Taylor, E. Beatrice A., 17, Taviton-street, Gordon-square, W.C. (18).
Bennett, Constance Henrietta, 22, Cavendish-square, W. (17).
Tennant, Alice V., 14, City Walls South, Chester (14).
Hall, Nellie, Thorn Field, Broad-road, Sale, Cheshire (13).
Petch, Annie, 7, West Bank-terrace, South Cliff, Scarborough (15).
Bennion, Mary Rawlings, Creswell, near Stafford (15).
Payne, Isabel Harriet, Market-place, Wallingford, Berkshire (14).
Mulliner, Beatrice Charlotte, Leigh House, Claughton, Cheshire (13).
Sturt, Susan, 42, The Borough, Farnham, Surrey (14).
Carter, Alice Elizabeth Staples, Eglish Rectory, Benburb, Moy, Co. Armagh (14).
Hall, Alice, 2, Brown-street, Leigh, near Manchester (14).
Lester, Minnie, St. Paul's Parsonage, St. John's-road, Kirkdale, Liverpool (15).
Moos, Sophia, 63, Petherton-road, Highbury New Park, N (15).
Smith, C. C., 6, Heirs-buildings, Westgate, Mansfield, Notts (15).
Spencer, Annie E., 13, Tonsley-hill, Wandsworth, S.W. (14).
Atkins, Emily Annie, 42, Castle-street, Luton, Beds (14).
Keeling, Amy Alice, 72, Caroline-street, Peas Hill-road, Nottingham (12).
Bath, May, Camden House, The Glebe, Blackheath (14).

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Keen, Lizzie Ashley, Red Hill, Surrey (16).
Noble, Elizabeth Buchanan, 83, Brook-road, Bootle, Liverpool (20).
Plant, Marion E., Weston Vicarage, Stafford (18).
Nelson, Florence Mary, Ladies' Collegiate School, Milton-road, Salisbury (19).
Griffin, Anne, 44, High-street, Battersea (18).
Smith, Miriam Ruth, 4, Lyndhurst-square, Peckham, S.E. (17).
Walkden, Roline, 5, The Elms, Clapham Common, S.W. (18).
Ivens, Rose, 62, High-street, Uxbridge, Middlesex (15½).
Penn, Annie Sarah, Brook-street, Gloucester (18).
Beach, Mary Elizabeth, East-street, Bridport, Dorsetshire (18).
Crowther, Mary Alice, 127, Tennyson-place, Otley-road, Bradford, Yorkshire (18).
Giuseppi, Eugénie, The Laurels, Rivercourt, Hammersmith (20).
Kennedy, Charlotte Maria, Kilmore Rectory, Monaghan (19).
Fry, Emily M., Parkside, Darlington (17).
Sandeman, M. M. S., Clarendon Villa, Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, N.B. (17).
Pippin, Alice, Swan Hotel, Broadway, Hammersmith (16).
Man, Ella, Halstead Lodge, Carshalton, Surrey (19).
Boase, Lilian G., Hollingdale, St. James's, Exeter (16).
Owen, Mary Bankside, 148, Manchester-street, Oldham (18).
Davie, Lissa, Brown-street, Port Glasgow (19).
Newbold, Alice, 2, Oxford-parade, Cheltenham (19).
Ward, Nellie, 80, Addison-street, Nottingham (14).
Dunlop, Marion C., Castle-street, Clackmannan (10).
Dykes, Agnes F., 124, Pitt-street, Glasgow (11).
Levetus, Kate Amelia, 11, Clarendon-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham (10).
Hankey, Evelyn, M.A., Elmhurst, Bickley Park, Kent (14).
Godbold, Edith E., 30, Carisbrook-road, St. Leonards-on-Sea (15).
Oakley, Lucy Violet Ellen, St. Saviour's Vicarage, Hoxton, N. (15).
Peel, A., Market-place, Heckmondwike (14).
Mees, Alice Harriet, Comberton Villa, Brettle-lane, near Stourbridge (13).

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.—ESSAY WRITING.

THE Editor offers two Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA for the best essays on the life of any one famous English woman, born in the Seventeenth century. Other deserving competitors will receive a CERTIFICATE OF MERIT. The subject of the essay to be selected by the competitor, and the composition and handwriting to be certified by a minister, parent, or teacher as the girl's unaided work. No one over the age of twenty-one will be eligible for a prize or certificate. There will also be a special prize of ONE GUINEA, to be awarded to the most successful candidate under fifteen years. The essays should be confined in length to a page (three columns) of this Magazine, and the paper be written upon only on one side. The names and addresses of the writers with the above-mentioned certificate, to be clearly written upon the back of the MSS. The last day for receiving essays for this competitition is Lady-day, (March 25), 1881.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANARIENSIS and OTHERS.—1. Paddle away as much as you like, it is wonderfully strengthening to the feet and ankles. 2. We are almost afraid to offer any advice as to the length of time which girls ought to pass in the water. We have frequently offered our advice at the seaside, and it has invariably been rejected. Our private opinion is that twenty minutes will make a very fair average, but much depends on the constitution of the bather. When a bather of either sex finds that the finger tips become white instead of pink, it is a sign that the bath has been too long. Giddiness on coming out of the water tells the same story.

MAIDENHAIR.—Girls of thirteen require at least eight hours' sound sleep, exclusive of the time occupied in the toilet before and after sleep; but they should manage it by going to bed early and not sitting up late.

BERYL ORSMOND.—1. Make the diet of your cockatoo as simple as possible. Perhaps you have been allowing her to nibble at bones or to eat animal food. Give her a bath by all means, but don't put her in it yourself. If she needs a bath, instinct will teach her to use it. 2. You do not mention your age, so we cannot tell how much character your writing ought to have; it certainly is not too small, and it is perfectly legible, but it has a sort of character of its own, the lines slanting downwards instead of upwards, as is the usual feminine fashion. Practise writing with black-lined paper, and you will soon find yourself falling into the right way.

ZULU HAT.—1. Of course you do not "make both ends meet of your income" if on £300 per annum you "keep three servants." One is all you ought to keep, and you should undertake all the light part of the household work yourself. 2. Wreaths of grapes and a few poppies serve best as trimming for a Zulu hat.

STUDENTA.—Go on, enquiring spirit, with your methodical reading; it is one of the secrets of progress. We understand the quotation to refer to certain inferences erroneously drawn from observations made on the brain of the frog as the seat of sensation and mental action. Theology is not likely to be so easily overthrown.

ARCHIMEDES.—1. There is no way of pressing flowers so as perfectly to preserve their natural colour. The colour always fades more or less. But there is a method of drying them with sand and exposure to heat by which they retain their brilliancy pretty well, and also their original form. By this method they will remain in good preservation for several years. 2. The way to overcome the dislike of being alone is to make excellent company of yourself. Improve your mind, then, by reading and thought. Your handwriting might be better, and it will be, Archimedes, if you practice.

ALPHONSIA.—1. Your handwriting is very good for your age. But don't be satisfied; make it still better. 2. Who is afraid? why, bring common-sense to bear upon it. You should live where we do, and go upstairs at midnight to hear the owls hooting in the wood. Whenever you feel particularly nervous repeat to yourself the 4th verse of the 23rd Psalm; it is a fine cordial for all timid folks.

JULIA.—For potato cakes take ten ounces floury potatoes, boiled and smoothly pounded. When just warm add gradually a little salt, six ounces of flour, and three ounces of butter; no liquid is required. When the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, roll the dough into thin cakes the size of a captain's biscuit. Bake in a moderate oven or on a girdle; when done, split open, butter well, and serve very hot.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—1. We are glad that the article on washing has proved so useful to you. In the second and third chapters you will probably find the further information you require. When ironing such small articles as you mention, the oval-shaped or "egg-iron" will do you good service. 2. We regret that we cannot tell you how to eradicate stains made by Condy's Fluid. An eminent chemist informs us that a long and persistent course of bleaching with chlorine might, at length, wear out the stains, but thinks the fabric itself would be worn-out or made tender during the operation. We thank you heartily for your kind and appreciative letter.

AN UNSOPHISTICATED CHILD OF NATURE.—Kindly choose a shorter *nom de plume* when next you write. Do not be *uneasy about* your tortoise. The little gentleman has very likely got a will of his own. Try him with cabbage or greens, but he will go off to sleep by and bye, and when summer days come, he will most assuredly make up for his long fast.

BLANCHE.—1. At your age you need not be alarmed at your hair getting thin; it is probable that your system is a little out of order. Attend to your health; eat and drink nothing that stimulates or heats the system; take a teaspoonful or two of cream of tartar now and then of a morning. Use a hard brush for five minutes every day, morn and night, and the following stimulating pomade. Go to a respectable chemist and tell him to mix you two drachms of Wilson's stimulating ointment in an ounce and a half of nicely-scented pomade. Rub a little of this well into the roots of the hair every day, and wash once a week with juniper-tar soap, or mild carbolic acid soap. 2. Take the cold bath all winter if you are *certain* you feel the benefit of it. If you have any doubts, take a *little* of the chill off.

SYBIL.—Every evening take a note-book and make a list of things to be done on each successive day, a certain time of the day being allotted to each task—some book to be read, some needlework to be continued or completed, household arrangements, or setting in order of drawers, or rooms to be done, letters too long neglected to be written, visits to be paid, or shopping, errands, and work for others if not for yourself. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Life is too important and too brief for the indulgence of indolence. You write fairly well.

MARGARITA AVENAL.—The lines you quote do not appear to be from the pen of any well-known author. They are not poetry. Thank you for your nice letter.

WALLFLOWER.—The lady has the privilege of recognising a gentleman or not, at her own discretion. Your grammar and spelling should be better learnt before you attempt to write letters, and you have employed six capital letters in the wrong places within a space of eight lines.

S. W., H. H., and H. L. write a very fine free hand. That of H. H.'s is good, but less so than S. W.'s.



"ALL SOLD, MISS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO ORDER THE JANUARY PART IN GOOD TIME?"

That of H. L.'s is scarcely yet formed, but might prove very good with care.

A SCOTCHWOMAN spoils her hand by sloping it the wrong way.

JARVIS STREET.—We regret to tell you that our editorial staff is complete; and we already have close connections with Canada.

HELENA.—Much of the Litany used in the Church of England is of very ancient Christian origin, but Cranmer made some part of it. Your hand is a particularly good one.

H. S.—P. P. C. means *Pour prendre congé*; P. D. A. *Pour des adieux*. See our articles on the subject of writing.

MADELINE and IMAGINATION.—The proper pronunciation of the name Cabul is "Caw-bull," the emphasis laid on the first syllable. Your writing is insignificantly small. "Imagination" writes very well.

MAB.—The cause of the death of your "table-plants" may probably be traced to lighting your room with gas. You appear to write with a badly-cut quill pen, so we can scarcely judge of your writing.

COURTENAY.—The pillows of a bed should be covered in the day-time with the quilt, and if the bed be an old-fashioned four-poster, the curtains at the head of the bed should be folded and laid across them, with the ends meeting in the middle. It is more usual to trim the pillows with frillings or lace than the top sheet, but of course it looks pretty to have it so finished.

MOSS ROSE.—Our answers are made to correspondents so many in number that they have to wait for them. Ivy, like most climbing plants, renders the wall on which it grows more or less damp. It also injures the masonry, although it may for some time hold a ruin together.

BETTY.—Doves eat hempseed, crumbs of bread, and indeed any grain almost. Your handwriting is good, but rather large.

MUGGINS.—If moths be already in a mattress, the latter will have to be taken to pieces, and properly baked by a man whose business it is. 2. The name Hugh should be pronounced as if written "Hu," the last two letters being mute. Handwriting not bad, but too large.

JUNETTA.—When the canary's claws have grown so long as to curl round the perch and endanger the catching of his feet in the bars of the cage they should be cut a little with very sharp strong scissors. You write a pretty hand.

RUBY.—You write with too hard a pen. Trim your dress with velveteen. See "Dress of the Month."

DIGNITAS.—You write a very good hand. We thank you for your kind and well expressed letter, and are glad that our correspondence columns interest you so much.

A. C. D.—1. You will find the tales of MM. Erckmann-Chartrain delightfully interesting. 2. The address of the Ladies' British Sanitary Association is 22, Berners-street, W. See Miss Rose Adams.

ANNA.—We could not help you in this matter, as we wholly disapprove of Planchette and all kindred amusements.

PUCK.—Chamois leather gloves are washed in a tepid lather.

LILIAN MARY GRAHAM.—Both your friends failed in good breeding. The gentleman should have taken the penny to pay for the stamp, as he had already laid the lady under an obligation by his prompt kindness in offering it to her. But allowing that the gentleman failed in good breeding, that is no excuse for the lady's declining the stamp altogether. Finding she was not allowed to pay for it, she should have accepted it with a graceful expression of thanks for the gift. Of the two, the lady's fault was the greater.

CUCKOO FLOWER.—*Vive la bagatelle* means "Success to trifling." Not a good sentiment, except interpreted that a little recreation is good for health of mind and body.

F. E. T. R.—Thank you very much indeed for your kind letter. We should strongly advise you not to work up for the examination, as it would most probably ruin what little health you have; and it is so obligatory on all of us to take care of our health. May God bless you, and strengthen you to carry out your resolutions. Your handwriting is beautiful, but the composition of your letter is marred by writing, "I think that *one* must examine *themselves* well."

A SCOTCH GIRL suggests that every girl who has a friend's welfare at heart should *give* her a copy of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and she is kind enough to speak in unqualified terms of its value. She also says that she has introduced the Magazine to eight of her female friends, who are now subscribers. 1. This good little Scotch girl is informed that she can get the Index to vol. i., for one penny, or the Frontispieces to the monthly parts and Index for ninepence, and the beautiful cloth case for two shillings. This cloth case is to be had in many colours, but the editor, in strict confidence and in return for her nice letter, advises her to order the slate colour. Her bookbinder will put the book together at very little cost. 2. Stop plucking the hair from your chin. All will come right in time. Your writing is unequal, part of the letter is written well, and the other part indifferently.

FLOSSIE.—Your writing is not formed yet, but you do your best and are very careful. When you have had a little more practice, your writing will be more easily performed and will look pleasanter. We cannot possibly remember why we did not answer your previous letters.

EMMELINE MARIE LAURENCE.—Sing "Darby and Joan" at your grandparents' golden wedding. Nothing could be better for the purpose. It is simple, beautiful, and in several keys. "Always the same to your old wife Joan!" Would it not be splendid if every wife could say this of her husband.

H. M. E.—1. You should not do your lessons on Sundays. Read with earnest prayer your Bible and other good books between the hours of divine service, and maybe that the peace of God of which you speak might be imparted to you. Acknowledge your own unworthiness and sin, and implore God to receive you by virtue of His Son's merits. 2. Your writing is not good.

MILLIE E. T.—Wear a white cap and white cashmere dress. The plainer the better. Think more of your heart than your garment, and put the other questions to your parson.

CLARINDA.—1. We do not know—and do not wish to know—who wrote the morbid lines which you quote. We think you had better consult a doctor, for you are evidently in a very bad state. 2. Your writing is scandalous.

HAZELDYNE.—Why do you say that you do not care for music, and yet acknowledge that you play Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart. Your sister says that you play well and have a very good touch. We counsel you not to be silly, for you are getting out of the dry-bones part of learning, and will be thankful, when you are older, that you are an accomplished pianist. Your writing is rather nice, and so is your sister's.

A LEFT-OUT ONE.—If it is true that you are selfish, lazy, bad tempered, plain, and unaccomplished, we do not wonder that nobody cares for you, and we trust that you will always keep at a respectful distance from us. Your portrait which you enclose, however, is that of a charming young damsel.



VOL. II.—No. 49. DECEMBER 4, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BIG ROOM.

IT took the best part of two years to collect the money and build the large room so much desired by the inhabitants of Derwen Fawr. But perseverance in what is really good and useful is generally rewarded, and it was finished at last. Many a coin earned and saved with difficulty went towards "buying a brick" in this building, and May's first penny seemed to give an impetus to people young and old, not to despise the "day of small things;" for boxes were



"'ARE YOU LITTLE MAY'S KIND FRIEND?'"

[*All rights reserved.*]

kept by most of the colliers into which stray pence found their way; and these boxes, when opened, contained considerable sums. That same penny was duly placed under the foundation-stone, together with some new coins to mark the date, and every farthing subsequently presented to May was dropped into the box which stood on the window-sill close by the large Bible, at Derwen Fach. A tithe of all Evan and Peggy's earnings was joined to these small offerings, and "The Lord's Box," as Evan reverently called it, had to be frequently opened and emptied because it was often full.

It was a proud day when the room was opened, and no one in the district was prouder, happier, or busier than May Goldworthy. As she and her grandparents approached the structure on the halcyon morn, she danced over the hayfields for joy, and Evan, whose hand she held, did not reproach her. She was no longer dressed in shabby black, but had on a neat white frock and tippet spotted with blue, and a broad straw hat surrounded by a blue ribbon. The fashion of dressing children in Welsh costume was passing away, so she had not, as yet, the pleasure of wearing a tall hat and scarlet cloak like her imaginary Mother Hubbard. She had grown, of course, since her illness, but she was still small and pale, despite the many basins of bread and milk and oatmeal porridge she ate with appetite. The golden hair was certainly smoother than when she made her appearance at Derwen, though it still bristled and fluffed, in spite of her best efforts to keep it in order.

"See how the sun shines upon it! Hear how glad the birds are! Look what lots of people!" she cried, as they drew near the handsome and picturesquely situated fabric they were about to assist in declaring open to the neighbourhood, and belonging to its inhabitants.

Perhaps it owed more to its position than its architecture, though it was sufficiently ornamental for its purpose. Stability and usefulness had been the objects of its founders, and it was thoroughly well built, large, and commodious, with an ornamental small bell-tower, in which one sonorous bell was moving and sounding as the people were pouring in at its doors. But the site was glorious. It stood alone in a retired corner, surrounded by giant oaks and still more gigantic hills. The melody of a brook united with that of birds to inaugurate the thanksgiving about to be poured forth to the Great Inspirer of all good works, and it was not astonishing that May should repeat the words, "Hark to the birds, great-grandfather! They are praising the Lord for our beautiful room."

"Child, prepare thy heart to praise Him also," said Evan.

"Yes," responded May, with one of her customary nods.

It was a great day for Mr. Richards and his family, who had invited all the neighbouring clergy and gentry to be present. There was, therefore, a goodly gathering, and the room, though ample, was crowded, not only by these guests, but more especially by the colliers, for whose benefit it was built. They had worked double time the previous day to ensure a holiday on this, and such as were compelled to remain in or about the pit had so arranged that half should be at the morning and the remainder at the evening services. These were to be, in a great measure, choral, and when May entered the room she walked straight to a platform at the upper end of it, where Miss Richards was seated at the harmonium, surrounded by her large choir. May always sat by Edith, and knew exactly her place, for they had gone through the programme frequently in that spot to ensure proficiency on this glad day. She now belonged to the choir, although she was not considered strong enough often to attend the practice of an evening; but the young ladies took pains to atone for this at more convenient seasons.

"Look at our roses, Miss Edith," whispered May, when she had knelt and in her own words asked for a blessing on "the big room," as she still called it.

The floral decorations were very pretty, and the roses alluded to were white, and had been fashioned into a small wreath by Edith and May, which the latter not unnaturally associated with her lost hawthorn crown.

"But they are real, and mine was only make-believe," she had said to Meredith, with a sigh, as he helped them to fasten the wreath round the reading-desk.

Of course he and his father—the one as leader, the other as tenor—were in the choir on the opening day. Two years had not only settled Meredith's voice, but had made almost a man of him.

Every inch of the room was full, when the choir rose and began Bishop Ken's grand old hymn—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

In this the whole congregation joined, and as the chorus of sound poured through the many open windows out into the June sunshine all nature united with it to praise the "Great Giver of all good things." And no unit of this whole was more in earnest than the child May. She could now speak and sing Welsh readily, therefore was able to join in the services in that and the English tongue; the said services being equally divided into each language, on account of the many English present. It is needless to enumerate the services, but three of the morning hours were piously employed in prayers, sermons, hymns, and chants, which failed to weary the assembly; for the Welsh delight both in music and preaching. The various eloquent addresses drew forth many affirmative responses, and if applause did not succeed the choral efforts, it was because that day was devoted to the praises of God and not of man. An assembly more devout and enthusiastic could scarcely have been gathered together, and when they began to disperse it was found that there were numbers round about the doors and windows for whom there was not even standing place in the room.

The choir and preachers remained seated while the congregation made their slow and difficult exit. May was making her inward comments, and occasionally whispering to Miss Edith, when she suddenly rose with a little cry, and the words, "It is! It is!" And running down the steps of the temporary platform, almost threw herself into the arms of a gentleman who was standing quietly at one side of the room watching the choir.

"Mr. Everton! Mr. Everton!" shrieked the child.

"Yes, little May; I have come to keep my promise," he replied, kissing her cheek. "But you *must not* cry. Are you not glad to see me?"

"Oh! so glad! so glad, that I can't help crying for joy!" she replied, holding his hand between both of hers.

He sat down on one of the forms, and she stood beside him.

"I am out for my holiday, little May, and since you could not come and see me I have devoted a long day to coming to see you. And I am glad to have arrived at so happy a time. You must introduce me to your friends. And you are grown, and look—*are* you well, child?"

"Oh, yes! quite well. Are you quite well, sir?"

He smiled, and said the beautiful country and the pure air would soon make him well, but he had been working hard.

"And which is the friend who has so kindly written to me about you, little May?" he asked, looking at the now quickly-emptying platform. "And which are your grandparents?"

"There she is! There is Miss Edith," she replied, quitting him for a moment and joining Edith, who was about to leave the room.

"He has come, Miss Edith. He said he would," she whispered, as her friend looked round to discover what had caused her excitement.

Mr. Everton rose, and joining them, said simply—

"Are you little May's kind friend and my correspondent?"

"Yes, if you are Mr. Everton," replied Edith.

They shook hands warmly, for no further introduction was needed between those who had been, as it seemed, friends for more than two years. A flush of genuine pleasure overspread Edith's face while Mr. Everton was looking at it to see what this his whilom correspondent was like, and she said frankly that they should all be glad to see him. May, meanwhile, had possessed herself of a hand of each, and seeing that the room was nearly empty, they walked out into the gay scene that surrounded it.

Friends were standing about in groups, and Mr. and Mrs. Richards and their three eldest daughters were going from place to place inviting some to luncheon and others to an afternoon prayer-meeting and subsequent tea, or evening service. Evan and Laban were busy amongst their neighbours, and for the

moment Edith and May were forgotten by all but Meredith, who was watching for them. Why did a sharp pang of something akin to jealousy shoot through him as he saw the trio in such earnest and pleased discourse? Nevertheless, he stood aside and waited.

"Papa! Will you come here?" said Edith to a gentleman who was approaching the spot where they stood. "This is the clergyman who wrote to old Evan about his grandchild," she added in a whisper, as Mr. Richards turned round. "My father—Mr. Everton," she continued, and the gentlemen bowed and raised their hats.

Mr. Richards was between fifty and sixty years of age, large, tall, and substantial-looking. He was what people called "a fine man," and he certainly carried weight, both physically and metaphorically, for his word was a heavy law that none sought to break, save, occasionally, old Evan. He was so much pre-occupied that he had forgotten all about "Evan's grandchild and the clergyman who wrote to him," and Mr. Everton was, therefore, as much of a stranger to him as was May, who stood trembling by his side. She had imbibed a certain fear of Mr. Richards from the young people about her, to whom he was a sort of *bête noire*, at whose presence they fled. The truth was, he, like many other busy men of this restless age, had more on his shoulders than they could well bear, and was very sharp upon those whose shoulders were not quite so broad as his own.

When he looked, inquiringly, from his daughter to Mr. Everton, she explained matters, pointing to May as she did so.

"Oh, to be sure. I recollect. I wasn't at home at the time," he said, in an absent sort of way. "Very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Everton. You will come and have some luncheon. I am trying in vain to get the people together. Edith, bring Mr. Everton at once; the four o'clock meeting will begin before luncheon is over."

"I hope you will come," said Edith, as her father disappeared. "Our house is not very far."

"Thank you, I shall be glad; but how am I to see May's friends?" he replied.

"There is great-grandfather and uncle Laban," supplied May, who was struggling with disappointment at the prospect of so speedy a separation from her friend.

"Run and tell them, May," whispered Edith.

The child went, and was not satisfied until she had found, not only the pair mentioned, but her grandmother and Meredith, who all surrounded Mr. Everton, and welcomed him with expressions of grateful joy. Evan's hearty hand-clasp and "God bless you" spoke at once to Mr. Everton, who promised to meet him again that afternoon. There was so much talking and bustle on all sides, that no one noticed May's regretful little face as Mr. Everton and Edith, together with many others, both rich and poor, walked off in the direction of Derwen Fawr. It was open house there for all who came from a distance, and as Evan had been specially asked to head a table in the hall appointed for some of Mr. Richards's men, he also followed.

Meredith came forward and offered his grandmother his arm, and May followed, quite dejected. She could not understand how it was that Mr. Everton, who belonged particularly to her, and had, as she fancied, come all the way from London to see her, should leave her as soon as she had found him.

"Why do you keep behind, May?" asked Meredith.

"Because I am thinking of Mr. Everton," she replied.

"He seems well enough off with Miss Edith," returned Meredith in a huffy voice, and she was left to follow at pleasure.

Her mind was much exercised between Meredith and Mr. Everton during her pensive walk home, for she was beginning to live more in the human beings who surrounded her than in the imaginary creatures of her fancy or of the stage on which she had seen them represented. She could not understand either why the one should leave her for new friends, or the other's brow should be darkened by some sudden and unexplained cloud.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

"To all whom it may concern. The attendance of all members of the S.P.G.F.C.T. is particularly requested at a meeting of the society, to be held this afternoon at the usual hour and place. No further particulars can be thus publicly given, as the proceedings will be strictly *sub rosa*. God save the Queen.

"ROSE RANDALL, President."

This notice appeared one morning, about a week before Christmas, affixed to a bedroom door in a small house in London.

Since it is nearly a year ago, its meaning may, perhaps, be divulged without breach of confidence. The "usual place" was the bedroom of Rose Randall, the President, and the "usual hour" appeared to be about half-past two, for at that time all the members had arrived, and the door was shut and locked. Before proceeding to describe the object and working of the society, a brief description of its members will be allowed.

First, then, there was the President, the eldest daughter of the house, aged eighteen years. Then two younger female branches of the same family, Julia and Kate, aged respectively twelve and fourteen; then a cousin of fifteen years, who was spending her winter holidays at the house, and had thus been admitted to the privilege of membership. She was also named Kate (usually called Kate the first, in distinction from Kate Randall the second). Thus there were four members, and all were pledged to secrecy as to the object of the society. The shortest way to explain this, will be to write out the name in full. It was the Society for Providing a Grand Family Christmas Tree, and to-day's meeting being the final one, for the *fête* of the tree was to be held on Boxing-night, there was not much time left.

Some weeks before the younger children, of whom there were several, had been clamouring for a Christmas party, which they said nearly all their schoolfellows had every year.

"Mamma," said Rose, "it does seem hard for them not to have anything of the sort, and you know they have been asked several times to our friends' children's parties, and yet we never entertain them in return. Could we not possibly manage one?"

"It is no use thinking of a regular party, such as rich people give, for we cannot afford it, so it is useless disguising the fact. But I have been thinking, Rose, dear, that they might have a few of their little friends to tea on Boxing-night, and have a romp afterwards, if they like."



FIG. 1.

"Oh, mamma! I have such a good idea. How much do you think we may spend on the whole affair?"

"I am afraid I cannot spare more than ten shillings, dear, though it is very little."

"Well, if you will let me manage it, I think I can arrange such a nice evening; there shall be a little surprise for them, too, and I will promise that it shall not cost more than you say. It will save you all the trouble if you will give it up into my hands. Do, mamma, dear."

"That I will, certainly, if you are willing to take the responsibility; and I will promise to keep my eyes shut, figuratively speaking, till Boxing-night, and then it will be a surprise for me as well as for the children."

Thus it was that Rose formed her society for providing a Christmas tree for their little party, to which, besides her own brothers and sisters, several young friends were invited. The members used to meet in her room on any convenient afternoon, and there concoct and carry out their plans. On this occasion, the last one, there was quite an array of pretty things, finished and ready, though much had still to be done.

"Now," said Rose, "let us see how many are provided for; I have made a list, so that no one shall be forgotten. First of all, mamma; is her present finished?"

"No, not quite; Julia is putting the last touches."

Mrs. Randall's eyesight was not very good, and when working or reading at night she required a lamp to be close to her on the table. Her present was a lamp shade; it was made of six pieces of thin tinted cardboard, cut out of one penny sheet, the shape of Fig. 1. On each piece was traced and cut out a spray of flowers and leaves, and behind each of these was pasted a piece of thin paper, painted according to the colour of the flower or leaf whose outline it filled in. These six pieces, finished and dry, were joined together by small strips of narrow ribbon, not quite meeting, so that the shade would fold up. Finally, a piece of fringe was added round the top and bottom, and the shade was completed at an outlay of sixpence only. When it was finished, mamma's lamp was surreptitiously brought, and the effect of the shade tried. It was charming, the light being nicely subdued by the cardboard, whilst it shone through the transparent coloured paper filling in the flower sprays.

"Next, grandmamma," Rose went on; "whatever did we make for grandmamma?"

"Spectacle rubber," said Kate the second, producing the forgotten article from under the heap of things on the table. This was com-

posed of two little pear-shaped pieces of kid, about two inches long, and one wide in the widest part, cut from the back of an old glove; they were lined with washleather, bound round with ribbon, and fastened together at the stalk ends with a small bow of ribbon, the washleather being, of course, inside.

"I hope grandmamma will not ask how much her present cost," continued Kate, "for it only amounts to three halfpence altogether; but I flatter myself that the grey kid outside looks rich and costly."

"Then there is Aunt Jane; we were obliged to ask her, as the cousins are coming, and we have nothing for her yet."

"She is rather difficult, certainly," said Julia, musing; "but I tell you what would do; you know she always likes to dust the drawing-room herself, and keeps a duster on purpose in one of the sideboard drawers. At one house I went to, I remember seeing a pretty little sort of chintz bag hanging against the wall, and could not imagine what it was for, until I unfortunately became so absorbed in wondering that I spilt my tea, whereupon the lady flew to the cause of my disaster, and drew out a duster to wipe up the tea with. I am sure Aunt Jane would like one, and you know, Rose, there was some of that pretty blue pompadour left that we had for our summer dresses; that would be the very thing to make it of. I took an opportunity to peer in and discover how it was made; rather mean, wasn't it? But you shall reap the benefit of my depravity. The back was apparently an oval piece of cardboard, covered with chintz. In the middle of this, beginning half way down and extending to the bottom, was another piece of cardboard, shaped like the support under a bracket; this was sewn on to the back, thus dividing the bag into two parts. A piece of chintz formed the front, fulled into a kind of frill at the sides, and drawn in, after the manner of an ordinary bag, by a piece of ribbon at the top, ending with an elegant bow in the middle, with another to match on the top, and a loop of the ribbon to hang it up by. We can use the lid of that old bonnet-box instead of cardboard; but I suppose we cannot afford all that ribbon, can we, Rose?"

"No, I am afraid not, but the bows will look almost as well made of the material, and for the string to draw it up with we can use some of the braid we had left. But what was the division in the middle for? People never use two dusters at once."

"Very true, but you must know that my old lady had a good many silver ornaments about, and as she was always imagining there was a speck of dust or tarnish on them, she kept a piece of chamois leather in one side to polish them up with. She observed my admiration of her bag, and told me that she sometimes made them for friends with a lid of cardboard, covered like the back, to rest upon the middle division, but where that is done the front of the bag must also be made of cardboard, which I think would be an improvement on the whole, as it would keep in shape better, and the covering could be fulled over it all the same."

"Yes, I quite agree," said Rose. "Let us begin that next, it completes the list for the elders. Now we come to the young folks," she added, consulting her list.

Of these there were a considerable number. As far as they could, Rose and her helpers made something suitable to the characters of each individual, though this could not be fully carried out in every case. For one of the elder boys a game of ship coils was provided. This made a considerable show, but in reality cost little more than the others. The game comprised a pole (an old long broom handle), pointed at one end, and painted in different colours, something like an overgrown croquet peg, and six rings made of ropes. They took for each about half a yard of thin rope, at one halfpenny a yard, stitched the two ends together, and twisted round it, so as to hide the rope, any odds and ends of coloured braid. These completed the set. The game is this: after fixing the pole firmly into the ground (or, in the winter, propping up in the hall against the bottom of the bannisters), the players divide into two parties, and each one, standing at a fixed distance, tries to throw the rings, one by one, over the pole, and counts to his side as many as he succeeds in getting on. The rules



"'GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR,' SHE SAID."

were written out clearly on a card, and attached to the game.

One of the youthful Randalls had a strong taste for nautical matters, and was the owner of quite a fleet of boats and craft of all sorts and sizes. For him there was a little parcel of flags, very neatly made, the groundwork of ribbon, whilst the device was usually cut out in paper, and fastened on with gum. A ghastly representation of skull and cross bones, on a black ground, was particularly successful, and was destined for the adornment of a small vessel of piratical propensities. There was the Union Jack, Blue Peter, and several foreign colours, the selection depending not so much on the merits of the country as on the simplicity of the design of the flag.

(*To be concluded*).



THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XI

A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.

"MILLY, tell me quick, how much do you weigh?"

There was such eagerness and anxiety in Helen Edison's tones as she asked the question that Milly Wilmot started up in her bed in affright and exclaimed—

"Seven stone nine when I was weighed last holidays in the hay scales; but oh! what's the matter? Am I too heavy. Is the floor giving?"

"It's not you that are too heavy, but I that am too light," was the quick answer. "My body does not weigh enough for my spirits to-night. Do jump out of bed, please, and hold my feet down, for my spirits are getting lighter every moment, and I am quite dreading to feel my head bumping against the ceiling."

Thus exhorted, Milly did spring out of bed and run to her friend with a face full of alarm, which was visible enough even in the moonlight. She had heard of people being seized with fevers in which they talked strange nonsense, and she certainly thought that her favourite schoolfellow was seized with one of these fevers now. And the worst of it was that Clara Boswell, the sensible senior, was away on a two days' visit to some relations just returned from a foreign residence.

With the exception of the inmates of that room, the whole of Crofton House was wrapped in silence and slumber, for the hour was one o'clock a.m. The night was beautifully calm and bright, and, for March, very mild. Milly had been asleep for three hours, when she was disturbed by the shaking of her bed, to see her companion, wrapped in her crimson cashmere dressing-gown, standing in the middle of the moonlit floor, and giving little springs up and down, which set the whole room vibrating. Then came the startling question.

Milly was trembling as she took hold of her friend's hands instead of her feet, and implored anxiously—

"Do stand still! do get into bed again! Then you know you can't go up to the ceiling."

"Unless I went up flat, pancake fashion, you know. No, I really can't risk that, I might happen to knock my funny bone."

And with that remark Miss Helen Edison freed her hands from her companion's grasp, put them on to her shoulders, or rather, to be quite correct, clasped them both over one shoulder, and turned her into a sort

of leaping-pole, flinging herself lightly backwards and forwards, while she hummed — "Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?" to the end of that charming ditty.

"Sing too, Milly, do sing too," she said, encouragingly. "I'll let you have my shoulder now, if you like."

"I wi—wi—wish that you'd get into—bed," jerked out Milly, shivering with fear and chilliness. "I can't think what is the matter with you to-night."

"Can't you?" laughed Helen, as she waltzed off to her schoolfellow's bedside, caught up a blue flannel dressing-gown, and waltzed back again.

"Put that on," she commanded, at the same time helping obedience to the command, and then adding—"Did you ever see a bottle of soda-water, and did you ever see it opened?"

"Yes, often," answered Milly, a little reassured as to her friend's sanity by the fetching of the dressing-gown. "I've seen lots of bottles, and seen them opened too; but what has that to do with you? Have you had a bottle of soda water to-night?"

"Ugh! No, indeed, and don't wish; it's the horridest stuff I think I ever tasted. But what I want you to know is that I am the bottle of water——"

"Wh — what!" shrieked Milly Wilmot, starting back, and instinctively seizing up the nearest chair, and holding it as a barrier between herself and the evidently very-much-up self-declared soda-water.

"Ah! that's no good now," said Miss Nellie, with a long ripple of low, silvery laughter. "I went off long ago. I'm the soda-water, Clara Boswell is the cork and the wire. They have taken her away, and I have come out—POP!"

And with the "POP" she bounded clear up on to the barrier chair, as Milly dropped it and tumbled backwards, put one foot swiftly and lightly on the top of the back, and, with a second bound, came neatly down into the middle of Milly's bed.

"How nice!" she ejaculated, with a contented sigh. "Your bed is springier than mine, Milly. I wonder whether Miss Crofton would mind our changing. You see you are so much heavier than I am that I don't suppose springiness is of much account to you. Besides, I've noticed that when you go to bed you generally like to lie still."

"I should have liked to lie still to-night," groaned a doleful voice from the midst of a huddled up mass of blue flannel on the floor. "If you are going to keep dancing on my bed may I have yours?"

"Certainly, ma'am, with the greatest pleasure in life. But at the same time I may as well inform you that I am not going to dance indoors much longer, on your bed or elsewhere, for the present. I am going out for a walk, or rather for a climb, I have long wished for, and I am only getting up the circulation now. You may come too, if you like, only you see you are rather thick and heavy, and though the coping would be sure to hold, it is not too wide, and the branches might perhaps happen to break."

"What *do* you mean?" asked Milly, forgetting cold, fear, and sleepiness in an utter surprise as Helen once more sprang from the bed to the floor, whilst speaking, and ran across to one of the windows, of which for the first time Milly noticed that the blind had been drawn up, giving to view the silver moon-touched beech-tree, whose leafless branches reached within three feet of the glass.

For answer to her schoolfellow's astonished query, Helen Edison repeated



"THE BRANCHES SWAYED AND ROCKED."

laconically—"I'm going for a climb." Then she sprang up on to the broad window-sill, softly undid the bolt, and still more softly raised the sash.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said, with a mischievous little breath of a laugh. "I'll be back soon; don't go to sleep."

So saying she swayed her arms backwards and forwards once or twice, put her foot over the sill, and was about to bound outwards, when her companion, now thoroughly aroused by the rush of fresh cold air and amazement at her friend's audacity, made a plunge at her, caught her from behind, and held her in a tight clasp, exclaiming loudly—

"Oh! Helen, Helen, you shan't go, you shan't! You'll be killed!"

She had barely time to utter her protest before Helen had twisted herself free, jumped back to the floor, and clapped her hand over the noisy mouth.

"Milly! Hush, then, hush," she said, rather sharply, and in her most resolute manner. Then she pulled her forward towards the window, and pointing out, said — "Look down there, Milly; although it's grass below, it would be a good way to fall, wouldn't it?"

"Why of course it would—a horrible way; that's the very thing," said Milly Wilmot, facing round with surprise. "Of course it would be a good way to fall—at least a bad way—that's why I wouldn't let you go. And you were actually going to risk it, though you have thought about it! How could you?"

"Don't say how 'could' you. Say how 'can' you, if you like, for I mean to go, although you have put off my charming journey for a few minutes. But going as I mean to go I don't consider any risk; going as I will go if you rouse up anyone to stop me won't be a risk either, for it will be a certainty, for I will just take the jump straight off down to the ground there, and if it should kill me my death will lie at your door."

"Oh, how can you say so!" said Milly, indignantly, who, logical or illogical, could at any rate see the unreasonableness of this statement.

But Helen was in no mood for argument. "Well, I don't care a bit, my dear, whether you agree with me or not. I only know that I intend to make a certain journey through the air during the next fifteen minutes that I have long looked forward to, and that to prevent your trying to stop me I threaten to jump down there, and you know well I will keep the threat unless you promise to be quiet until I get back."

Milly looked at the brilliant, resolute young face before her, and she did know well that the perilous threat would be carried out if she gave cause for it. "But you will be killed!" she urged, in despair.

"I won't be killed," answered Helen, confidently. "Mamma says I have been in the constant habit of putting my life in jeopardy ever since I could crawl. I was only three years old when I managed on board a ship to get ever so far up a sailors' rope-ladder. When I got tired of climbing I just dropped my feet, clung with my hands, and set up a squeal. You may imagine what mamma felt when she saw where I was. But I was got down all right."

"Almost a pity you were!" pouted anxious Milly, "if you are to spend your days in keeping other folks in a perpetual state of worry about you."

"Poor dear old Milly," murmured Nellie, with another soft little laugh. "She shan't be in a perpetual state of worry about me, she shan't, only now and then; and some day she shall go home with me and see my dear, dear mother, and that will make amends for everything."

So saying, with a parting kiss she once more sprang up on to the window-sill. Milly involuntarily covered her eyes with her hand, and did not open them again until a clashing of the tree branches told her that at

any rate her schoolfellow had accomplished the first step in her proposed journey—a journey about which she had several times speculated during the past few weeks, but, as Milly had hitherto supposed, merely as a matter for the exercise of imagination.

Crofton House was a beautifully irregular mass of building of mingled dark-red brick and granite. There were turns, and twists, and angles everywhere, inside and out. Broad window-sills, corridors, dim corners and archways within; and little balconies, copings, ivy, non-understandable projections, and queer-headed waterspouts without. The place had been built by a gentleman according to his own fancy, and when he died its great size in proportion to the ground belonging to it made it so unmarketable that Miss Crofton found her little fortune sufficient to cover the purchase money. Having thus invested her all in the building, she soon succeeded in winning through it good interest for her money, and its eccentricities had never before excited any of her numerous pupils to perilous adventures. Fortunately for the peace of mind of schoolmistresses, there are not many Helen Edisons in the world.

The room occupied by Helen and her two schoolfellows was in one of the most deep-set of all the angles, and it had two great windows and a little one. One of the great windows had a clear look out over the garden and fields beyond, but for the beech tree, into which Helen jumped. The long, narrow middle window had a quite unimpeded clear look out, and was furnished with a minute balcony, about capable of holding one good-sized flower-pot. The second large window was the original cause of Helen's daring enterprise. She called it a spiteful window, for its outlook was close on to a bit of sharp projecting wall, which had been added to the house with somewhat peculiar effect at the last hour, when it was found that otherwise this room and the bay-windowed room next but one to it would inconveniently, clearly, and closely overlook each other.

Helen called the window spiteful, but her abuse was really intended for the wall. She would have had the greatest satisfaction in helping to pull it down. "And then," as she said to little Rose, who, with her sister, occupied the small bay-windowed room, "you and I would have such fun. We could throw things across to each other, and talk to each other, and I could act all sorts of things at this window for your benefit."

Rosie, too, sighed over that interfering late-built bit of wall, but she never dreamt, like her schoolfellow, of revenging herself by creeping round it.

Having successfully made her leap into the beech-tree, Helen's next proceeding was to descend to the ground, run a couple of yards and climb into a second far smaller tree, which helped her up to a wall coping some way below the spiteful window. To step on to this coping and make her footing sure from the swaying tree was a work of care even for her slight agile figure, and with the help of clinging to an outstretched gargoyle. Milly put her hand over her own mouth to keep herself from shrieking as she watched her friend pull herself up from this precarious platform to another narrow ledge three feet higher up and to another gargoyle.

When Helen had reached this point she paused for a few moments and turned her face, with a smiling nod, to Milly. It was the last she would be able to see of her until her return, for she was now at the edge of the projecting wall. The next moment she caught with her disengaged right-hand at some sprays of ivy, threw her right foot round the corner, and was gone. From that point the journey was not so difficult. The ivy helped her to pull herself up another three feet to a broad brick ledge, passing immediately beneath the windows of the small intermediate room, of Josephine Bell's room, and of that adjoining, where the two English governesses slept. At that point it gave way to another form of ornament utterly useless for climbing purposes.

At each of the three rooms the young midnight traveller made a pause. At the Bells' window she was so startled that she almost fell backwards. She suddenly found herself within a few inches of Josephine herself. But for the glass she must have been discovered now, even by her breathing.

The wan, sad schoolgirl was standing with her back to the window, her lint-white hair pressed against the glass, through which the moonlight streamed upon the open pages of a book, held up to catch as much light as possible? Even thus she was trying to master her tasks for that hard young English governess, who could look to her own comforts, but had not yet learned to look to the comforts of others.

"Poor Josephine!" murmured Helen, with bright tears glittering in her eyes. She was doubly glad now that a few days before she had gained the Principal's leave to give help to her companion, although as yet sympathetic diffidence had held her back from offering that help.

"I won't put it off any longer," she murmured, and the tears fell, and lay shining on the window-sill, until the wind came by and carried them upwards. Helen crept along her strange footway to the next window. She could not see in through that. The blind was down and the curtains drawn, and Miss Rowe was fast asleep. Could Helen Edison have seen her at that moment she would have been as startled as she was at finding herself so close to Josephine Bell.

Miss Rowe was smiling in her sleep, with as loving a look upon her face as Miss Crofton could have worn. She was dreaming of her young brother, and of the happy holidays she would make for him when he came home from school at Midsummer, if he brought home a good report; and if not—well, for her little brother Miss Rowe was very tender-hearted.

Helen got back safely to her anxious friend, although the return journey was a matter of more difficulty than the outward one, and the last step bid fair to defeat even Helen. It was all well enough to jump from a firm ledge into a tree; but to attempt jumping from a tree on to the ledge was a very different matter, and, indeed, seemed impossible. Helen made two attempts, but the branches swayed and rocked, and she could not get a spring from them. A day came when she tried again and did it, but that was in a case of life and death. Now the need was not so supreme as to give the courage for the great risk.

"Well," she said at last, with something like a sigh, "I suppose you had better shut the window, Milly, or you will be catching cold through my fault. And it is no good your waiting there any longer. I can't manage this jump."

Milly had become conscious of the same fact, nevertheless she looked greatly aghast when Helen herself confessed her helplessness. "Whatever are you going to do, then?" she asked, half crying. "Shall I go and call the servants?"

"No indeed," was the hasty answer. "I shall say stay here, and watch my opportunity to slip in at the back door when it is opened in the morning."

"You'll be frozen to death," expostulated Milly, her own teeth chattering as as she spoke, but a short "Nonsense" was the only reply to that declaration, and then the agile, daring young tomboy slipped down from the tree, and was lost to sight. Milly remained shivering at the open window for a few minutes longer, and then, with a doleful groan for her wilful companion, closed it softly and went back to bed. But she was not destined to get quiet rest just yet.

She had just laid herself down when she was startled by two sharp taps upon the window-pane. In five seconds she was back at her former post, and there was the handsome young face of her schoolfellow, beaming with fun and excitement, looking in at her. Helen had found the gardener's ladder, which the boy had carelessly left out the previous evening, and it had not taken her long to reap the advantage of her discovery. In another minute she was once more safe on the floor of her room.

"And what will be said when the ladder is found up against this window in the morning?" asked Milly, with a mingling of anxiety and triumph.

"Not knowing can't say," was the cool answer, as Miss Nellie took a bundle of strong cord out of her drawer, and proceeded to unroll it, and pass one end round the top rung of the ladder. A good push outwards soon deposited the ladder quietly and safely beneath the tree, instead of up at the window, and ten minutes later the young maiden was sleeping as peacefully as if she were the most quiet young lady in the world. Both the girls ought to have caught bad colds; perhaps it was the excitement that saved them.

(To be continued.)

ON PART-SINGING.

By HENRY LESLIE.

IT is scarcely possible to realise the great advance that has been made in this country in the cultivation of part-singing during the past few years. The progress has been truly wonderful. Choral societies now exist in almost every locality, exercising a prodigious influence, both artistic and social, throughout the kingdom.

Music is capable of so much that is elevating, that it is a wonder our successive Governments do not energetically lead a movement which adds such a power to their means of securing and maintaining order; for what conduces in a greater degree to moral force than the exercise of an intellectual pursuit, innocent in itself, and one that gives employment to minds which might otherwise be concerned in "treasons, stratagems, and spoils"? There is plenty of talent for music, and a great and growing love for musical art, which bring those who practise it into immediate contact with both composers and poets, whose whole existence has been passed in the glorious realms of imagination and fancy, and who carry their followers with them in their flights of genius from the base and grovelling surroundings of affairs mundane.

The more widely, therefore, the cultivation of music is diffused the higher will be the level of social life, as it is quite impossible that ought but increased refinement can result from its practice.

The particular point of these observations must not, however, be forgotten, and from general remarks I must come to special ones on singing in part music.

The formation of classes or societies for the practice of choral music frequently commences at the wrong end. If only they who wish to join societies of high aims would be content to do a little elementary work, things would be much better than they are. But there are those who dislike drudgery, and shirk the preparation necessary to secure them that efficiency without which no artistic result can be obtained. There is no royal road in art. Work, and work which is guided by mind, only can attain a high level. I therefore advise all my friends to prepare themselves for the real work of a musical society by the study and practice of intervals, and, if possible, by a slight acquaintance with the chords which form the foundation of music, and are the constitution of harmony. "Oh, how dreadful!" I feel sure some of you will exclaim. I wish to assure you that it is not nearly so terrible as you may suppose, and you cannot realise how great an enjoyment will thereby be for ever added to your singing and hearing of music. Can you run before you walk? How, therefore, can you properly and efficiently take part in choral music, which is a succession of harmonies, without understanding the sequence of intervals? Knowledge of chords renders the singing of intervals comparatively easy, and to all earnest girls do I strenuously urge as large an amount of that knowledge as is attainable. I know a girl who, at the age of fourteen, mastered *in a week* the principle of the chords and their inversions, and could tell me the root of any chord I wrote down!

In an elementary class I should begin by practising all the intervals, major and minor, in an octave, in both major and minor keys; after which some very simple part music might be read through; the difficulties gradually becoming greater according to the progress made.

So far as classes are concerned, you need not trouble yourselves about the quality or quantity of voice the members possess, as the improvement of sight-reading is the great object of attainment. But the moment you inaugurate a society for performances you cannot possibly be too careful as to the acquirements of every one who applies for admission to membership. Your dearest friends must be refused if they have indifferent voices, or cannot read well. The principle of the weakest link in a chain marking its strength pretty nearly guides the tone of a choir, therefore I earnestly warn you to admit no incompetent members, or those with unmusical voices. As for neglecting rehearsals, or even inattention at them, it is a crime impossible to pass over.

It is a matter of no small consequence that every word should be clearly and openly pronounced, otherwise the sense of the text will be lost. I have found the letter H an enemy difficult to vanquish, even amongst the most highly educated people. It seems that a body of singers is so intent upon singing right notes in right time that the aspiration of that letter is entirely neglected, and then one hears, "O 'ush thee, my baby!" It will hardly be credited, but nevertheless it is a fact.

As to what may be deemed a proper balance of voices in a choir or chorus, probably no two conductors hold the same opinion. But local circumstances must necessarily guide every director, and I will merely record my own ideas. If ample resources in the way of good voices are at disposal, I prefer strengthening the sopranos and the basses, which are like the outside walls of a building. In my own choir the numbers were as follows:—Sopranos, 66; altos and contraltos, 52; tenors, 52; basses, 70; in all, 240. Each department of voice was divided into firsts and seconds, so that whenever two notes occurred in any vocal part, each member knew exactly whether to take the higher or the lower. This system gets rid of a fruitful source of confusion, for, unless it is adopted, there is always a misunderstanding as to which note should be sung. There is also a ridiculous idea with many choralists that anyone singing a first is of higher musical grade than the member who takes a second, entirely forgetting that *each is equally important*.

It may not be amiss to state what has quite lately occurred in a village in which I am considerably interested. Musical practices have been held on a small scale during last winter, and there was a great desire that their good influence might be extended to the whole immediate neighbourhood. I was consulted as to the mode of procedure, and the result has been that a committee has been formed, embracing all classes and all sections of thought, my one stipulation having been that political and religious differences should have nought to do with musical practice. The vicar kindly allowed the use of the National School. Each division of voice has its superintendent, two of those officers being the curate and the Nonconformist minister. Elementary music, consisting mainly of the singing of intervals, is practised under the direction of a competent instructor from a neighbouring town every Monday evening from 6.15 to 7 o'clock, and an Advanced Class, consisting of those who have passed in the Elementary Class, for singing part-music follows it, commencing at 7.15 and ending at 8.30. The attendance has been large, numbering from 100 to 120.

Four great objects, which I have much at heart, are being thus achieved:—

1. An improvement in congregational singing.
2. A recreation for the poorer classes.
3. The bridging over religious and political differences.
4. Occasional performances of works of the great composers.

It is open to everyone to do likewise, and I hope and trust that ere very long I shall see practical results of no small importance, both artistic and social, growing out of my humble endeavours.

One more important point, and my task is ended. Always look at the conductor's beat. The moment he gives the signal for commencing your whole attention is due to him. All talking and looking about should cease, and each member determine to secure a good start. But the same bright look out must be kept upon him throughout a performance, as he is responsible for the reading, and the result. Especially watch him at a pause, and a change of movement, as those are dangerous parts of the performance, and the greatest care is absolutely necessary to prevent ragged singing.

If these practical hints are considered and taken to heart, I doubt not that everyone who applies them to performance will always be considered a valuable member in any society to which she may belong.



THE BEST PICTURES OF THE COMPETITION.

RESULTS OF PRIZE COMPETITION.—II.

WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS.

Examiners:

JOHN C. STAPLES.

THE EDITOR.

THE drawings and illuminations (about 150) which were submitted for this competition possessed, as might have been expected, very various degrees of merit. On the whole, after a close examination and after taking into consideration the antecedent probability of an imperfect training in art among the large majority of the competitors, the result was far from discouraging.

It was remarkable that those competitors who possessed the highest degree of technical skill were, for the most part, found to be deficient in imaginative power; while those who had conceived their subject in a telling, if not very original, spirit, lacked the executive ability necessary to give a graphic expression to their ideas. So, again, fair drawing was often marred by crude or impure colouring; while good combinations of colour adorned misshapen forms.

These remarks apply chiefly to the work of those competitors who chose the subject of "Summer."

Those who chose the task of illuminating the couplet displayed but little originality in their treatment of it. This is, perhaps, not a matter for surprise. Illumination as a branch of the fine arts is extinct. It died a natural death when printing was invented, and the art of book illustration has now taken its place. But, apart from the question of art, the decorated texts which we see in the shop windows of fancy stationers and on many a bedroom wall have their value and their purpose, and it is to one of the worthiest of these purposes and one of the most useful and appropriate that these couplets are to be applied. They are destined to attract and soothe the eyes of the poor and the suffering by a show of bright and pleasant colour and to lead their minds to an appreciation of the immeasurably higher and deeper comfort and pleasure to be derived from the holy truths of which they speak.

But, though the art is dead and cannot therefore inspire anyone with new ideas worth the expression, much pretty and pleasant work may be done in imitation of the old. One of the illuminations shown in the illustration on the opposite page which gained a first-class certificate was of this character, and was conceived throughout in a consistent spirit, both in design and in colour; the colour especially was very tenderly harmonised and contrasted, and was quaint and agreeable as a whole.

Generally, however, when there is no intention of directly following the old work, we think that these texts should be written in plain, large, easily decipherable, Roman characters, and not in the puzzling Gothic letters which may, we fear, be unintelligible to the average hospital patient, and those readable words should be adorned, but not overpowered, by graceful forms and sweet colours. In the examples before me, we think that the end and purpose of the work was too often forgotten; few were very legible, and many had the words scattered in a disorderly manner over the paper. Again, though this is a nice point, we think it is an anachronism and shows a want of feeling for harmonious treatment to combine the mediæval lettering with groups of flowers, many of which were not known in the old days, and all of which are treated in a purely nineteenth-century vein.

To return to the "Summer." The drawing which took the first prize was the only one in which an attempt was made to symbolise the subject by means of an idealistic treatment of the human figure, and this aim was fairly realised in the conception and in the execution.

The landscape which secured the second prize showed an amount of technical skill that was much in advance of that reached by the other competitors. The girl who contributed this drawing sent several others, each of which was meritorious in its degree.

Space fails us to notice the other "placed" drawings, though many presented points of interest which we should have been glad to notice for the encouragement or warning of the young artists.

Now, those who have done well in this competition will, we trust, feel strengthened to go on and do better; those who have not been able to secure any recognition of their work, may well remember that every honest and hearty effort, whether it succeeds in its aim or whether it falls short, is ever a valuable element of self culture.

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2 0).

EVA WEBB, 56, St. Stephen's-avenue, Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's-bush, W. (18).

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1 0).

Beatrix Pollitt, 99, Bishop-street, Moss Side, Manchester (17).

THIRD PRIZE (HALF A GUINEA).

Laura Haynes, 78, Spons End, Coventry.

SPECIAL PRIZE (£1 1 0).

COMPETITION FOR GIRLS UNDER FIFTEEN.

Eleanor S. Montague Pollock, Thurlow, Clapham, S.W. (14).

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Alice E. Heritage, 19, Cherry-street, Coventry (17).
Millie Emmerson, 10, Queen's Down-road, Lower Clapton (17).
Beatrix Pollitt, 99, Bishop-street, Moss Side, Manchester (17).
Elizabeth, Emery, Haywood Lodge, Leamington (17).
Annie Hazeldine, The Priory, Tyndall's-park, Bristol
Isabel Mary, Keywood, St. Martin's Vicarage, Hereford (19).

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Minnie Kendall Roseman, Downside-road, Clifton, Bristol (17).
Edith Calvert, 15, North-villas, Camden-square, N.W. (16).
Annie Emily Green, 9, Union-street, Trowbridge, Wilts (19).
Alice Mary Watson, 9, Park-villas, Lower Norwood, London (18).
Mary Rose Cockle, Ullenhall, Hockley Heath, near Birmingham (19).
Ethie A. Passmore, Woodside, Whetsone, N. (18).
Eliza J. Warrall, 231, Upper Parliament-street, Liverpool (16).
Violet Hall, Coburg Lodge, Teddington (19).
C. S. Jackman, 77, Stoke Newington-road, London, N. (16).
Agnes Malden, St. Laurence Rectory, Isle of Wight (20).
Georgina Stoddart, Fernwood House, Lansdowne-road, Snaresbrook (19).
Annie R. Warwick, 87, Sussex-road, Holloway, N. (20).
Lucy A. Grover, 68, Spon-street, Coventry (16).
Janet Mary Stockley, 36, Azalea-terrace, South Sunderland (18).

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Catherine E. Skinner, 88, Mildmay-park, London, N (20).
Lizzie Pollitt, 99, Bishop-street, Moss Side, Manchester (17).
Florence Mary Kump, Staithe-street, Wells, Norfolk (20).
Emily Pelham, 136, King Henry's-road, Primrose-hill (19).
Ethel E. Sprigges, Myrtle-villa, Queen's-road, Aldershot.
Frances Sarah Trent, Sunnyside, Holt, near Trowbridge, Wilts (18).
Beatrice Didham, Middleton, Bideford, Devon (15).
Ethel Andrews, Queen-street, St. Andrews, Fife (13).
Lillie Pollitt, 99, Bishop-street, Moss Side, Manchester (17).
Annie Thornton, Post Office, Lochearnhead, Perthshire (17).
Maria Trent, Sunnyside Holt, near Trowbridge, Wilts (20½).
Mary Glover, 6, Whalea-terrace, Sunderland (18).
Lillie Cassell, Weston House, South Shields (2½).
Agnes F. Jennings, 3, Dovecot-villas, Green Lanes, N. (19).
Beatrix Molyneux, Twineham Rectory, Cuckfield, Sussex (19).
Margaret Buchanan Marriott, Swaffham, Norfolk (19).
Lilian Pollitt, 99, Bishop-street, Moss Side, Manchester (17).
Ada L. V. Nerr, 85, Graham-road, Dalston, E. (18).
Maud Molyneux, Twineham Rectory, Cuckfield, Sussex (18).
Emily Grace Porter, 140, Werneth Hall-road, Oldham, near Manchester (17).
Dora Pownall, St. John's Vicarage, Hoxton, N. (18).
Bessie Katherine Cobbold, Mansfield House, Colchester (16).

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

II.

The subjects of the new Water Colour Prize Competition are:—

WINTER;

or, an illuminated arrangement of the following verse—

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

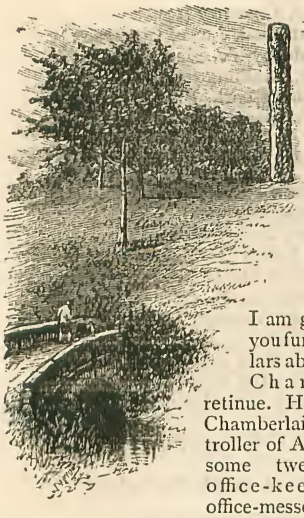
The lettering to be legible as well as in good taste, keeping in mind the subsequent use in hospitals. The prizes offered by the Editor for competitors between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one are TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA. For girls under fifteen one prize of ONE GUINEA. Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will also be awarded. No one over the age of twenty-one will be eligible for a prize or certificate. The names, addresses, and ages must be clearly written upon the backs of the pictures, and each painting must be certified by a minister, parent, or teacher as the sole work of the competitor.

All the paintings, after the prizes and certificates have been awarded, will be presented to hospitals for the benefit of the patients.

The last day for receiving the paintings is Lady Day (March 25th) 1881.

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD AND HOW IT IS GOVERNED.

II.



IN my last chapter on this subject I told you how the kitchen department was arranged in the Queen's Household under the Lord Steward. Now I am going to give you further particulars about the Lord Chamberlain's retinue. He has a Vice-Chamberlain, a Comptroller of Accounts, and some twenty clerks, office-keepers, and office-messengers under him; and the several ladies in attendance on the Queen come beneath his supervision. It falls to the lot of the Vice-Chamberlain to hand the Queen to and from her carriage. On returning from her daily drive Mary, the predecessor of Elizabeth, inquired of her ladies what a pressure of the hand meant, to which they replied, "Love, for sure." "Then truly my Lord Vice-Chamberlain must love me dearly, for he squeezes my hand much," was the comment of the Queen.

One section of the household is known as the Office of Robes, which includes not only the Mistress of the Robes, but the Groom and Clerk of the Robes, the hairdresser, messengers, wardrobe women, furrier, and dressers to the Queen and Princess Beatrice. The Mistress of the Robes takes the first place. She is always a lady of high rank—generally a duchess, as at the present time, when the Duchess of Bedford holds the office. She superintends all relating to the Royal wardrobe. She stands next to the Queen in State ceremonials, and rides with her in the same carriage on such occasions. The office used to be held conjointly with that of the Groom of the Stole, now abolished, stole meaning a narrow vestment, embroidered in silk or satin, and worn beneath robes of State. Under her are eight Ladies of the Bedchamber and six extra ladies appointed to the same office, seven Bedchamber Women, four extra and one honorary, and eight Maids of Honour and one extra. In some of these offices we again see traces of the curious nomenclature of old days, and many of their duties have passed away with the manners of those times.

The celebrated Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, who in 1734 was both Mistress of the Robes and Groom of the Stole, tells us how in her day the Bedchamber Women came into waiting on the Queen before prayers; that while she dressed her articles of apparel were handed to them from the Lady of the Bedchamber. They pulled on the Queen's gloves, but the Page of the Backstairs put on her shoes, and brought and set down beside her the ewer for washing her hands. According to an ordinance of Charles I., the Maids of Honour came into the Presence Chamber before eleven, then attended on the Queen until dinner, and again at two till supper, and failing in obedience they were to be reported to the Lord Chamberlain. Now the office of Maid of Honour confers the title of Honourable, which is always retained; £300 a year is given to each of them by the Queen, and they are expected to be in attendance three months of each year; the so-called "waits" on appointed times for each being duly issued, but are controlled by circumstances. There are always two Maids of Honour on duty together, except in Scotland, where Her Majesty loves to throw off as much of State restraint as possible, and takes but one. They dine with the Queen by invitation only, and walk or drive with her when she desires it. Among the special surroundings of the Queen given in the Imperial Calendar we read of Lectrice to Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice; but the Maids of Honour or the Ladies-in-Waiting read to her sometimes. Queen Bess loved to surround herself with courtiers who were dowered with personal beauty, as well as other merits, and objected to the appointment of one lady because she had a defect in her left eye.

Ladies of the Bedchamber are always in attendance wherever the Queen goes, generally one at a time, and rarely for more than a month at a time. Bedchamber Women have no very actual duties in the Palace; they take part in Court ceremonies, two monthly. The specified time is on the roster, and they are sent for as required on State occasions. The Ladies-in-Waiting are the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, the Dowager Duchess of Athol, Lady Churchill, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Lady Southampton, and the Countess of Errol. The usual entourage of the Queen are a Lady-in-Waiting, two Maids of Honour, the Private Secretary and Privy Purse, one Equerry, and a Groom-in-Waiting; but some of these do not accompany her to Scotland, and there is far less regularity in these matters than during the Prince Consort's life, when the routine was more strictly observed.

Madame de Remusat, in her "Memoirs of Napoleon I.," gives an amusing account of how, on his return from Munich, he determined to introduce more ceremonial observances among his courtiers, and the ladies forthwith sent for a dancing mistress, who teaches them to walk and curtsy with what dignity they can muster. Women were allowed no influence in the Court of the First Empire, save that which grace and beauty secured them. Political power of any kind was forbidden them. But flattery found its way to the Tuilleries, as into other Royal homes, and the courtiers tried to believe that the Emperor had only to fix any day for a review or for hunting, and it would be fine, as a matter of course. They forgot when it rained. Those who surrounded Louis XVI., when this happened, gravely declared such rain did not wet them.

It is at Drawing-rooms, and on similar occasions, when Her Majesty is surrounded by the full glory of State ceremonial, that all the several Court officials put in an appearance. Then you see some of the eight Lords-in-Waiting and the eight Grooms-in-Waiting, who attend the Queen in rotation, the Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chambers and Daily Waiters, Gentlemen Ushers and Quarterly Waiters-in-Ordinary, Grooms of the Privy Chamber, and Grooms of the Great Chamber. The Daily Waiters are said to have originated with King Alfred. The Gentlemen Ushers wait in the throne room; the chief one is Usher of the Black Rod, who attends the Sovereign in Parliament, as at the opening, when he goes at her command to summon the House of Commons to her presence. He carries a black rod, surmounted by the lion of England. Sir Philip Roby, appointed to the post 1552, writes to Sir William Cecil: "I have received your lettre and the rose withal, which, according to your advertisement, I have tied to a lace, and do carie about my neck in token of myne office." For in those days the rose of England as well as the lion were tokens of the office. Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber accompany foreign ministers and crowned heads when necessary. Pages of the Backstairs, Stole Pages, Pages of the Chamber, and several grades of State pages all contribute to that pomp which "doth hedge a king." A more important personage is the Master of the Ceremonies, an office held by a man of rank, versed in many languages, for since the reign of James I. it has been his duty to introduce ambassadors and other foreign potentates to the sovereign. He wears, as the badge of office, a gold chain and medal, and has an assistant-master of the ceremonies. There is also a Marshal of the Ceremonies, a post efficiently held by Mr. Augustus Savile Lumley. The Beefeaters (Buffetiers), or Yeomen of the Guard, and the Gentlemen-at-Arms, are both included in the Royal Household, and put in an appearance on State occasions. The Beefeaters generally line the staircase, dressed in their quaint Tudor garb, red stockings and broad black shoes, low-crowned black hats and red coats, the skirts gathered to the bodices, and covered with black and gold trimming, the Tudor emblem embroidered on the breast; a close ruff round the throat. The corps was raised at the coronation of Henry VII. In 1513 they did take an active part in military operations, but their chief duty is about the Sovereign. Six of them were called formerly Yeomen Hangers, and they attended to the tapestry hangings of the King; and two Yeomen Bedgoers, because they saw to the arrangement of the King's bed during Royal progresses. The Gentlemen-at-Arms have constituted the Royal body guard since Henry VIII.'s time. They wear a rich scarlet and gold uniform, gold helmet, and waving white plume. Now they are chiefly composed of ex-military men of distinction. Besides the house inspectors and the housekeepers of the several Royal residences, there is a long and miscellaneous retinue included in the Royal Household, such as the Exhibitor of Jewels at the Tower and the Bargemaster. In the Sovereign's train there are likewise the Principal Portrait Painter and the Surveyor of Pictures, the Librarian at Windsor, the Governor and Constable of Windsor, and the Poet Laureate, ours being the only country where this is a permanent institution. Chaucer once held the office, but the first was John Kay and the last Tennyson. Then besides the Deans of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and Whitehall, the Sub-Dean and Chaplain of St. James's Palace, Deputy Clerk, Organist, Serjeant of the Vestry, and Resident Chaplains, there is a Clerk of the Queen's Closet, who attends at the right hand of the Sovereign during service, and is mostly a Bishop.

The Master of the Horse rides next the Queen at the Coronation, and under him are the Clerk Marshal (who attends the Sovereign or rides in procession) and the several equerries generally to be seen on horseback by the Queen's carriage. The Royal mews are beneath his control, and the several veterinary surgeons, State coachmen, grooms, the lady rider, and others. So also is the Royal hunt, with the Master of the Buckhounds, now Lord Cork. He it is who heads the procession up the course at the Ascot races, followed by the huntsmen in green and gold; and, lastly, the Hereditary Grand Falconer, the Duke of St. Albans. Formerly, Lord Maryborough was master of the dogs, an appointment which existed in Elizabeth's time, who was as partial to field sports as any brother monarch. She went abroad hawking, and her falconer had no sinecure.

For each of these officers of State there are special Royal tradesmen, who supply what is required in the several departments by a prescribed rule. The consumption is clearly estimated; the amount of meat per head, as well as the corn and fodder per horse.

The principal offices are held by personages of high rank having special merits, the idea being that the sovereigns should have around them an appropriate society, formed of those whose positions remove them from temptation. In Burke's time one Member of the Lower House was turnspit in the Royal kitchen. But long as the list is, many posts were abolished. There is no longer a Master of the Harriers and Foxhounds; the Sergeant-Painter and Painter on Enamels have passed away, with the Buttery, the Spicery, the Yeomen of the Salt Stores, the Poultry, the Scalding House, Turnbroachers, Salsary Men, and Cock Criers, the Clerk-Martial, and the Clerk of the Avery.

The history of the Queen's Household is intimately associated with the history of our country. ARDERN HOLT.

HOW TO COPY A FLOWER.

1.—Choice of Subject.

Select a perfect specimen.

2.—Arrangement.

So arrange your subject as to give its general characteristics, growth, habit, &c.

3.—Position of Artist.

Place yourself at a table, left hand to the light.

4.—Sketch.

Make a clear and accurate sketch of the flower with a light and finely-pointed pencil; paying careful attention to its botanical characteristics.

N.B.—Flower paintings are often spoilt by inaccuracy of drawing in minute but important particulars: such as the way the leaves are let on to the stalk, &c.

5.—Light and Shade.

As a rule, the flower should be shaded almost entirely in grey before the introduction of colour. Be careful to preserve the falling of the light in the right direction. Wash a delicate tint of grey over the whole surface of any leaf turned to the light or on any part of a leaf on which the high lights fall.

a. For Lights.—Wash with a light tint of the local colour, *leaving the grey* for the high lights on the polished or downy surface of the leaves. Warmer tones in the flowers and yellower green in the leaves must be used for *transmitted* and generally for *reflected* lights. Be careful to give all reflected lights, *e.g.*, on the edge of stalks, or on the shadow sides of rounded surfaces.

b. For shadow.—Work in more colour, deepening in intensity the more distant you get from the lights.

6.—Grey.

The grey used in flower painting is composed as a rule of lake, Prussian blue, and gamboge. But the shade in every case must in a measure take its tint from the local colour—of flower, leaf, &c.

7.—Colour.

Be careful to have clean colours, and put them on with delicate decision; washing in the first tint broadly, and, when dry, working up with a finely-pointed brush the delicate varieties of tint and markings of the flower or leaf till the required finish is obtained.

8.—Body Colour.

For flower painting on white paper use as little body-colour as possible. It is necessary to make use of white only when fine hairs or stamens relieve light against a dark background, and then never put on white without mixing a little colour, generally cadmium, with it. For flower painting on pottery or wood it is necessary to make use of a great deal of body-colour; either painting the subject in white before colouring, or mixing all colours used with white.

9.—Hairs and Thorns.

These are frequently produced by the pencil, or grey applied with a fine brush, when showing in a dark relief against a light background. Thorns and hairs vary in colour, but a dark touch under them on the stalk, leaf, &c., makes them stand out well.

10.—Solidity.

Remember there is no real outline in nature. The effect of solidity is produced by truth of light and shade, and form is defined by one surface relieving against another. So, when your drawing is finished, there should be no outline distinguishable.

M. F.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ.



I dare say I should disappoint some of my readers if I were not, among other things, to give a recipe for that very favourite dish, a cheese soufflé, or, as it is often called, a fondu. For this we must have three ounces of Parmesan cheese, grated on a coarse grater; one ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour, a teaspoonful of mignonette pepper, a saltspoonful of salt, a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper, a few grains of cayenne, a quarter of a pint of milk, and three eggs. Butter and prepare a mould that will hold a pint and a half, in the way already described. Melt the ounce of butter in a small stewpan over the fire, add the teaspoonful of mignonette pepper, and fry it for two or three minutes; strain the butter from the grains of pepper into another stewpan, return it to the stewpan, and stir the ounce of flour into it; add the salt and pepper, and as much cayenne as would barely cover a threepenny piece; then stir in the milk, and keep stirring till it thickens. Lift it from the fire and mix with it, one at a time, the yolks of two eggs and the three ounces of grated cheese. Beat the whites of three eggs to a firm, solid froth; add them to the mixture, pour the preparation into the soufflé mould, and bake in a moderate oven till it is sufficiently cooked. It will take about twenty minutes.

I have heard people say, "It is no use to try to make a fondu at home, you will only waste your materials and be disappointed." I consider this is a mistake. I do not deny that a fondu is rather troublesome to make, but I do not think it is beyond the powers of the members of our class, though it is sure to prove a failure to the girl who does not whisk the whites of her eggs till firm, or who lets the soufflé stand for awhile on the kitchen table before sending it into the dining-room; and she who can manage it will have the satisfaction of knowing that she can make a dish that her father and brothers are sure to look upon as a treat. PHILLIS BROWNE.

VARIETIES.

An Acquaintance Table.—To our school tables of weights and measure we may add the following:—

2 Glances	make	1 Bow.
2 Bows	,,	1 How-d'ye-do.
6 How-d'ye-do's	,,	1 Conversation.
4 Conversations	,,	1 Acquaintance.

A Reason for Industry.—Think of living. Thy life, wert thou the pitifullest of all the daughters of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own: *it is all thou hast to front eternity with.* Work then.—*Carlyle.*

Girls at Work and Girls at Play.—Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so charming as when they are useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work.—*Cobbett.*

The End of Life.—The grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse with that Being to whom we owe life and all its enjoyments.—*Burns.*

To Those who Speak of Themselves.—Say nothing respecting yourself—either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good—for that is vanity; nothing bad—for that is affectation; nothing indifferent—for that is silly.

Two Safe Rules for Every Action.—When anything presents itself think if Christ were now alive, would he do it? Or if I were now to die, would I do it? I must walk as He hath walked, and I must live as I intend to die. If it be not Christ's will, it is my sin; and if I die in that sin, it will be my ruin. I will, therefore, in every action so carry myself as if Christ were on the one hand and death on the other.

Hidden Boys' Names.

1. Yes, my dear, Thursday is the day.
2. I am very fond of jam, especially raspberry.
3. Do you think my uncle so very stern, Esther?
4. I shall not go another step, Henry.
5. What do I owe? Never mind the bill.
6. Tell papa to come down to supper, Cyril, dear.

Charades.

1. My first is a tree, my second is a fruit, and my whole is a fruit.
2. My first is an evergreen, my second is a kind of wine, and my whole is a flower.
3. My first is an animal, my second is a small stream, and my whole is a town.

Food for Thought.—As you pursue your studies, you will frequently be asked by utilitarian people, What is the use of such and such knowledge? Remember that the end of all knowledge is to feed the mind and generate wisdom, and you will always have this ready and sufficient answer: It is food for thought.

Lofty Spirits and Humble Folk.—As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors.—*Fuller.*

Answers to Buried Islands (p. 127).—(1) Philipine. (2) Faroe. (3) Sark. (4) Tiree. (5) Iona. (6) Arran. (7) Staffa. (8) Bute.

Answer to Geographical Double Acrostic (p. 127):—

F E R R O
O A K H A M
Y U B A
L U X E M B U R G
E D I N B U R G H



MISS ROSAMOND CHAMPFLOWER,

AND HOW SHE SPENT HER CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.

THIRTY-SEVEN BABIES.

THE urn on Miss Champflower's breakfast-table bubbled and sang with as much importance as if it itself had invented the way to keep water hot; the rolls that had just come steaming in from the oven had a crisp, conceited air about them; the table-cloth, as a gleam of cold, Christmas sunshine fell upon it, seemed to take a prim pride in its own spotlessness; the various articles of silver plate—Miss Champflower never even breakfasted without much plate—stood there with much dignity. Miss Champflower's cat mewed complacently, as though he were saying to himself, "My saucer will be full of milk, whatever the saucers of my neighbours may be." Miss Champflower's dress, which was made of some very soft warm stuff, just then in high favour with fashion, had a touch-me-not sort of look about the sit of its skirts that appeared to be always defying any offending foot to draw near; the very lace on Miss Champflower's cap was evidently resolved to be thought Valenciennes, though, let the fact be whispered below the breath, it was only imitation.

Miss Rosamond Champflower herself was a well-preserved little woman of about sixty; her hands were white and plump, her figure was round and neat, her face would have had a sunset gleam of beauty resting still on the delicately cut features, if it had not been for the unsympathetic, hard lines around the small mouth, for the steel-like glitter in the bright grey eyes.

Miss Champflower had but one employment in the whole course of the year, but she found it an employment that filled up most fully every chink of time, summer and winter, autumn and spring, every minute marked by her pretty French clock, from the moment she rose from her big, soft bed till she returned to it again; it was the employment of pleasing herself. This morning, the morning of Christmas Eve, she was making up her mind, as indeed she did every morning, to have a comfortable day of it; and her thoughts were running somewhat as follows, as she formed her plans towards that praiseworthy end:—

"I will sit all the morning with my feet on the fender, reading that interesting book I got from the library yester-

day; it is horribly cold, but I will have the screen put up to keep off the draft from the door, and we'll heap plenty of coals on; then I'll have for dinner a roast chicken and a nice little pudding made in a cup, just enough for myself. By-the-bye, I must remind Keziah to put just a touch more lemon in the bread-sauce. After dinner I shall put on my fur cloak, and go out to look into the Christmas shops, which always amuse me, and on my way back I will call on Miss Snapton and hear the last dainty bit of gossip; there's always sure to be enough of it about every man and woman in the town, in turn, most likely about those very gentlemen and ladies who are making such a fuss just now with their Christmas charities, soup-kitchens, coal clubs, and all that sort of fine-sounding nonsense. Let the poor help themselves, and if they won't do it, be made to, that's what I say. When I come home to tea, I'll tell Keziah to have the muffins ready, and to put the butter thicker than last night; and after tea——" But here Miss Champflower's further reflections and plans were broken off suddenly by the entrance of her servant Keziah with a letter in her hand.

Keziah, with a girl over whom she ruled with a most despotic sceptre, formed Miss Champflower's household. She was a trim, prim personage, who always looked as if she had just been taken out of a band-box. Her views of life in general were much the same as those of Miss Champflower, and her range of thought and feeling very similar to hers, with this exception—that whereas her mistress cared only for herself, Keziah cared for herself and her mistress too.

Now the arrival of a letter was somewhat of an event for Miss Champflower. She had quarrelled with all her relations, and she had no friends, for to call those ladies friends who were her neighbours in the town of Bellminster, where she lived, and who supplied her with catalogues of the real or supposed misdoings of their acquaintances in return for certain tea-parties at which she entertained them, would be to desecrate a very sacred word. Thus it came to pass that Miss Rosamond Champflower had no correspondents. She did, it is true, sometimes receive circulars from tradesmen, &c.; but Keziah's practised eye saw at once that this was no circular. It was, therefore, no wonder that the old servant felt a sharp prick of curiosity about this letter, and that, making use of the privileges allowed her by her familiarity with her mistress, she lingered near the door instead of leaving the room. It was well that she did so, for two or three minutes had not sped by when a shrilly accentuated "Oh!" drew Keziah hastily to her mistress's side. Miss Champflower's face was coloured with a deep flush of sudden indignation; Miss Champflower's eyes were wide open with a look of the most extreme bewilderment, while she murmured over and over the strange, mysterious words, "Thirty-seven babies! thirty-seven babies!"

Keziah's first impression was that her mistress had suddenly taken leave of her senses; but as Miss Champflower had always been remarkable for soundness of intellect, her next and more rational notion was that the letter was the guilty cause of this unaccountable agitation and incomprehensible language. It lay at Miss Champflower's feet on the carpet, where she had thrown it. Keziah picked it up, and stood with it doubtfully in her hand until her mistress, being slightly recovered, turned to her and bade her read it.

The fatal document—for so it certainly appeared to be in Miss Champflower's eyes—ran as follows:—

"DEAREST LITTLE ROSIE,—All has been done splendidly. Not one even of your thirty-seven babies forgotten. Shall be with you almost with the first peal of bells on Christmas morning; what a jolly time we will have of it!

"Your own——

"P.S.—Have not time to put date, but you know it, my beauty."

Keziah's first impression on reading this was one of the most overwhelming astonishment. It certainly did seem a most extraordinary and grotesquely impossible thing to find Miss Champflower spoken of as the possessor of thirty-seven babies, and to hear her august majesty addressed in such a free and easy style as the above was little less startling and incredible.

When she had, however, partly got over this sensation, the first idea which struck her was that the delivery of the letter must have been a mistake; she had heard of such at Christmas time, when so many letters are flying hither and thither through the land. A sad, foolish waste of time and pence she and her mistress always said. She therefore examined the envelope eagerly; but there was no mistake, there was Miss Champflower's address as plain as the bow on Miss Champflower's cap to view. "Miss Rosamond Champflower, 9, Ansleigh-terrace, Bellminster." Then Keziah's keen eyes inspected narrowly the handwriting and the paper. But these brought no light: it was a bold, manly hand, with nothing peculiar about it, and the paper had no stamp of any sort upon it. The post-marks were simply London and Bellminster. No, Keziah could not in the least find any key to the mystery.

There was no one, she was quite certain, in the whole town or neighbourhood who, besides her mistress, bore the name of Champflower, which made the matter yet more impossible to solve.

At length a bright idea flashed across Keziah, and, turning to her mistress, who sat by with a flushed bewildered look, and with a half-finished egg before her, she exclaimed—

"I'll tell you what it is, ma'am, it can be nothing but a piece of clean, downright impertence."

"But who, I should like to know, Keziah, could possibly dream of presuming on such insolence!" cried Miss Champflower, her dignity starting up in stiffest armour at the notion.

"That's more than I can say, ma'am; but there be folks going in the world that be bad enough for anything, and they be generally those who do look as smooth and sweet as sugar and cream. I shouldn't be surprised if it's that oily-tongued fellow, Rolls, the confectioner. I caught him winking and grinning to his shop-boy the very last time I left the shop, and happened to look back; and he has a brother in London too!"

"I am quite sure no one in the town would have such unheard-of audacity," replied Miss Champflower solemnly.

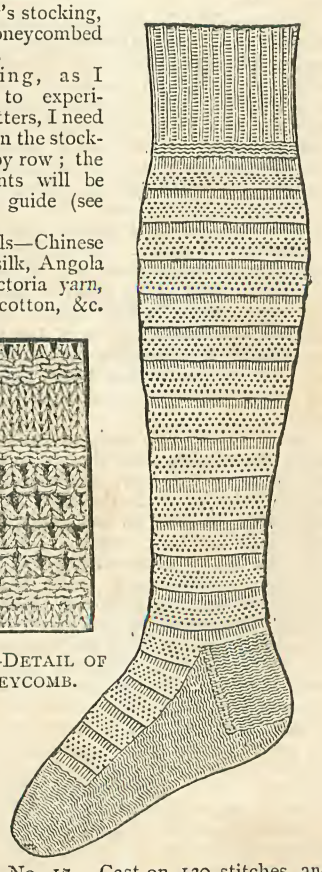
Nevertheless, Keziah persisted in her theory, "It's just a piece of impertence."

(*To be continued.*)

SOCK AND STOCKING KNITTING.

I DARESAY those of my young friends who have tried the heelless stocking in such favour abroad have fancied that this style of work was but play. This primitive mode, however, was only offered to gratify fashion's current whim, and as a first dip into the mysteries of stocking knitting; not that the difficulties are very great, but like everything else worth doing, this branch has a few rules to be learnt and followed. Hence I reserve the elementary principles for a special chat with beginners. To-day the lesson is prepared for the clever ones already initiated into the entire management of a stocking. In anticipation of Christmas gifts and festivities I have chosen the annexed specimens, rather lacey and pretty, so they will take some time to do, and we must set to the task immediately, if we wish to be generous with a small outlay. Therefore let us take the bull by the horns, and venture at once on the longest piece of work—the lady's stocking, with its honeycombed insertions.

FIG. 1.
LADY'S OPENWORK STOCKING.



Speaking, as I suppose, to experienced knitters, I need not explain the stocking row by row; the main points will be sufficient guide (see Fig. 1).

Materials—Chinese knitting silk, Angola wool, Victoria yarn, coloured cotton, &c.

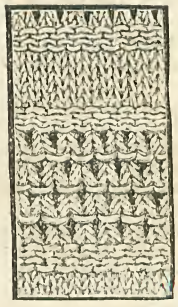


FIG. 2.—DETAIL OF HONEYCOMB.

Needles—No. 17. Cast on 120 stitches, and rib by two plain and two purl for sixty-eight rounds.

69th Round.—Plain knitting; increase one,

to stand for the seam; three more rounds plain, five rounds purl. These close circles may be reversed at will, so as to produce a band of flat plain knitting, or of projecting purls.

Honeycomb.—* Wool forward to make one, slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over; repeat from * to the end of the round.

2nd Round.—Plain; purl the seam stitch.

The 3rd Round like first; but to obtain the diagonal look of one face, be sure to slip the stitch drawn over in the first round, and knit the made stitch; then pass the slipped stitch over.

4th Round.—Plain; work these four rows again, to have a circular stripe of eight rounds—four patterned and four plain, alternately; knit two more plain rounds, then another band of five purl rounds, and one plain, which brings you again to the honeycomb. Repeat twelve times. After the last ribbed stripe, prepare your needles for the heel. The honeycomb presents on one side slanting lines, divided by four holes, and on the other side diamond-shaped holes connected by purls. (As seen in the detail, Fig. 2.)

Heart-shaped Heel.—For the banded and the seamed or manufacturer's heel, I must refer you to the paper on "New Heels" in the September part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. I will this time explain the convenient heart-shaped heel. Divide the stitches in two parts; forty-two for the front and forty-three for the heel. From this number you will infer that thirty-six stitches have been lost by the eighteen intakes, which, for this beautifully-shaped stocking, graduate from the third band of purl. Work the straight flap of the heel backwards and forwards for forty-two rows, or 2½ inches, slipping the edge stitches, and not forgetting the seam stitch.

Turning of Heel.—Purl until one beyond the seam-stitch; then begin the decrease by purling two together—purl one. Leave the remaining seventeen stitches on the needle. Turn the work, slip one, knit three, purl the seam stitch, knit one, knit two together, but from the back, to allow the decrease to slope in the right manner—knit one. Turn, purl until you come to the stitch above the two knitted together of the last row. Purl this stitch together with the next stitch. Purl another to close the decrease. By this means the intake always verges to the left of the previous one, and one fresh stitch is reduced at each row. Knit in this manner until the stitches taken together come at the end of a row, which it will do after the twenty-second row. Turn and knit the next row, knitting the last two together, also to make both sides match.

Gusset.—Pick up, and meanwhile knit twenty-one stitches along the left side of the heel, to meet the front needles; these you knit in order to reach the right side of the heel, which you raise up as before, and then knit along the back needle to the seam. Take care to divide the stitches well between the three needles, and work twenty-four rounds, following the pattern in the front, and shaping the gusset by knitting together the two stitches at the top of the heel on either side. These intakes gradually slope downwards, and are knitted alternately from the front and from the back, according as to how the stitches should slant. After the decreasings are completed see that you have eighty-four stitches in all on the needles; then knit fifty-seven rounds, honeycombed on the instep, afterwards six entirely plain.

Round Toe.—Have twenty-eight stitches on each needle, for the toe will be narrowed in three sections, thus:—Knit two together, two plain, two together from the back, twenty-two plain, repeat exactly for the two other needles. Five rounds plain, knit two together, two plain, two together from the back, twenty plain; repeat twice. Five rounds plain. One decreased round, and six rounds plain, three times; one decreased round, five rounds plain, one decreased round, three rounds plain. One decreased round, and one round plain, three times. There now remain four stitches on each needle, which make in all twelve. Cast them off by knitting on each needle two together twice, leaving six; again knit two together three times, leaving three. Draw the wool through, and secure it by two or three tight stitches with a crochet-hook. Break off. This stocking measures from top to turn of heel 22½ inches, and from the back of the heel to the toe 10 inches, allowing 11 stitches to the inch.

Now I am going to explain a sweetly pretty sock, not at all difficult to manage (Fig. 3). The design (Fig. 4) runs in a triple stripe down the front, while the back is plain.

Materials.—Knitting cotton, No. 14, merino or imperial silk; needles, No. 17 or 18.

Cast on sixty-four stitches and rib, with two

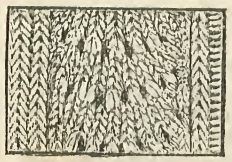


FIG. 4.—DETAIL OF SHELL PATTERN.



FIG. 3.—LITTLE CHILD'S SOCK.

plain and two purl for twenty-four rounds. Commence the seam stitch at the twenty-fifth round, which is plain as well as the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh.

28th Round.—Seam one, knit fifteen. Here begins the pattern, which occupies thirteen stitches for the first stripe and ten for the two next ones.

Shell stripe.—* Purl one, knit one from the back, purl one; knit one and make one six times. Knit one, repeat from * twice more, finish with purl one; knit one from the back, purl one. Knit the remaining fifteen stitches plain.

29th Round.—Seam one, knit fifteen, * purl one, knit one from the back, purl one, knit thirteen, repeat from * twice more; finish as before with purl one. Knit one from the back, purl one. Knit fifteen.

30th Round.—Seam one, knit fifteen, * purl one, knit one from the back, purl one, slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over, knit nine, knit two together, repeat from * twice; finish as before. Knit fifteen.

31st Round.—Seam one, knit fifteen, * purl one, knit one from the back, purl one, knit two together, knit seven, slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over. Repeat from * twice, purl one, knit one from the back, purl one, fifteen plain.

32nd Round.—Seam one, knit fifteen, * purl one, knit one from the back, purl one, slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over, knit five, knit two together; repeat from * twice. Finish as before.

You thoroughly understand that the pattern requires five rounds and represents six diverging lines terminated by holes and pointing downwards. The enclosing zigzags are the result of the decreasings done alternately by taking two together or drawing one slipped stitch over.

Repeat the pattern again twelve times, and you have reached the heel, after working for the leg sixty-eight rows in all, without any decrease.

Heart-shaped Heel.—Divide the sixty-four stitches as follows. Twenty-seven on the heel needle and thirty-five on the two front needles. Knit the twenty-seven backwards and forwards for twenty-nine rows, slipping the first stitch of every line.

Turning of Heel.—Purl back to the seam stitch, which you now discontinue. Purl two together, purl one to set the decreasing; turn; knit three, knit two together from the back, knit one; turn; purl four, purl two together, purl one; turn; knit five, knit two together, knit one; turn; purl six, purl two together, purl one; turn; knit seven, knit two together from the back, knit one. Continue thus until you have worked off all the stitches. You have noticed a slight difference between this closing and the one described for the lady's heel, viz., the suppression of the seam stitch under the ball of the foot, and the sharper turn imparted by leaving no plain stitch on either side of the seam. I give you both ways that you can choose the one most convenient for your purpose.

Gusset.—Pick up and knit the fourteen slipped stitches along the sides of the heel, beginning, of course, with the left-hand one, and proceed with the pattern as you work round the front. After one plain round shape the gusset on the left-hand needle by knitting to the last six; then two together and four plain; and on the right hand one begin by four plain, and two together from the back. Continue plain. Decrease thus until sixty stitches in all are left on the needles, *i.e.*, thirty-three for the pattern, which is never broken, and twenty-seven plain. Work nine patterns of forty-five rows, and end the open-work. Knit ten rounds plain.

Toe.—Arrange twenty stitches on each needle, and knit two together, first from the front then from the back for every round; the rest of the stitches plain. When you have made eighteen rounds you will find but two stitches on each needle. Cast these off by knitting two together three times, and drawing the thread at once through the three last stitches. Break off and darn the end in and out on the right side. The length of the sock is 6½ inches from top to bend of heel, and 6 inches from heel to toe. Twelve stitches are taken to the inch.

Infants' shoes are welcome in every family; aunties and godmothers specially delight in working these little trifles for their pets, as they have the double advantage of being inexpensive and quickly made. The one shown in our illustration (Fig. 5) consists of a tiny close slipper, in blue Andalusian wool, and a white fancy sock. To execute it begin with the middle of the sole. Cast on sixty-nine stitches, dividing them equally on three needles. Knit one, increase by knitting one from the back of the seam-stitch. Finish the needle plain. Knit plain to the twelfth stitch of the second needle, make another increase by knitting from the back. Eleven plain; third needle, twenty-three plain. The first

increase is for the toe and the second for the heel.

2nd Round.—Purl.

3rd Round.—Make two at the toe end by knitting from the front and from the back of the two first stitches; knit plain to the heel—increase, then make two in the same manner. Finish plain.

4th Round.—Purl.

5th Round.—Plain with increase.

6th Round.—Purl.

7th Round.—Plain, with increase, widening heel for the last time. Work to the fifteenth round, enlarging the toe end only. You now have eighty-eight stitches on the needles. Nine two rounds alternately purl and plain. In the last round increase one in the centre of the second needle. Leave aside on twine fifty of the back stitches for the opening of the shoe; the remaining forty will be for the cap of the shoe; set them on the needles thus—twelve at the toe end on one, and fourteen on each of the side needles. The right-hand needle remains idle, and all the work is done on the left-hand one; the stitch followed is the well-known *moss*. Knit one and purl one alternately, going towards the toe; leave the fourteenth on the needle, turn and work back on these thirteen, knitting the purled stitches and purling the knitted ones of preceding row. Turn and work down again, this time knitting the spare stitch together with the last.

4th Row.—Turn and knit back. In the 5th and every other row, knit up one of the toe stitches together with the last, till all the twelve have been worked off.

28th Row.—Work down again.

29th Row.—Return, and at the beginning knit the fourteenth stitch off the right-hand needle.

30th Row.—Work to the toe end; turn the shoe inside out, and cast off together the thirteen stitches from the two side needles. Next make the roll by knitting four rounds on the fifty stitches left aside and the stitches of the cap; cast off.

Leg.—This is worked from the shoe upwards in the shell or inverted wave pattern, one curve being sunken and the other raised by purls which almost conceal the holes. The former requires six stitches, and the latter twelve; pick up and knit along the cap eighteen stitches, taking them four rows inwards, not to spoil the roll; purl back on



FIG. 5.—BABY'S SHOE.

these eighteen, at the same time purling one stitch from the side of the foot together with the first and last stitch. In the third row commence the pattern for the instep, which contains a complete sunken curve, and two halves of the inverted ones. Purl two together three times; purl one and make one six times; purl two together three times.

4th Row.—Purl eighteen, catching the first and last stitch as before always below the roll.

5th Row.—Knit eighteen.

6th Row.—Purl eighteen.

7th Row.—Like third.

8th Row.—Similar to fourth.

9th Row.—Same as fifth.

10th Row.—Repetition of sixth. Continue thus until the fourteenth row, when you will have secured seven of the side stitches, leaving eighteen on each. Work the fifth row, and instead of turning back, pick up with a third needle the stitches along the right-hand side, following on the pattern, *i.e.*, purl three times; two together; purl one and make one six times; purl two together three times.

16th Row.—Turn, slip the first stitch, purl the remaining thirty-five. With a fresh pin pick up and purl the stitches along the left-hand side of the foot.

17th Row.—Turn, slip one, knit fifty-three.

18th Row.—Turn, slip one, purl fifty-three.

19th Row.—Turn, purl two together three times, * purl one and make one six times; purl two together six times, repeat from *, then purl one and make one six times, purl two together three times.

The 20th, 21st, and 22nd rows are like the 16th, 17th, and 18th. Five more patterns, then three plain rows. You are ready for the seven rows of ribs, in three plain and three purl. Cast off and trim with a crochet edge as follows: One double crochet into the centre of a rib; one chain, one picot (of five chain and one single), one chain. Repeat seventeen times.

Through a row of holes thread an anklet of half-inch coloured ribbon.

BABY'S SHOE.

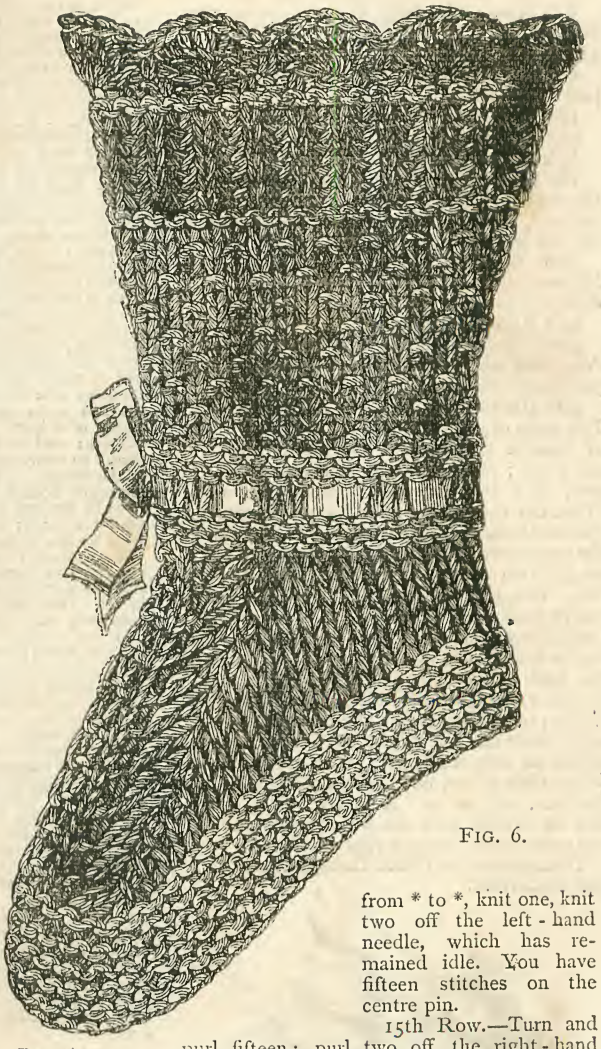
Begin with the sole. Cast on two needles, fifty-three stitches. Knit in garter stitch for eleven rows (Fig. 6).

Instep.—12th Row. Knit twenty, * slip one, knit two together, pass slipstitch over, knit two, make one by throwing the wool over the needle. Knit one, purl one; knit one, make one, knit two, slip one, knit two together; pass slipstitch over *, knit two. These stitches from * to * are reserved for the instep, and will remain the same to the thirty-second row inclusive. The purl stitch always stands for the centre, and the two made ones give perpendicular lines of holes on either side. Every alternate row is, of course, purled. The plain stitches gradually added on each end form the sides. Two extra needles are now required.

Having worked the twenty plain and the fifteen pattern stitches, turn the knitting, leaving eighteen on the left-hand needle.

13th Row.—With a fresh pin purl fifteen; leave eighteen on the right-hand needle; take a fourth pin and work over the fifteen purl stitches.

14th Row.—Slip one, repeat instep pattern from * to *, knit one, knit two off the left-hand needle, which has remained idle. You have fifteen stitches on the centre pin.



BABY'S SHOE.

FIG. 6.

15th Row.—Turn and purl fifteen; purl two off the right-hand needle, also idle. Hence from the fourteenth to the thirty-second row inclusive you add two stitches at each line.

16th Row.—Slip one. Repeat from * to *, knit one and the two extra stitches.

17th Row.—Purl.

18th Row.—Slip one, knit two, repeat from * to *. Knit two and the two extra ones. Purl every alternate line.

20th Row.—Slip one, knit three, repeat from * to *, knit three and the two extra stitches.

22nd Row.—Slip one, knit four, repeat from * to *; knit three and the two extra. You have now twenty-five stitches on the front needle and eight on each of the side ones, in all forty-one.

24th Row.—Turn, slip one, knit five, repeat from * to *, knit six, and the eight left on the adjoining needle.

25th Row.—Purl all on the front needle, as well as the eight left on the opposite needle. Two of the pins are then suppressed, and the remainder of the shoe is executed with two only.

26th Row.—Slip one, knit twelve, repeat from * to *, knit thirteen.

28th Row.—Slip one, knit eleven; repeat from * to *, knit twelve.

30th Row.—Slip one, knit ten; repeat from * to *, knit eleven.

32nd Row.—Slip one, knit nine; repeat from * to *, knit ten. See that you have thirty-one stitches on the needle. The shoe itself is finished.

Anklet.—Three rows of garter stitch.

36th Row.—Runner. Slip one, make one, knit two together to the end; three rows of garter stitch.

Leg. Moss Stitch.—40th Row.—Knit one, purl one, etc.

41st Row and every other row purled.

42nd Row.—Purl one, knit one to the end.

44th Row.—Knit one, purl one, etc.

The 46th Row begins the increasings to shape the leg; slip one, purl one. Raise a stitch, * knit one, purl one, repeat from * until within the two last stitches, when you again raise one.

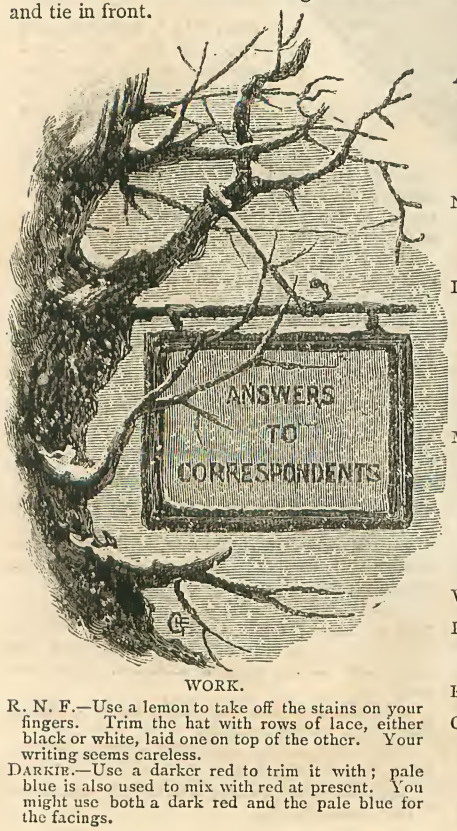
48th Row.—Knit one, purl one, etc. Increase also one at each end of the row, doing the same in the 50th and 52nd Row.

50th Row.—Like the 46th.

52nd Row.—Knit one, purl one, etc. After this now stop the increasings by which you have obtained eight more stitches.

54th Row.—Purl one, knit one to the end. Two rows of garter stitch; finish by ten rows of brioche stitch, made thus:—Slip one, * make one; slip as though you were going to purl, knit two together, continue from *. Work the second and all subsequent rows in the same manner, being careful to knit together the made stitch and its fellow one produced by the two drawn together in the previous line. The stitch, slipped purl fashion, stands out by itself as a raised web. Two rows of purl. Cast off very loosely, and sew the shoe together on the wrong side, stitch by stitch, tightening the heel and toe to round them off better. Impart a smart finish by a little crochet edging in silk; one chain, one double crochet through every other cast off stitch. 2nd Row.—One treble, six long treble, one treble through one chain stitch below, one double crochet through the next, and so on. A pretty vandyke can also be formed with the *point neige*, making five or six chain between each stitch.

Thread a narrow ribbon through the runner and tie in front.



WORK.

R. N. F.—Use a lemon to take off the stains on your fingers. Trim the hat with rows of lace, either black or white, laid one on top of the other. Your writing seems careless.

DARKIE.—Use a darker red to trim it with; pale blue is also used to mix with red at present. You might use both a dark red and the pale blue for the facings.

L. A.—In answer to your queries we must inform you that all the varieties of the *point de neige* can be worked both in a straight and a circular way. In the first instance you cast off, and break the wool at each row; in the second you work round and round, increasing at the corners by four chain, on which, in the following rows, you make two extra stars. Be careful to remember the four chain at the beginning of each round, which stands for the foundation of the first stitch. The same stitch will also form a charming edging, worked in some contrasting colour; and vandyked by merely crocheting four chain between each star.

B. and S., S. C., and HILARY N. ST. CLARE.—All these correspondents wish to know how to knit mittens with a thumb, and the following recipe gives the easiest method with which we can supply them. Cast on a sufficient number of stitches to cover the hand well lengthwise (whatever be the size of the needles, and coarseness of the wool, allowance must, of course, be made on their account); as an average size, cast on 43. Knit in simple garter-stitch, or in long ribs, until you have made a piece large enough, not merely to cover the back of the hand, but also to reach half way round the palm, in order to conceal the seam, that will connect the two parts of the mitten. On reaching the right place for the thumb, finish the row, and leave the wool hanging loosely for a time. You will require it again shortly. Then take a needle threaded with wool or cotton, and pass it through the last seven stitches. Secure this thread by means of a knot, to prevent the dropping of the stitches; and do not touch them again until the thumb be completed. 36 stitches will now remain on the needle. Take a fresh ball of wool, and with the empty needle draw it through the 36th stitch, so as to form an extra loop. Make five more in a similar manner; and these six new stitches will serve for the foundation, lengthwise, of the thumb. The needle will then hold 42 stitches. The gusset must now be formed thus: Knit the six stitches, and one extra taken off the needle—that is, seven in all. Turn, slip the first stitch, and knit the remaining six. Knit back again, taking another from the needle,—making eight. Turn, slip one, and knit seven; and continue in this way until 25 stitches have been worked off, when 17 will be left on the needle for the wrist. The thumb being now finished, cast off the same number of stitches that you added for the foundation—that is, six—and break the wool. You must here put back the seven stitches left aside, and the needle will hold its original number once more—43 stitches; and you have only to continue knitting backwards and forwards as before, until you have a sufficient number of rows, when, cast off, and sew up the mitten, and afterwards the two selvages of the thumb, completing the work.

MARY.—For directions in "Swiss Darning" see page 314. There are other articles on this work, so you had better refer to the back numbers of the magazine. Your writing is legible, but very irregular, and not properly formed.

ADDA.—Could you not knit some pretty mittens, or baby's socks? They would be more likely to sell than painted cards or pincushions. Clothing for poor children is the best of all contributions, as the sale serves a double purpose. You do not write well.

EDUCATIONAL.

NELLIE.—Apply for all particulars to the secretary or head mistress, Miss Buss. The fees are from £10 to £24; but whether this includes all expenses connected with the school you must ascertain by writing direct, or by personal application.

LEILA LEONORA writes an admirable hand herself; her wishes will be considered. Address Mrs. Peile, Trumpington-road, near Cambridge, for all information respecting instruction by correspondence; she will supply a list of both teachers and subjects. The fees for a year's course (which synchronises with the terms of the University) four guineas; a four months' course, two guineas; teachers, half price. There is a loan fund for further reduction.

MINNIE R.—You write a nice hand, well suited to bookkeeping. There is a class held for training young women as clerks and bookkeepers, on the evenings of Mondays and Thursdays respectively, at the office of the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. We are glad that you took courage to write to us, as you are so good as to say from "seeing our kind patience with others." We shall always be pleased to hear from, and counsel you.

VERBENA.—See our article on "Nursing as a Profession."

KATIE B.—Apply for papers and all information respecting the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations to the Rev. G. F. Brown, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

R. M. F.—Certainly it is desirable to be a certificated teacher. Your writing is tolerably good.

COLUMBINE.—We advise your consulting the resident British Consul, or the chaplain at whatever large town you select, for information respecting the schools. Dresden is famous for its resources, and we believe Hanover likewise, at which latter place the best German is spoken. We think that you have quite forgotten yourself; the style of your letter is so unseemly, and contrasts most unfavourably with the grateful, modest, and ladylike tone of the majority of our young correspondents.

DELTA.—"To Awake" is an irregular verb. We recommend you to study the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus.

IRESENE.—Your gracious letter deserves our best thanks. You write a pretty, well-formed hand. We are glad you like our articles on Needlework. We think that if you play the harmonium you would soon learn the organ stops; but the playing with the pedals requires a good deal of practice and is trying to the back. To many women it would be very injurious.

PATIENCE.—We are unable to supply addresses of foreign schools; but it is quite possible that a situation such as you desire might be obtained in a German school. Look amongst the advertisements in the *Guardian*, for instance. We regret that we cannot assist you in disposing of your poems in any magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMLEVA.—We cannot give addresses. Do not go beyond your ordinary friendly behaviour.

GRANNY.—1. You have probably received your certificate by this time. 2. Ugolino was a Count of Pisa, who deserted the Ghibellines, hoping to obtain supreme power in Pisa, and formed an alliance with Giovanni Visconti, who was to supply him with soldiers; but the plot was discovered and both were banished. In the end the Count fell into the hands of an enemy, who proved a monster of cruelty; for he and his four innocent sons were starved to death in the Torre del Fame, Pisa. Your copperplate hand might be made a nice "running" one.

OLIVE.—1. A little soda in water is said not to be injurious, and yet to soften very hard water. 2. It is well-bred to answer all invitations, whether you accept them or not.

THE EVERGREEN SISTERS.—Always take your music with you, if you can play or sing, and are likely to be asked to do so. It is a very valuable accomplishment to be able to play from memory.

IDALIS.—The answer to "Mousse," page 431, will give you the information on "Blue Stocking."

F. H. and C.—Leave your umbrella in the hall, especially if it be wet. You may take a parasol into the drawing-room.

EXCELSIOR.—The word "Selah" occurs seventy-one times in the Hebrew text of the Psalms. It is considered to mean either a note of admiration to draw attention to some remarkable passage, or else it is a music mark for the singers in the Temple.

CONSTANCE.—We admire your wish to earn something to help in so good a cause; but, as you are at school, we think that your first duty is to take advantage of your present opportunities. Spelling, writing, and composition all need attention.

ESMERALDA.—The pianoforte would be the best to begin upon. Of course her progress will depend on her perseverance. Your writing and composition are very good.

FERN.—Read "Pressed Grasses and Ferns," page 556, vol. 1.

EMMA BON.—The fits of sneezing point to a very irritable condition of the nerve fibres that supply the lining membrane of the nostrils. Now whatever tends to give tone to the general systen will help to sooth them. Let him live well and regularly, and take a two or three months' course of light-brown cod liver oil. Parrish's chemical food would also do good, a dessert spoonful twice or thrice a day.

HEARTSEASE.—1. If you want stuffed birds *not* in cases for the corners of your rooms, they must be set upon artificial twigs and turned stands. They might then be placed upon brackets; very charming ones may be bought for a shilling or two. These brackets are of carved wood, made abroad, and look very nice on the walls of a room. 2. February 6th, 1864, fell on a Saturday, and August 2nd, 1861, on a Friday.

GLADYS CLARKE.—The weakness in the voice is caused by constitutional debility. You must endeavour to spare more time for healthy out-door exercise, without this medicine will be of no avail. You must live on the most nourishing food, and seek cheerful but not exciting society. Cod liver oil would do you a deal of good if you could take it; if not, try a course of pancreatic emulsion, and take thrice a day a teaspoonful of Parrish's triple syrup of phosphates. Half an hour's vocal exercise during the day is not half enough, nor a fourth enough for marked improvement. But, remember, it is at any time injurious in the extreme to force the voice to the verge of fatigue. Handwriting good.

SIEVE DONARD.—You are making a grave mistake by feeding your gold-finch on hemp-seed, and pouring iron into him; no wonder head and wings change colour. Stop the iron and give the hemp most sparingly; give canary seed, poppy seed, linseed, oat grits, and a little green food, and put gravel in its cage.

BIRDIE.—Advice is of little use in affairs of the heart. But in reply to direct questions, while the idea of death speedily following such a union is superstitious, the probability of disease being perpetuated is great. Health, both personal and hereditary, is more to be desired than any other earthly boon.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 50.] DECEMBER 11, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MISS ROSAMOND CHAMPFLOWER.



[*All rights reserved.*

"THE LITTLE FELLOW REFUSED TO BE COMFORTED."

CHAPTER II.

CRIMSON BOWS.



IT seemed to Miss Champflower very much below her serene dignity to allow that letter to ruffle any further her composure, and yet, do what she would, she could not feel exactly as she did before receiving it. Its arrival had, as it were, brought a breath of air into her closely-curtained life. It had somehow made a change in the atmosphere around her, for the slightest novelty is always in a singular degree stirring and unsettling to those who live in a groove of placid selfishness like Miss Champflower.

When Keziah had taken away the breakfast things, during which business she murmured at intervals sundry threats expressive of vengeance against the supposed offender, the luckless baker, such as, "He'll come with the first peal of bells, will he? I'll treat him to a peal of bells he won't forget, I warrant." When Keziah had thus relieved her mind simultaneously with clearing the table, Miss Champflower took her book, and sat down to begin to carry out, if possible, the plan she had laid out for her day. But try as she might, bits out of that letter would go on getting in among the sentences she was reading; one word especially in it would flit about from brain to heart and from heart to brain, waking up voices that had long ceased to sound upon earth, painting again forgotten scenes, calling up once familiar faces, and that one word was "Rosie." Long, long ago Rosamond Champflower had been called Rosie herself in tones of love that came from many sides, with smiles lighting up the places where she went in and out; and now all the love and all the light was gone out of her life—gone because she herself had willed that they should go. Of course she did not fully realise this, this morning, but she had a dim, confused notion of something of the sort as the word "Rosie" rang softly round her—a notion that made her uneasy and vaguely sad and restless.

Thirty years ago Rosamond Champflower had been a very different woman from what she was now; the story of her life had had a very different colouring. She had, it is true, always been inclined to wrap herself up in self-indulgent indolence, but strong, warm affection had at that time kept the evil growth from gaining ground in her character. Her father had died when she was about twenty-three, leaving her the sole guardian of a little brother who was fifteen years younger than herself, and who was the child of a second marriage of old Mr. Champflower. Her father had been most tenderly devoted to Rosamond, prizing her always beyond even his little son; and when he died he left the whole management of his property in her hands, so wording his will that she could take away from her brother a considerable portion of his rightful inheritance if when he came of age he should do anything that made him in her estimation unworthy of it. The old man had done this in his great blind trust in his daughter's judgment.

For many years, however, there had seemed not the slightest probability of this part of Mr. Champflower's will being anything more than so much wasted ink. Young Edward Champflower's mother had died at his birth, and his elder sister Rosamond had at once filled her place, and had watched over the boy until every fibre of her heart had become entwined around him. But when Edward was twenty-two, Rosamond thirty-seven, the young man had formed an attachment for a girl who could not boast of springing from so old a family as the Champflowers, and who, moreover, had no fortune to speak of. Rosamond had expressed her disapproval of the match in the most unmeasured terms; but her brother had persisted, and had married without his sister's consent the woman of his choice.

Then the want of any religious foundation to Miss Champflower's character began to show itself. Her brother's wife was, in reality, a rare treasure for any family to receive into its heart of hearts; but she cared nothing for her sweetness and goodness because she had not the wealth and high birth which she had made up her mind Edward's bride should have. She now used to the full the power given her by her father's will. She disinherited her brother as far as she could, and never forgave him or his wife. Edward Champflower had entered the ministry, and had gone as a missionary to Australia with his brave young bride at his side; and, as Miss Champflower had given up all communication with them, she was not even aware whether either of them was still alive, or whether they had any children.

Miss Champflower's cold, hard pride brought upon her yet another loss besides her brother. At the time when Edward offended her by his choice of a wife, she herself had been engaged to be married to a noble, true-hearted man, close intimacy with whom would, very likely, in the course of years, have purged away much of the dross out of her character. But he had taken strongly her brother's part, and had refused to quarrel with him as she had done; hereupon Miss Champflower had broken off entirely her engagement. Hubert Armiger had borne the blow like a man and a Christian. He also had gone abroad to one of the colonies; Rosamond Champflower never chose to inquire which, and some years after news had reached her from a side channel that he was dead. Did her heart quiver in its stony sleep at the tidings? None knew if it did.

Soon after her quarrel with her brother Miss Champflower had sold the country house where she had lived with her father, and had established herself in the town of Bellminster, where she had remained ever since. Year by year her whole nature had deteriorated, year by year her character had become more and more petrified into utter selfishness. She had no friends, unless poor Keziah might be counted as one; she joined in no single deed of love and mercy in the town; she rejoiced in hearing of the ill-doings of her neighbours, congratulating herself all the while on her own snug respectability. She observed, it is true, certain outward religious forms; but in them she grasped only a fair but cold dead body, from which for her the quickening spirit was gone. For Rosamond Champflower there was no Christmas brightness, no music of young laughter round the hearth, no joy of bringing Christmas warmth and gladness into chill, dark homes — homes in back-alley or garret; no melody, such as even now still reaches the ears of the Master's own at Christmas time, re-echoing from the angels' song of peace and good-will; no light, such as streams from the manger of the Royal Babe over His people as each year they keep His birthday with a deeper and a fuller happiness.

But to return to Miss Champflower on this particular Christmas Eve of which we are speaking. After a while she found it really impossible to read, so she rose, and looked out of the window. As she stood there two neatly but poorly-dressed children came and lingered beneath, playing with some small toys which they had received at some school Christmas treat that had just gladdened their little hearts. One was a boy of seven, the other was younger, whose fourth Christmas this might be. There was something singularly touching in the sight of those children—in their joyous triumph over trifles that would have been cast aside as rubbish in the nurseries of the rich: poor, bent tin apologies for horse or dog, which they hugged to their little hearts; in the scanty thinness of the garments that clothed each small limb, around which the east wind, that came rushing down the street, blew its pitiless best; in their patient, smiling endurance of its rough treatment. Miss Champflower saw nothing of the pathos of the little picture; she always gave it out as her opinion that the children of the poor were never meant to have any amusement, and that giving them toys was a mere bit of idle sentiment. Still her eyes did rest more tenderly on the youngest of the boys than it had rested on any child for a long while, for she fancied he was like what her brother was at his age. She had dreamt of Edward as he used to be in his babyhood last night. Strange to say, whenever she did dream of him she always saw him as a child and never as a man; and always, while she slept, felt gently and lovingly towards him.

Miss Champflower's heart had been certainly slightly stirred in its death-like sleep by the sight of that once familiar word, "Rosie," but she resolved to do

her best to give it an opiate at once, and so she left the window and rang the bell for Keziah, in order to tell her to make this afternoon a small pot of mincemeat—just enough for Miss Champflower's own eating. She was just saying "And be sure you chop the suet very fine, Keziah," when a shrill cry in the street drew her once more hastily to the window, with Keziah behind her, looking curiously over her shoulder. What they saw was the younger of the two children mourning piteously over the fragments of his toy, which he had let fall and broken. His brother was trying to pacify him by offering him his own, but the little fellow refused to be comforted.

"There's a fine end to one bit, at least, of Mrs. Kingston's pretty charity fancy-work," said Miss Champflower, in a tone of the most complete and placid satisfaction.

Mrs. Kingston was Miss Champflower's next door neighbour. She was a warm-hearted, kindly, Christian lady, who was at the head of everything done in the town to bring light and sweetness into the lives of the working classes and of the poor, and to lift them up nearer to their Father in heaven. She was generally beloved and looked up to, but she was a pet aversion of Miss Champflower. It was Mrs. Kingston, who had given the poor children of the town schools their treat of Christmas toys.

"A bawling brat!" cried Keziah. "I'll run out and soon teach him to sing to another tune."

But before she could put this amiable intention into execution, a good Christmas fairy, or, at least, some one who seemed very like one, had come to the tiny mourner's help.

Forth from the next house, drawn apparently by the wailing of the child, came as winsome a figure as ever wove moonlight spell in woodland glade; the wavy grace of her slight form, in its close-fittting brown dress, had in it something of the charm of motion of a branch stirred by a light, brisk breeze; her face was all one sparkle, whether you looked at the dark, yet sunny eyes, or the wild blush-rose tint on her cheeks, or the smiles flashing and flitting about her red mouth. On her breast she wore a crimson ribbon, and a little bow of the same warm colour was stuck coquettishly on one side of her black hair; her dress raised slightly with her hand to escape the mud of the street, showed the twinkle of bright buckles on her pretty feet; her whole figure seemed all aglow with light and energy. She caught up the crying child with a brisk yet graceful movement, and began to soothe and talk softly to it.

"Some friend of Mrs. Kingston's who is staying with her, I suppose, and who just suits her fancy," said Miss Champflower, with a supercilious smile.

There's pretty behaviour for a young lady, to go and pick up the first howling beggar-child in the street!" exclaimed Keziah, with a contemptuous toss.

The object of these comments was, happily, not even aware that her movements were being observed. She was much too busy to glance up at Miss Champflower's window. The baby, at first, stoutly refused all consolation; but Crimson-bows proved herself quite equal to the occasion. She danced back into the house still holding in her arms the crying child, and in two minutes returned with him as entirely comforted as it is possible to imagine; the baby was munching, in calm ecstasy, a huge lump of cake. Then the young lady bent down to the elder boy, and began to talk to him with a soft, sympathetic light in her eyes.

Some half-hour after Crimson-bows might have been seen in the dark, cheerless garret, in a back-court, where these little ones had their home, showing herself just as brisk and ready here in bringing Christmas joy as she had been with the crying baby. The sick mother sat up drinking a cup of warm soup which Crimson-bows had brought. The father, a middle-aged, weather-beaten workman, who, on account of bad times in the town, was half the week out of employ, sat, with tears in his eyes, gazing at the provision for a Christmas dinner which now lay on the usually empty shelf. The two little boys were rejoicing, in a corner, over a brightly coloured picture-book; and Crimson-bows herself, going hither and thither through the gloomy room like a stray sunbeam, now speaking a cheery word, now bending over the sick woman to ease her position, now telling the man of what the love of Him who came at Christmas means, was a sight to make the Christmas angels smile.

(*To be concluded.*)

MY DREAM.

Am I indeed a little child again,
Or is it all a dream?
The meadow where we made a daisy chain
Beside a rippling stream?
The rook's dear music in the elm-trees tall,
That waved above our head,
The sunlight shining on the old church wall
That shades the quiet dead?

And this dear garden with the summer flowers,
And golden sunset sky!
Whilst round about the distant, still, grey towers
The swallows homeward fly,
And the girl-friend and I pace to and fro,
Watching the sunset light;
And in my ears her voice sounds sweet and low
And very dear to-night!

This cannot be a dream! This hawthorn-tree
Whose snowy blossoms fall
Down at the feet of one who speaks to me,
One who is grand and tall.
And who, with tender eyes and broad white brow,
Looks kingly standing there,
Whilst sunbeams through a waving hawthorn bough
Fall on his sunny hair.

"My love! My own dear love," I hear him cry,
Ah! *this* is not a dream!
For we are walking now, my love and I,
Beside a still, deep stream.

The birds are singing on the elm-tree's bough,
It surely seems to me
That the forget-me-nots are bluer now
Than they were wont to be!

Once more I seem to see the hawthorn-tree,
Its leaves grown golden now,
Whilst overhead a robin sings to me,
Upon the topmost bough.
And underneath, where once the blossoms fell,
We stand, my love and I;
And in my ears rings out his last farewell,
"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

* * * * * * * * *

Ah! I am waking now! The bright child-days
Will never come again—
The dear old home is very far away,
And *he* lies with the slain!
Over the garden now the sunset glow
Dim shadows seem to creep.
And the girl-friend of very long ago
Went long ago to sleep!

And I am tired, so tired! I fain would lie
At rest a long, long time,
For the life-hill was very steep and high
And wearisome to climb!
But now I think my race is nearly done,
And I must work and wait;
For I shall meet them all when work is done
Before the golden Gate.

GERTRUDE MOBERLY.

SIGNIFICANT SIGNATURES;

OR, AUTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

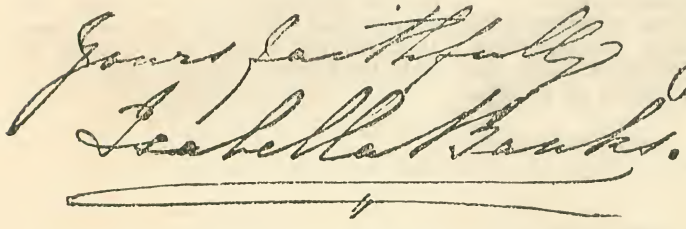
MANY of our affectionate readers have frequently urged us to insert in their OWN PAPER portraits of some of the kind contributors who write in its pages so much that is instructive and entertaining.

We would willingly do this were it not that the magazine has been before the public for so short a time, and we feel that the step might, by some, be considered somewhat premature. We, nevertheless, appreciate the extremely kind and friendly spirit which has prompted the application, and although we are at present indisposed to publish views of the features, yet we willingly supply the accompanying autographs, serving, as handwriting so frequently does, to indicate the character of the writers.

It is the absurdly erroneous opinion of many people that the handwritings of literary men and women are the reverse of being legible and pleasant in design. We certainly know one or two clever *littérateurs* whose handwritings are tantalisingly hieroglyphical; but it is an acknowledged fact that most persons worthy our respect and admiration are too wise to ignore details or to write a careless hand. Clear and deliberate writing is incompatible with careless thought and hasty judgment, and to prove this we ask you to look at the writings of your friends, and you will, we think, find that those whose opinions are most respected and whose minds are well balanced write with clearness and character. Of course, there are times when we all have to write at great speed, but even then our penmanship will not lose its character, and no good work is constantly accomplished at express rate.

The following autographs are copied from letters found in our "pigeon-holes," and many of them, we believe, were written in a hurry:—

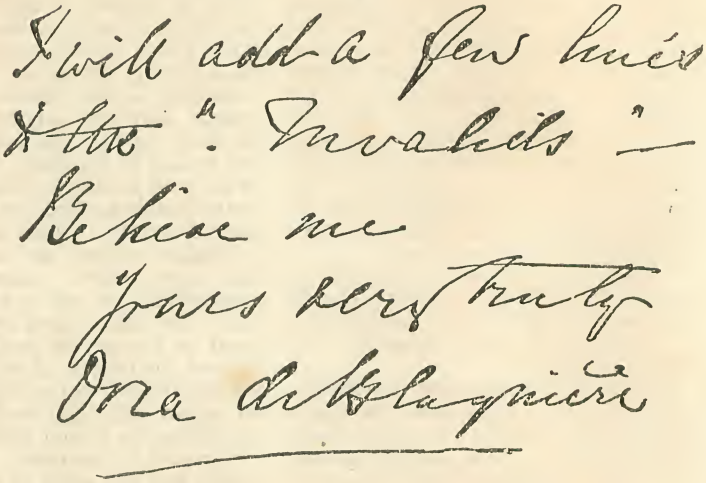
(1.)



The first autograph is that of Isabella Banks (Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks), the author of "More than Coronets," a story written in the midst of much domestic affliction and personal physical pain.

The next is the signature of Miss Anne Beale, the writer of "Quite a Lady," "The Queen o' the May," "Idonea," and other charming

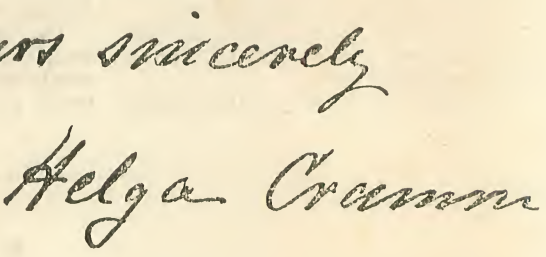
(4.)



stories. Who will not agree with us that the handwriting is at once graceful and deliberate?

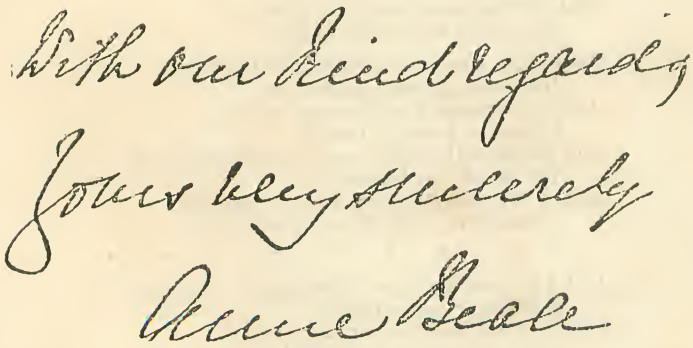
The third is the handwriting of Lady Benedict, the wife of that world-renowned and much respected musician, Sir Julius Benedict.

(5.)



All musical girls will have read her ladyship's instructive article on "Pianoforte Playing" with much pleasure.

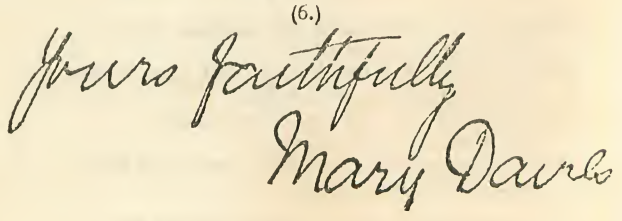
(2.)



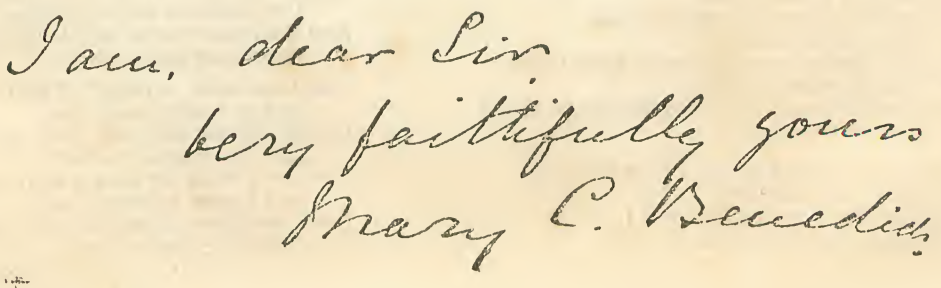
(4.)

Mrs. de Blaquiere's autograph comes next. Her interesting articles, particularly those on Needlework, have been found most useful. "Occupations for Invalids" are the result of much experience and personal knowledge.

(6.)



(3.)



(5.)

The next signature is that of the Baroness Helga von Cramm, the great Christmas card painter, and the writer of that article in our first volume on "How to Paint Christmas and Birthday Cards." The Baroness was the intimate friend of Frances Ridley Havergal, whose life, it might be truly said, "was hid with Christ in God."

(6.)

Who has not heard of the possessor of the next name on our list—Miss Mary Davies, the popular English soprano? For maiden modesty, true musical culture, and exquisite voice, few English vocalists can equal her.

(7.)

Look, girls, at the handwriting of Miss Sarah Doudney. Here is a hand which many might take as a model. How could anything—poem, article, or story—be the reverse of thoughtful and instructive, written in such style? By-the-bye the Editor whispers that Miss Doudney is at the present time writing, for the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, a long story which will be sure to be found thoroughly interesting.

(8.)

The signature of the writer of "The Difficulties of a Young Housekeeper" comes next. Who can have read Miss Hope's papers on Domestic Work without imbibing much practical assistance thereby? Those papers, too, on Sunday School Teaching, District Visiting, and the like, have done much towards filling our girls with a sincere desire to work for the Master with intelligence and earnestness.

(9.)

Now turn your attention to Mrs. Lamb's signature. Any reader of her papers who does not know how to provide amusement for herself, and to wash, starch, and iron her brother's collars, must be either an idler or an unfortunate invalid.

(10.)

The next is the beginning of a letter from a highly accomplished lady, a painter and musician of rare talents, and the writer of "How to Play the Violin," which appeared in Vol. I. Her ladyship is now engaged upon a violin solo for this magazine.

(11.)

Mrs. Mackarness, the owner of signature No. 11 (daughter of the accomplished antiquarian, the late Mr. J. R. Planché), is the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," and the writer of many of our pretty "Ballad Stories."

(12.)

Mrs. Staples (M. Ellen Edwards) appears next. She is the artist of many of our pictures, and a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy and other picture galleries.

(13.)

In the last autograph you might almost trace the writing of "Wild Kathleen," or Topsy in "That Aggravating Schoolgirl." These two heroines were real characters—playfellows of Miss Stebbing when she was at school.

In these signatures let us hope that our readers believe that they have seen the writing of some of their best friends.

(7.)

Believe me
Yours very truly
Sarah Doudney.

(8.)

I think an article on "My district" would be very interesting.

With kind regards

I am sincerely yours

Dora Hope

(9.)

With all sorts of good wishes,

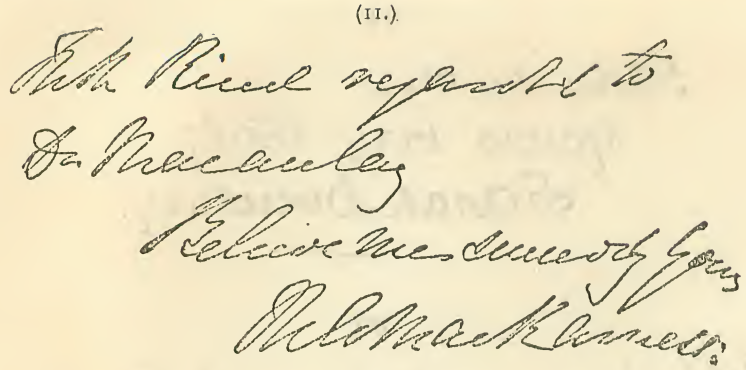
Yours very faithfully

Ruth Lamb

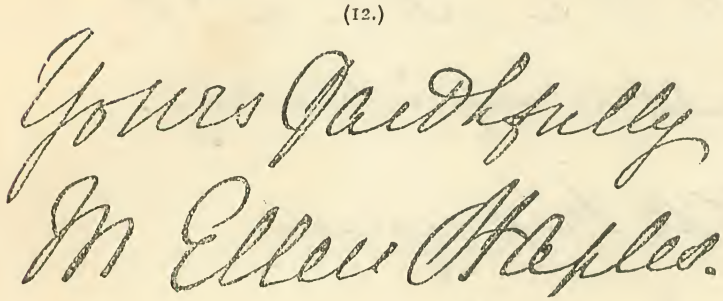
(10.)

Lady Lindsay (of Balcarres) presents her compliments to the Editor of "the girl's own paper," & will be very happy to

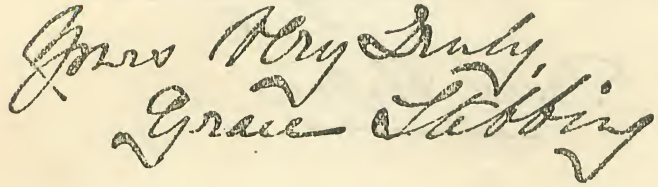
(11.)



(12.)



(13.)



THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER X.

A VISIT FROM MR. EVERTON.

PEGGY and May sat down to their tea-dinner alone. The old woman was even more loquacious and May even more silent than usual. The one talked over all the sermons, hymns, and company she had heard and seen, the latter thought of Mr. Everton.

"What should we be doing without tea? It is such a comfort when one is coming home late like this morning," sighed Peggy, pouring out a fifth or sixth cup. "Take you another cup, child. You will be wanting it against the evening. Grandfather is saying that you may come to the meeting with me."

May's face brightened up, and she said—

"Then I shall see Mr. Everton again, and speak to him, great-grandmother."

"And he a clergyman from London to be thinking of a little girl like you!" retorted Peggy. "He will be making speeches at the dinner, and preaching this evening, I'll warrant me. There's beautiful the vicar did preach! And I heard your voice quite plain in the hymns, child. I must say the ladies aren't teaching you for nothing."

"I wonder if Mr. Everton heard it," sighed May.

When Peggy's tongue was once set going, and there was no Evan to superintend its machinery, it never stopped; so May had nothing to do but to listen, which she always did most conscientiously. But on the present occasion her sensitive face had an abstracted look unnatural to it, and it was evident to her grandmother that she did not take in half of her discourse.

"Your wits have gone wool-gathering and your eyes are looking after them, child," she said, laughing heartily. "I suppose you've had enough preaching and praying and singing, without my talk a-top of it all."

"Yes, great-grandmother. And I am thinking of Mr. Everton, who was so kind, and cousin Meredith, who was so cross. Why wouldn't he come in?"

"No good to think of the tempers of the men, child. They are just like the weather, sour to-day, sweet to-morrow. But *hach y fi*, how hot it is!"

Just as Peggy ejaculated this too evident truth, Dai Bach, or little Davy, as he was called, came in. He was the small collier member of the choir already mentioned. He was breathless with the heat and the exertion of walking, but managed to say that there was a gentleman coming, whom he had brought to the cottage at Miss Edith's request. May was off her seat and out of the house in a moment, exclaiming, "It is Mr. Everton! He has come to see me!" and she soon returned, leading in that gentleman.

"Stop you, Dai Bach, and have a cup of tea," said Peggy, as the boy was about to depart, and he sat down nothing loth, while Mr. Everton greeted Peggy.

It was a proud moment for May, who had to act as interpreter between her grandmother and friend. But Peggy was vain of the little English she knew, and occasionally put in a sentence.

"Might I ask for a cup of tea?" said Mr. Everton, when seated.

"Yes, seure, sir, an wir," replied Peggy, with side nods and winks at May.

And May brought clean teacups and plates and the tea-caddy, from which Peggy abstracted more tea, and some special seed cake, kept for guests, and the loaf-sugar basin. Although Mr. Everton had but lately partaken of a sumptuous luncheon, he was too polite and well pleased to stay these proceedings, and entertained himself by talking to Dai Bach till all was ready.

"Please may I pour out Mr. Everton's tea, great-grandmother?" asked May, in Welsh.

"There's pert, she is!" cried Peggy, nodding to Mr. Everton, and letting May have her desire.

That tea-table was a suggestive picture. The jolly old farm-wife, the hard-worked London curate, the half-crippled, stunted little collier, and the child of many gifts and graces. Mr. Everton explained that as he understood the afternoon prayer-meeting was to be conducted in Welsh, he had asked Miss Edith for a guide to Derwen Fach, instead of joining in it; but he hoped to attend the evening services. Mr. Richards had kindly offered him a bed, which would enable him to see more of May and the beautiful neighbourhood that surrounded her. Although he had not chosen South Wales as the scene of his little tour on purpose to see the child, she had, to a certain extent, influenced his movements; and now all that he saw interested him so deeply that he wished, if possible, to prolong his stay.

"I hear little May is turning out quite a singer, Mrs. Morrison," he said to Peggy.

May was too shy to interpret this, so Dai Bach had to come to her aid. It evolved amongst them that May was only one of many singers, but that the ladies had taken a fancy to her voice, and thought more of it than Evan considered good. Indeed, they, particularly Miss Edith, taught her many things, because she was, as yet, too delicate to go daily to the National School at Derwen. Mr. Everton asked her to read to him, which she did both in Welsh and English, and when the teapot was finally drained he said he should like to hear her sing.

"May Dai Bach sing too? He sings better than me," she said, and the large dark eyes of Davy glistened.

Immediately the kitchen resounded with the songs and hymns, and even Handelian performances of the children,

and Mr. Everton listened astonished. Ever and anon Peggy's quavers and trills joined in, while the clock ticked louder and louder, and its patron moon listened composedly.

"She picks up everything she hears, and can even play the harmonium," said old Peggy.

"There can be no doubt as to the sweetness of her voice," thought Mr. Everton, but did not express his thought.

He had been there about an hour, when May looked at her grandmother and pointed to the clock.

"On my deed, I was forgetting! It is time to be going," said Peggy. "Tell you the gentleman, child."

May whispered to Mr. Everton that they were going to the evening services, and he proposed that they should all walk together. Accordingly, when all were ready, they set out. May looked in dismay at the unwashed tea-things, but her grandmother said they could wait for once, and, pulling the door to after her, followed her youngers down the garden steps. She put such faith in her neighbours that she did not lock the door; indeed, it was not necessary, for as yet robbers and murderers had not penetrated to her remote dwelling.

"Go you on before, and I'll take my time with Dai Bach," cried Peggy, as May looked back, inquiringly.

Accordingly she had the happiness of tripping on hand in hand with Mr. Everton, while her grandmother waddled and puffed behind.

"I haven't been to church or meeting before without being arm in arm with Evan for over fifty years," the latter remarked to Dai Bach.

"What a long time! Don't your arms ache?" returned Dai, looking at her with astonished eyes.

By degrees Mr. Everton drew from May all her little story, from the day of their parting until that of their meeting again. He was compelled to question her much, as she was uncommunicative by nature, but before they reached their destination he had heard the details of her journey, arrival at Derwen Fach, and her performances and adventures with her new friends. Miss Edith, by whose side he had sat at luncheon, had given him a slight sketch of her illness and its ostensible cause, and thus he was enabled to probe her in the right direction. He gave her good advice concerning her conduct to her grandparents, giving her to understand that they were now her natural protectors, as he had not succeeded in tracing her father.

"If you please, how is Mrs. Pope?" asked May.

"She has left the house where you lodged with her, and I have quite lost sight of her."

May's countenance fell. She sometimes thought she should like to go back again to Mrs. Pope and smoky London.

The big room was nearly full when they reached it, and Peggy was much alarmed, for she knew that she should be lectured by Evan for being late. She had, however, the satisfaction of securing a seat near the door, for what with the unaided walk and previous untold cups of tea she was quite exhausted. Indeed the evening was unusually sultry. To May's gratification and relief, Mr. Everton threaded the crowd with her and Dai Bach, and even ascended the platform with them at a nod from Mr. Davies, the vicar. She took refuge with Miss Edith in the choir at the back, while he joined his clerical brethren in front.

"Isn't he kind? Don't you like him, Miss Edith?" whispered May; but Miss Edith only shook her head, which May interpreted into a negative rather than a command for silence.

The evening services were little more than a repetition of the morning, only they were longer, and there was more singing. The crowd was even denser both within and without the building, and those who could not find room inside were still able to join in the chorus of praise though out in the open air. It was a sweet and serious scene, where all was in harmony. The varied hues of the sky seemed to respond to the lights and shades of the music; and as the sun slowly disappeared behind the western hill, heaven and earth remained aglow with the radiance he left behind him. It might almost have been said, "There shall be no night there," for hills, woods, meads, and streams were flushed with rosy light; while the prayer-consecrated edifice itself and the faces of the worshippers were reddened by the soft effulgence.

Even May's pale countenance was kindled into colour by the radiant flood that poured through the open windows, and as she stood to praise, knelt to pray, or sat to listen, the expressive features, with their curious golden aureole, looked strangely pathetic when brought into comparison with the ruddier and more bronzed faces that surrounded her. It was with difficulty Miss Edith could restrain her, when Mr. Everton rose, at the urgent request of the vicar, to say a few words to the strangers whom he saw for the first time. Indeed Edith was not herself indifferent to this address of a friend who had first interested her by letter, and then in his own person.

But they need have been under no apprehension. Short and simple were the words he spoke. He congratulated his hearers on the possession of a retreat so calm, peaceful, and beautiful; and contrasted it with similar excellent institutions in the noise and bustle of the great cities. He gave them a sketch of the young men's and young women's Christian institutes in London, and hoped the one that day opened in the heart of the country would prove as great a boon as did those. Pointing to the roseate hills, and calling attention to the sleepy lullaby of the bird-choirs, he concluded by saying they resembled the peace of God and the whispers of his Holy Spirit in the human heart. As he ended, the red flush suddenly faded from the mountains, and revealed the soft blue-grey summer twilight that lay beneath.

May's eyes were filled with tears, she knew not why, and when she glanced up at Edith to see how she had liked the address, she perceived that hers were moist. Both were pleased when the vicar, so eloquent in Welsh, translated the short sermon into that language for the benefit of the natives, and concluded by an earnest entreaty that all present would make of that building not only a place of amusement, but a house "Holy to the Lord."

The moon had risen and was high up in heaven's arch, the birds had sung themselves to sleep, and cool night was lazily stealing upon sultry day before the services were ended. Other light was not needed, for the preaching was extempore, the psalms and hymns written on the memory. At the conclusion of all, the choir rose and sang "The Hallelujah Chorus." Mr. Everton was not the only one present astonished at this performance. Turning to listen and see better, his glance fell on Edith and May, and not unnaturally remained fixed on their fair faces. May, when she sang, was like a child inspired, and her clear soprano was distinctly audible, and Edith's dark eyes shone in the moonlight. Neither music nor faces were likely to be forgotten, and Mr. Everton sighed as he thought of the morrow, on which he must bid them and the beautiful neighbourhood of Derwen farewell, maybe for ever.

In spite of the lateness of the hour the people yet lingered in and about the building, but Evan hurried May off without a word of farewell to Mr. Everton. She struggled bravely to restrain her tears, and succeeded. When they reached home her grandfather ordered her to bed at once, while he gave Peggy a slight lecture for the uncleared tea-table, which he helped her to set straight. Terpsichore was still May's comfort and confidante, so she consoled herself by taking her to bed with her, and while whispering her distress at not wishing her friend good-bye, she fell asleep.

But the following afternoon Mr. Everton re-appeared. He had accepted an invitation from the Vicar of Derwen to sleep at the vicarage that night, and he asked if May might show him the way thither. Permission was granted on condition that she should return with her cousin Meredith, who had gone to Derwen on business for Mr. Richards. Happy May set out accordingly, and, strange to say, she and Mr. Everton, having exhausted other subjects the previous evening, talked of nothing but Miss Edith for the best part of three miles.

Her conversation with her cousin on her way home was very different. She was his confidante, and she had to listen to amazing schemes, which he, in his ambition, had been fostering. He had at last obtained a hearing from Mr. Richards, who had promised to give him opportunities for improvement, and had consented to examine with him the disused mine, concerning which he had said much more to May than she could understand. But when he hinted at the possibility of his leaving Derwen the child burst into tears, with the words, "Then—then—I shall lose them both, Mr. Everton and cousin Meredith!"

(To be continued.)

"WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN."

A BALLAD STORY.

WORDS BY H. ASHLAND KEAN. MUSIC BY JOSEPH BARNBY.



A WIDOW'S only child, was little Donald Grahame. His father had been a fisherman, and one bitter winter rheumatic fever seized him, and no more the little boat went gallantly out to sea, bringing back its glittering load of shining fish; but his poor dead body was carried to a little church, followed by a weeping woman leading a little tiny boy by the hand, with scared eyes fixed on her tear-stained face; and the boat was sold, and Mrs. Grahame left her cottage and took a room near the sea, and tried by many little acts of service, washing and "charing," to get a living for herself and little son.

Everyone was very kind to her, and Donald, with his bright brown eyes shining out of his head so clearly and fearlessly, his pretty prattling tongue, was a universal favourite. Many a hearty meal he ate in the neighbours' cottages, many a little packet of sweets he brought home from the grocer's, or a new bun from the baker's, all which he persisted in sharing with his "dear tiny mum," as he always called her. They loved each other so dearly, these two; he was her treasure, all she lived for, and he loved her, too, as boys and men do—loved her pretty sad face, felt that no one could take care of him as she could. But he could find amusement elsewhere; his merry laugh could be heard down on the beach, where with naked feet he played with other boys, or with the rough sea waves, which dashed over him, or on the sand, making houses and fortresses with a large piece of wood to serve for a spade, happy always, and not the less happy away from his mother; whilst she, poor soul, could only watch for his return, clasp him in her arms with a passionate kiss of rapture when he came, as though he had been away for months. He was getting old enough for school, she thought, but how could she manage to pay even the trifling sum asked? She sighed sadly, and tried to put the thought aside and hope for better days; but her thought was answered e'er it was flung aside, by an offer from the clergyman of the parish, who had made acquaintance with him on the beach, to pay for Donald's schooling; so daily the little man trudged to school, and soon on Sunday evenings he could read out of the Holy Book to his mother, who sat listening to him with gushing eyes, listening as though an angel spoke.

One day on his return from school he said, throwing down his books on the first chair—

"Mum, dear, I've made up my mind to follow father's occupation—to be a fisherman."

"Oh, my boy, no!" cried his poor mother. She had dreaded this, and with her wish to have him educated had come the hope that he might turn his attention to some other than the dangerous occupation which she thought had cost his father his life.

"No, mother! why not? I'm going out with old Davy in his boat to learn, and then soon I shall have a boat of my own, and you shan't go out working any more then, you poor, dear little mummy."

"Oh, Donald, I would rather work my fingers to the bone than sit here listening to the wind and the cruel waves, and thinking they are wrecking the only thing that I love and live for."

"Why, mother, dear, that is silly. Look at old Davy, and Moses, and Jack, why, they are old, old men, and have been to sea since they were little boys. You'll let me go, I know," and he looked up in her face, with his sunny loving eyes, and she kissed him and said no more.

So the time came, all too soon, that Donald was to make his first trial; he was nearly mad with delight, and as the little boat put out to sea, he waved his hand to his mother, crying in his loud, clear voice—

"Mother, go watch the tide,
As it cometh up to Lynn,
For, fair or foul, I will be there,
As the flowing tide comes in."

She watched the boat till it was like a black speck on the waters, and then with slow, heavy steps returned to her home, and flinging herself on her knees, cried—

"Oh! God, I pray thee give me back my bonny boy when the tide comes flowing in!"

But she could not rest. The clouds came up in crowds, "like flocks of evil birds," the wind moaned and howled round the cottage, and seemed to be ever saying Donald's words, "When the tide comes in—when the tide comes flowing in—when the tide comes in," faster, slower, louder, softer, but ever the same words.

Louder and rougher blew the gale, louder and heavier the waves dashed on the shore, and the poor mother, unable to sleep, rose and sat by the window, staring, with eyes blinded with tears, into the murky darkness of the night.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" she cried aloud in her agony. "My little boy—with your pretty eyes; I shall never see them looking into mine with love again; the seaweed tangled in your soft brown curly hair, and your young hardy limbs still for ever, is what I shall have to call my boy 'when the tide flows in.' Oh, Davy, Davy! why did you not put back when the weather looked so bad; he was so young, a baby a'most! Oh, my pretty, pretty boy!"

A woman in the next room, kept awake also by the storm, heard her wailing cry, and came in to try to comfort her.

"They're better off, dear," she said, "if we could but think so, when they're took young. I thought I should have broken my heart when I lost my wee Willie; but I know 'twere all for the best when his poor father went and left me to shift for myself. God knows best about us all."

"Yes, I know, but it is hard to bear. And he went off so brave and light-hearted, waving his bonnie hand to me, bidding me come down when the tide comes in to meet him!"

* * * * *

"Across the strand, far up the land, the fierce, wild waters swept;" the sky was a leaden grey, and the wind still came in heavy gusts on to the shore; curlews and sea-gulls were far up in land, and not a ship could be seen or little boat, or aught that spoke of life in that waste of waters. High up on shore were the boats of the fishermen who had either not been out or come back before the storm grew so heavy. No one was astir when the poor distracted mother came to keep the tryst with her little son.

The tide was dashing in, waves coming up to the shore like plumed horses riding to war, walls of foam carried away far inland, the thud of the mighty waves, as they spent themselves on the beach, sounding like peals of thunder.

There is something! Oh, what is it the mother strains her eyes to see! it is caught by a wave and dashed up on shore! Only a spar—a spar from some mighty ship those angry waters have rent in twain. What chance for a little fisher boat? She toils along fighting with the wind and stops at length before the town of Lynn.

Through the noise of the waves and wind she hears the church bells strike five. A crowd of men and women are standing on the shore. Her heart stops beating for a second, then with a wild cry she rushes in amongst them as she sees a huge wave toss a small form up on the shore. Donald has kept his tryst. The crowd stand apart a moment, the women turning aside their white weeping faces, and then four men come forward bearing crossed oars covered by a tarpaulin, and lifting the little burden with the sweet smile still upon the lips, looking as though he was only sleeping, they asked the now quite quiet patient mother "Where to?" and the sad procession started.

"God knows best," she said, in low, quiet accents, to the woman who had shared her night vigil, pointing to the dead form laid on his own bed.

"I have stilled my tears lest I should waken him from such a heavenly sleep. I shall soon go to him. My boy, my darling, rest."

She laid the child by his father's side, and patiently returned to her work. But she seldom spoke, only smiled a sad sweet smile in answer to the neighbours' greetings. Years passed, and Mrs. Grahame still lived in her one little room, waiting hopefully and patiently for a happy reunion in heaven.





HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

In the pleasing hope of rendering some little assistance towards making bright and joyful the Christian's great anniversary of the proclamation, "Peace on earth, good will towards men," we venture to offer a few hints for Christmas decorations.

The pleasant work of decorating in the country is comparatively easy compared to the same thing in town. There, when one's stock of materials is exhausted, a run into the garden or a stroll along the lane is all that is required to replenish it; while in the town every branch of evergreen, every trail of ivy has to be paid for, and the price is high enough to make a large purchase a very expensive matter. Therefore it behoves us, the "pale-eyed denizens of the city," to avail ourselves of any and every means of practising economy.

Pre-eminent amongst our materials is the holly. Unfortunately, it is always dear in towns, and sometimes this time-honoured friend of decorators fails altogether as far as its chief attraction—its berries—is concerned. It is quite unnecessary to pay more than a trifling sum for the berries, as imitations can be made which answer all the purposes of the real ones, and at a very small cost.

Amongst the many methods adopted the following will be found the easiest: ivy berries or dried peas dyed red (a sixpenny bottle of dye will be sufficient for a very large quantity); or putty, rolled into little balls and coloured

either in the same way or in a solution of sealing-wax mixed with spirits of wine; or red wax, to be bought at an oil shop, and shaped into berries, after slightly softening before the fire. There are many different sorts of red berries to be had in the autumn, which, by soaking in strong salt and water, will keep till Christmas time, and may well pass for holly. And, lastly, easiest of all, artificial berries are sold in bunches very cheaply at most toy shops.

With all this choice at our disposal and a little judicious management a great deal can be done with a few of the commonest evergreens; a room may be made to look very pretty with only a little laurel, ivy, and holly; but any others which may be obtainable will be useful in giving a variety of effect; amongst them may be mentioned the box, arbor vitæ, bay, variegated holly, ivy, and laurestinus.

Some artificial berries are too hard to admit of stalks being added, and will only be available for gumming on to a flat surface. Where stalks are required the soft berries must be chosen, and a little fine wire inserted.

The decorator must not fail to provide herself with some of the bunches of dry moss which is sold at all florists'; also with the necessary implements—string, wire, and strong glue.

The effect of snow is easily obtained, and gives a very seasonable air to the decorations. For a flat background white wadding, bought at sixpence a yard, answers very well, but for an object standing out, such as a statuette, the fine soft wool called jeweller's cotton is required. The wool should be first tied on with thread all over the top edges and wherever snow would be likely to lodge. It must then be pulled out, and made to look as light and natural as possible, hanging down in irregular points and masses over any projecting parts. The effect of snow may be obtained on branches and leaves of evergreens with less trouble by coating the upper surface with gum, and then sprinkling thickly with flour.

Trees sparkling with hoar frost are always a lovely sight in winter, and this effect of frost or rime can easily be procured by artificial means. Drop gum upon the wool, wherever frost would naturally form, and sprinkle coarse Epsom salts over it. The surfaces of leaves and twigs may be coated in the same way, and, as an alternative for Epsom salts, frosted glass, ready crushed, is sold; but a much less expensive contrivance is to pound roughly, or crush with a garden roller, any pieces of glass, such as old bottles, which have been saved up during the summer for this purpose. Cardboard letters, for mottoes, can be crystallised in the same way, and look well on a background of leaves or coloured flannel.

Another method of crystallising, which is more useful for some purposes, is to dip the objects in a solution of alum. On one pound of alum, pour a quart of boiling water. Whilst still warm, suspend the leaves in it by a string tied round the stalks; leave them in for twenty-four hours and then hang them up till dry. Large and beautiful crystals are formed, but the effect is less like real frost than by employing the other means. If a wreath or festoon is to be thus crystallised, it must be made up first, and then immersed in the alum, as it is impossible to handle it much afterwards, without breaking off the crystals.

Everlasting flowers are very useful indeed in adding colour to our devices. If a suitable natural colour cannot be obtained, the flowers may be easily dyed; red, violet, or yellow being the most useful colours. Mixed with the green in wreaths and garlands, or sewn thickly over cardboard shapes for letters, these are very effective. Grasses dyed in the same way will also be useful, particularly the splendid heads of Pampas grass. These latter, dyed crimson, are most beautiful objects.

If one has time and patience to make a number of them, the paper rosettes, which were used so much for little picture-frames a year or two ago, are very pretty and useful, and are so durable that they will serve for years, with care. Those made of brown paper and varnished are much used in church decoration, as at a little distance they look exactly like carved oak. Large ones, made of red paper, are very handsome on devices made of yew, or dark green leaves, while small ones, in creamy white, may well pass for ivory. Their uses are almost endless, and they will quite repay one's trouble. The way to make them is too well known to need description here, but the various colours, especially red, are rarely seen, though most effective.

Letters and borderings should be first cut out in strong cardboard, and then ornamented in various ways. A novel method is to coat the letter thickly over with gum, and then sprinkle it with pieces of broken walnut shells, or to fasten them on whole in rows. A similar effect is produced by cutting up old corks, and sprinkling their fragments on a gummed surface.

The methods of making ornamental letters for mottoes or monograms are innumerable, and the choice will depend upon the position they are to occupy. If near the eye they must be carefully and neatly done. Cardboard letters, with small leaves sewn thickly all over them, look well, but it is a long task; the background should be first covered with green or red paper or cloth, to show through between the letters. Silvery letters, too, are pretty, made of tinfoil. Cut a piece of the tinfoil to something like the shape of the letter, but larger, and crumple it up in the hand; then straighten it out slightly, but so as still to preserve the crinkled appearance, and lay it lightly over the card letter, fastening it at the back. Others are covered with everlasting flowers, sewn firmly on to a foundation of cardboard; or if they are required strong enough to last for future occasions, of perforated zinc.

Very pretty letters, in imitation of coral, are made by coating the shapes with gum, as above, and sprinkling them with rice or, better still, tapioca; they will generally require two coats to give them the proper rough look. Sometimes the rice is first dyed red, which looks very pretty; for a monogram it is a good plan to have each letter a different colour, which will make them more legible than they usually are.

A word as to cutting out the letters may be useful. It is most important that they should all be the same size; this is not so much a matter of course as would appear to the uninitiated, but is easily managed. Decide first how many inches in height and width each letter is to occupy, then cut out a number of pieces of paper or cardboard of these dimensions, and all of exactly the same size, and by taking one of these for each letter they are sure to be correct. The smaller they are the simpler they should be in design, as if elaborately-formed letters are used for small mottoes they will not be legible, and their chief charm will be lost.

The border of mottoes will depend on the colour and texture of the background and letters; but it must not be so obtrusive as to detract from the effect of the sentiment it frames. A simple and pretty border is easily made of a double or treble row of holly leaves stitched or nailed on according to the material; the point of each leaf must overlap and hide the stalk of the last one. A more durable one can be made with cork or nut shells, as described for the letters.

Red is the favourite colour for the background of mottoes and scrolls; Turkey twill, cheap flannel, or glazed lining being generally employed for the purpose; but where the position is too high up for close inspection coloured paper does equally well.

For devices such as an anchor, shield, or Maltese cross, moss makes a capital foundation for further ornamentation. It must be stitched on in tufts, and afterwards arranged with the fingers till the surface looks uniformly covered. Letters of bright everlasting flowers or small red rosettes on a background of moss are very pretty. The Cape silver leaves, too, of which there are such beautiful wreaths on the Prince Imperial's tomb at Chislehurst, look charming laid on bright green moss, but, as they are rather expensive, they should be reserved for small wreaths or mottoes in a conspicuous position.

Before beginning to decorate it is well to have a plan in one's mind, more or less matured, for the general arrangement. In forming this design, be careful not to over do it, or the result will be a heavy and crowded effect, which is anything but beautiful. A little tasteful decoration is much more pleasing than an excessive amount.

Wreaths and garlands in a room should not be too thick, but a light, graceful effect must be aimed at. In making them, there should always be two persons at work together. Having cut the rope to the required length, one should hold it and bind on the twigs which the other arranges and hands to her; if there is only one worker, she has constantly to lay down the rope while she seeks out suitable pieces, which not only hinders her very much, but probably mars the symmetry of the wreath. For churches and public rooms a number of large, rough wreaths and ropes of green are usually required for adorning pillars and windows. These should be left to the last, as the *débris* from the small wreaths and more delicate devices will do for them. They should be made on stout rope, and the bunches of green tied round it with string.

If it is wished to ornament a pier glass or other article of furniture likely to be injured by the green, a thin lath of wood should be obtained to fit the top of the glass, to which all the decorations are fixed, thus preventing their contact with the gilt frame or glass. If possible some long trailing pieces of ground ivy or other creepers should be fastened on to this lath, as their reflection in the mirror is exceedingly pretty; these should be quite short in the middle, getting longer towards each side, till the outside ones should be long enough to reach to the bottom of the frame.

A lath may be arranged in the same way over doors, but in this case, of course, there must be trailing pieces at the sides only. This is a suitable place too, for a motto, as it can rest on the ledge over the door, and so avoid injuring the wall with nails.

In decorating a chandelier, only light materials should be chosen, and few of them, or their weight is likely to drag it down, besides casting an unpleasant shadow. A graceful effect may be obtained by twisting round the stem of the chandelier a very slight wreath of ivy, made on thin wire, and having a few of the leaves frosted.

If there is a large space of bare walls, wreaths can be made, light enough to be affixed with strong pins instead of nails, by stitching laurel, other large leaves, or dried fern leaves on a length of tape. The leaves should be sewn on two at a time, one pointing to the right and the other to the left, and they must slightly overlap each other where the stalks meet, or, better still, let the juncture be hidden by a good-sized red rosette.

We venture to urge the desirability of not leaving decorations up too long, but of

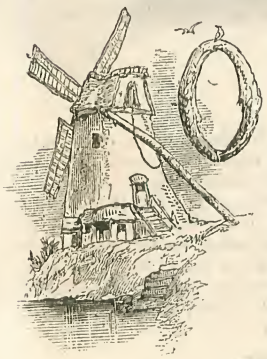
removing them before either the occasion has passed by, or the least symptom appears suggesting the perishable nature of the materials; for, in every circumstance in life, there is nothing much more objectionable than faded finery.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XII.

AN HOUR IN JOSEPHINE'S STUDY.



H! Rosie, Rosie, I cannot understand it. It is no good; my head won't take it in."

And with a low cry of mingled weariness and despair, Josephine dropped her head on to two hands that for the past ten minutes had been resting on her knee, and turned her eyes to their owner's face. As she did so a second cry escaped her, but with a very different accent in it from the last.

"Why, Helen Edison, is it you—is it you who have been kneeling by me so patiently for the past ten minutes?"

"And why not?" asked Helen, laughing. "Do you think, as Miss Rowe does, that it is utterly impossible for me to be quiet or sensible?"

"I don't think anything about you that Miss Rowe does," was the quick answer. And then, still more quickly, "I mean, I think I know you better than Miss Rowe does. She does not feel the kindness in you as I do. But go now, please, dear. You know no one is allowed to be here with me during recreation hours except Rosie, and I could not bear you to get into another trouble on my account. Please go."

"Do you dislike my being here?"

"Dislike!" echoed Josephine, wonderingly. "Don't laugh at me, but, do you know, I feel sometimes as if looking at you was like looking at courage itself put into a real form. I shall feel brave enough now to try once more to conquer that lesson when you are gone."

"But I am not going," said Helen, with a mischievous toss of her head, which gave way, however, at sight of her schoolfellow's distress, to a quiet smile, as she added, "No, Josie, I am not going, if you like me to stay. Miss Crofton has given me leave to sit with you for half an hour four times a week."

Josephine stared. "Given you leave? Do you mean that you have asked to spend your playtime in this dull little room?"

"I don't think it is a dull little room," was the answer, "with you and your books in it. And, Josie, I am going to ask you a favour. I want to know if you will let me try to—to——" and the colour deepened in fearless Helen's cheeks, and she stammered before poor stupid Josephine, who gazed at the phenomenon in speechless amazement.

"To ask *me* a favour?" she said at last. "That sounds too good to be true. Why, even Rosie scarcely ever thinks of asking me anything. What can you want that I can—at least that you think I can do for you?"

Helen got up from her knees, and going behind her companion's chair made a necklace of her two arms round her companion's neck as she replied in a low rather hurried voice, so unlike her usual independent utterances—

"Please don't be vexed with me, Josephine. I know I am ever so much younger than you, and idle, and not at all clever, but perhaps—if—do you think you would let me try to help you in your work a little sometimes?"

For some moments there was no answer. All was silence in that dingy little lesson room. Then Helen stooped her head lower, laying her cheek gently on her companion's head, as she whispered—

"Try to forget what I have said, Josie, dear, and please to know, now and always, that I did not say it to hurt you. I will run away now."

And then, with one kiss on the pale cheek she was turning hastily away, feeling painfully that she had added another sting to her schoolfellow's dreary lot. She was soon undeceived. She had not set a second step before she was caught back, and held tightly, while Josephine's weary, patient, hot eyes were cooled, for the first time for many months, with a refreshing flood of tears.

"Please don't cry," whispered Helen, with fresh remorse.

"Oh! you don't know how comfortable it is," was the heartfelt answer. "I was only thinking, the other day, that perhaps I never should be able to cry any more. I seemed to have grown too dull and heavy."

"Ah! that is just it," exclaimed Helen Edison, suddenly recovering her spirits and animation when she found that her offer had, after all, been balm rather than a wound. "That is just it, Josephine, I am sure. You are not really dull and heavy; but you have been growing dull and heavy. Yes—that is the very thing I have been expecting."

Josephine sat up, and left off crying to stare at her companion.

"Oh, but Helen, I really am dull and stupid."

"Don't believe it," was the short contradiction, accompanied by a shake of the curly head, and a smile. "You came to school after a life in India and a lot of illnesses, with no education; and you and the folks here set to work at once to pump into your brain babies' learning, and children's learning, and girls' learning, and a lot of 'finishing elegancies,' as my nurse calls them, all at once. And I think you have all been just as wise as if you had put a freezing person into a doubly-heated hothouse, and kept on raising the temperature. First of all, the freezing creature would have suffered a horrible pain, as you did when you suddenly found how ignorant you were; and then he would have gradually got suffocated past all feeling, and ended by dying, as your wish to learn will end by dying, if you go on trying to do impossibilities, and finding, to your perpetual discouragement, that they won't be mastered. And there now! There's a long speech for you; but I mean it every bit, and I've been thinking it out to say to you for ever so many days past."

"Have you?" said Josephine, looking up with a flickering smile. "Had you thought of the freezing man, and all?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" was the laughing answer. "But I thought of half a dozen similes besides that. The frog, beginning modestly as a tadpole, and the butterfly as a grub, and heaps of others, only, as my half-hour is beginning to run short, perhaps I had better not waste time to tell you any more to-day. What work are you preparing for to-morrow?"

"Trying to prepare, you mean," corrected Josephine, sighing, but with something of a glimmer of hope struggling into her face, as she turned to the table at which she had been studying, and pulled a heap of books forward towards her schoolfellow. "For to-morrow I have a French exercise, with the rules to learn by heart; a German exercise, with the rules—oh, those dreadful rules—to learn by heart; a chapter of Roman History to be questioned on; a couple of pages of geography to learn by heart; these three dreadful Rule of Three sums to do, and I do not understand the rule one bit better now than when Miss Rowe explained it——"

"I don't suppose you do, and much she cares," muttered Helen, in interruption. Then she said, "But go on, please. Anything more?"

"Yes; a chapter of Morris's Heathen Mythology, and—and," in a very low voice, "a page of spelling."

Ah!" said Helen, calmly, as if she had not noticed the lowered tone nor the tinge of shame in poor Josephine's cheeks. "Ah, what a clever idea of yours to learn that! Papa says that he has scarcely ever known a woman who spelt really correctly, and that it is a disgrace to our sex that it should be so. We won't cut off that one of your lessons, at any rate, and I will learn it with you. But how many of the others do you expect to know properly?"

"None," answered Josephine, her wan face again overspreading with an expression of despair, which was startled away before it could grow very definite by Helen's quick, clear voice retorting, coolly—

"No, I should just think not indeed. Nine months ago, you have told me yourself, you had forgotten every little bit of French you ever knew. German you had never looked at. Arithmetic the doctors had never let you touch, and if they could see you now I am certain they would continue the same veto. By-the-by, was it the Rule of Three rules

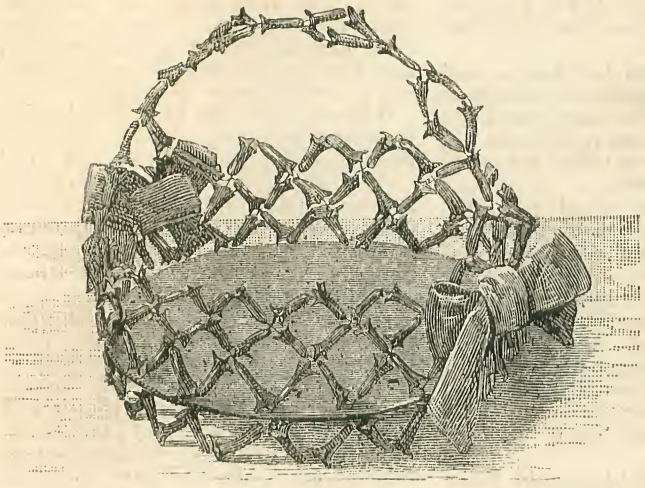
(*See page* 174.)

MY WORK BASKET.

A Sweet Scented Basket.

This novel basket is made of cloves threaded on fine wire.

The round for the bottom is a firm piece of cardboard covered with bright blue or scarlet silk or velvet; the diameter is three inches and a half. The wire, which can be purchased on reels, must be sufficiently firm and fine to thread through the clove from which the ball has been removed. When the bottom is covered and sewn, it is pierced



with a thick sharp needle all round at equal distances of about half an inch.

Commence by passing the wire upwards through the cardboard, then thread two cloves, and pass the wire downwards through the next hole, twist the wire over the edge, and repeat. The second and third rows are begun between two cloves, threading two cloves and repeating.

This forms the three open rows of the basket work. The foot is formed in the same manner by passing the wire through the cardboard.

The handle is begun by twisting two pieces of wire round two points of the edge of the basket; pass a clove on each piece of wire, then thread the two together through one clove. For the rest of the handle, thread two cloves on each wire before passing through the one clove three times, then finish to match the commencement of handle. A half inch ribbon, to match the colour of the covering on the card, is tied in small bows with fringed ends on each end of the handle.

Needlecase.

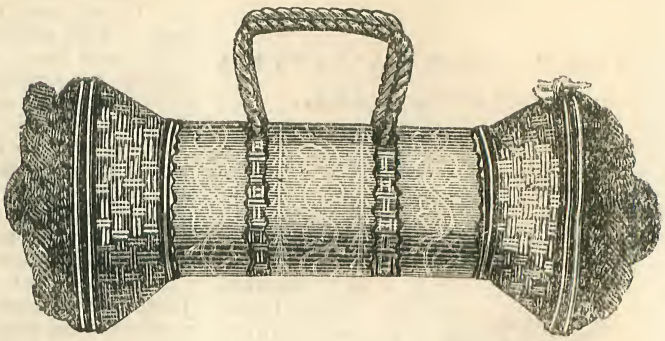
Begin by piercing the two scallop-shell covers with a double row of holes, as described on p. 40. Then thread through them lute ribbon to



form a pretty plait; and afterwards connect the vacant spaces by a line of stitches in sewing silk. For the inside, cut a piece of doubled flannel, bind it all round with the ribbon, lay the leaves between the shells, and secure them at the top with two ribbons, which, piercing the flannel, also emerge from holes made in the shell and jauntily tie outside. Close the needlecase by a similar pair of strings. Forget-me-nots offer a good substitute for the plait; they are bunched up with the ribbon itself, and sewn on separately.

Embroidered Wicker Case for Knitting or Music.

Having purchased a basket of the description required, you must

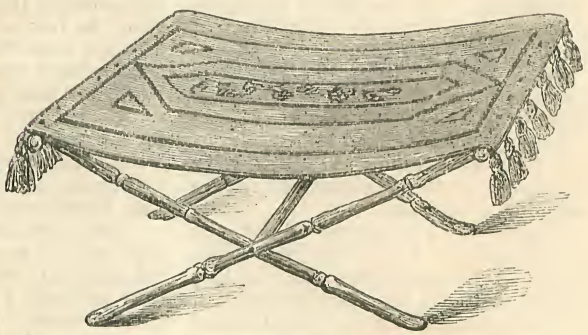


measure the size round, and cut three bands of cloth or velveteen, and embroider them in chain stitch with wreaths of small flowers and leaves in Algerian silk or fine wool in different shades, according to the design. The centre band is rather wider than the two others, and has a wreath of small leaves on each side of the embroidery. Each band is scolloped at the edges, and when worked are sewn on tightly, leaving the basket to be seen between the bands about the width of the handle.

This basket will be found an easy way also of carrying shawls or railway wraps. The basket opens with hinges, and is fastened loops and buttons at the handle and ends.

Folding Stool.

The covering, which is of black, or any coloured cloth, must be cut long enough to hang a little way over the stool, and is attached



to the ends by strings underneath the cloth tied over the frame. The pattern is traced on the cloth in the usual manner, and worked as follows, with worsted and silk arrasene in relief embroidery: The flowers and leaves are embroidered with the woollen arrasene for the foundation, and finished with the silk, which brightens the whole. There should be several shades used.

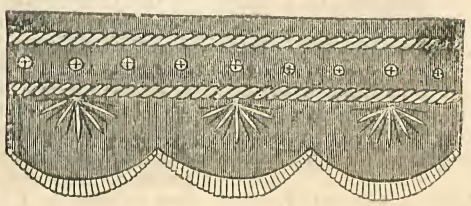
The lines round the pattern and the corners are all worked in satin stitch over a fine woollen braid the same colour, and crossed with the silk arrasene.

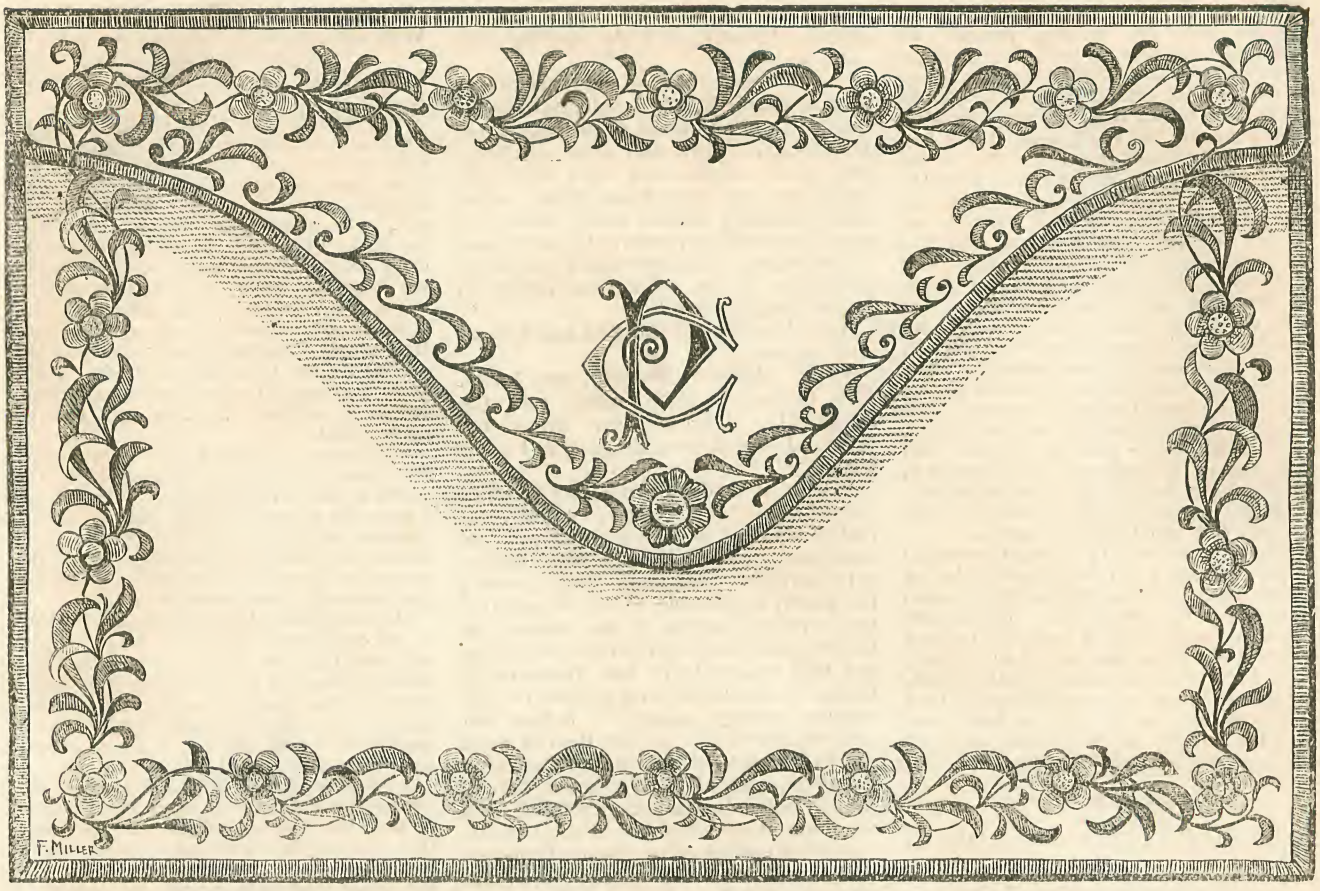
The dots at each end should be embroidered with filoselle. A row of shaded tassels, in which a large portion of gold-coloured silk is introduced, is sewn on each end.

Should this cover be made for a small tea-table the tassels should be put all round.

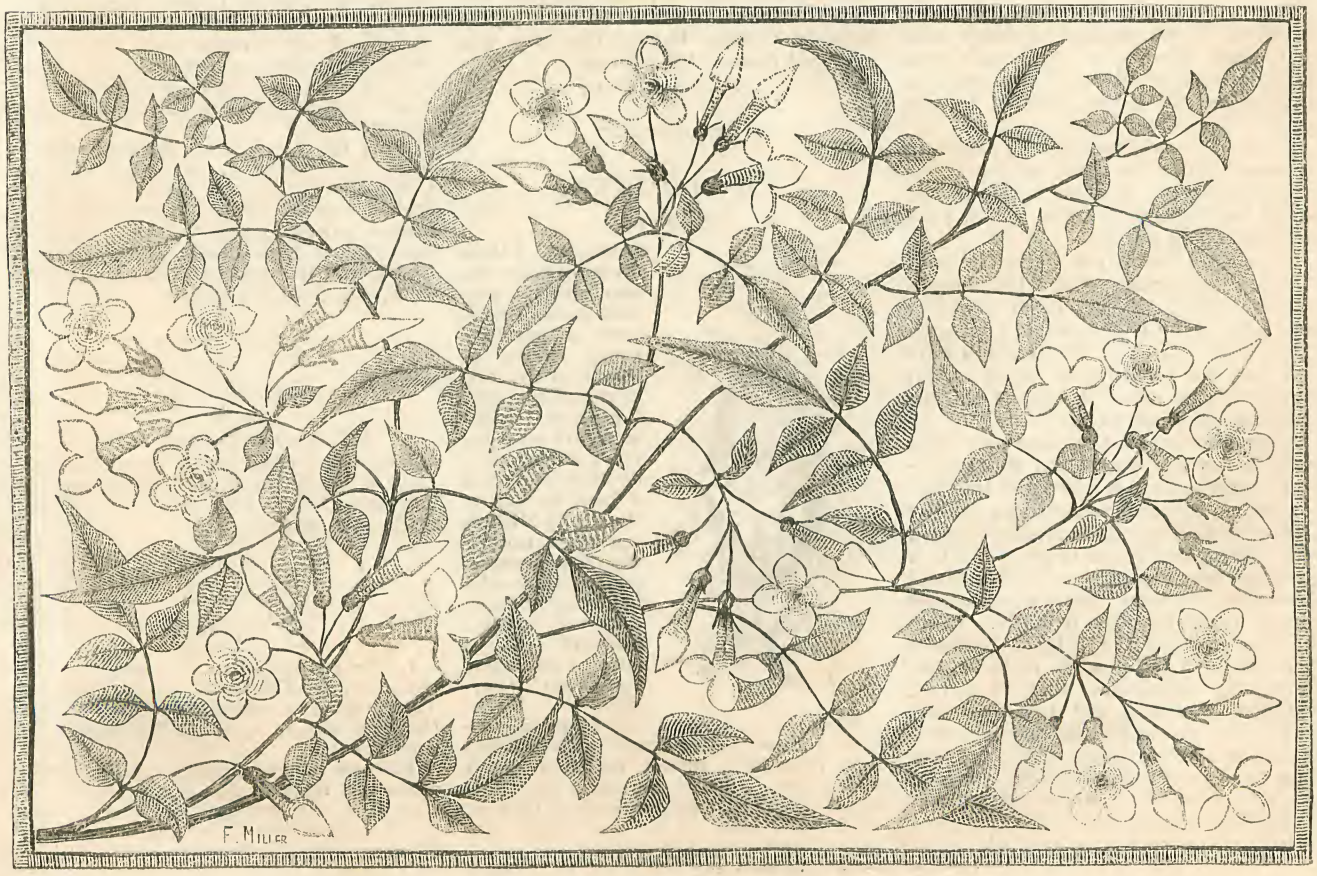
Border for small Table Cover or Book-shelves.

The edge is worked in broad flat button-hole stitch, with dead gold-coloured filoselle. The pattern in blue, red, pink, yellow, crimson, and violet crewels. The dots between the two rows of twisted cord are in the same colours crossed with floss silk.





EMBROIDERED LETTER CASE—FRONT AND BACK (see p. 174).



HINTS ON WORKING THE LETTER CASE.

As the time for working presents for Christmas has now arrived, we give the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a design for a letter or postcard case, always a useful gift to make to any one; and as the design is delicate to suit the small space, it will be a good test of the ability of the worker in the art of embroidery. The design is given the full size to save loss of time in enlarging. The material of the case itself might be canvas, but we would recommend silk, velvet, or satin, as being richer and more *recherché* in appearance. It should be cut in two pieces, the front and flap forming one piece, the back the other. These should be stiffened with buckram to give substance to the case, and the inside should be lined with silk. There might be two small pockets under the flap for stamps. Be careful to put a gusset at sides and bottom of the case to allow it to expand, on the principle of a purse or portfolio; and work over all the edges with silk, as shown in the illustration, thus serving the double purpose of binding the case together and obviating the raw edge that would otherwise appear.

The border at back of case might be worked in tones of olive green and turquoise blue, or in blue greens, but this depends entirely upon the colour of the groundwork. The jasmine design in front should be worked in tones of delicate warm green, the flowers in a creamy white, buds yellowish, stems slightly brown. We have indicated an appropriate place for a monogram, and also the style of letter suitable; the letters C. P. being chosen merely to show how initials should be treated.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOLGIRL.

(*Continued from page* 171.)

you were studying by the moonlight last night?'

"Ye——" began Josephine, and then breaking off too startled to finish even that short affirmative. Her pale eyes darkened with wonder and some nervous anxiety as she asked, almost breathlessly—

"How do you know I was studying by moonlight? You could not have seen me through the keyhole, even if you would condescend to try to, which I am sure you would not."

"I should think not indeed!" said Helen, indignantly. Then, half laughing, she added, "Never mind troubling your head about how I gained my knowledge, Josie. If wise old Solomon were here just now I expect he would repeat his proverb to you—'A bird of the air shall carry the matter.'"

A mischievous smile passed over Miss Nellie's face as she uttered this quotation and joined to it a request that her companion would mention to no one the fact of her having gained this knowledge, which Josephine began to put down to a clever guess, as every one in the school knew that she seized every possible and almost impossible time to study. Little she dreamt that the bright, beautiful eyes had been within a few inches of her during the night, and that they had brimmed over with sad tears for her sake. But she had little time just then for dreaming anything. Helen had come to the study to give help, and she was determined to render it without further loss of opportunity. Piling together and carrying to another table everything but the French books, the Roman History, and the spelling, she said quietly—

"Papa says one of the sins of the present day is a way people have fallen into of trying to make their brains tell falsehoods. They stuff a lot of things into their minds, and then tell their brains to say they know them, when their muddled brains really know no more about them properly than the man in the moon. I wonder which you would rather do, go on telling falsehoods, or begin to tell the truth?"

Josephine looked shocked and hurt as she answered—

"Oh, Helen, the truth, you know. But indeed I have never told the falsehoods, nor let my brain tell them. I have known always that I knew nothing."

"Then it is time you began to know something," said Helen, calmly, or rather with an outward appearance of calmness. Inwardly she was feeling very anxious. She knew that it would be utterly impossible to be of any real use to poor Josephine if she insisted on keeping up the accumulation of studies she had undertaken; but Helen much feared if she should have powers of persuasion strong enough to induce her schoolfellow to give up any item of what she had regarded hitherto as her duty. As usual, when Helen doubted herself she fell before her father's thoughts, and once more they stood her in good stead. Josephine consented to give up Professor Smith and the German governess, and then she and Helen set to work together at the Roman History, and before five minutes had passed Josephine had forgotten, for the first time since she had been at Crofton House, that she was engaged upon a difficult task.

(*To be continued.*)

COMEDONES.

By MEDICUS.



COMEDONES! I think I can see before me even now the puzzled looks of numbers of my fair young readers as they read the title of this little article. Comedones! what is it? or what are they? or whatever do they do? Had it been by anyone else but by Medicus you might fancy it was the name of some nice little tale; but being by Medicus, "of course," you will say, "it must be something nasty and 'physicy.'"

Well, not to keep you any longer in suspense, the word "comedones" is the technical name of a little ailment concerning which some of you are always consulting me. It is an affection of the skin, principally of the face, which girls call "those nasty little tick things," or "small black specks."

"Well," you ask me, "and what are they? What will cure them? Answer me quick."

"No," I reply; "I refuse to be hurried, but you shall have the answer all the same. Listen."

You have all heard of the pores of the skin. They, as you know, secrete perspiration. But there are also in the skin numerous tiny outlets from glands, which secrete an oily lubricating substance, which keeps the skin pliant and soft. Like every other gland and organ in the body, these little bodies are subject to many different derangements, of which I shall not speak at present. Suffice it to say that one of them gives rise to the affection called comedones (from *comedo*, to eat up, or devour). It is simply a hardening or drying up of the contents of the tubes of the glands. These latter are unable to force out the secretion, and so it distends the skin, and can be squeezed out.

"Why has it a black head?" you inquire. The black point is merely caused by the smoke or dust of the atmosphere. Sometimes it gives rise to pimples. The affection is most common among girls who live in towns, who do not take sufficient exercise to render the circulation in the skin duly active, or among girls who suffer from nervousness.

If the unpleasant-looking things are left long in and undisturbed, they get as hard as horns, and when they are finally squeezed out they leave a little pit. I have known cases in which, from no other treatment having been adopted except that of simply pressing them out with the fingers or nails, the skin of the face came to assume quite a pitted surface all over.

As I have already told you that these disfiguring specks are caused by an inactive state of the skin, you will readily perceive, then, that removing this state is the proper way to get rid of them. The morning soap bath to the whole body will greatly aid the cure, and plenty of friction should be used. Then to the face soap should be applied and well rubbed in twice or thrice a day, morning and night at all events; then, after drying it, rub well with a rough towel. Do not be afraid of spoiling your complexion. You will do quite the reverse—you will improve it, although there may be redness of the skin for a little time.

After this thorough washing and rubbing of the face, you may apply a little Eau de Cologne, with just one grain of corrosive sublimate to the ounce. As corrosive sublimate is a deadly poison, this lotion must be compounded by a chemist. Exercise must be taken in the open air, and plain, wholesome, non-stimulating food.

VARIETIES.

A CLASSIFICATION OF NOSES.

Here is a classification of noses which will prove of interest to all who study either their neighbours' faces or their own. It is a clearly marked classification.



1. The celestial or turn-up nose. 2. The snub nose. 3. The Jewish or hawk nose. 4. The cogitative or wide-nostrilled nose. 5. The Greek or straight nose. 6. The Roman or aquiline nose.

There are, however, infinite crosses and intermixtures of noses which at first embarrass the student of "noseology," but after a little practice she will be able to distinguish all different sorts with tolerable precision.

"Un Capin du Pays de Galles."—The French translator of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels knew nothing of that familiar name for toasted cheese, "a Welsh rabbit," so he rendered it literally by "un capin du pays de Galles," or a rabbit of Wales, and then told his readers in a note that the *capins* or rabbits of Wales have a very superior flavour, which makes them in great request in England.

Stray Notes on Peoples' Names.—The total number of surnames in England and Wales appears to be between thirty-five and forty thousand. The three most common names are, first, Smith; secondly, Jones; and, thirdly, Williams. On an average, one person in every twenty-eight of the population answers to one or other of these three surnames.

The Beginning and the End.—When a virtuous and a godly childhood goeth before, then a godly and virtuous age follows after.—*Bishop Jewel.*

Buried Cities and Towns.

1. I am sorry to hear that Mac owes you so much.
2. We will go under by and by, and see the old historical remains.
3. Uncle sent Aunt only to break the dreadful news.
4. Don't worry yourself, Uncle, Charley or Kemble shall go.
5. There is to be a lecture to-night, Lily, on silkworms.
6. I shall take that picture of a Zulu to Nottingham.

A Hint on Good Breeding.—One principal point in good breeding is to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men: our superiors, our equals, and those below us.—*Swift.*

How to Pass the Day.—Arise early; serve God devoutly and the world busily; do thy work wisely; give thine alms secretly; go on thy way gravely; answer the people demurely; go to thy meat appetitely; sit thereat discreetly; of thy tongue be not too liberal; rise therefrom temperately; go to thy supper soberly, and to thy bed merrily, and sleep surely. —*Dame Julia Bærnes.*

Answers to Hidden Boys' Names (p. 155).—1. Arthur; 2. James; 3. Ernest; 4. Stephen; 5. Owen; 6. Percy.

Answers to Charades (p. 155).—1. Pine-apple; 2. Hollyhock; 3. Oxford.

RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

III.—FANCY WORK.

Examiner: Dora de Blaquière.

Of the two fancy work competitions the most successful in every way was that of the work bags. In reference to some few of them, too much praise could not be given to the needlework, which was exquisitively fine and neat. In many, however, the shape was bad, and the side gores of such a large size that the front fastening could not contain them, and they bulged out at the sides. Great cleverness was shown by many of the competitors in the fastenings and in the handles; but the binding of the work in some of these debarred them from the award of a prize. The number of bags (only forty-seven) sent in for this competition was somewhat disappointing, for these little bags are so much used now that we hoped to have had many more of them to examine and present to the poor hospital patients.

The Crochet Hospital Boots were also a subject of disappointment. There were so few good ones that it was not easy to find any which combined all the good qualities needful to deserve prizes. The smallness of some and the immense size of others showed that the majority of the competitors had not given the making of their slippers sufficient consideration. Only twenty crochet boots were received.

NEEDLE BAGS.

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2 0).

Florence Beatrice Rossiter, 30, Church-crescent, South Hackney (17).

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1 0).

A. M. Gardner, Cromal Lodge, Ardersier, N. B. (18).

Certificates of the First Class.

Sarah Alice Walley, Stanley House, Stanley-street, Chester (19).
Agnes Phillips, 13, Gayton-crescent, Hampstead (19).
B. Gardner, Cromal Lodge, Ardersier, N. B. (20).
Frances E. Parker, 55, Elizabeth-street, Eaton-square (18).
Hite Green, Winnington, Northwich, Cheshire (29).

Certificates of the Second Class.

E. Helena Adie, 2, Earls-terrace, Kensington, W. (15).
Rosa J. Shaw. Arnold House, Hull (19).
Lucy Rawlings, 1, Claremont Villa, Cottesdale, Frome, Somerset (12).
Lucie A. Donisthorpe, Gainsborough Villas, The Fosse, Leicester (21).

Certificates of the Third Class.

Rosa Sworder, The Berry, Westmill, Buntingford, Hertfordshire.
Clarisse Easte, care of Miss James, Ivy House, Stoke Ferry, Norfolk (19).
Margaret I. Williams, Heskett, Uppingham, Rutland (17).

HOSPITAL BOOTS.

THE PRIZE OF £1 1 0.

Bertha Harding, 2, Wallbridge, Frome, Somerset (14).

Certificate of the First Class.

Pattie Tyrrell, Checkenddle Vale, Reading (14).

Certificate of the Second Class.

May Lines, Fore-street, Hertford, Herts (12).

Certificate of the Third Class.

Harrietta H. Waddington, Heywood House, Waterhead, Oldham (10).

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

III.—FANCY WORK.

Two Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are offered for the best worked Sailor's Satchel, to be presented to sailors for the purpose of holding Bibles, magazines, &c. The material must be coarse crash unbleached, which can be had 18½ inches in width, and at about 6d. a yard. The design to be decided by the worker, and can be copied from many of the designs of crewel-embroidery already published in The Girl's Own Paper.

In front of the satchel a pretty design in flowers might be worked in crewels, such as those on page 265, Vol. I., or others. Outline stitch might also be used, and figures such as those at pages 324-5, Vol. I.,



or the new cross-stitch embroidery with ingrain cottons. We leave our readers the choice of the mode of ornamentation, with the stipulation that the work must be good, the colours well selected, and the design not an unsuitable one for the purpose. Nothing of a comic nature would of course answer with the Scripture text. The satchel, though strong and coarse, must be a monument of the most perfect neatness and good taste.

The width of the satchel is that of the crash, the sides being stoutly sewn up twice. The piece of crash to make it is all in one, and measures 31 inches in length. It is turned up to a depth of 14 inches to form the satchel, and hemmed at the top and round the flap which buttons over, and has the corners taken off square. Three buttons fasten it down. The corners are strengthened by tape, and an eyelet hole is worked in each at the back, so that it may be hung up if required.

On the flap is worked some suitable text, which might be divided and finished at the bottom of the satchel in cross-stitch marking, which would be easy to read.

THE CROCHET COMPETITION.

A Prize of One Guinea will also be awarded to the girl who crochets the best small shawl suitable for hospital or home use. The wool selected should be thick enough to give warmth and comfort to the wearer. Competitors are requested to read "Crochet for Little Workers," pages 442, 506, and 596, Vol. I., with a view to following Madame Karger's directions for joining the wools and also for the *point de neige* pattern, if they like to use it. Each article must have the name, age, and address of the maker *firmly* attached, together with the usual certificate from a parent, minister, or teacher. Last day for receiving the articles for the examination is Lady Day (March 25), 1881.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

WORK.

LITTLE DOT.—We are much pleased with your thoughtful and kindly letter, and your desire "to be of use to someone." Many thanks also for the recipe.

ELAINE.—A thick dress, such as a tweed, is best suited to a tricycle. It should be made like a riding habit, close-fitting, and very neat. Wear black lace round your neck.

MARGUERITE.—In the new book, by the Senior Examiner of Needlework to the London School Board, we see that Mrs. Floyer recommends the thickening of heels to be done by slipping every alternate stitch on the purled side when knitting. Your writing is very good.

ELISE GAUNTLETT.—We fear you must re-knit the whole foot, as, of course, you must unpick the leg should the worn part spread above the heel division.

EINNA.—See future numbers for knitting patterns, and full descriptions.

OLIVIA.—We much regret that, with all the clear sight and experience that we can command, we are quite unable to decipher your queries, beyond the discovery that they relate to work.

CLARK.—As you knit your own stockings, you could easily work the night socks just as ordinary ones, only using much coarser needles and wool. However, we will give you two other ways:—1. The first one somewhat resembles a slipper. With two wooden needles, No. 7 and 4 ply fleecy, cast on twenty-nine stitches for the middle of the sole, and for six rows increase one at the beginning and end of each needle, to slightly shape both the toe and heel end. In the next eight rows increase one at the toe only for every other row. You will then have thirty-nine stitches on the needle. Knit twelve rows straight; cast off twenty-six: there remain thirteen for toe-cap. With these stitches work two rows, decreasing one at the toe end. Knit two other rows, this time increasing one at the same point. Twelve rows straight. Decrease one again in the two following rows, and increase one in the two next ones. Now cast on twenty-six for the opposite side, and work to match until you have reached the centre of the sole. Then sew the slipper together. 2. The next sock is rather more complicated, for it entirely covers the foot and ankle. With the same wool and needles cast on thirty-four stitches for the sole, and for thirteen rows increase one at the commencement of each, which will give you forty-seven stitches, and will shape both ends. Knit ten plain rows for the centre of the sole, then decrease one for thirteen rows, to bring you again to thirty-four stitches. The sole is complete. To begin the side of the foot add, for back of heel, fourteen stitches, forty-eight in all, and work nine rows, increasing one in each at the toe end. Fifty seven stitches are on the needle. Cast off twenty-four, and, on the remaining thirty-three, knit for the top of the foot twenty rows. Then cast on again twenty-four, and reduce at the toe till you have returned to forty-eight. Cast off. For the leg, pick up, on three needles, the twenty-four stitches on either side and those of the instep. Work two rows, then a line of make one; knit two together for the runner; afterwards continue plain until you have reached the intended height of the leg. Cast off and sum up the whole. The shrinking of your wool must depend either on its quality or on the way the stockings are washed. Grey and undyed wools are the least shrinkable.

KYTHE.—The children's brewers' caps are worked either in plain knitting or in one purl, one plain. Scarlet is the popular colour, but many pretty ones have stripes, three-quarter inch wide, in black and yellow, white and blue, blue and red, green and heather mixture, &c. First measure the size of the head, and, according to the scale of your knitting, cast on the proper number of stitches on three or four needles, and knit in rounds like a stocking, allowing about six inches for the brim and turn-over, and six or seven inches for the cap itself. Then, for the peak, reduce for three and a half or four inches at the beginning of each of the needles in every other row. Indeed, many of the directions for broad round toes would, I should think, answer well for the top, such as the Carlisle, for instance. Crown the whole by the orthodox woollen tuft.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. M.—1. Endeavour to remove the fruit from the stones with your fork, otherwise remove from the mouth in the hollow of the almost closed left hand, placing it close to the mouth so as to conceal the passage of the stone from the mouth. Never remove them in a spoon. 2. Remain at the dinner table till after dessert, and rise, leaving the dessert china and glasses still on the table. 3. Do not use a spoon and fork simultaneously,—a common habit, but ignorantly practised. Remove your knife and fork from your plate, and lay them beside you; when you send for a second help as they both incommode the carver and endanger those at table whom the servant has to pass. If you desire a second help, lay the knife and fork on your plate until observed, with the points together, and the handles apart. When you wish to show that you desire no more, lay both parallel with each other across the middle of your plate, the handles towards you. See Rule 6.

HILDA ASMOND.—We feel rather shocked at your being so little acquainted with your Bible as to ask such a question. Read the Epistles of St. John, and seek for the text yourself.

GUSSIE.—We should see no harm in doing what you inquire about, but in all such little matters your mother's wishes should be your guide.

GOODY-TWO-SHOES.—1. Every article sent in for the prize competition is sent to a hospital. 2. Much may be done towards the cultivation of the voice by means of exercises and the study of manuals in singing, but a master is essential for the purpose of showing how the chest, throat, and head notes are to be taken.

A CONSTANT READER.—You should have some little acquaintance with dressmaking, as well as hairdressing and millinery. Could you not give a reference to your clergyman or pastor of whatever denomination? Also to those to whom you have been apprenticed; and any respectable householder with whom you or your family are acquainted.

BROWN-EYED FLO.—1. It is impossible for us to give advice as to the giving-up of a trade already learned for a new one untried, unless we were acquainted with many more circumstances connected with the case. It may be necessary for you to work all day, and at whatever trade you must feel weary, and in hot weather even faint. If very delicate, it might, of course, be desirable to make some change in your daily work. But this will entail much expense. 2. See the articles by "Medicus."

FORRIE.—The application of any heated appliance to the hair must be more or less injurious.

DOLOROUS.—Feather beds are cleaned and remade by means of steam and rollers. They must be sent to an upholsterer. The periods at which this should be done depends on how soon the bed becomes uneven and lumpy. Of course crape should be worn in mourning for an uncle or aunt.

BOB and NANCY.—Hand-made articles usually wear better than those made by machinery.

PEARL.—If your hands be too small to stretch an octave, what do you expect us to recommend? We cannot supply a new pair. Perhaps they may grow, as you are still so young.

PICCIOLA.—Tasso was a distinguished Italian poet, who was born A.D. 1542, at Sorrento. His great work was "Gerusclemme Liberata," of which there is an English translation.

SPONSOR AND OTHERS.—Your very natural questions have been submitted to a clergyman of considerable experience, who returns the following answer:—"Scarcely any of the popular books on bridal etiquette are entirely correct; at least, according to the Church of England service. First comes the bride. Nearly all the books say that the chief bridesmaid should remove and take charge of the *left*-hand glove of the bride. *Both* gloves must be removed, as during the service she has first to give her right hand to the bridegroom, and then to take his right hand in hers. It is evident that neither must give a gloved hand to the other. She should not resume her glove until just before leaving the church, as she will have to sign her maiden name in the marriage register in the vestry. When the officiating minister asks the question, 'Who giveth this woman?' &c., her father, or his representative, should take her right hand and place it in that of the bridegroom. His proper place is behind the bride and a little to her right. Having given away the bride, the father had better join the rest of the friends, or he may find himself in the way. Next comes the bridegroom. He also removes both gloves, of which the 'best man' takes charge, and makes sure that he has the ring ready. It is very unsafe to put it on his own little finger by way of security, as sometimes it cannot be taken off again at the proper time. If he be a wise man, he will entrust a second ring to his best man, to be used in case a mishap should occur. Dropping the ring is a frequent contretemps, and the distance to which a dropped ring will roll and the extraordinary devious course which it will pursue are almost incredible. The bridesmaids stand behind the bride during the whole of the ceremony, the chief bridesmaid being close to her left, so as to take the gloves, bouquet, &c., see that her dress is properly disposed when she kneels, and, if needful, help her to rise. On no account should the bridesmaids kneel at any part of the ceremony, the whole of the service being for the bride and bridegroom, and no others. If the ceremony be conducted according to the strict letter of the law, the whole of the actual marriage takes place 'in the body of the church,' generally at the entrance to the chancel. Should the service be choral, the psalm is sung by the choir, while the clergy, followed by the now married couple, proceed to the communion rails, the rest of the company, bridesmaids included, remaining where they were. After the last words of the service the husband conducts his wife to the vestry, the bridesmaids following them, together with those who will sign the register. It is better to choose two or three persons for this purpose—the father being always one—and to ask the rest to remain in the church, so that the vestry may not be crowded and the bride flurried. All the kissing, and congratulating, and hysterics can be reserved until after the return home, when there is plenty of time for them; and the truest kindness to the bride is to get her into her carriage as quickly and quietly as possible. As to the bridegroom, no persons trouble themselves about *him*. This is rather hard, because he is always far less composed than the bride, and is besides haunted with the consciousness that he never felt or looked so completely uncomfortable in his life."

CLARE VERE DE VERE.—How should we know? We never saw your elder brother ride, and cannot say what kind of a teacher he would make. It is always safe to begin with a good teacher, so as not to fall into bad habits, which, if once formed, can seldom be eradicated.

GRATEFUL will scarcely carry out her name for an answer unavoidably delayed. We cannot tell the species of fly unless specimen be sent, and do not know of any such small fly that injures meat. If you can find any dead specimens, and can send them, we will do our best.

C. CATHERINE.—Thanks for your letter. Blindworms taken at the end of summer, if females, are tolerably sure to produce young. We had a fine family of nine young, but did not succeed in rearing them. They were very voracious, and one would try to eat a slug many times as large as itself.

MINNEHAHA.—Yes; the overgrown claws of your canary ought to be cut; but you must be very careful in cutting them. Take a pair of very sharp scissors—nail scissors are the best—and hold the foot of the bird between yourself and the light. You will see a red line running through the middle of the claw, but not nearly reaching to the end. Cut off nearly all the claw beyond the red line, and take very good care not to wound it, or you will lame the bird, and inflict as severe pains as if your nails were cut into the quick.

IGNORAMUS.—There is not the least necessity for opening the fern case. Some cultivators shut up the case almost air-tight, but we do not see any particular benefit to be derived from the custom.

GOLDFINCH AND OTHERS.—Your bird is probably afflicted with the red mite. Take it from the cage, sprinkle some insect powder on a handkerchief, and wrap the bird in it. Clean the cage thoroughly, roll up some insect powder tightly in a piece of brown paper—cigarette fashion. Light it at each end, put it into the cage, and cover the cage with a cloth, so as to prevent the smoke from escaping. In about half an hour remove the cloth, and you will see plenty of the mites either dead or stupefied. Thrust them into a paper and burn them at once. Now you can put fresh sand into the cage, and dust some of the powder over it. By this time the powder in the handkerchief will have killed the mites among the feathers, excepting those on the head. These you must blow apart, and drop the powder among them. We have kept plenty of birds, and were never afraid of the red mite. Any insect powder will answer the purpose, all of them having the "fever-few" (Pyrethrum) as their basis.

DORCAS.—Girls of twenty-two are rather young to conduct a Mothers' Meeting, as they must necessarily be wanting in experience, and the women are likely to disregard advice coming from girls; but should there be no older ladies willing to undertake it, you and your friend should certainly try it, rather than leave it undone. The meetings are usually held on Monday afternoons; the women bring their own work, and while they sew some one reads aloud, or gives a simple address on cookery, health, or domestic management, closing with a hymn, a few verses from the Bible, and a short prayer. There should also be a savings bank or clothing club, and if possible a lending library, connected with it. This course may be varied by an occasional Bible class, an account of travels or missionary enterprises, and the introduction of more singing. A few toys or scrap books should be provided for the little children who come with their mothers.

NEPTUNE.—Seaweed should be mounted as you would ferns. Lay them out on a sheet of blotting paper, and with a pin divide the sprays one from another, so as to lie singly and in a good position; then lay another sheet of the same paper upon it, and place all under a heavy weight. Change the paper, damping the seaweed when dry, place it on another piece of paper, and secure it either with strong gum, or bands of paper as straps across the large stems.



VOL. II.—No. 51. DECEMBER 18, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.



CHAPTER XI.

THE FAIRY PRINCE.

It was not in vain that Meredith had succeeded in attracting Mr. Richards's notice, and May's worst fears were verified. Meredith had not read every book he could lay hold of for nothing, and even the insatiable curiosity of which his grandfather complained had been turned to good account by his observant mind. When he fancied he saw a matter clearly he could not rest until he made it known to others, and when he believed that he had discovered that the pit already alluded to as shut up had been closed unadvisedly, he spoke to Mr. Richards about it on the first opportunity. For some time that gentleman treated him as a young upstart, and bade

[*All rights reserved.*]

him mind his work; but he was not to be daunted, and finally succeeded in waylaying him at the mouth of the said pit. Mr. Richards, pre-occupied as usual, would have passed him by with an inquiry as to what he was doing there, had not Meredith boldly arrested him by saying that he was looking after a buried treasure.

"If you will come with me, sir, I will show you where the seam of coal runs, and where to sink a new shaft," he said.

Mr. Richards, struck by his persistence, turned and went with him.

"Father has always said the same, sir, only he hasn't the courage of a mouse," said Meredith, as he led his master to certain spots, where, to his half-tutored understanding, there were unmistakable signs that the coal lay underneath, but that the mine had been worked in a wrong direction.

Mr. Richards was struck with the youth's discernment and sagacity, and began to perceive, what his daughters had often told him, that Meredith wanted only the opportunity to become a man of parts. He had gained much geological knowledge, as Hugh Miller did before him, by such means as lay within his reach; and he was panting for the opportunity of enlarging his sphere.

"I must see about this. Thank you for your interest in my affairs," said Mr. Richards, who was a man of few words. "Better say nothing about it to anyone but me, or, perhaps, your father."

Thus it came about that Mr. Richards set to work quietly and secretly to investigate the matter, and the result of his investigations was so satisfactory that he conceived a high opinion of Meredith's talents. This resulted in his asking him if he would like "to improve himself," as the phrase goes. Meredith replied that that was just what he wanted. Mr. Richards then proposed that he should go into another county where he had shares in more important mines than those of Derwen, and where he should be clerk under a resident engineer, who was also manager. This agreed with all Meredith's preconceived ideas, and far surpassed his hopes.

"Then, in course of time, if your discoveries here turn out genuine, you may, perhaps, come back again," said Mr. Richards.

But Meredith only thought of seeing more of the world and not being shut out of *God's beautiful* works by coalpit toil. He should at least live above ground, even though he must descend into the bowels of the earth to learn or to superintend.

Mr. Richards scarcely gave him time to consult his father or to listen to the lamentations of his mother. The whole affair was arranged so rapidly that his friends hardly realised it before he was gone, which was only a week or so after Mr. Everton's visit. He had only time to kiss May's tearful face and bid her write to him, only time to receive Evan's blessing and Peggy's counsel to see that his linen was well aired, before he started for his new life. The secretaryship of the institute, the Sunday-school class, the choir—all had to be abandoned at a touch of Mr. Richards's masterhand, and it was four years before he returned to see how his place had been filled and who had done his work. Four years! during which May grew to be twelve years old and his sister Rachel nearly twenty.

The May of twelve was not so very different from the May of eight. She had grown, it is true; but she was still small, fragile, and childlike. But, in spite of this, she was singularly helpful. Indeed, old Peggy sang her praises so loudly that Rachel's jealousy increased, and Leah was heard to declare that "she was sick of that child's name." Fortunately, however, she did not see much of these affectionate cousins; for Leah had now a husband and a couple of children to look after, and Rachel had more than she could do to attend to her sickly mother and smarten herself up now and again to receive the visits of a young farmer who had taken a fancy to her good looks. Indeed, but for this silly jealousy of May, she was a nice girl enough; and when May and she were actually together she would ask herself how she could care whether such a bit of a creature were admired and praised or not.

One afternoon in April she had come over to see her grandparents, and found May seated on the settle by Evan's side, reciting to him. Evan was not well. The four years that had only served to add to the growth and strength of the young people had tended to bend his strong back and erect head downwards, and to weaken his heretofore robust frame. Peggy, too, would say that she "was not so young as she was when Meredith went away," and would wonder when he meant to come back. Time was now reckoned from the day and year on which the grandson she loved best had left his native place.

"What! reading, May! I thought you were always at work at this time of day," said Rachel. "Father wants you to come over and play for our practice to-night."

"May I, great-grandfather?" asked May, looking up wistfully at Evan.

"Why will you say 'great-grandfather,' May? One would think he was a giant," said Rachel.

"Because I like it, and don't choose that she shall be laughed out of it," said Evan. "Have you had news of Meredith? He doesn't write as often as he ought; though I must say his last letter to the child was wonderful well-spelt, written, and expressed."

"I think May gets all the letters and all the teaching," returned Rachel. "As to Meredith, he'll be too grand for any of us."

"I think he will be just the same, only bigger and cleverer," pleaded May.

As she spoke there appeared a figure striding up the garden steps, and taking two at a time.

"What gentleman can this be?" asked Rachel, glancing at herself in a small looking-glass that hung behind her. "Is it your friend, the London parson, May?"

The child started, looked up, and shook her head.

In another moment a good-looking, well-dressed young man stood in the middle of the kitchen.

"Don't you know me?" he inquired, with a merry laugh, taking off his hat, which slouched over his face.

"The fairy prince! the fairy prince!" cried May, slipping off the settle and gliding timidly towards him.

"Meredith! Is it you? There's grand you are!" exclaimed the others, and immediately the recognition was followed by embraces.

"I knew you would come back so," whispered May, who had not even yet quite forgotten her early days.

Her hand slipped into his, as of old, and when, at last, they were all seated, she found herself on the settle, between him and her grandfather.

"I just looked in here on my way home," said Meredith, answering many questions as they were put to him. "I could not come back before, because I have had no time for a holiday. I have been sent here, there, and everywhere for my employers."

"Then you have had just what you wanted," broke in Evan. "They tell me that roving's the way of the world nowadays. I, who have been all my life in one place, have seen a deal more than was good for me."

"But those who stick in one place don't get on in the world," replied Meredith.

"So much the better, perhaps. And what have you done?"

"I have got on fairly, grandfather. I have already a hundred a year. But I mustn't stop to talk to-day, or father and mother will be annoyed. Will you all come home with me, and then one talk will serve every purpose? I haven't many days to spare."

"Bless me! One would think you was Lord Mayor," ejaculated Peggy, laughing till she cried. "Why you are grander and more in a hurry than May's friend, Mr. Everton, was; and he all the way from London!"

"He has been here again, hasn't he?" asked Meredith.

"Yes, last summer," answered Rachel. "They say he came after Miss Edith, but got no encouragement because he's got no money. He stopped a couple of nights at the vicarage, and came to call on Mrs. Richards, who was at home. He and Mr. Davies, vicar, dined at Derwen Fawr; and that was all."

"And he came here," said May.

"And I suppose you and Miss Edith are fonder of him than ever," said Meredith, whose handsome features had seemed very expresssive while Rachel spoke.

"Yes," replied May, with her wise little nod.

After a few *pros* and *cons.*, the whole party started for Tygwyn. Meredith was much grieved to see that his grandfather rose from his seat with difficulty, and that he stooped perceptibly. He did not venture to remark upon it, knowing Evan's character; but he asked

May, aside, how long he had been so bad.

"Since the flood, when he went out in the night to save the cows. Jenny was drowned," returned May, with a shudder that seemed to run through her small frame.

Meredith had heard of this, but in the bustle of his new life had forgotten it for the moment. He now realised how unequal his grandparents and May must be for the daily farm-work. Still they all looked bright and happy. He realised it yet more when he watched them descend the garden path and final steps to the wicket. May also watched them with a keen anxiety, for she was always in dread of their falling, and moved slowly, either in front of them or at their sides, until they were safe in the lane. Then she placed herself at her grandfather's right side, and he laid one heavy hand on her shoulder, thus supporting himself, while in the other he grasped a stick. Peggy still put her arm through his, but found no support in it.

"Please to let me help you, grandfather," cried Meredith.

"Thank you, my boy, but I like the child best. She is just the height."

"You will not refuse, grandmother?" added Meredith, offering his arm, which Peggy took.

And so they proceeded, very slowly, to Meredith's home.

His reception by his mother may be imagined. She was alone, and seated, as usual, in her beehive chair. Although she had a stocking in her hands, she was literally knitting it in her sleep, for she had fallen into a doze. 'Lizbeth was always knitting, and could knit almost as well with her eyes shut as open. Meredith crept round to her, and, kneeling by her side, looked tenderly on her poor, pale face, irritable even in repose. He fancied that she was either talking to herself or dreaming, for he certainly heard her murmur his name.

"Mother!" he ejaculated, and that sweet word roused her.

The stocking fell from her hands, her arms were round his neck, her lips were on his cheek. "Meredith, my boy!" she cried, and mother and son were moved to tears.

So was May, who stole behind the beehive chair, and smothered a rising sob. Then she slipped out, unperceived by anyone, and ran up the ravine, past several cottages, until she reached the pit. Here uncle Laban was superintending the loading of many wagons, carts, and donkey-backs with part of the coal that lay heaped up round about the pit.

"Here's Merch, Derwen Fach. Look you, how she's running. See you, how pretty she is," said the owners of the carts.

"What can be the matter? Father or mother must have a fit!" exclaimed uncle Laban.

"Cousin Meredith!" was all the breathless little girl could say for a few moments.

"Well! what of him? What's the matter?"

"Nothing, uncle Laban. He's come home; he's come home," replied May, venturing almost to the pit's mouth, down which she could never look without a shudder. A great coal-basket was just coming to the surface, and May started back, and so, as of old, off fell the hat.

Many were the exclamations at sight of the golden meshes, and she shrank back abashed. But she was soon surrounded by several old women whom she knew, and who began to question her concerning Meredith. She responded to their queries by monosyllables, nods, and shakes of the head, which caused them to say, when her back was turned, "There's small and delicate that grandchild Evan Derwen Fach; do look. I am wondering if she is right in her head. I am thinking that she can't be, with that curious, tangled hair, and that she lost her wits in the fever."

"Stop you a minute, May, fach," said Laban. "I must enter these loads, and then I'll come."

But before they left the pit Meredith had arrived in search of May. Knowing her sensitive nature, he always feared the effect of excitement. No sooner had he seen that she was safe and greeted his father, than he found himself in the midst of many old friends, some of whom were colliers, others farm labourers, or the farmers themselves, or the women who came for coal to sell again, to most of whom he had done many good turns. He stood, with May's hand in his, to receive the congratulations of his friends on his improved appearance and circumstances; while his father completed his work of weighing and account taking.

"There's the good of having brains; he was always a fine young man, but now he's quite the gentleman," was what May heard said at her back, and she felt more and more convinced that Meredith was, in very deed, a "Fairy Prince."

(*To be continued*).

SKETCHING FROM NATURE.—III.

By John C. Staples.



Be deliberate and exercise your judgment in your choice of a subject. It is, indeed, true that any group of forms, if you will sit down and faithfully copy it, will be good practice, and will aid in training the hand and the eye to act in unison. Do not, therefore, be discouraged if you find that you have not chosen as well as you might, and that your drawing after all looks flat and ineffective, or scattered and wanting in unity. A little more thought and a little more practice will enable you in the future to select a scene more suitable to pictorial expression, and I trust that an intelligent perusal of the succeeding paragraphs will enable you to fix readily upon a good and "rewarding subject" when you meet with it in nature. Do not imagine, however, that I am now about to set forth a code of arbitrary rules. That is not so. I am rather about to submit some hints for your guidance which, though they possess the sanction of authority and have survived the test of practice, must yet bow before your individual sense of the fitness of things in any particular case, and, most especially, must they be subordinate to the expression of character. For example, if it is your intention to represent a scene of gloomy severity, a balanced arrangement of light and shade would evidently be unsuited to your purpose; or, if your intention be to impress the mind with a sense of solitude and desolation, you may with propriety and advantage neglect the ordinary rules for the management of light and shade.

Nevertheless, on the proportionate quantities and relative positions of the lights, shades, and half tones in your drawing will depend, in a very large measure, its pleasurable effect upon the beholder. A judiciously-chosen subject will nearly always present on the one hand a graduated mass of light, on the other a graduation of shade; and these two masses will be harmonized and brought together by surrounding half tones. Moreover, these lights and shades will be varied and intertwined, harmonized and contrasted; nature only can teach you how. The delicate tints will brighten towards a point of pure light, and the shadows grow in depth towards the darkest portion, not with a monotonous equality in the gradations, but still with a distinctly traceable balance of effect.

The essentials, then, are a leading light and a leading dark, and to give due value and subordination to these, a surrounding half-tone.* Where these exist there is the foundation of an effective picture; but if in the scene before you there are to be found several dark values of about equal force scattered here and there, or if the lights are broken into equal masses, and disposed on this side and that of the picture, then no accuracy of drawing or dexterity of touch can avail to make an effective sketch from such materials. You had better reject the subject at once; or, if you will, you may wait to see if the shifting rays of the sun will not add light to light here and dark to dark there, until a unity of effect pervades the scene. If this is so, then seize the happy moment and work your best and hardest to secure the passing effect. A simple opposition of light with dark is one of the commonest effects in nature, and is constantly presented in every class of subject. In the second illustration you will find it in the rocky bank of a Surrey lane, where the oak sapling

* I would have you to bear in mind that the illustrations to these papers are not set before you as models. They are explanatory notes added to this or that paragraph of the text, and written in another language—a language addressed to the eye instead of to the ear. For instance, in the illustration No. 1 of this paper, you will find, to assist you in comprehending what I have said above, a simple arrangement of a leading light on the cottage wall on the left, a leading shade in the foliage and on the wall upon the right, and a varied half-tone over the rest of the picture. These features are purposely "writ large," that they may strike the eye at once, and in order to attain this object many other qualities are consciously sacrificed.



FIG. 1.

which cuts the light gives interest to a "bit" which would otherwise have been too crude and flat to be worth the trouble of copying.

It follows, from what I have said above, that you should study your surroundings under different effects of light, for you will find that many scenes which you have passed at one time without a second glance, will present, under more favourable conditions, all the elements of an interesting picture. That cottage, which looks flat and sordid under the noonday sun, may suggest a truly poetic sentiment when it stands out against the evening sky, and when the multitudinous details which distracted the eye are massed in the gloom of approaching twilight. Again, another group of buildings, which perhaps looked heavy and lumpish in the half light, may grow interesting and effective when the morning sun lights up this gable, throws that corner into shade, glitters on the dormer window, and shows the rose-laden porch, and the crooked spout, and the water-tub by the kitchen door in varied values of half tone. I think it will be good practice for you sometimes to rub in on your paper a generalised idea of the schemes of light and shade, without any of the forms or outlines, and afterwards to add the detail over or through this. If you will look at the illustrations 3*a* and 3*b*, you will readily comprehend my meaning.

It may, not unnaturally, occur to you to ask what amount of space in the picture is to be occupied by this leading light, this leading dark, and this half-tone of which I have spoken. To answer such a question definitely is as impossible as it would be undesirable. This would be to set up a code of arbitrary rules, the adoption of which I have already deprecated, and this would fetter all freedom and destroy all originality.

I may say, however, in general terms that in scenes viewed by diffused daylight it will commonly be found that the mass of the picture will be occupied by a varied scale of tints approaching the true half tone, or medium between pure white and black; and on this half-tone the high lights and deep darks, where they occur, will stand out to great advantage. If, however, the scene be a broad and extended one, brightly illuminated by the direct rays of the sun, the light tones will more or less prevail throughout the picture; and, on the other hand, in stormy effects, in the evening, and in deeply-shadowed scenes, the dark tones will preponderate.

Observe, however, that, in order to get a full measure of varied interest and telling effect into your drawing, *all* the light must not commonly be found on the one side, nor all the dark on the other. The unrelieved breadth of such an arrangement would be somewhat dull and heavy. Consequently, if you can find a touch of deep tone cutting and relieving your chief light, preserve it carefully, and give it its true relative force. And, again, if you can discover a point or two of light to break the heaviness of your deep tones it will be to the advantage of the general effect to make the most of such an incident. Thus, if the sky, as will most often happen, affords you your high light, it may happily be relieved by a delicate tracery of branches or a feathery mass of foliage breaking across it, modifying its too uniform brightness and carrying the darker tones through the picture. Or, again, if the leading dark should lie among the rocks which border a stream, a flash of reflected light on the water might well at once relieve and give an added value to the otherwise too heavy shadows; or if, as in a sunny pastoral, the principal mass of shade lay under a group of thick trees, its sombreness might be relieved by a figure in light-toned drapery, or a few sheep, or by a flock of geese grazing in the cool shadow. And remark that it is just here, where it is wanted for pictorial effect, that



FIG. 2.

you might most reasonably expect to find your figure or your sheep.

Something of all this may be traced in the illustration No. 4, which represents a cottage on Dunsfold Common, Surrey, seen by an evening light, where the main principle of the arrangement of light and shade is a gentle gradation of tone passing from the full dark of the outbuildings on the left through the lighter tones of the front of the cottage, and so on to the high light in the sky. Here a subsidiary effect of contrast is introduced by the opposition of the dark chimney, but it is not of sufficient importance in size or strength to compete with the prevailing principle of harmony which pervades the picture, and which is prevented from being too monotonous by the fragmentary darks on the right of the cottage walls, and by the touches of light



FIG. 3*a*.



FIG. 3*b*.

introduced in the clothes on the lines and in the figure of the woman carrying a pail.

An appreciative and cultivated eye will ever make itself felt by readily seizing upon passing incidents of light and shade, which may be made to enhance the interest and value of a sketch in a degree which will surprise and delight you as you proceed with your studies.

The quality as well as the quantity of light and dark tones must also engage your attention. The high light of your drawing should be pearly and translucent, not chalky and opaque; and the deep dark must be rich and velvety in quality. To attain these ends you must devote the most careful consideration to the gradations of tint which lie between these extremes and surround them; for the lights and darks depend wholly on these tones for their favourable exhibition.

I do not think that you will ever be able to gauge with the eye, much less record with the



FIG. 4

pencil or brush, the infinite delicacy of the gradations and the playful variety of oppositions of the tones presented to you by nature, but you must do your best to follow them, because each delicate tint of light gives both harmony and contrast to the tint which preceded it, and leads up to the point, or points, of highest light, which, without the relief that these afford, would appear crude and staring. And so with the deeper shades, the more numerous they are, and the more quaintly they are varied in their disposition, the greater the value of their combined effect.

Now a few words to direct your attention to a very important point—the feeling or sentiment which your drawing may be made to express. It is not practicable for me, here and now, to offer more than a hint or two, which your own intelligence and experience must serve to amplify.

If you are observant you will have found that in scenes where a sentiment of quietude and repose prevails, the principal light is usually separated from the chief dark by a considerable space, and that the intervening portions of the picture are occupied by a gentle scale of intermediate tones, whereas, in those subjects which possess a more striking and energetic effect, the deep dark is in closer opposition to the high light, and surrounding these are the varied gradations of half-tones.* This example, crude and familiar as it is, will serve to make clear to you the line of thought to which I wish now to direct you.

Study these differences in the character of different scenes, and reason upon them. Bring the intellect and the sympathies to the aid of the senses, for it is by attuning your mind to a familiar and appreciative intercourse with nature and by a comprehension of her hidden meanings that you will alone be enabled to interpret her to others and to produce drawings which shall not be mere topographical descriptions, but shall shadow forth something of those qualities which stir our hearts with vague emotion at the sight of the beautiful, the tender, or the noble in nature.

As you come to attempt more extensive and ambitious landscapes you will find that these are by no means simple, but are complex in their nature, and that each component part is in itself a little picture, subject to the same rules and built upon the same principles as any other; and, further, that all these parts must be brought together in due subordination and in a definite relationship to form the entire picture.

Lastly, if all this seems to be a "hard saying," remember, for your consolation, that you are not now, perhaps not ever, to try to compose a picture. The rules and principles which I have so far set forth, or which I may yet bring to your notice, are only to be borne in mind when you are looking at nature, in order to guide you in your selection and to enable you to understand and recognise somewhat of the less obvious laws of arrangement which, although they may be, and are often, overlooked by the uninstructed, yet do as surely underlie the most beautiful scenes in nature as they do the most successful works of art.

(To be continued.)

* To avoid confusion, I speak here only of the power of *light and shade* to express such qualities as those of repose, of stress, of tenderness, and so on; but the arrangement of the lines in a picture is also very important in this connection, and so are other more subtle constituents of the composition.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.



It was with something of an effort that Margaret rose rather earlier than usual the morning after the concert, so her eyes looked a little drowsy as she entered the kitchen, where she found Betsy engaged in filling the coal-scuttle with wood and paper to light the fire.

"Betsy," she said, "I'm going to lay and light the dining-room fire myself this morning, and I want you to come and watch, so that you can do it in exactly the same way yourself for the future."

"Well, Miss Margaret, I 'ope I knows 'ow to light a fire without being showed," said Betsy, rather huffily.

"Well, how much wood does each fire take?"

"Pretty near a bundle, one with another."

"Why, Betsy, I think it is time somebody showed you, then, for you ought to make one bundle light three fires, including the kitchen. Do you know that you waste, at the very least, fifteen shillings a year by extravagance in firewood alone?"

Betsy was rather staggered at those plain statistics, and followed her young mistress without more ado.

"Now, you see, I first of all put a scanty layer of cinders at the bottom of the grate, next some crumpled paper, and about half a dozen pieces of wood laid crosswise, and lastly some knobs of coal. You must be careful always that the whole is well back in the grate, and leave plenty of air-holes between the pieces. When it has all caught fire you can put a shovelful of cinders on the top, and you will have a hot fire in no time. And that reminds me, Betsy, that I want to talk to you about cinders after breakfast; I am afraid we do not manage them as well as we might; but we must get on with the other work now, or breakfast will be late."

Betsy looked dejected; she did not altogether like Margaret's burst of energy in the morning; it was much less trouble to keep on in the old routine.

Breakfast over, Margaret returned to the kitchen.

"What do you do with the cinders, Betsy, after you have raked out the fire?"

"Oh, I puts a few large bits on the back of the fire, and throws the rest in the dust-bin?"

"Well, I have had a letter from my sister about it. I will read you what she says:—'You must remember that cinders are as much fuel as coals, and there is no more excuse for wasting the one than the other. They are much better than coal for some purposes; for instance, in a bedroom they are safer, as there is not the danger of sparks flying from them, and a better and hotter fire can always be made with part cinders than with coals alone. The best fire for cooking is made up of lumps of coal in front, and cinders at the back.' So you see, Betsy, we have been very wasteful; but I hope we shall reform now. This wooden box on rockers, which I bought yesterday, is a proper cinder-sifter; and for the future I want you to place all the ashes into this wire tray at the top, put the lid on, and rock it for a minute; then if you leave it for a little while before taking off the lid, you will find that all the small ash has gone through the tray into the box beneath, leaving on the top only large cinders ready for use."

"Humph," said Betsy, "I never was in a place before where they could not afford coals, and had to burn up old rubbish."

Margaret flushed up, and felt inclined to be very angry, the more so as she had a little uncomfortable feeling herself that perhaps it was rather mean to watch every *farthing* so carefully; but she was determined not to lose her temper, so took no notice of Betsy's rudeness, and went on—

"For the next week or so I want you to save small ash in this large box, instead of throwing it into the dust-bin as usual; with this very cold weather I am afraid all our plants in the garden will be killed; so as soon as you have collected a good quantity, I will get a boy to come in and heap it round the roots of the delicate ones to protect them."

"But won't it spoil the look of the garden, miss?"

"It will not show much, and at any rate it is better than letting our plants be frost-bitten, and next spring we will have it dug into the ground, and it will very much improve our heavy clay soil. If the boys begin keeping fowls in the spring, as they talk of doing, they will be glad of all the ash we can spare for the fowls to scratch amongst."

"Please, miss, there ain't no 'mergencies left."

"No *what*, Betsy?"

"Why none of them 'mergencies in tins, miss, that you use when anybody comes in unexpected."

"Oh, ah! yes, Betsy, I understand," said Margaret, smothering her laughter; "I am glad you reminded me."

The meaning of Betsy's curious statement was that, on Joanna's suggestion, Margaret always kept a few tins of meat, soup, and fruit amongst her stores in case of emergencies, such as the unexpected arrival of visitors, when the soup could be warmed in a very few minutes, while the fruits and meats might be eaten as they were if there was no time for preparing them in any of the numerous ways described on the tins. These emergencies, as Betsy called them, were found to answer very well, and prevented any embarrassment at the appearance of an extra guest at the table.

That evening Margaret told her father about the cinders, and asked him if he thought she was getting too parsimonious.

"Decidedly not in this case," he answered, for if Joanna is correct in what she says, you must waste a good deal of money, and waste can never be justified even in the smallest trifles. Have you forgotten the injunction to 'Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves'? But look at it another way. Suppose you find that by careful management you can save threepence a week, that would pay for the schooling of some poor child. If you spent your savings in that way you would not think it stingy, would you?"

Margaret brightened up at that, for it happened there was a poor family she very much wanted to help; but she had found so much difficulty in making her money last that she had not ventured to do anything for them. Now she determined to begin with the New Year to help the poor mother by paying for the schooling of at least one of the children.

It is true that at the close of the week sometimes a small balance would be discovered, but this was only occasionally, and any such surplus was sure to be needed, sooner or later, to replace broken articles, or to pay for new scrubbing brushes, or some such incidental expense. Margaret had a small cash box for these little savings, which was never opened except in case of real necessity. Just now the box was being watched with particular care, but it was never opened on any pretext whatever, for it had been long ago fixed that Joanna and her husband should spend Christmas at the old home. During this visit the expenses of the house would of course be greater, and the savings of previous weeks would all be needed. Now the happy time was drawing near, and all Margaret's perplexities were being saved up till she could talk them over with her sister. The pleasure with which Joanna anticipated the visit was, it must be confessed, tinged with curiosity. Although conscious of her sister's strong desire to do well, she could not but wonder how the household management, conducted by one so young and inexperienced, would strike a new comer.

Thinking that perhaps Margaret would feel a little nervous about the approaching visit, she determined rigorously to avoid noticing any little delinquencies, or at any rate to appear not to notice them.

During the first day or two, though there were very few mishaps of any kind, still it was amusing to mark her air of utter unconsciousness when anything in the *ménage* went wrong. Even when Betsy got a little "mixed" over the sauces at dinner one day, and handed Joanna parsley and butter with plum pudding, she appeared quite unaware that it was not a usual accompaniment to sweets.

Betsy related this little episode to her young mistress the next morning with much contrition; Margaret laughed at her sister's delicacy, and at once saw through her schemes to spare her feelings.

"It is very kind of you, Joanna, to pretend not to see things, and of course I am thankful in a way, to see you looking abstractedly in another direction when accidents happen. But I would really rather you would pry about and find fault, and tell me of things you see wrong that perhaps I do not notice myself," said Margaret, as the two sat having a cosy chat before tea.

"There is little or nothing to find fault with, Madge; in fact, so far from disapproving, I am learning myself, but there is just one little thing I thought of at dinner that might be a useful suggestion to you, that is, to avoid getting so many spills on the cloth. You should not have the gravy put on the dish, round the meat, as you do at present; it is almost impossible to carve without splashing it over, and it is altogether much more convenient in a sauce-tureen. Then you should always spread a serviette under the carver's dish and plates to catch anything that may be dropped. I am afraid it would offend the boys, or I should advise you to put one under their plates too! Some people always have them—one to each person, or a long narrow cloth down the whole length of the table at each side. They are afterwards removed with the crumbs in them, which does away with the necessity for a crumb brush; but I do not recommend that to you, as the washing would be as expensive as frequent clean table-cloths."

"Thank you, that was one thing I was going to ask you about. I have a whole list of questions here, so prepare for a good catechising. Now, stand still like a good little girl, with your hands behind you and your head up, and tell me how to prevent the pipes bursting."

"Have you had any burst already?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you? In that thaw last week, directly the water began to come into the cistern, Dick came running along to my room to say he thought the end of the world was come, for his room was flooded with water. It was pitch dark, like the dead of night, but it was really six o'clock in the morning. Poor Dick had to dress and rush off for the plumber, and he soon put it right, but the room was in a dreadful state, and the plaster is all broken off the ceiling; and you know it *might* happen in the middle of the night, when we could not get the plumber, and whatever should we do?"

"Well, dear, in this case, as in many others, prevention is better than cure, and the best advice I can give you is, in frosty weather keep your taps just dripping, and if there is a gas jet near any pipe likely to freeze, let one burner be always alight; that will generally give enough warmth to prevent it. And also any outside pipes should be covered up with straw or old carpet. They generally burst when the water is coming in; and if that should happen again, in spite of your precautions, till a plumber can be brought you should fasten down the ball in the cistern, tie it down with string or any contrivance of that sort, to stop the flow of water; and if you can get at the part of the pipe that has burst, stuff up the hole as well as you can with anything that comes first to hand."

"Well, I think I will try the prevention first. My ideas are generally a little hazy on first waking in the morning, and I am afraid I should not have presence of mind to tie down the ball. Now I will let you off the rest of my catechizing for a little while, though I have hardly begun my list, but the other questions will keep."

On Christmas Eve the pleasant task of decorating the dining and drawing-rooms was accomplished, and it was a merry party that engaged in the work. Some dust sheets were spread on the carpet, and Joanna and her sister sat dexterously weaving wreaths and festoons, and giving directions to Arthur, Tom, and Dick, who were performing feats of gymnastics on the top of step ladders, in their endeavours to satisfy the demands of their task-mistresses as to the position of the decorations.

In the midst of the work Betsy appeared at the door, with a face of dismay, and beckoned Margaret out of the room, to tell her that the turkey was "froze as hard as a brickbat," and so was the sirloin of beef for Boxing Day.

"Well put them before the fire till they are melted."

"La! Miss Margaret, that will make them so awful tough; besides they will only freeze again as soon as I put them out, and that turkey won't taste no better than an old goat" (a favourite simile of Betsy's).

"Oh! dear me! wait a minute and I'll ask Mrs. Hellier."

A whispered consultation between the sisters resulted in the turkey and all the other meat in the larder being hung up in the kitchen, not near the fire, and there left all night, which proved quite as effectual a way of thawing and preventing their again freezing as the frequent plan of washing in warm water, with the advantage of not taking out the flavour.

Christmas Day came and went, as happily as it always must do when a family, scattered abroad through the year, are re-united to celebrate the anniversary of our Saviour's birth.

A few days later found Margaret in a bustle of business and excitement, preparing for the entertainment of some friends who had been invited to meet the young bride and bridegroom. This would be the first time that Margaret had had the ordering and management of anything larger than the addition of one or two guests at their usual evening meal; but now friends, to the number of twenty, had been invited, so that considerable preparation was necessary. The guests were invited for tea at seven o'clock, and supper was to be at ten. Happily the contents of Margaret's little savings'-box were not yet exhausted, so that she was able to provide for the party with the addition of only ten shillings extra from her father. The bill of fare for the supper was as follows: hot soup; turkey, ham, tongue, and cold sirloin of beef; hot Christmas pudding and mince-pies; one dish of trifle, one jelly, one blancmange, and sundry little dishes of tarts, biscuits, and fruits.

This list being decided upon, everything necessary for the carrying out of it was bought in, and prepared, as far as possible, the day before; the soup was made and the meats cooked; the pastry, too, was made, and the jelly and blancmange—the two latter being kept in the moulds; then the dishes of biscuits and preserved fruits were set out and tastefully ornamented with twigs of holly. Even the table-cloths and serviettes were put ready, so that the next morning would be left clear for arranging flowers and giving finishing touches, for Margaret was determined not to be like many anxious hostesses, who are in such a bustle and flurry all the day of their party that when the evening comes they are quite too tired to enjoy it.

Immediately after dinner, Margaret laid the table for supper, and very pretty it looked with its display of spotless linen and glittering glass and silver. Mr. Colville had a great objection to the flowers or plants on the dinner-table being so high as to intercept the view of his opposite neighbour, and sometimes did not scruple to rise in the middle of the meal and lift off such an offending decoration, should his daughter happen to have forgotten his objection. Margaret therefore wisely contented herself with placing several small low glasses here and there about the table, containing a few feathery grasses and bright red leaves (gathered and pressed in the autumn for winter use), and whenever there was likely to be a rather large gap between the dishes she laid a device of coloured leaves and fern fronds flat on the cloth, completing the whole by placing in the middle of the table a handsome old china bowl full of glorious many-hued chrysanthemums.

Her tasteful fingers had also prepared some pretty cards, each bearing the name of a guest, and placed on the table to indicate the place he or she was to occupy. Some of them were decorated with little pen and ink sketches, copied from pictures, the selection of which had occupied the boys several evenings; others had a little painted flower, or a group of pressed flowers gummed on them.

This done, she was able to breathe freely and take a little well-earned rest, before proceeding to give a final look round in dining-room and kitchen (the drawing-room was left to Joanna's supervision). She took particular notice that the cold viands were all on the table, and the sideboard well stocked with clean plates, knives and forks and glasses, and then with a last entreaty to Betsy not to get excited and make mistakes, she went to dress for the evening.

When the guests began to arrive, Betsy took the ladies upstairs, and ran down again immediately to be ready for the next arrival. Each party was met at the drawing-room door by Mr. Colville, whilst Margaret stood near a small table in a corner of the room, to dispense tea and coffee after welcoming her friends. The two boys proved capital assistants, and handed round cakes and biscuits as though to the manner born.

When all had arrived, Margaret rang the bell, and Betsy removed the tea things, leaving the table free for the display of Mr. Colville's

engravings, and a number of books and pictures, part of which they had borrowed from friends for the occasion. The evening passed pleasantly for guests and hosts alike. Margaret had never permitted even the busiest day to pass without devoting a little time, though sometimes only ten minutes, to practising her music. Her father liked her to play to him in the evenings when he came home sometimes tired and jaded, and she was always ready to do her best, even though that best was not always of the first order. Her voice was neither powerful nor of great compass, but it was clear and sweet, and several times during the evening she sang with so much expression and with so simple a grace that even the critic listened with pleasure. She had provided a number of glees, and part songs, too, in which the musical members of the party joined, while those who did not care for singing, played various games, headed by Mr. Hellier, who proved a great acquisition in the way of originating new entertainments.

In the meantime Betsy after making sure that her soup and pudding were progressing favourably, had added a soup-plate for each person on the supper table, and a few minutes before ten o'clock she carried up the soup, hot and savoury, in a large jug, from which she filled each plate; then running upstairs she knocked at the drawing-room door and announced that supper was ready. She came down again quickly to dish up the turkey, and directly the soup was finished, she placed it on the table for the carver to begin operations while she removed the empty soup plates. In the same way, all the appliances for the second course being ready on the table, she now went down to prepare the pudding and mince pies, which plan answered so well that there was not a minute's delay between the courses.

After supper the games were begun again with renewed energy, and it was nearly twelve o'clock before the last guest left, being unanimous in their expressions of pleasure at having spent so delightful an evening together.

So passed this happy Christmastide, rendered all the happier for the Colvilles in that they did not forget, in their own rejoicings, the sufferings of their poorer neighbours who had nothing wherewith to make merry.

It had always been a rule during the lifetime of their mother that each of the children should try to give some poor child, if not a merry Christmas, at least a happier one than they could otherwise have had, and the plan was still kept up. For weeks beforehand Margaret had been busy mending old clothes and making new ones, while the boys had made scrap-books, bought tops and balls, and denied themselves many little indulgencies to have the more for charity. Mr. Colville, too, had given them some money to spend on meat and materials for Christmas puddings, so that when they started on their rounds, directly after breakfast on Christmas morning, they found their supply of presents so much larger than they could carry, that Tom had to waylay a schoolfellow who happened to pass and press him into the service. Dick added to the general merriment by insisting upon fastening up a piece of holly and mistletoe in each poor room they visited, "to make it look Christmassy," as he said. Many cheerless homes were made brighter that morning, and it was with joyous hearts they joined on their return in the grand old song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill to all men."

(*To be continued.*)

MISS ROSAMOND CHAMPFLOWER.

AND HOW SHE SPENT HER CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.



THAT evening, just when the grey curtain of early winter twilight was falling on that Christmas Eve over Bellminster, a strange and wonderful thing happened in the house of Miss Champflower. A railway van called at her door, and delivered a large box. The servant-girl took it in, for just then Miss Champflower and Keziah were out, and great was their surprise on their return to find it standing in the hall. Miss Champflower was certainly expecting no box of any kind, as she declared loudly, but then this box bore most plainly outside her name and full address.

With eager curiosity mistress and servant opened the mysterious lid. What could be hidden beneath all this cunningly wedged-in mass of paper padding? Miss Champflower's hand went searching about inquisitively, and pulled out something. She gave a little scream as she held it up to the light of the candle. It was a grotesque paper mask.

"Why, dear me, whatever is that?" cried Keziah.

"I don't quite know," said Miss Champflower, turning the grinning face about between her fingers rather nervously. "It's something horrid and odd, I think."

Keziah now put in her hand in her turn, and took out a popgun, which went off in her unwary grasp, and made her start and cry out.

"How can such extraordinary disagreeable things have been sent me?" exclaimed Miss Champflower, in indignant plaintive surprise.

"That's more than my headpiece can answer, ma'am," replied Keziah. "It's like Maze Monday in our house to-day. First that imperent letter, and then this here box. But we'll go further into the brains of it before we've done."

Keziah's next discovery was a doll with a sadly tumbled muslin petticoat.

"There's a bit of trumpery finery for you," was her remark. "Dear me! whoever could have wasted their time in packing up such a lot of rubbish?"

"Well, in all the years that I have lived in Bellminster I never experienced such a Christmas Eve as this!" cried Miss Champflower, her cheeks growing more and more flushed as the mysterious box revealed more and more of its incomprehensible contents.

"We shall have all Troy town here by-and-bye," said Keziah, as she brought to light a prancing wooden horse and a gaily painted parrot.

Miss Champflower sat down, as though overcome by the unpleasant novelty of the situation. Keziah persevered in her task of emptying the box, and before long the two elderly spinsters were surrounded by a whole nursery full of rattles, whistles, balls, tops, jumping mice, squeaking dogs, climbing monkeys, and nine-pins. They were a comical sight enough, as they sat gazing blankly now at each other, now at this strange addition to their household effects, with their perplexed minds looking out of their bewildered eyes.

"There must certainly be some mistake about the box," said Miss Champflower at length. "I shall send down to the railway station, and see if we can make anything out about it."

Keziah shook her head, and murmured something to the effect that, in her opinion, it would be no use, for impérence had to do with the box as well as the letter; but Miss Champflower sent to the station nevertheless. She received no light from thence, however; the officials could only state that the box had arrived, by goods-train, addressed to Miss Champflower, as she herself had seen, and that they had forwarded it to her in their van accordingly. Miss Champflower and Keziah had, therefore, to go to bed that Christmas Eve with the box and its contents under their roof, and with the strange mystery quite unsolved.

Just at the time when Keziah and her mistress were in their deepest wonder over the box, the lady of the crimson-bows was standing at her window in the next house. A big round Christmas moon was just rising over the town, turning the church spires to shafts of silver, and the girl, as she looked up at it, kissed a ring that shone on her finger, and blushed softly, while the moonbeams shed a tender halo round her; blushed softly, and whispered a prayer.

It was Christmas morning, and all the air was full of a great golden harmony of bells, that went and came in waves of melody upon the frosty breeze; and hearts that had their cradles of child-



"IT WAS A GROTESQUE PAPER MASK."

like faith and steadfast love ready to receive the Heavenly Babe sent up their silent, joyous anthem; and carols were ringing, and holly-berries were gleaming star-like, and homes where there was fulness of brightness and of music were pouring them out, in the dear Master's name, on homes where there was none.

Miss Champflower sat alone with vague perfumes from Christmas Days long ago floating round her in spite of herself; for that word "Rosie" was still echoing softly in her heart. There was a ring at the front-door bell and, half glad of the slight distraction, she went to answer it. She knew Keziah was out having a Christmas gossip with a neighbour, and that the servant-girl was deep in saucepans in the most remote kitchen regions. When she opened the door, there stood before her a middle-aged gentleman dressed like a clergyman, and a much younger gentleman in the uniform of a naval officer. On the clergyman's thoughtful face was written a story—a story of chastening, a story of love and blessing; in the young sailor's handsome face was the bright sunrise of early manhood.

The moment that Miss Champflower and the clergyman saw each other they stood as if spell-bound. At first, the expression in their faces was utter amazement; then a great light suddenly dawned in the man's eyes, while Miss Champflower's cheeks turned as pale as the snow-flakes that were just beginning to fall, and she leant against the wall for support.

"Rosamond!" he exclaimed, and made a glad, hasty movement towards her.

She murmured the name of "Edward," beneath her breath, but made a motion with her hand, as though to keep him back; the ice round her heart was only beginning to give way.

"Rosamond!" he cried again, with exceeding bitter anguish in his tone, "has not God yet let you learn to forgive?"

Still she made no answer.

"O Rosamond!" he went on, "listen at least, while I tell you a message I have brought for you across the sea. When we came back to England two years ago I went to look for you at the old place to give this message, but I could find no trace, no tidings of you there; now God has suddenly brought me face to face with you in a house where I am come to join my daughter, and it shall be delivered."

"A message?" she whispered, while her lips began to quiver.

"Rosamond, Hubert came and settled near us in Australia, and when he died, it was in my arms, and just at the last he said 'Tell Rosie' (a cry as at the going out of an evil spirit burst from her at that word) 'Tell Rosie I died loving and blessing her; tell her I have never ceased to pray for her; tell her to meet me in heaven.'"

Then all the woman's heart came to life at once, as with a warm blast of wind sent down from God, and she lay sobbing in her brother's arms.

Meanwhile the young sailor, who had at first stood gazing in extreme bewilderment at the unexpected scene, had caught a glimpse of a black hat with a little crimson feather in it passing down the street. He had, thereupon, apparently ceased to take any further interest in the matter, and had hurried out to meet the wearer of the hat, in whose society he seemed to have found something singularly satisfying and engrossing; for he was still deep in it when Edward Champflower came out to look for him.

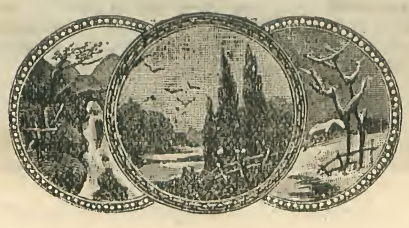
Soon after that, Rosamond and Edward Champflower, the lady of the crimson bows, who was another Rosamond Champflower, and Edward's daughter, and Harry Western, that daughter's promised husband and a lieutenant in the navy, were all sitting in Christmas sunshine in Miss Champflower's drawing-room. Everything was now explained, even the mystery of the thirty-seven babies.

Edward's wife had died in Australia, leaving him with this one child, with whom he had returned to England two years ago, and had settled down as a curate in a remote parish in Cornwall. There father and daughter had done brave work for God, and there young Rosamond had become engaged to Harry Western, a neighbour's son. Mr. Champflower and Harry had gone to London this Christmas, leaving Rosamond at Bellminster on their way to spend a few days with Mrs. Kingston, who had met her at a mutual friend's house in Devonshire. One of their commissions in London had been to get toys for a Christmas tree for Rosamond's school children, and especially for her infant school of thirty-seven so-called babies. Harry Western had mistaken the number of Mrs. Kingston's house, and this was how it happened that Miss Champflower received the letter and the box of toys both meant for her niece, and the two gentlemen had come to Miss Champflower's instead of to Mrs. Kingston's.

All this happened many Christmases ago. Rosamond Champflower is an old woman now, but she knows what Christmas joy and Christmas love for God and man mean. This Christmas Captain Western is at home with his wife, and Edward Champflower and he are sitting among what they call their rose garden, their rose garden for which they send up glad Christmas thanksgiving; old Aunt Rose, and Rose the wife and mother, and little Rosie, now laughing on her father's knee, now standing with bright, earnest face at her uncle's side, as he tells the story of the shepherds and the angels.

ALICE KING.

THE END.





THE STARRY SKY.

MUCH knowledge of astronomy is not needed in order to see the glory and admire the beauty of the starry skies.

"Those earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixèd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are."

Nor does science always lead to devout feeling. We may know little of the movements of the celestial bodies, yet may with deepest reverence use the words of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

Yet there are few who would not wish to know a little more about the stars than the wondering child or the untaught rustic. It gives a keener pleasure, as we gaze on the nightly sky, to be able to tell the names of the stars and the planets that are most conspicuous. We wish to show how easy it is to acquire this knowledge with its attendant pleasure.

In looking up to the heavens on a clear winter night the first impression on the mind is that the number is almost infinite. This is an illusion. A good telescope may make out tens of thousands, but of those visible to the naked eye at any time all over the heavens there never are more than two or three thousand. Astronomers class stars down to the sixteenth magnitude, but few eyes are good enough to see stars below the sixth magnitude. Of stars of the first magnitude only twenty-four are reckoned, some of which are in the southern hemisphere. There are about fifty of the second magnitude in both hemispheres, and about 200 of the third magnitude. It is only a few of the chief stars that most will care to know by name.

Let us begin on the night when this number of our paper reaches the hands of most of our readers, the 15th of December. Let the hour be 8 p.m. The moon, nearly full, is in the eastern half of the sky, in the constellation Taurus. Few stars will, therefore, be visible in that part of the heavens, the smaller stars being invisible to the naked eye in the strong moonlight. But stars of the first magnitude will be seen in other parts of the sky. In the celestial maps, of which we give specimens, the places of the principal stars are given. But these maps do not give the places of the ever shifting planets, which are sometimes the most conspicuous objects in the sky.

The planet Jupiter, which has been a brilliant object in the east during the late autumn evenings, will be the evening star of the winter. On December 15, about 8 p.m., he is easily detected by his superior magnitude, shining high in the heavens, a little to the west of the meridian, looking south. Saturn, with far inferior lustre, may be seen nearly on the meridian, a short distance east of Jupiter.

These two planets are beautiful objects when viewed through a telescope, and it does not require a very powerful one to reveal the markings on their surface. On this evening, the 15th December, Jupiter will be seen attended by his four moons, two in advance and two following, and if watched for a short

time, the relative positions of the satellites will be seen to vary as they travel round their parent planet. Saturn is a more magnificent object, but a more powerful glass is needed to see all the beauty of the rings and to sight the attendant moons. A telescope which shows the moons of Jupiter will discern the largest moons of Saturn and the principal features of the rings.

In many places there are powerful telescopes placed for public use for a small payment, and we advise our readers to embrace the opportunity of seeing such beautiful objects as Jupiter and Saturn. On the cliff at Brighton we lately had a splendid view. We wonder that more people do not invest in telescopes for hire. In most of the suburbs of London they would soon pay their cost and a good profit. Not in schools only, but in many families, the telescope would give instruction and pleasure.

During the earlier part of the evening of the 15th the planet Venus will be a very brilliant object in the south-west after sunset. She sets below the horizon on the 15th at 6 hours 47 min. p.m.

But our chief purpose is to speak of the starry skies as they appear night after night and month after month throughout the year. It is the position of the fixed stars alone that is given in our star maps. As the moon interferes with the clear shining of the stars, we must confine our view to the maps for the present.

These views represent the starry sky at London, looking north and south, about 8 p.m. in the middle of December.

In a future paper we shall deal with the southern hemisphere, as seen by dwellers in our Australian colonies, South Africa, South America, and other places where the sky is decked with stars and constellations unknown in northern climes.

In the sky views of London the observer is supposed to be looking north, directly over St. Paul's Cathedral, and looking south, over Greenwich Hospital, with the Royal Observatory in the background.

The selection of London is a purely arbitrary one; any other place in or near the same latitude, 51° 30′ north, would answer as well. Nor does it matter in what district of London the observer is placed. At Kensington or at Greenwich, at Clapham or at Hampstead, the general appearance of the heavens is the same. Indeed, with slight differences, easily admitting of being corrected by comparing the maps of other months, these star maps hold good for the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

They represent the heavens at the local time named, and as of London, so of Canada, North Germany, Asia, or any other station in any longitude remote from Greenwich, at the local time of each place. So of the sky of the southern hemisphere; if the map gives the midnight sky at Cape Town, an observer at Sydney or Melbourne would have seen the same stars in the same positions above the horizon at his local midnight, which occurred eight or nine hours before.

In comparing the diagrams with the sky the observer is supposed to be looking either due north or south along the exact meridian of his station. The easiest way of finding this is to draw an imaginary line from the Pole-star to the zenith, and thence to the horizon, when the meridian line is sufficiently determined for comparing the diagrams with the heavens.

The celestial vault being spherical, it is of course only an approximate view that can be depicted, for there must be distortion to some degree in the parts of the map near the horizon. The objects low down in the east or west are therefore not given, an omission which will seldom be missed by observers in London and other towns, where the view is rarely clear down to the horizon.

Now let us look at the map of the December sky, looking first northward.

Ursa Major, the Great Bear, is probably the most familiar of all the constellations of the northern hemisphere. Astronomers say that there are nearly 250 stars in this constellation, which extends over a large tract of sky, above half of them visible without a telescope. But the seven principal stars are alone of general interest. They form a group known by many names, as the form is fancied to resemble terrestrial objects. The Plough is the most common English name, or Charles's Wain in some parts of the country. It is also vulgarly known as the Butcher's Cleaver, which it resembles. In America it is called The Dipper, after the long-handled ladle in common use. The handle of the Dipper or of the Plough is seen near the dome of St. Paul's in the map. The two furthest stars of the seven are called the Pointers, as a line drawn through them points to the pole, from which Polaris, or the Pole-star, is to all appearance not far distant.

Round this star as a centre all the stars of the northern hemisphere seem to move. The altered position of the Plough, for instance, marks both the hour of the night and the season of the year, as the maps in Mr. Dunkin's "Midnight Sky" show at a glance.

The Pole-star, meanwhile, from night to night, from month to month, and from year to year, remains in the same place, and has so remained in historical times. The poet Dryden, describing the infancy of navigation as practised by the seamen of Phœnicia, the men of Tyre and Sidon, who brought ships through the Great Sea, or Mediterranean, and northward to the coast of Britain:—

"Rude as their ships were navigated then,
No useful compass, or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no north but when the Pole-star shone."

Shakespeare, in *Julius Cæsar*, refers to the steadfast fixity of the Pole-star:—

"I am as constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are pointed with unnumbered sparks;
They are all fire, and everyone doth shine;
But there's but one doth hold his place:
So in the world," &c.

The rising of the seven stars in revolving round the Pole-star as the night wears on is also referred to by Shakespeare. A scene in *Henry IV.* thus begins. It is an inn yard at Rochester. Enter a carrier with a lantern in his hand:—

"Heigh ho! it must be four by the day. Charles's Wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed."

The lower map exhibits the Plough in a very different aspect, but the stars over the sky still bear the same relative position. This is a map of the northern sky at the same hour in the middle of May. Each month of the year at the same hour, and each hour of the night, shows a different aspect of the heavens.

We speak of "the fixed stars" as distinguished from "the planets," or wanderers, which are continually changing their places, both with regard to the fixed stars and to themselves also. The movements and changes of the planets may seem irregular, but they are all certain and constant, however erratic their courses may appear to the untaught eye. The exact position of every planet in the sky can be calculated by astronomers, and marked on a celestial map with unfailing certainty for any given date. In an almanack or pocket-book you will usually find the times and places of the most conspicuous planets given for the various months throughout the year. In the Nautical Almanack, which is prepared for the use of mariners who may be long at sea, the astronomical information is given for several years in advance. Such calculations would not be possible if all the movements of the heavenly bodies were not fixed and sure, however irregular any of them may appear.

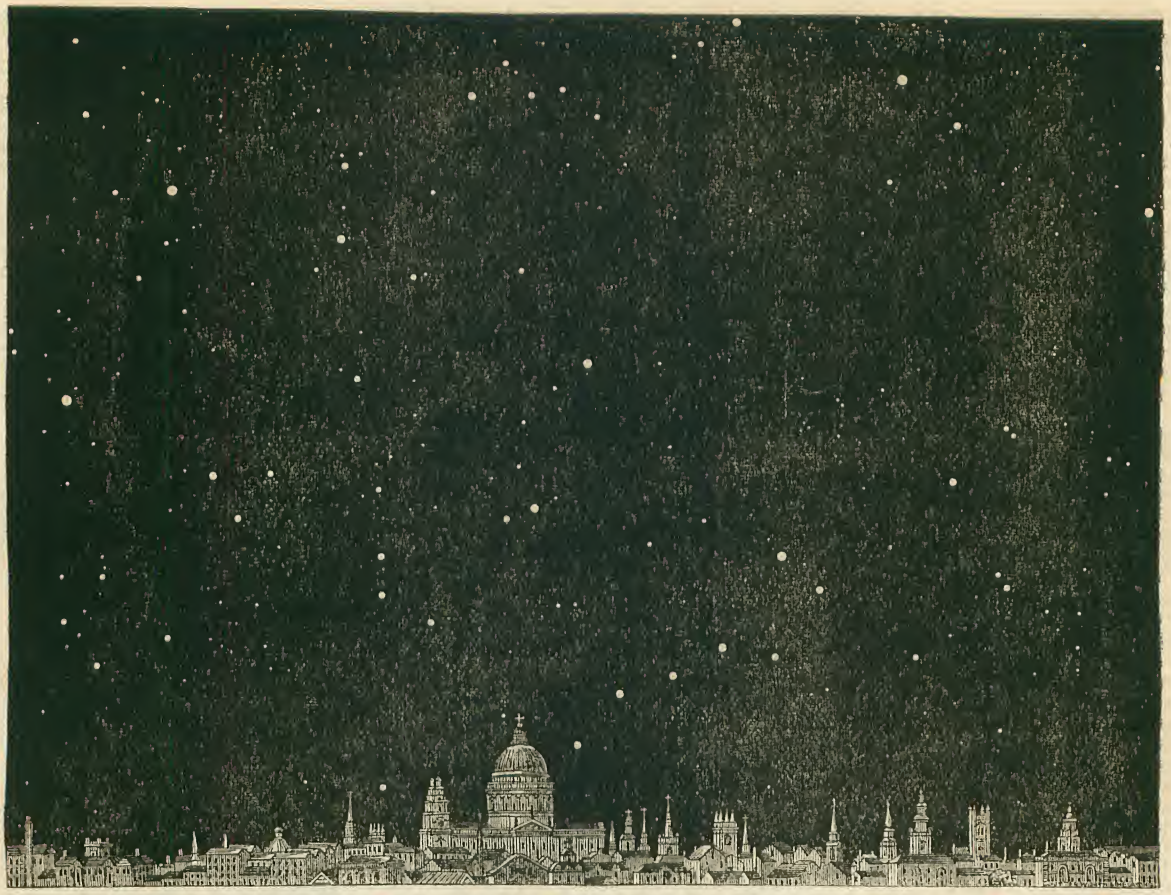
The fixed stars are also so called because they always remain in the same relative position with respect to each other. They *appear* to revolve every twenty-four hours; but this motion is only apparent, owing to the rotation of the earth upon its axis in that period. Opposite to the north and south poles of the revolving earth there are two celestial poles, or fixed points, of the imaginary axis round which the firmanent seems to revolve. The familiar Pole-star is to the eye very near the northern celestial pole, and round it all the other stars appear to make their nightly revolution. The more distant any star, or constellation of stars, is from the Polar-star, the greater is the apparent movement, as it has to make a larger circle in sweeping round. But the stars and constellations all maintain their relative distances fixed, although in different positions, as the vast celestial clock seems to go round.

Looking upwards from the Pole-star, which is nearly the centre of the map, almost to a point overhead, we see Cassiopeia's chair, readily distinguished, from its resemblance to an antique chair, and there being no intervening star of any size.

The large star to the left of the map, nearly on a line with Polaris, is Vega, or Alpha Lyræ. The principal stars in each constellation are named by the letters of the Greek alphabet, a common designation being thus obtained for the descriptions in all languages. The isolated position of Vega, with respect to other large stars, renders it always a conspicuous object in the heavens. It is one of the brightest of the stars, Sirius alone being universally thought to exceed it in lustre. Sir John Herschel, however, places the relative brightness of stars in both hemispheres as follows: Sirius, Canopus, Alpha Centauri, Arcturus, Rigel, and Vega.

The large star in the Milky Way above Vega is Deneb, or Alpha Cygni. Cygnus, or the Swan, is one of the 48 constellations into which the ancients divided the starry sky. These divisions are often fanciful, and in few instances easily traced; but having been used by astronomical writers in all countries and times, and adopted by Ptolemy in his catalogue of stars, they continue in all books and maps of the heavens. The ancients enumerated 48 constellations, 12 being the "signs of the Zodiac," or that broad zone of the heavens within the area of which all the apparent motions of the Sun, Moon, and larger planets are included. The other 36 asterisms, or constellations, still bear their ancient names, but others have been added since the sky of the southern hemisphere has been observed by astronomers.

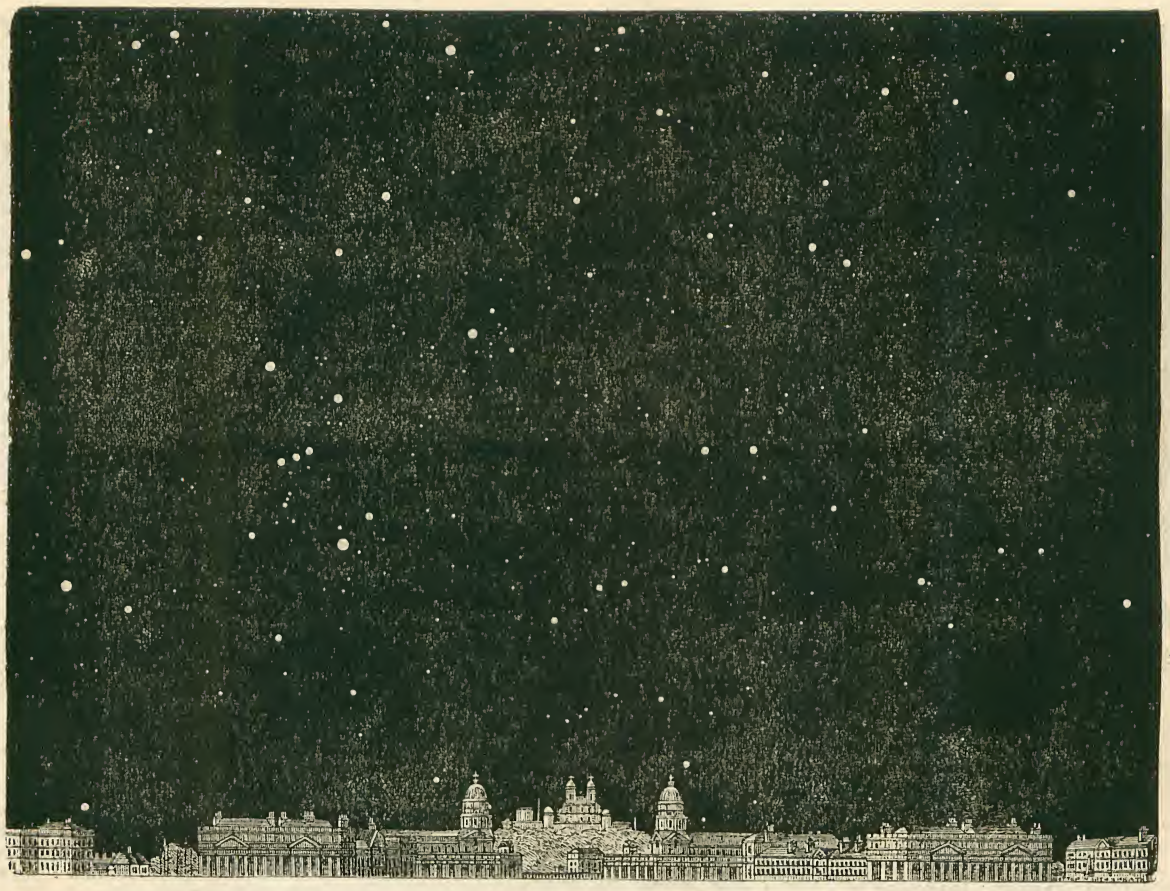
The Milky Way, in which is the star last named, Deneb, is a well-known nebulous tract of the sky, diverging at a certain point into two branches, which afterwards re-unite. It stretches from the northern far into the southern hemisphere, in breadth very irregular, from three or four to fifteen or sixteen degrees. When any part of this tract is viewed with a powerful telescope it is seen to consist of innumerable stars, so crowded together that this combined *light only* produces, to the naked eye, that nebulous or cloudy appearance by which it is distinguished. Even with an ordinary binocular glass the cloud resolves itself into stars. It occupies about one-twelfth of the celestial vault, and about one-ninth of the sky visible in this country. Even



THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH (October 15, midnight; November 15, 10 P.M.; December 15, 8 P.M.).



THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING NORTH (March 15, midnight; April 15, 10 P.M.; May 18, 8 P.M.).



THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON, LOOKING SOUTH (December 15, 10 P.M.).

in the parts of the galaxy most thinly clustered multitudes of stars appear to telescopic vision, most of them of small magnitude.

In speaking of the magnitude or size of stars it is to be understood that this refers only to their appearance to the naked eye, and that it is due chiefly to the relative distances from the observer. Stars of the first magnitude, as they are called, may be minute, for all we know, compared with others more remote and though scarcely visible.

Returning to our map, the star to the right of Deneb, below the Milky Way, is Alpha Cephei, the constellation Cepheus occupying this part of the sky. Beyond Cassiopeia, on the upper verge of the map, is Alpha Persei. To the right, beyond the Milky Way, the three stars in order are, Capella, Beta Aurigæ, and Castor. For lesser stars we must refer to the index-diagram which accompanies each map in Mr. Dunkin's book.

But we must now briefly refer to the sky as we turn round and look south. Let us take a later hour, 10 p.m., when several famous stars are conspicuous. The familiar three stars known as Orion's Belt will probably first catch the eye. In the left corner of the map the equally familiar Castor and Pollux will be recognised. Directing the eye back to Orion just below the Milky Way is Betelgeuse, next to which, to the right, is Bellatrix, and then upwards to the right Aldebaran, with its companions, the Hyades, Beta Tauri, and Procyon. Below Orion, about the same distance as Betelgeuse above, is the brilliant star Rigel, and to the left of the map the most brilliant of all, Sirius. On the upper part of the map from the Twins, before coming to the Milky Way, we see the bright Capella. The zenith is occupied by the constellation Perseus, the chief star of which, Alpha Persei, is a little west of the meridian. In the little branch of the Milky Way is Algol. The only other object we need name is the group of the Pleiades, easily distinguished by their nebulous appearance to the naked eye, but resolved into numerous stars by an ordinary opera-glass. The principal star of the Pleiades, Alcyone, is about the third magnitude.

Besides the apparent nightly movements of the fixed stars, owing to the revolution of the earth round its axis, there is apparent change, as we have said, from month to month throughout the year, owing to the annual revolution of the earth round the sun. From these terrestrial movements combined, the starry sky never presents exactly the same aspect at different hours of the night or different nights of the year, when viewed from the same spot on the earth's surface. But after the year has revolved, the same course is renewed, and the appearance of the heavens is the same from year to year for any given month and night and hour. On this principle star maps and celestial globes are constructed. The star maps which we have given are from a work by Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, "The Midnight Sky."* The maps represent the starry sky of the northern and of the southern hemispheres at midnight, each month of the year; but the same maps are available for any hour before or after midnight on turning to a different month. For instance, the aspect of the sky at London on December 15th, at 8 p.m., is the same as the midnight sky of October 15th. Each map is accompanied by an outline diagram containing the position and names of the principal stars. More names are given than a young observer will care to know or be able to remember. It is sufficient to know a few of the brightest and most conspicuous of the stars, the names of which are familiar in poetry and history, and in books of travel. Literature abounds in references to particular stars, and the sacred book speaks of Arcturus and Orion, and the Pleiades. The translators of the Bible have given the classic names corresponding to those used by the ancients in the East; and who would not like to know these stars and others that are familiar in the literature of all nations and times?

(*To be concluded.*)

* "The Midnight Sky: Familiar Notes on the Stars and Planets." By Edwin Dunkin, F.R.S., and Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. With thirty-two star maps and numerous other illustrations. "Leisure Hour" Office, 56, Paternoster-row. A most interesting and instructive, as well as beautiful volume, which ought to be in every home library. The maps include the southern as well as the northern hemisphere, and are useful for reference in any part of the world.

FOR WILFRED.

(With a pair of scarlet stockings from Granny —her knitting; the first she ever did.)

For Wilfred's little pilgrim feet
These stockings are intended,
And when adversity they meet
She prays they may be "mended."

A cardinal he must not be,
Of scarlet understanding;
Yet "cardinal virtues," constantly,
Be in his walk expanding.

And if he learned, when dropt a stitch,
To pick it up, like granny,
He will have learnt a secret, which
Is something very canny.

From monoped to biped she
For love has strained endeavour;
And, oh! may love and duty be
Our Wilfred's walk for ever! E. C.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

II.

THE skilful fingers of Kate the first were kept occupied in painting on little silk pincushions, which were made by one of the other members of two rounds of cardboard (old post-cards) the size of a penny, and each covered with ribbon or scraps of silk, and then stitched together all round and filled with pins. On one side Kate would paint a little picture or flower, and on the other the initials of the recipient. On these they expended fourpence; threepence for half a yard of broad ribbon and one penny for pins. They were made for one or two of the girls, and for two others there were pocket-handkerchief cases. This idea originated with one of the Kates, and was much applauded by the other members, as being at once pretty, useful, and cheap. Two pieces of white cardboard, five inches square; and four pieces, an inch and a half wide and five inches long, were first cut out. These were all bound round with narrow blue ribbon, and then stitched together into the shape of a shallow box, into which handkerchiefs would just slip easily; the square of cardboard for the lid was, of course, only sewn on at one side. A little rosette of ribbon was then stitched on to the centre of the lid, and a loop by which to raise it, and the case was complete. One sheet of white cardboard (costing fourpence) and five and a half yards of ribbon (at one penny a yard) was sufficient for the two cases, so they were not very costly.

There were one or two little maidens of very tender years to be provided for, not yet emerged from the age when soft playthings are preferable to hard or angular ones. Julia undertook to make for one of these small guests a dog of harmless nature, with nothing injurious to baby life about him; in fact, a very

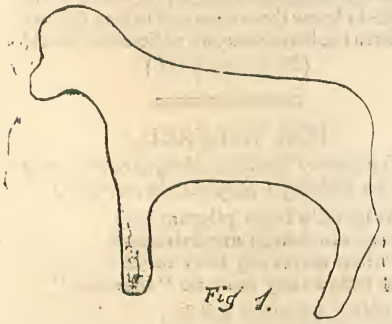


Fig 1.

much improved edition of the animal. After a great many trials, of which the funny results provoked much laughter and fun, she succeeded in producing a first-rate dog, whose skin was made of part of an old brown velveteen dress, his eyes of boot buttons, and his teeth stitches of white worsted. His skin was in four pieces, and when spread out flat half of the outside was the shape of fig. 1, whilst fig. 2 represents half the under part. The ear, fig. 3, was gathered in a little at the base; and the tail, half of which is shown in fig. 4, was first stuffed, and then sewn into its wonted position. The dog was stuffed with scraps of all sorts, and was very successful in appearance, though Julia found it difficult to satisfy inquirers as to the breed to which it belonged.

A youth of some three summers was likewise presented with a dog, but, unlike that destined for the little girl, his was a ferocious-looking animal, made of black serge, with fiercely glaring red-bead eyes.

And for a boy of six Rose constructed a set of reins. She bought a quarter of a yard of American cloth for threepence halfpenny, which she sloped out so as to form a point in front and one at each side. This was bound with red braid, and had a little halfpenny bell stitched to each point. It was made to tie round the waist, and at either side of the back were attached long loops of braid, each a yard and a half long. This braid made the reins rather expensive, but Rose found that she could buy it by the piece of three dozen yards for one shilling and fourpence halfpenny, which was much cheaper than buying it by the yard, and she found that she required almost the whole of that quantity, as so much was needed for the ship coil rings. A finishing touch was added to the reins in the shape of a prancing steed cut out of red flannel and securely gummed on in the middle.

"We have nothing at all for Fanny Bliss yet," said Julia, despairingly; "and she is so clever and feels herself so grown up, I am sure she will despise anything we can make. Could we not buy her a book?"

"No," said Rose; "that would take more than her share of the money. And besides, I had an idea for her while I was out this morning, so went straight into a shop and bought the materials. Here are the bills:—'One sheet of thin millboard, threepence; half a yard of blue glazed lining, twopence halfpenny; one yard of narrow blue ribbon, one penny.' There is more lining than we need, as it is so wide; but I thought we could cut the remainder into very thin strips, with which to tie up the parcels and hang them on the tree, and hope the company will think it looks like blue ribbon. Kate, will you kindly bring mamma's patch-bag, and see if there is half a yard of material of any kind in it, and then I will expound my idea?"

The bag contained several pieces of suitable material, from which Rose picked out a strip of dark coloured serge. "Now, Kate," said she, "if you will begin to make this into a roll for carrying music, I can go on with the list. The cardboard must be cut long enough

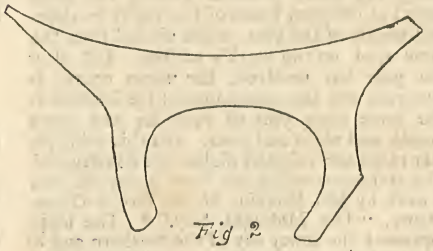


Fig 2.

to go once round the pieces of music, but not to lap over. Then the serge must be an inch larger than the blue lining, so that it can be hemmed down on to it all round. But as soon as you have cut it out, before you begin to sew it, if the other Kate will display her artistic skill by drawing Fanny's initials on the serge and a little spray of flowers, or something of that kind, we can work it over in blue crewels, and it will be by no means a present to be despised, even by the proud and haughty Fanny. The ribbon, of course, is for strings, and I presume it is unnecessary to explain that the cardboard is for stiffening, and should be placed between the serge and the lining. But to return to the list. Next comes Cousin Tom. It is really no use making anything breakable for him, or it will be in pieces before the evening is over, and probably he will have injured himself seriously with it at the same time. That boy's fingers seem to have a mysterious affinity for sharp knives and pieces of glass and anything else he can cut or bruise himself with. I met him yesterday returning from a slide on the pond, and he looked like a wounded hero after a battle."

"A brilliant idea, Rose; that will be the very thing."

"What will? A field of battle?"

"No; but my imaginative soul instantly conjured up a picture of wounded men being carried by compassionate doctors to the ambulance in the rear of the army; which, not to compare small things with great, suggested to my mind a case of sticking plaister."

"That would do splendidly; but I do not know how to make one."

Oh, I will manage that; I will use those little scraps of coloured cardboard, left from the lamp-shade, cut two pieces into oblong shapes, bind them with ribbon, sew them together at the bottom and two sides, and there is the case. We might embellish it further by writing on one side some appropriate sentiment, such as 'I heal all wounds but those of the heart,' and on the other sides paint an elaborate monogram. You can buy pieces of the best court-plaister for one penny each, and if we get two of those—one pink and one black—we can enclose them between two pieces of white paper, tied together at the top by a tiny bow of ribbon, which will also serve to draw the whole out from the case. If we could have afforded it we could have sewn on to one side of the case a sheath of silk, with a tiny pair of scissors in it to cut the plaister with; but, after all, it would be no kindness, for he would cut himself with them so often he would use up all the sticking-plaister in no time."

"Then, lastly, we come to Maggie Grey. You are making the little white muslin apron for her, are you not, Julia? Do you think it will be pretty?"

"Yes, I am sure it will. This piece is for a bib, and these long strips are for a frill to go all round the apron; it has only taken one yard of muslin, and has cost sixpence three-farthings so far, but I think we might afford three-quarters of a yard of ribbon to make two little bows under which to pin the bib on to the shoulders, it would be such an improvement."

Rose happened to have bought a yard of ribbon by mistake that morning, so gave it to Julia, which was just the last touch needed to make the apron charming. This completed the list of gifts the illustrious quartette had made, or were in the act of making. The meeting had to be prolonged somewhat beyond its usual length in order to finish off everything. Presently Julia looked up from her dog, whose tail refused to take the graceful curl she desired.

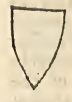


Fig 3



Fig 4

"Rose," she cried, "we have quite forgotten ourselves! We really do deserve presents after slaving for everybody else as we have been doing."

"Yes, I think you do deserve them, and I should not be at all surprised if you find that Santa Claus has sent you something after all."

"Oh, you good, sweet creature, to make

us things. Have you given yourself anything?"

"I should think not, indeed. I am a great deal too old to have things off a Christmas Tree," answered Rose, with a fine air of dignity.

"Well, you are not much older than mamma and grandmamma, I should imagine, are you? And I should not be much surprised if there is found to be something for you, too, on the branches. By-the-bye, Rose, where is the tree to come from?"

"That we shall have to hire. I have spoken to the florist about it, and he has promised to let us have one large enough for our purpose for ninepence, provided it does not catch fire *too* often."

"Could we not have something new in the way of lighting up the tree?" asked Kate the first; "an arrangement of magnesium wire would be good, I think."

"Or a dish of burning brandy and salt concealed in the pot would impart a beautiful bluish-grey tinge to everyone's face that would be at once novel and pleasing," suggested Julia.

"Now, Julia, don't scoff," said Rose. "I should rather like something new, Kate, but considering our very limited means, I am inclined to think nothing would serve our purpose better, or look prettier than the time-honoured little coloured candles, and they are at any rate cheap and easy to manage. What is the opinion of the rest of the meeting?"

The meeting, on the whole, agreed with Rose, who went on to inform them that, as their whole expenditure, including a shilling reserved for candles and ninepence for the tree, and even a reel of sewing silk, only amounted to six shillings and three-halfpence, she felt justified in suggesting that they should spend a few pence more on two ideas of hers. The first was that they should give a trifling present to their servant off the tree, that she might not feel left out in the cold while everyone else was enjoying themselves; she had thought of an apron of checked muslin, to wear in the afternoon. She said it would only need three-quarters of a yard, and would not cost more than fourpence halfpenny. The meeting agreed to this at once, and Kate the second volunteered to make it.

"I was obliged to take for granted that you would agree to my next idea," Rose went on, "as there was no time to lose, so I have bought the materials for it, consisting of a fourpenny packet of plain white cards; and what I suggest is that we should give with each present a card with a little picture or device in one corner, if Kate the first will kindly paint them, and then a verse with a good wish for the new year, or something of that sort, each made particularly appropriate to the recipient. What do you think?"

"Oh, lovely! if you will hire a poet for the occasion; but, failing this, where is the poetry to come from?"

"Oh, I don't mean real good poetry, of course; but—well, I manufactured one or two just for samples. For example, for Harry I thought something like this would do:

'For you, my trusty schoolboy, my prophetic eye
Twelve months of play and study doth foresee;
Think more of *this* than *that* — to *work* your mind apply,
So shall the prize next year your portion be.'

I am sure we can manage plenty of couplets of that inferior quality, so we will have a select committee to-morrow morning to manufacture and write them out. Now we have everything arranged, and there is still three shillings and twopence left for the purchase of lemons and sugar for lemonade, currants and the other ingredients for home-made cakes and buns, and all the other eatables likely to charm the youthful mind. I propose that, while Julia and I are invoking the poetic muse to-morrow morning, the two prosaic Kates employ their leisure in the making-up of the said cakes into the most elegant forms they can devise, and I would humbly remind them in particular of the charms of pastry pigs, with currant eyes. And now, ladies, as Her Majesty would say, 'It is with satisfaction that I find myself at length enabled to release you from your arduous labours,' and I declare this meeting prorogued till to-morrow morning."

RESULTS OF PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

IV.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

Examiners:

MARY LAYBOURN,

MARIE KARGER.

THE result of the knitting contest has proved a great and unexpected success, both as regards number of competitors and style of work. The regularity of the stitches clearly testified that the homely art of knitting is largely practised among English girls, indeed more so than is generally supposed. All the workers certainly deserve hearty thanks for their industry and charity.

Every stocking or sock underwent examination in five distinct points, the most faulty one being the heel, which was often deficient both in width and length. Some, otherwise good knitters, had allowed barely 1½ inches when from 2½ to 3 inches would have been the correct length in proportion to the size of their stocking. The insufficient breadth was due either to the bad division of the instep and heel stitches or to the extreme tightness of the strengthening, whether when using double wool or the alternate slipped stitch. A few other heels, on the contrary, were far too wide, although as stiff and thick as a board. The favourite turning seemed to be the heart-shaped one.

Here and there a stumpy foot evinced a poor knowledge of proportion and want of judgment, precisely the same drawbacks which characterised last term's Night-dress Competition, though not so prevalent this time. The natural inference of this remark is that many girls, full of good feeling for the poor, ply their nimble fingers without using their eyes or their common sense.

As bad training must be partly blamed for this, every effort will more than ever be mainly directed to counteract it by definite plans and specimens. Surely the perseverance of our dear girls is well worthy of the warmest encouragement!

STOCKINGS.

FIRST PRIZE—TWO GUINEAS.

Florence Downs, Orphan Working School, Maitland-park (14).

SECOND PRIZE—ONE GUINEA.

Ada Rees, Wainfelin, Pontnewynydd, near Pontypool, Monmouth (18).

SOCKS.

FIRST PRIZE—TWO GUINEAS.

Margery E. Cuyler, Ballybot, N. S., Newry, Ireland (17).

SECOND PRIZE—ONE GUINEA.

Elizabeth Rose Hayles, Fairfield Cottage, Clifton-road, Winchester (20).

STOCKINGS AND SOCKS.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Minnie Eves, Orphan Working School, Maitland-park, Haverstock-hill (17).
Mary Mundell, 56, Grove-street, Cowcaddens, Glasgow (20).
Margaret Fraser, The Manse of Petty, near Inverness, Scotland (15½).
Lizzie Fowler, Aston Clinton, Tring, Bucks (13).
Ada Sharpe, Aston Clinton, Tring, Bucks (14).
M. C. Rayne Nicol, School House, near Braintree, Essex.
Jane Hope Grierson, 1, Athole-gardens, Kelvinside, Glasgow, N.B. (17).
Rosie C. Humpidge, 10, Theresa-place, Bristol-road, Gloucester (17).
Isabella Anderson Tuke, 7, Viewforth-terrace, Edinburgh (14).
Annie M. Lacklans, Fort William.
Hannah Finney, Milton House, Broad-walk, Brixton (19).
Charlotte Watson, 90, Regent-terrace, Stirling-road, Glasgow (16).
Lizzie Giles, 28, Loman-road, Jackson-road, Holloway (17).
Alice C. C. Scott, 15, Glenton-terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow (17).
Mary T. Roos, 136, High-street, Merthyr Tydfil.
Annie Crawford, 1, Northumberland-place, North Shields (19).
Laura Hoggan, Campbill, Glasgow (18).
Jane Taylor Ewen, Mill Bank, Forfar, Scotland (19).
Jessie Louisa Robertson, Struam-park, Cupar, Fife, N.B. (20).
Mary A. Tanqueray, Tingrith Rectory, Woburn, Beds (20).
Minnie Goldfinch, Harbour-street, Whitstable (18).
Henrietta Dixon, South Brook, Great Ayton, *via* Northallerton (17).
Matilda Huddlestone, Arthington Mills, Otley, Yorks (18).
Rosetta Hill, Royal Hotel, Bath (17).
Emma Jackson, Fernslope, Belper, Derbyshire (17).
Emily Alderson, 10, Peck-lane, Nottingham (16).
Ellen Billing, Orphan Working School, Maitland-park, N.W. (13).
Annie Leigh, Orphan Working School, Maitland-park, N.W. (13).
Emily Christina Buttensham, Smeton Rectory, Leicester
Lucy A. Jones, 26, Ashburnham-grove, Greenwich, S.E. (19).

CERTIFICATE OF THE SECOND CLASS.

M. A. Henderson,
Edith M. Hamilton, Silverdale, Werter-road, Putney, London.
Amy Robertson, North of Scotland Bank, Macduff, N.B. (17).
Kate Clements, Cream Hall, Highbury-park, London, N. (19).
Elizabeth Lucy Stone, 40, West-street, Farnham, Surrey (15).
Elizabeth Adams, 45, Buckingham-place, Brighton (19).
Margaret L. H. Edmondstane, Ordale, Shetland Isle (15).
Louisa Smythe, 33, Fitzwilliam-place, Dublin (18).
Jane H. Gibson, Certificated Mistress, Waltera Winter Warrener, West Gate, Haltwhistle, Northumberland (15).
Agnes Robina Reid, 515, New City-road, Glasgow (12).
S. A. Smith, York-street, Leek, Stoke-on-Trent (18).
C. E. Costell, The Rectory, Whitehouse (18).
Emmie Booth, 2, Scarcroft-terrace, York (11).
Alice Blair, Brewery House, Longton, Staffordshire (17).
Pollie Steventon, Post Office, Ettinshall, near Wolverhampton (15).
Mary D. Wylie, 24, North Fort-street, North Leith, N.B. (17).
L. Griffelles, Smith Bros., near the Station, Hoylatre, Cheshire (21).

Mary Mundell, 56, Grove-street, Cowcaddens, Glasgow (20).
Fanny Parkes, Chilwell, near Nottingham (15).
Louina K. Wining, 42, Cedar-road, Walham Green, Fulham, S.W.
Eliza Alice Franklin, Colon-hill, Shrewsbury (16).
MacGregor, Buchill House, Banton, *via* Dewdey (18).
Sarah Jane Hart, Callow-hill, Virginia Water, near Staines (16).
Ethel Cowell, Colne House, Ipswich (15).
Lizzie S. Manton, 16, Jamaica-street, Edinburgh (17).
Mary Smith, 49, High-street, Berwick-on-Tweed (20).
Agnes Leitch, 21, Oackfield-terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow (17½).
Sarah E. Knight, Winscombe House, Headingley, Leeds (20).
Maria R. Martin, Highgate House, Littleport, near Ely (20).
Jemima J. Hogg, 104, High-street, Laurence Kirk, Kincardine (15).

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Emily Christina Buttensham, Smeton Rectory, Leicester.
Marian Francis, Aveley School House, Essex (18).
Jane Napier Grant, 3, Hillside-gardens, Partick-hill, Glasgow (13).
Margaret Kate Badcock, 2, John-street, Barnard Castle, Durham (20).
Lillie Rees, Wainfelin, Pontnewynydd, near Pontypool, Monmouth (16½).
Janet Sloane, Institute of Lerwick, Shetland.
Lily Beatson, 70, Hamilton, St. Govan, Glasgow, Scotland (16).
Annie Jane Scott, Stornoway, Lewis Island, Scotland (14).
Florence Annie Little, 20, Eldon-road, Victoria-road, South Kensington (16).
Edith Boyle, St. Katherine's, Westerton Drive, Bridge Alleyn (14).
Susanna Margaretta Wearmouth, Sleight's House, Durham (16).
Linda Brownhill, Bentley Moor, Walsall, Staffordshire (19).
Minnie Cook, John-street, St. Andrews, Fifeshire, Scotland (16).
Marion F. Taylor, Mr. T. Taylor, Coach Builder, Woodford, Essex (19).
Elizabeth Lamond, Hope-street, St. Andrews, N. B. (19).
Mary Maud Fagan, Nettlesworth House, Heathfield, Sussex (11).
Elizabeth Mary Madge, Weston Cottage, Honiton, Devon (19).
J. C. C. Rankin, 235, Bath-street, Glasgow (15).
M. Constance Lewis, Ford Vicarage, Shrewsbury (19).
Louisa Armstrong, Wood's Cottages, Skelton-in-Cleveland, Yorks (20).
Edith Eleanor Hutt, Lyons Vicarage, Easington-lane, Fence Houses (17).
Jane Wilson Gray, Murray-place, Weir-street, Coatbridge (17).
Grace Ellen Wellington, Staines House, 85, High-street, Clapham, Surrey (16).
Edith Annie Quelch, 4, Church View, St. Paul's-road, Seacombe (15).
Alice Clare, Britford, Salisbury (20).
Christiana Seymour, Soho Cottage, New Shildon, *via* Darlington (15).
Louie J. Jones, 24, Thurlow-road, Hampstead, N.W. (18¾).

FLANNEL BED JACKETS.

Examiner: FANNY MACAULAY.

There was unfortunately a poor show of Flannel Bed Jackets, two dozen only being received for the competition. The best made Flannel Bed Jacket was turned out of the examination in consequence of our published regulations having been disregarded.

For the ages of the girls who competed, the flannel bed jackets were wonderfully good, many of them very neat in shape and carefully sewn.

PRIZE NOT AWARDED.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Sandy, Clara, Langford Bridville, National School, Wellington, Somersetshire (11).
Clarkson, Sarah, The Elms, Butcher-lane, Roshwell, Leeds (14).
Lincoln, Ethel Minnie, 71, Sutherland-gardens, W. (13).
Frost, Lilian E., High-road, Lower Clapton (14).

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Barnard, Maud Evelyn W., 23, Portland-place, W. (14).
Tuck, Kate G., 15, Milmore-street, Bath (14).
Smyth, Isabel M., Felicia House, Manor-road, Barnet (12).
Glover, Elina Hilda, Chase Lodge, Clapham Common (14).
Norris, Helen E., 9, Cambridge Villas, Richmond, Surrey (14).
Marchant, Nancy, 106, High-street, Sevenoaks (12).

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Badcock, Ethel Maud, London House, High-street, Ledbury, Hertfordshire (13).
Harvey, Hilda, 66, Sutherland-gardens, W. (12).
Pace, Edith, 1, The Chase, Clapham Common, S.W. (13).
Marchant, Gertrude, 106, High-street, Sevenoaks (14).

THE NEW COMPETITIONS.

IV.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

The Editor offers two Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA for the two best made night-shirts, to be presented to male patients in hospitals. The material is a stout, strong longcloth or cotton sheeting. The size should be suited to an ordinary-sized man, and the shape should be of the utmost simplicity. The collar is a straight piece double stitched at the top, the cuffs and double hem in front being also stitched. The button holes must be carefully made, and the small gussets at the neck and sides neatly placed. No trimming is requisite.

There will also be a Special Prize of ONE GUINEA awarded to the girl under fifteen who shall be most successful in the making of a night-shirt.

Names, ages, and addresses of the competitors, together with the necessary certificate from a parent, minister, or teacher, to be firmly stitched on to the garments. The Editor will present Certificates of the first, second and third classes to those candidates who shall be awarded the necessary number of marks. The last day for receiving the night-shirts is Lady Day (March 25), 1881.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EFFIE.—Wear gloves constantly, and use glycerine and water. Even at the expense of your hands, we are glad to hear how helpful and patient you are in your household duties.

TOX.—1. On the Tweedside "kettle" means a social party met together to take tea from the same "kettle." If you remember the shape of the instrument called the "kettle drum," which was like half an orange, supported on two legs, you will see the reason of the additional "drum," a word which has for many years signified a crowded evening entertainment, and in that sense is derived from the close packing of a drum of figs. 2. The specimens of colour look like: *a*, umber; *b*, light red; *c*, burnt sienna; *d*, an old light green, which was used for flowers. The colours appear to belong to an old box of cake colours, and are so faded that we can only guess at their names.

CEAD MILLE FAILTHE.—Clean the metallic hair brushes with two tablespoonfuls of flour, rubbing it in through the brushes, as you would rub them together with soap and water.

PLOVER.—1. Prince Albert was of the Coburg family. Write Edinburgh in full. Your words are too far apart. We are sure you will write well in time, as you are so anxious to succeed.

D. FELITIAN and HER SISTER,—It is scarcely a matter of surprise that flowers should lose much of their beautiful colouring when dead, and pressed too. Painting a little gum over them preserves what is left after the pressing. We all alike have one "definite object in life,"—to be useful to others; first in the home circle, and to prepare for the greater and higher life of the future. Independently of this, each has some little "talent," of which she should make the most By the word "thoughful," twice written, we suppose you mean thoughtful.

BUTTERFLY.—We fear that the glove-dyers are not likely to adopt any plan for keeping the insides of old gloves secure from the dye.

ELLA G.—Possibly you might join some evening class to improve your mind, and to give you some subjects for conversation, if engaged all day in needlework.

CATO.—The Treaty, or Conference, of Winchester was between the Bishop of Winchester, as the Pope's Legate, and Matilda; and the Treaty of Wallingford was between Henry II., her son, and Stephen, which secured the peaceable possession of the kingdom to the latter so long as he lived.

CHRISTABEL.—We think a knowledge of Latin is a very valuable acquirement for any girl at whatever age she may begin to study it. The price of Milner's History is five shillings.

GDELA.—The taking off, or throwing the shoe, as a sign of placing in subjection, and asserting jurisdiction over a person or country was of very ancient origin, and the passage in Psalm lx. 8 bears reference to this ceremonial. Consult your mother as to what works of fiction would be suitable to your age. Your writing is fairly good.

MARGUERITE.—"Spes mea" is the Latin for "My hope." We are glad that you like our designs for tapestry painting. You write a good hand, and express yourself well. Your verses have much prettiness and nice feeling about them, but the versification is not correct.

S.L.—"Gœthe" should be pronounced as "Girty" without the "r," or somewhat as "thirty," if it began with "g" instead of "th," and the "r" omitted. Your writing is good.

OAK FERN will find the articles "How I Can Look My Best" and "Etiquette for Ladies and Girls" in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. They were written expressly for it, and are not separate publications. Your writing is tolerably good, but rather uncertain and unequal in merit.

ANXIOUS YET HOPEFUL.—We are not sufficiently acquainted with all the circumstances of the case to give in every way a satisfactory and decided opinion. As a rule, a clergyman—above those in other professions—should marry in his own rank in life, if he be really a gentleman. All advances should come from his side, not the lady's.

ALUSINA.—We are glad that you have found our advice in "How to Paint Christmas Cards" of use to you. "Eau Sedative," which is a preparation of ammonia diluted with water (in equal parts), allays the irritation of gnat bites; also *sal volatile* might be of use in the same way. Your writing will form a good foundation for a running hand.

JET.—Ladies do not open doors for gentlemen. Unless we knew the position in life of the "superior" and the person who was to "stand while talking on business," we could not give an opinion. A servant should always stand, unless told to sit down, when a gentleman or lady enters the room. Your writing is very neat and legible.

BERYL.—We only give the names of well-known authors. Very poor trash is continually sent us for the purpose of obtaining the writer's name. That which you have quoted is not poetry. Your writing is particularly well formed, and we thank you for your very nice letter.

ELLAN-BEG-VEEN is thanked for the information she gives respecting the origin of the annual "gorse fires" in the Isle of Man, the superstition of the people leading them to think that they burn witches in the gorse, who would otherwise destroy the crops. You write a very pretty hand, and we thank you for your gracious letter.



VOL. II.—NO. 52.] DECEMBER 25, 1880. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS WISH.

CHRISTMAS ever comes love-laden,
Prompting wishes kind and true;
From my heart, O gentle maiden,
Here is one for you.
Like the rose of summer weather
With a thousand beauties rife,
May all virtues blend together
In your happy life.

[*All rights reserved.*]

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XII.

EASTER MONDAY.



EVEN sickly, peevish 'Lizbeth was happy that afternoon, and a merry party shared her tea and cakes. The news of Meredith's return spread so rapidly that Leah had come home with one child at her side and another in her arms, and Rachel had as much as she could do to pour out the tea. Before it was over Cousin George, the successful and smart young doctor, looked in, and he was followed by Leah's husband and Rachel's lover, so that Meredith was overpowered by questions and congratulations. As to May, she could neither eat nor drink for thinking of him, and wondering how four years could have altered him so much. Her stock of fairy lore had taught her that it usually took a longer time for the poor captive to be transformed into the beautiful prince.

"The world has turned topsy-turvy since I was young," ejaculated Evan, looking round on his descendants. "I suppose it's the railroads."

"Science generally," responded Meredith, magnificently, which caused the men to wink at one another, amused, and the women to look admiringly at the speaker. "How does the Derwen Institute prosper?" he continued.

"It does fairly well without science, and even without you, my son," replied Laban. "But I've been obliged to fill your place, and become man-of-all-work."

"As if he hadn't enough to do before!" put in 'Lizbeth, peevishly. "Since you went away, Meredith, there's nobody to help father, and now here's Rachel thinking of getting married; as if Leah wasn't enough for one family."

"I can help you, Aunt 'Lizbeth," whispered May, creeping up to the beehive chair.

"Ah, Merch fach, you'll have enough to do with the old people," answered 'Lizbeth, passing her fingers through May's hair.

"I'm due at the Institute before eight," said Laban. "For a wonder, the young ladies are all away at Miss Howel's, Pen Pont, wedding, so there's no one but May to play for the singing class. You'll have enough to do, Meredith, to talk to your friends and see what we've done. Just try over that part song, child."

Shy little May rose, with a deprecatory glance at Meredith, and went to the harmonium, which, it will be remembered, stood beneath the coloured print representing the reconciliation of Joseph and his brethren.

Miss Richards, having discovered that May had a genius for music, had prevailed on Evan, much against his will, to allow her to teach the child the harmonium, and her aptitude was such that she seemed to learn intuitively. She had practised as she could; sometimes at the Institute, sometimes at Uncle Laban's, and as Meredith stood behind his little friend he was as much surprised at the progress of his fairy queen as she of her fairy prince. He wondered how her small fingers could press down the keys, or her feet reach and work the bellows. Yet she managed to do both with comparative ease, and played a correct accompaniment to the Welsh part-song; while Uncle Laban acted as leader, and the other members of the family party joined in the singing. As to old Peggy, she was quite inspired, and her runs and quavers were delightful, while even 'Lizbeth, knitting in her beehive chair, occasionally joined in. Meredith's hand was brushed more than once across his eyes, and his voice faltered; at which May's golden locks moved, and the pale little face turned towards him.

"We are practising for Easter Monday, you know, Meredith. The schools are to come to Derwen this year," said Rachel.

This family practice continued until it was time to adjourn to the Institute. May's small hands were not a whit tired, and she was quite ready to resume her accompaniments when they all arrived at "the big room." Meredith looked about him with mingled feelings. Here were tables covered with magazines and papers, at which already miners were sitting, deep in innocent study and amusement; there was the harmonium prepared for the practice; and there again bagatelle, chess, and draught boards. But what was quite new to him was a small inner room, arranged as a coffee stall, where Mrs. Richards's white-aproned maid, Susan, presided, in the absence of her mistresses. He could not help a pang of regret that all this should have been accomplished without him, and began to learn the difficult lesson that he was only one of the multitude after all. But what astonished him most was to watch May helping his father to arrange certain matters that belonged to his province of secretary and finally seating herself at the harmonium. Little Davy was at her side, and they were soon surrounded by many members of Miss Richards's choir, who were practising certain appointed pieces for the meeting of the Sunday schools at Derwen the following Monday.

"Will you play instead of me, Cousin Meredith?" asked May. "I only try sometimes, when Miss Richards is busy."

"I could not, May; I haven't practised lately. But we have a splendid choir and band connected with our mines, and have gained many prizes at the Eisteddfod."

"Better than ours?" questioned May, disappointed.

"Well, I would not say that," he replied.

"You will come with us on Monday, cousin?"

"If I am allowed to stay so long."

May sighed. She sadly wanted Cousin Meredith back again, and the last four years had seemed lonely without him, who had always been so kind to her. But he was permitted to remain over Easter Monday, which was a general holiday.

Long before the mania for music spread, the Welsh cultivated the divine art amid their hills and dales. The Eisteddfod and Easter Monday meetings of choirs and other friendly unions tended to improve the taste and foster the love of the people for the "heavenly maid." Amateur choirs, as now common amongst us English, were not yet the fashion, when the Welsh were already united in vocal harmony. The earnest practice in the home and church had been going on for generations, and that of Miss Richards's choir, as it was called, was nothing more than a modern development of ancient custom.

Easter was early that year, and on the long-expected Monday the weather was fine. A goodly number of men, women, and children left Derwen Fawr, where they all assembled, for the village of Derwen on that happy day. May had the satisfaction of being once more hand in hand with Meredith, for Evan and Peggy, together with Mrs. Richards and one or two feeble friends, had the honour of driving in Mr. Richards's waggonette. The pedestrians formed a sort of procession, and very picturesque it was as it wound through the fields and woods. The scarlet cloaks contrasted prettily with the delicate green of grass and leaf, and the spontaneous songs and hymns that burst from one and another of the people also contrasted and blended with the glad music of the birds, so long silenced by the chill of winter.

"Look at the primroses, Cousin Meredith!" exclaimed May. "I wish the children of the pantomimes had some. I never saw a primrose till I came here."

"You don't forget it all, then, though you are so silent," returned Meredith, and May shook her head. "Tell me what Mr. Everton did when he was here, and if it is true about him and Miss Edith."

May suddenly remembered that once before, during a similar walk, she had talked of nothing but Miss Edith, and wondered if cousin Meredith were also going to give her up for that kind friend.

"I think it was quite true," she replied, in a somewhat melancholy voice. "But I don't understand. Mr. Everton was so kind to me, and gave me a book and some music; but he seemed very sad, and went away without wishing me good bye."

"Did he wish Miss Edith good-bye?"

May shook her head, but could not be prevailed upon to speak of Miss Edith.

"Have you heard from him since?" asked Meredith.

"Oh yes, ever so often," was the reply.

"And does Miss Edith see the letters, and does he send her messages?"

May nodded, but was silent. Then she said—

"I hope you will not get to be a grand, rich man, like Mr. Richards, cousin. I like great-grandfather, and Uncle Laban best. I wonder if my father is rich or poor, and where he is now, while I am so happy with you."

"Do you remember him?" asked Meredith, interested.

"A little. He used to nurse me and draw me funny pictures. I am sure he loved mamma very dearly." The soft voice sank to a whisper, and the head drooped.

When they reached the church there was already a considerable crowd round about it. Clergymen were mustering their schools, and masters arranging their pupils. They had come from far and near to take part in the day's proceedings, for it was customary thus to meet at different churches in various parishes every Easter Monday, for catechising, repetition, and singing. The Misses Richards and Uncle Laban marshalled their school into the part of the church appointed for them, while other schools filled other portions of the sacred edifice, that of Derwen itself being amalgamated with Derwen Fawr, which was an offshoot from the parent tree. There was a considerable congregation besides, and the large church was full.

The morning service was first read by a neighbouring clergyman, after which the catechising began. May looked and listened with breathless attention. She knew that it was the etiquette for no clergyman to question his own flock, and she saw Mr. Davies, her own special vicar, in the reading desk, surrounded by a strange school. One long chapter had been chosen for all, and as school succeeded school, they acquitted themselves more or less well. When it was the turn of Derwen Fawr, May's heart beat quick, and she felt when standing by the side of Little Davy, beneath that reading desk, first repeating verse after verse, then questioned by one whom she had never before seen, as if she should have no answers to give. But when her turn came, she was quite ready, and her clear voice was so audible that the catechising clergyman looked over his desk to see whence it came. This greatly embarrassed her, and but for Little Davy, who was as ready as she, her courage would have failed.

"Very well indeed. Very good. Quite right," accompanied the answers of the small couple, and every one strained their necks to see them.

Then came the school choirs. They also performed, by turns, psalms and hymns chosen for the occasion, and it was curious to note the excitement and movements of the leaders, who seemed as if they would force out the sound by force of their conducting bâtons. And Uncle Laban did not come behind any of them in this matter. Miss Richards had selected him as leader, and he worked with a will.

As to May, she got so excited in watching him sway to and fro, wave his wand, stamp his foot, and otherwise demean himself as if he were slightly crazed, that she sang even more and more energetically, till her voice, naturally penetrating, surmounted all the other voices. When Uncle Laban gave her an approving nod, she exerted herself more and more. She was well supported by Little David and the rest, so that when Uncle Laban's stick gradually ceased its cabalistic motions, and the voices died away with it, there was little doubt but that the Derwen Fawr choir and school had acquitted themselves the best.

When they were returning to their seats, all the congregation looking after them, May, who began to feel much abashed and sure that she had sung too loud, felt a hand laid on her shoulder. It was Meredith's, who, being no longer a member of the choir, was in a separate pew. He had kept a little corner for her, into which she thankfully slipped, much to Little Davy's discomfiture.

"Is it right?" she murmured, for this was the first time she had made one of the Easter Monday singers.

"Quite, for you have finished," he replied, and she hid her flushed cheeks and excited eyes between him and the corner of the pew.

Hour after hour this choiring continued, varied by the repetition of long and difficult chapters of the Bible by individuals, who stood up in good faith to show what pains they took to learn God's Holy Word. Some of these were aged men and women. It was altogether an impressive service, and the whole was not over until the afternoon. It was, indeed, nearly five o'clock when all the schools marched in procession to the large and handsome school-house to partake of tea and buns.

May was an object of general attention, and many were the inquiries made concerning her.

"Such a voice ought to be cultivated," remarked more than one person in her hearing, which caused her so much alarm that she found it difficult to eat her buns, albeit she was very hungry.

"You must go back in the waggonette," whispered Miss Edith at her back. "You look very tired, and it is a long walk."

"Let Little Davy go instead, Miss Edith," pleaded May. "He told me that he was in the pit half the night, and he can hardly stand."

"There is room for you both, but you must come at once," said Edith.

May obeyed, regretfully, for she had hoped for another walk with her cousin, and she and Little Davy were soon on their way homewards together, with a carriage full of the aged or infirm.

Meredith meanwhile was addressed by one after the other of the Misses Richards, who had not seen him since his return, and he could not help remarking that Edith did not look quite so cheerful as when he left home four years ago. The vicar also had a few words to say to him, and introduced him to one or two of his friends as an old parishioner who was making a start in life elsewhere.

"Don't crow too early because it's fine weather, my boy," said his father, as they walked home together. "I tremble for you because you have made too quick a start. Go softly, go surely. I almost wish you had never left us, and were still working on here."

"Oh, father, don't say that!" exclaimed Meredith. "If you bound my body in the coalpit, you could not fetter my soul."

"So be it, my son; but I know not what thy mother will say when she knows for certain that thou must leave us to-morrow."

"I will come again soon, dear father, very soon."

"Say 'God willing,' lad. Ours are the plans, God's the fulfilment."

And there was silence between father and son.

(*To be continued.*)

A LOGICAL DILEMMA.

ONCE upon a time a just but very severe man built a gallows on a bridge, and asked every passenger who crossed it whither he was going. If the passenger answered truly he passed unharmed; if falsely he was hanged on the gallows.

At last a man came along who was asked the usual question.

"I am going," he answered, "to be hanged on that gallows."

"Now," said the gallows-builder, "I am in a dilemma. If I hang this fellow he will have answered truly, and ought not to have been hanged; if I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely, and ought to have been hanged."

History has not recorded what decision he came to.

A CAUTION.

PAUSE before you follow an example, for it may not be quite applicable to your case.

A mule and an ass were once travelling together, the mule laden with salt and the ass bearing a load of wool. On the road they came to a brook, which they passed over. By chance the mule's pack became wetted, the salt melted, and his burden became lighter.

After they had gone over the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who, thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack at the next water. His load, however, only became heavier, and he broke down under it.

That which helps one may hinder another.

KILLED BY FRIGHT.

MANY an illness is caused simply by imagination, and those of us who go about our work with calmness and confidence are much more likely to escape disease than others who are filled with apprehension should infection come within a hundred miles of them.

In connection with this, the Arabs tell the following story:—

One day a traveller met the Plague going into Cairo, and accosted it thus: "For what purpose are you entering Cairo?"

"To kill three thousand people," rejoined the Plague.

Some time after the same traveller met the Plague on its return, and said: "But you killed thirty thousand!"

"Nay," answered the Plague; "I killed but three thousand: the rest died of fright."



ALL FROM A LITTLE KINDNESS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," &c.

CHAPTER I.

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS was coming in true orthodox fashion this year, covering the fields with a snowy carpet, throwing white drapery over the hedges, hanging fairy tassels upon the leafless branches—nothing was too mean to receive his beautifying touch; the posts on the village green, the very chimney-pots he decorated with fantastic wreaths.

The pretty village of Felmoor had been looking black and gloomy for the last fortnight, for King Frost had been reigning supreme and with tyranny, but to-day, the day before Christmas, the course of a few hours had witnessed a transformation scene, and it was a charming "landscape in black and white" that greeted the eyes of two ladies now seated in the cosy morning-room of Manor Farm, Squire Colborne's house.

The snow was still falling, and Mrs. Smythe, the elder of the two, shivered and drew her soft, white shawl more closely around her, saying, "How you can exist in this bleak out-of-the-world place all the year round, Marian, I cannot imagine."

The speaker, the Squire's aunt, was a widow lady of some sixty years of age, but a very fine woman still, one whom our grandmothers would have called "a person of presence;" yet there was a lack in the handsome face—there was a something missing in its expression to attract one to gaze again and again.

Far different was it from Mrs. Colborne's homely countenance. Motherly tenderness and good sense combined were so plainly indicated there that to all who knew her she lacked nothing; indeed, some even thought her beautiful, and perhaps they were not altogether wrong, for what is there more beautiful in woman's face than true kindliness?

The door opened, and Gertrude Colborne, a girl of fifteen, an only child, entered. Dressed in warm fur-trimmed jacket and close sealskin cap; a basket in her hand, she was evidently ready for an errand of mercy.

"Well, mamma, do I look able to defy the elements?"

"Is it *possible*, Marian," cried Mrs. Smythe, with horror in her voice, "that you are so imprudent as to allow Gertrude to go out in such a storm as this?"

"Oh, auntie, I quite enjoy a battle with the snow," said Gertrude, laughing. "Besides, it would never do for our Christmas presents to be taken by any other hand than mine. They would not be half so valuable," and away she ran, looking a fair specimen of a healthy English girl.

"I believe Gertie is right," said Mrs. Colborne, "for you know she is a great favourite with her music master, and I am glad that she has learned that it is often not so much the *gift itself* as the *manner of giving* that makes it a pleasure to receive it."

"Sentimental nonsense! I suppose a mince pie would be a mince pie all the same whether carried by a young lady or a servant?"

Mrs. Colborne smiled, knowing that that well-filled basket represented something of rather more worth than a mince pie.

"The fuss you all make with that organist is really absurd," continued the Squire's aunt. "As I've told you before, *you'll rue it one day*. The first time I saw him I was sure there was a mystery about him, and I have never altered my opinion. First impressions are *invariably* correct with *me!*"

She prided herself on a very quick insight into character.

"It is just six years ago since Mr. Barton came to Felmoor; I remember it was the week before Christmas," said Mrs. Colborne. "You arrived by the same train, did you not, aunt?"

"Yes, and I was astonished when I heard the vicar had engaged him, knowing so little of his past history. I never would enter into an engagement of any kind with a person without knowing something of his past life—not that I would be inquisitive—but, there, it is not everyone who can read so much at a glance as *I* can. Depend upon it all you'll rue your blind confidence in Mr. Barton."

"But, my dear aunt, you must own our vicar has had no reason to repent his selection of an organist. Few village churches can boast of such music as ours."

"Very likely; his musical talent is undoubtedly great. Why then bury himself in a place like this? What can be the motive? And the man always looks as if something were troubling his mind. No, there's a *mystery!*"

Mr. Colborne appearing just as these words were uttered in solemn voice, his good-humoured face beamed with merriment.

"Something mysterious, aunt? What is it? Let us hear; just the sort of thing for a Christmas Eve tale, eh?" and he drew his chair to the fire ready to enjoy one of Mrs. Smythe's marvellous instances of intuition.

"Your aunt still thinks we are deceived in Mr. Barton, Hugh."

"He is the mystery, is he?" and the Squire gave one of his hearty laughs. "Poor Barton, I don't see anything very mysterious about him; rather melancholy, perhaps, but he never seems to have got over the loss of his young wife, though he lost her three or four and twenty years since."

"Fiddlesticks," rejoined Mrs. Smythe. "Where do you find a man who would mope after his wife for nearly a quarter of a century, I should like to know?"

"An exceptional case, I must admit," replied her nephew, though as he turned to look fondly at his wife he felt it was not quite beyond *his* power of belief. "But I have reason to suppose there was something peculiarly sad connected with his bereavement."

"Peculiar! That's just what I say. He's a man with a mystery. I object to mysterious people *on principle*."

CHAPTER II.

PEEPING in at the snug little room where Gertrude is now seated, one would wonder what there is in the appearance of that pleasant-looking grey-haired man to excite any disagreeable suspicion. Sheets of manuscript music are lying before him, the piano open by his side—he has evidently been absorbed in his work—but the kindliest of smiles greeted his young visitor. After a few minutes' chat she rises, bidding him "Good-bye," and saying, "Mind, you have promised."

Old Martha stood ready with the warm jacket, from which she had shaken the snow.

"What do you think, Martha! The master has promised to dine with us to-morrow, the first time we have been able to persuade him to spend Christmas with us."

"Dear me, miss! have he really, though?"

"Yes, and you must come too, Martha, and have dinner in the servants' hall."

"Thank you kindly, miss; I shall be real proud. But, miss, maybe he'll change his mind; he's raythor hodd sometimes, not but what a kinder spoken gentleman never breathed; he never grumbles—leastwise, scarce ever. He do speak a sharp word now and then, if I disturb him whilst he's a-scribbling away at that *horritory* of his."

"At what, Martha?"

"You may well laugh, Miss Gertrude. It's an outlandish name, isn't it?—some queer word he's picked up in furrin parts, I 'spose. He do say the words are in the Bible, and that he is putting them to music notes; but I've been a Bible reader for many a long year, and ne'er such a word as that have I come across."

Highly amused, Gertrude wished the old woman a happy Christmas, and retraced the dainty little footprints she had already made along the hidden path, she had just reached the gate, when she was arrested by a child's cry. Running to the back of a clump of trees—whence the sound apparently proceeded—she found a woman lying senseless upon the ground, and a little boy about three or four years of age leaning over her, and, as he tried vainly to lift her head in his tiny arms, crying in piteous accents, "Ah, maman — petite maman — speak to your Bertie—maman chérie."

Gertrude stooped down to the fainting woman, and the little fellow, shaking back his long curls, looked up with astonished brown eyes. But when he saw the gentle face bending over him his crying ceased, and he renewed his efforts to raise his mother's head.

"Maman, maman, look!" he said; "le bon Dieu send His good angel—he hear little Bertie cry, and he love les petits enfants, you know."



AN ERRAND OF LOVE.

Seeing her uselessness without aid, Gertrude ran to procure assistance, and soon the prostrate form was carried into the house.

Some time elapsed before consciousness was restored, and then the invalid was in too weak a state to be able to speak more than a few words. The village doctor was called in, and he pronounced her to be suffering from extreme nervous exhaustion, but that rest and quiet were all she really needed—freedom from any mental excitement more especially.

Happily for her she had fallen into kindly hands. Mrs. Colborne, with her quiet self-possession, was ever ready for an emergency, and soon her unexpected visitor was removed into a bedroom and surrounded by comforts to which she had long been a stranger. But that which, above all, conduced to her recovery were the few words of solace whispered from time to time by that gentle, motherly woman watching by her side.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS morning broke cheerily. The bells rang forth a joyous peal, and thankful hearts from Manor Farm joined in the glad service of the day.

Madame Perreau had so far recovered as to be able to be dressed by the servant who had been left with her, and when her good friends returned from church she was lying on a couch. Some slight flush of colour was now upon her cheek. It was a sweet face, one of refinement and beauty, that met Mrs. Colborne's admiring gaze when she entered the room.

"Ah, madame, how can I thank you!" said Madame Perreau, rising from her pillow; but she sank back, still too weak for any exertion.

"I need no thanks, and you must not try to talk yet," rejoined Mrs. Colborne.

"Indeed, indeed you must let me tell you how I came to be here—something of my sad history."

"Not now — by-and-bye, perhaps," seeing the eager look followed by one of disappointment. "I am expecting our Christmas guests; but if you will be very good and rest, and try to take the nourishment I send you, I will get my friends to excuse me after dinner, and will come to have a chat with you," and with a genial smile the squire's lady left the poor young widow.

A small but happy Party met around the squire's hospitable table: the vicar, Dr. Hardwicke and his wife, and the organist—who had not "changed his mind"—were the only visitors.

The conversation turned upon the adventure of the day before—the news of which had gone the round of the village by this time—and Mrs. Colborne had no difficulty in keeping her promise.

Returning to the room, she found Madame Perreau with heightened colour, and a restlessness which caused some apprehension as to the wisdom of allowing her to tell the tale

she seemed so anxious to relate; but it was useless to refuse to listen, the thought of delay only increased the feverish excitement. Bertie was by his mother's side—he had been too shy to be away from her—and had now fallen asleep, his curly head pillowed on a hassock. Sad, indeed, was the history that Mrs. Colborne now heard.

Married at seventeen against the consent of her father, Madame Perreau had been wandering from colony to colony with her husband, a French violinist, of whose reckless character she soon had bitter proof. Grown morbid and wretched with grief, she ceased all communication with her relations, and on their return to Paris, after three years, her husband had left her with his parents, who were poor but kindly people. He told her he was only going for a short tour with a musical company; but months passed by, and she heard from him but once or twice. It became necessary for her to do something for a living, and hearing of a situation which she felt competent to undertake, she applied for it, and was engaged immediately. A travelling companion was wanted by an English lady, who intended spending some time on the Continent, and who appeared to take to her at first sight. The poor young mother felt deeply leaving, even for a time, her boy, still but a baby. But the remuneration offered was good, and the lady was kind, though rather crotchetty, and on parting with Madame Perreau had given her her addresss in England, saying, should she ever wish for a permanent situation, she might come to her.

But something brighter was in store for the young wife. Her husband had just returned, and returned an altered man. One happy year passed—happy, though in comparative poverty—for they had both now learned the secret of true peace, which can alone be found in the love of the Saviour. Again had bitter trial come. After a short illness M. Perreau had been taken from his wife, but in the midst of grief she had a solace before unknown.

This had happened only two months previous, and since then she had had an uncontrollable desire to come back to her native land. She had only been in England a week, which she spent in London vainly trying to get news of her father; but she could only hear that he had disappeared soon after her marriage, and the general opinion was that he was dead; and then, in her loneliness and desolation, she thought of the lady with whom she had travelled, and seeing that her home was only an hour's journey from town, started early in the morning, meaning to return to her poor lodging in the evening. Great, however, was her disappointment to find that this lady had gone away for Christmas; but the servants telling her that another hour's journey would bring her to Felmoor, where she might hope to find her, she had come on by the next train, and was on her way from the station when Gertrude found her.

With many tears and much faltering of voice Madame Perreau got thus far in her painful narrative.

"Did you say your friend is in Felmoor?" inquired Mrs. Colborne eagerly. "Ah—no—though, the name was Johnson."

"Johnson! Yes, madame, that was the name I took. Did I not tell you? I took a false name when I went to Mrs. Smythe, and she always thought me a widow. I see now it was wrong, but I had a morbid dread of exposing my misery to a stranger."

"Smythe! Then I am right," cried Mrs. Colborne. "God indeed has been merciful. You are now in the same house with Mrs. Smythe! She is my husband's aunt!"

"Oh, let me see her—she will forgive me, I know. She has a kind heart; perhaps she would take care of my little Bertie if I die," and here she fell back exhausted.

"Calm yourself, dear Madame Perreau," said Mrs. Colborne, her eyes filling with tears; "you will be spared for your boy's sake I trust. But now I must insist that you rest, and presently I will bring my aunt to you." And imprinting a kiss upon the fair young forehead she left her and returned to the drawing-room.

But her impatience to tell the strange news had to be restrained, for Mr. Barton was just about to commence a solo by the request of Mrs. Smythe, who appeared actually to be beginning to join in the good opinion generally entertained of the organist. This was due perhaps to his having been rather more confidential than usual. He had been speaking of his oratorio, which, in consequence of its awakening some painful memories, he had laid aside for the last few years, but had lately set to work upon, hoping to complete it.

"Do, pray, give us a little idea of some of the solos," said Mrs. Colborne.

"I will try, as you are kind enough to take an interest in it," said he, taking his seat at the piano.

His voice was still good, and all were absorbed in listening to the full, sweet notes, when the door opened, and to their astonishment Madame Perreau rushed in, and, throwing her arms round the neck of the organist, cried:—

"Oh, father, father! I knew it must be your voice—I knew the air as yours. Oh, father, father!"

Folded in fond embrace, the re-united father and child were lost to all around them, and by Mrs. Colborne alone was the affecting scene understood. Crossing to her husband she said, weeping tears of joy:—

"Oh, Hugh, this is a happy Christmas for our good friend." But she was stayed by hearing Mrs. Smythe exclaim, "Mrs. Johnson! what does this mean? I cannot be mistaken."

She had not seen Madame Perreau the day before. Having been in her own room in a distant part of the house, she had heard nothing of the excitement at the time.

"Ah! Mrs. Smythe, I need your forgiveness," cried Madame Perreau, turning to that lady, who stood looking bewildered.

And Mrs. Smythe appeared quite glad to see her, and, moreover, from that day felt rather less positive as to the never-failing correctness of her first impressions.

Many weeks of careful nursing were required before the daughter could be taken to her father's home. But that longed-for day came at last, and in Mrs. Colborne's pony carriage, with Bertie and Gertrude—whom the little fellow persisted in calling "the beautiful angel that had been sent to them"—she crossed the green which many weeks before she had traversed with weary feet and still wearier spirit.

Fairy snow-drops greeted her in the little garden, purple and yellow crocuses peeped forth to look at their new mistress. But no one gave her a heartier welcome than old Martha, who never tired in after years of relating the scene of that home-coming—"*She* never thought to see anything so beautiful with her own eyes. It was just, for all the world, like the end of a tale!"

A. M.

FOR ALL WHO WOULD FOLLOW THREE GOOD EXAMPLES.

ARE there any among you, my young friends, who wish to preserve health and cheerfulness throughout life, and at last to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago I read in a newspaper that a man had died near London over a hundred years old, and that he had never been ill, and had maintained through life a very happy temperament. I wrote at once inquiring whether, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had made his life so long and so happy, and the answer I got was this:—

"He was uniformly kind and obliging to everybody; he quarrelled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might satisfy hunger and thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used."

I wrote this carefully in a little book in which I generally put all that I am anxious to remember.

Not long afterwards I saw in another paper that a woman had died near Stockholm at even a greater age, that she never was ill, and that she was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm to ask by what means this old woman had preserved her health, and now read the answer:—

"She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet, and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweetmeats; she seldom took coffee or tea, and never wine."

Of this also I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this again I read that near St. Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health till he also was over a hundred. Again I took up my pen and wrote to St. Petersburg, and here is the reply:—

"He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself in the open air, and chiefly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry or in a bent position, but was always perfectly straight. Luxurious and effeminate habits he held in great contempt."

After having written all this in my little book, I said to myself, "What a foolish fellow you will be if you do not profit by the example and experience of these old people?"

I then set down all I had been able to discover about them upon a large card, which I hung over my writing desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes to remind me of what I ought to do and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of the card and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can tell you that I am much happier and in better health than I used to be. Formerly I had headache nearly every day, but now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules I hardly dared venture out in either rain or snow without catching cold. A walk of half a mile, too, used to exhaust me; now I walk miles without feeling tired.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigour. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people—and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh, that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, so that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

Young folks who read this, you are the fortunate ones who can adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, hinders your living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St. Petersburg?

PUZZLES FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

WHERE DO THE WATER BIRDS HIDE?—There are thirty-six in this rhyme. Can you catch them, young ladies?

Here busy waters stream in foamy tide,
Here play the winds in many a frolic puff;
In mimic bays, dash, splashing, rebel waves;
Above the grey rocks flying sea-birds flap
Wings, whose wild freedom 'tis a joy to see.
The fisher boats are out, their light sails filling;
Lo! onward glide they, passing from our ken.
Now, dearest maid, embark, the fisher's willing;
His vessel's taut if old; I know her well.
See! 'tis the Artful Martha; watch her dip!
Eli, cans't steer us swiftly o'er the sea,
My honest tar? Nay, let thy glass and pipe
Rest safe ashore,—a sober man for me,
And trusty guide. Yonder's his messmate, Kitt.
I waken'd both ere dawn, and bid them haste,
That we might track the sun o'er ocean fields,
And taste the awed surprise it ever yields.

Pleasant to see how blithely both men rose
At the first call, even their sleepy cur,
Lewellyn, followed, while a little child,
The fisher's grandson, pleaded, "Take I, Dermot,
Take I," he cried, craning his pretty head—
All ruffled with the winds—to see us start.
Poor tiny Dott, ere long to take his part
Without such craving. As we turned away
A shrill loud call, the old familiar "Coo-coo,"
Triumphant greeted us with springtide lay
Above the fisher's cot; ere we embarked
The notes had ended. But the vessel's here;
Come thou with me and share the fisher's cheer.

Hush! hearken to the music of the deep,
How every wave in opal glory turns,
Toneing its beauty with the tender blush
Of early dawn, still deepening as we go.
O sea, broad sea, thou art a lovely sight,
Full of strange mysteries. In solemn hush again
I list the far-off, half-regretful cry
Of distant birds; a wading bittern calls,
"Hear," water mates reply in mocking tones
As cloudland far they roam, lost in a sky
That boundless stretches—melting in one line
Which separates two worlds, pleasant to dream
Watching the far-off shore, whose hazy forms
Wan with the moving mists that wrap them round
As airy glamours and erl-ingraven fancies.

Though drifting near we scarce can see the cliffs
Frowning in haughty grandeur on the ocean,
Or mark the myriad birds in mighty chaos
Prey on the gliding spots of silvery motion,
Yet sometimes here the mighty eagles poach;
Ardent and wild for sport, deep down they dive.
Erewhile to soar and vanish, shrieking loud
A last defiance to that fluttering crowd.
Anon a slight stir ripples o'er the water:
Hence, hence, light bark! Good fishers haste away,
For yon cloud's darkening, and the winds seem rising,
Catching her one sail with their threatening spray.
See to our canvas, for the mast bends lower,
And shakes her slight rope trellis to the sky.
Men, to your task! Uarda's Isle is nigh.

Nay, shrink not, dear one, we are safe at last,
Orkneys grey rocks loom near, and danger's past.
Railing at fate won't mend it. See, to aid
Come sunbrowned peasant and sweet rustic maid;
One kindly dame has very soon began
Netting a patch—her mesh a broken spoon.
Billets in hand, one kindles fast a fire.
See how it burns, its flaming goes still higher
As blows the wind, chatters each busy tongue;
Kindly intentioned on our needs they run.
"Now Tib, Isabel, 'tis na time to nod.
D'ye speer, daft lassies. Bannocks broil and cod,
Not any cookit, bake some on the ember.
Na clear enough? then clear it, maids; remember
'Tis ill to be half drownit in September."

Though fathers, brothers, mothers flout me,
The nicest girl is not without me.

Victoria upon her throne
Has some—though small ones we must own,
To lose them were confusion;
For not in England is one found,
In land, or sea, or underground.
To seek it were delusion.

RINGING THE CHANGES ON EIGHT WORDS.

The initials of the things alluded to in these lines will give the name and one of the places of residence of a very famous person.

My First a child can Crack, methinks;
The second old Brown always Drinks;
Then see a fruit you Eat, no doubt,
And Suck my fourth, or do without.
Now Squeeze my fifth, and you will say
The trouble was not thrown away.
There, Smell my sixth—'tis rare and strong,
But will not linger with you long.
So Swallow quick my seventh, and, pray,
Don't Blow my eighth, or, lack-a-day!

What, Crack again—'tis surely waste;
Brown, Drinks my second 'gainst his taste.
Another fruit for you to Eat—
Something to Suck that's green and sweet.
My fifth, perhaps, you'd like to Squeeze,
If you're my friend, and would not tease.
Quick, Smell this sixth—a flower so fair
It perfumes all the summer air.
Don't Swallow all the seventh to-day,
But Blow my eighth, and march away.

Another thing to Crack I say,
Old Brown would Drink me all the day;
Fruit brought to Eat from foreign land;
My fourth's to Suck, please understand.
The fifth give here that I may Squeeze,
And get at things I like with ease.
Here comes my sixth, I Smell it near,
And quite enjoy its promised cheer.
My seventh I'll Swallow soon I know,
Puff, puff, this eighth away I'll Blow.

A heavier fall to Crack this one,
Brown Drinks me when all else is done;
A wild fruit children Eat in play;
Snakes Suck my fourth, so people say.
This pretty fifth I Squeeze and pet,
It's such a darling, tan and jet;
The sixth you'll see in hedgerow twine,
Smell it, this sweet wildflower of mine.
No seventh Swallow, calm your fears;
This last, Blows once in a hundred years.

OMITTED RHYMES.

Can any of our little sisters supply them?

Dear sir,—I am a little girl
Just six years old — — —
A lucky child I have not known
As yet one care or — —

I am to have a birthday night,
And oh, I'm so — — —
Such splendid things are being made,
And all the folks — — —
We've sent all round: there's cousin Jess,
And uncle Rob and — —
The baby twins, and Lil and Poll,
Jem Brown, and little — —

Cook *is* so busy, she's to make
No end of lovely —
And something big, that rhymes with bake,
The best of all the —

The very parlour smells of tarts,
Of raspberry puffs — —
Mince rolls, and shaking jellies all
Are on a shelf —

See here's a box of crackers too,
Enough for each to —
Then we can make ourselves so grand
With things of which they've —

With paper caps and collars round,
Masks, noses, feathers —
But all my birthday is to end
When the hall clock strikes —

Their nurse will come for Lil and Poll,
Jem Brown will take home —
And all my lovely party soon
Be tightly tucked — —

Dear me, how shall I sleep to-night,
Thinking of fun and —
Pray, little girls, all wish me joy,
To-morrow when I'm —

(*Solutions to the above will appear in our next number.*)

My whole cries on his knees, "I'll make your first, my second, if you please."—A Shoeblack.

When does a boy think he would like to be a sweep?—When he fancies it would suit (soot) him.

When is a composite candle in a bad temper, and why?—When it is a wicked thing, and put out.

When must a drawing-room feel afflicted?—When it has one window blind, one window cracked, and all other ones full of pains.

I have nor shape, nor form, or state,
Alack! I nothing have but weight;
Yet sometimes *in fine clothes* I swing,
Holding fast a precious thing.
At others hide me, cold and bare,
Deep in earth—pray leave me there.
Should I chance through air to fly
I might fright some passer-by.
If they yet knock off my head,
Gentle and kind I'm heard instead;
If yet another head should go,
I still have one—pray leave it so.

Stone—tone—one.

My first means a number,
My second a distance,
My whole is a person
Who renders assistance.

—Co-league.

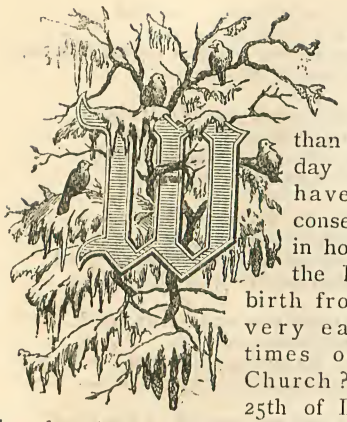
A hundred and fifty, but nothing between,
Let five hundred follow, and then miss, I ween;
You can surely this Christmas feel just what I mean.—Cold.
You have me, child; your wax doll owns my second,
And yet my whole a noxious thing is reckoned.

—Earwig.

I trust we may all do my first and feel my second ere we bid the Old Year my whole.—Fare-well.

Christmas.

By HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



WHAT more natural than that a day should have been consecrated in honour of the Lord's birth from the very earliest times of the Church? The 25th of December has been thus consecrated. The date of the first observance of this day cannot indeed be given with certainty; neither can we tell now on the authority of what tradition or history its consecration rests. It may or may not have been engrafted on the Jewish Festival of the Dedication, which was in the winter; or have been made to take the place of a Roman holiday which marked the closing year. The Christians of the Western Church adopted the observance at that season very early, though some uncertainty prevails as to the exact day. It would seem that for a time in the East the commemoration of the birth of Christ and of His manifestation to the wise men were combined. But dismissing minute antiquarian questions, we can have no doubt that our present Christmas Day has been hallowed by the worship of fourteen centuries.

Not an unimportant thought is thus suggested. Are we thankful to know that the doctrines preached to us now and here in England are those which the Apostles derived straight from the Lord Himself? Do we prize the two Sacraments as gracious gifts direct from Christ, which have nourished spiritual life in the Church since He first appointed them? Is it well that we should remember that the facts embodied in the Church's creed are the very same which we find in the four Gospels? Still, we shall be unwise not to prize also, according to the degree of their importance, many words expressing doctrines and many forms of worship which come to us indeed without directly divine sanction, but the value of which has been proved by their being helps to piety for many centuries.

There are many divisions amongst Christians in the present day, and many things divide us here in England in this 19th century from the Christians of the old times. Yet all the faithful in Christ in all ages form one body through their union with Him; and every word, or rite, or ceremony is to be prized which has become venerable as the means of keeping up this union. When, therefore, we gather together in church on the 25th of December, it will be well to think what a multitude of redeemed spirits have, in all lands and in all ages during this long time, been helped, by the observance of Christmas Day, better to express their thankfulness for that wonderful condescension which brought the Eternal Son of God to begin His life on this lower earth as a helpless infant that He might redeem us.

Is there joy in every family when a child is born into the world? And does it please us to keep our own and our friends' birthdays, notwithstanding all the uncertainty of coming happiness or misery which must throw some shadow over the brightest mere human life? And is it not right that we should celebrate with joy and thankfulness the birthday of Him whose coming upon earth has dispelled so many sorrows and opened to all of us such bright hopes of joy eternal? Every ordinance, then, and arrangement of our worship which helps us better to realise the greatness of the gift to man of Christ's birth is much to be prized.

In Roman Catholic countries it is common to exhibit in church at the Christmas season some outward image of the Holy Babe and His Mother and Joseph, with the shepherds and the oxen standing round. To our English and Protestant ideas there seems to be a childishness and even a coarseness in such representations which we do not think suitable to the simple majesty of the worship due to the great mystery of the Incarnation. It is true that unlettered Italian peasants, whose whole life and training has been very different from our own, may have the truths of the Gospel forced on their imaginations by such sights; and young children can probably admire them, feeling that the Christ thus represented in His infancy is brought very near to their simple minds.

After all, these representations may, in a certain stage of knowledge and feeling, have much the same effect as some noble picture of the Holy Family executed by a great painter has on the educated and refined. It is not denied that under quite different circumstances to ours they may be helps to devotion. What is to be guarded against in such representations is, not their setting forth a vivid image of the sacred history, but, first, their tendency to give a somewhat low idea of what the Lord Jesus Christ is in His Divine Majesty; and, secondly, that they may be used, as these certainly have been in some countries, to withdraw the mind from Christ Himself to the worship of the human mother, to whom the Heavenly Babe was subject.

But though we may not feel any inclination to imitate this kind of representation by which Roman Catholics seek to recall the history of Christ's birth, we are right to mark the Christmas season by such decent alterations in our churches as custom and the manner of our worshp approve as suitable. There has been a great change in this respect in our churches of late years. We are not necessarily the better for this—but certainly we are not the worse—and we may well be the better if we use the signs of an outward adornment to impress more vividly on our minds the reality and importance of heavenly truths. We are not to make too much of these things either in opposing or approving of them. They are things indifferent which may have a very good use.

I remember when I first went to live in the extreme north of England there was scarcely a single church within many miles of our cathedral city in which any green boughs or other decorations were allowed to mark the Christmas season. I do not think the people in that district were either better or more staunch in the reformed faith because their churches, usually very poor edifices, carelessly kept in order, were thus bare. There always seemed something cheering when I came to the south again about the Christmas season, and found every church in its simple way getting ready to proclaim in all our villages that there ought to be thankful joy for the birth of Christ. Let these things never be matters of contention. Let them be used to express that our religion is full of happiness and to help us to think more of its doctrines and the practical lessons they teach. Thus shall we use these outward symbols aright.

Was Christ once a little child? This speaks to us of the blessedness of a holy childhood, reared in a holy home, and taught with its dawning reason to welcome holy thoughts.

Did He not afterwards call little children to Him? Did He not take them in His arms and bless them? Did He not tell us that in simplicity His disciples must become as little children?

Christmas is the festival of the childhood. All who have to deal with children may learn many special lessons from it besides its general lessons for us all.

The Singers.

GOD sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

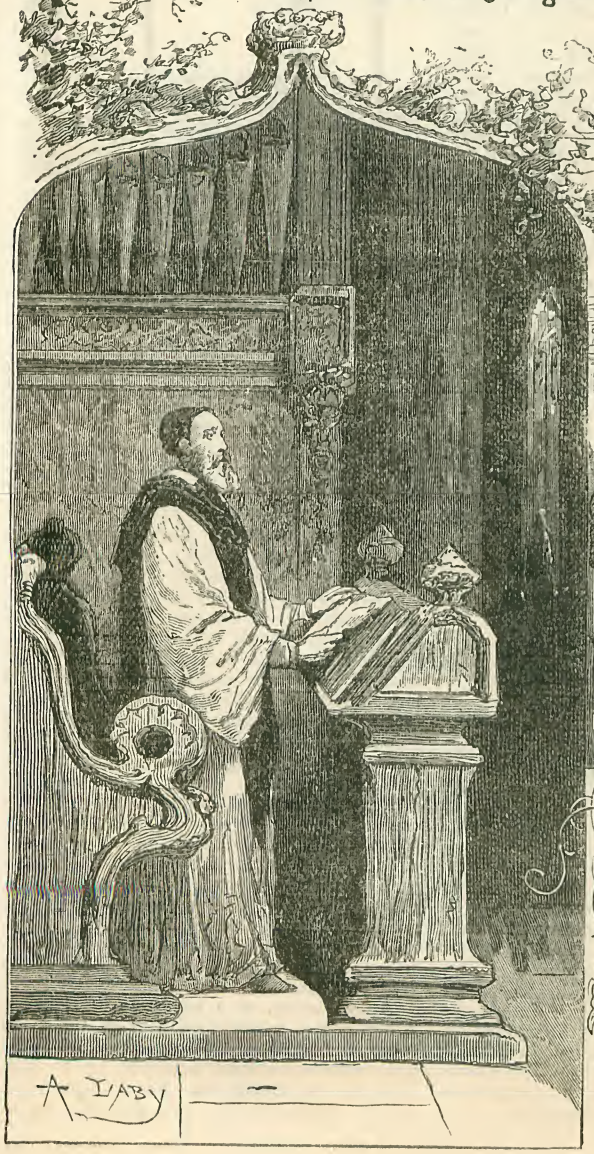
The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;







FOR still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

LONGFELLOW

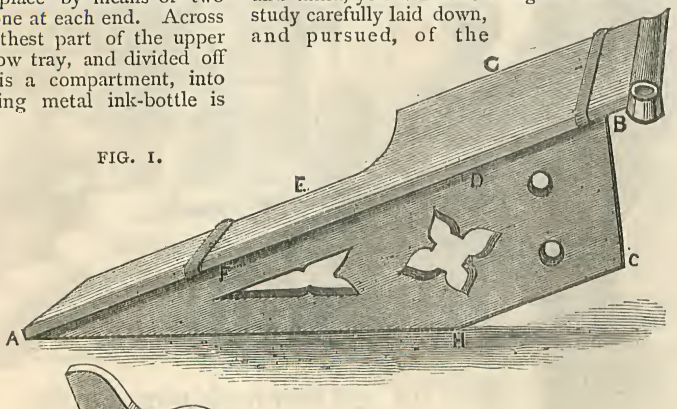
OCCUPATIONS FOR INVALIDS.—II.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

SINCE my last chat with my invalid girls, in which I suggested the use of a table for those who were bed-ridden, two more of these helps have been most fortunately lent to me, and by the kindness of a friend I have had drawings made of them. Both are most inexpensive and plain in the manner of their manufacture, the material being deal, unvarnished and unpainted. Fig. 1 is suitable as a writing-table to those who are bed-ridden, as it supports the arm entirely, and the writing or drawing can be performed when reclining flatly on the back. I am indebted for the illustration of the desk to the kindness of an invalid lady, who invented it for her own use. Her illness was caused by her devoted nursing of others, and more than ten years ago, in the midst of a busy and useful life, she was laid aside from active usefulness to take her place in the patient ranks of those who serve by waiting, and who learn obedience by the things which they suffer. Her mind, ever active, is full of plans of usefulness, and by means of the little desk, represented at fig. 1, she accomplishes much epistolary labour when free from distressing suffering.

This desk has but one supporting side, on the right, beneath the straight side of the upper board. The left side is cut away at more than half its length, so as to fit round the person at the nearest end; while the broad portion of the upper board rests upon her. Blotting paper is cut to fit the shape of the board, and kept in place by means of two straps of flat elastic, one at each end. Across the highest and furthest part of the upper board there is a narrow tray, and divided off at the right corner is a compartment, into which a firmly closing metal ink-bottle is secured. Portions of the supporting side are cut out to render the desk somewhat lighter; and underneath it, securing it and the upper board more firmly together, there is a perforated bracket, of which fig. 2 is an illustration.

FIG. 1.



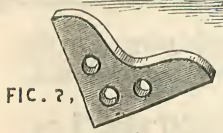


FIG. 2.

BED-DESK TO REST THE ARM FROM THE ELBOW.

But a sketch of this bed-desk—whether pictorial or verbal—would fail to supply a sufficiently practical explanation to a carpenter, or to some kindly brother of our invalid, enabling him to manufacture the valuable little piece of furniture. The respective proportions, as well as the entire size of the whole appliance, must be supplied for their guidance, and so are now accurately given; for it might easily be made either too heavy, or too light to prove a steady and solid support to the arm, resting, as it always must, on so insecure a foundation as a bed.

The extreme length of the upper board from A to B must be 19 inches; the width at the highest and furthest end, from C to D, 8 inches, and that at the lower end, from E to F (hollowed out to fit the person), $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the extreme depth of supporting side, from B to G, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and from G to H, 4 inches. A slight aperture should be cut out between the upper board and the side support, to allow for the insertion of the elastic bands across the two ends, beneath the elbow of the writer or artist, and just beyond her hand.

The table shown in fig. 3 is meant to be placed, saddle-fashion, across both invalid and her sofa, the long legs resting on the floor on each side, and thus rendering the table so firm as to serve for the purpose of the most delicate artistic work in drawing, painting, or mounting microscopic objects, &c. The desk can easily be removed when necessary. The proportions of this table will, I think, be regulated best by the width of the sofa and the height to which the invalid can be raised on her pillows, and any carpenter, on being shown the sketch at fig. 3 and the sofa, will quickly decide on the dimensions. The cost of making would be small—not over twelve shillings, I should imagine—and the method of manufacture should be as light as possible compatible with its being steady and solid enough to draw on. This table was, I believe, also invented for herself by an invalid lady, and both inventions show a brave and determined spirit, that, in spite of such drawbacks as pain and helplessness (hard and trying in themselves to be borne), will still have a share in the work of the world about them. I hope my dear invalid girls will follow such good and worthy examples.

And now that we are fully supplied with ideas about tables, it is time to turn to the use that can be made of them, and to consider the first of our subjects, "head-work." Unless positively incapacitated by some special illness, in which you cannot use your powers of brain and mind, you will find a regular course of study carefully laid down, and pursued, of the utmost benefit to you. It will brace the nerves and strengthen the mental powers, rousing them from that state of inertia into which they are too apt to sink in sickness. The happiness, and even the health, which an active energetic mind possesses I have endeavoured to show you in my first paper on this subject; and those buried in mental slumber live only half their lives. The education of the true girl only commences when she first wakes to a perception of the inner life, and of the vast field of improvement which lies within herself. She should never rest satisfied unless the day as it passes has brought her some new idea, some solid information, and if all her studies be carried on in the fear of God, and as a means of glorifying Him, as her mental riches increase, so will also increase her view of the position and responsibilities of her immortal spirit, and she will form a correct estimate of its capabilities of enjoyment, concerning which the Scripture tells us of so much respecting this life and of so much of the hereafter.

It is a good plan, I think, for the invalid to make Biblical study of the first importance in her course, not only because it is more peculiarly suitable, but also because all history is but a record of the fulfilment of inspired prophecy, and, Bible in hand, the intelligent

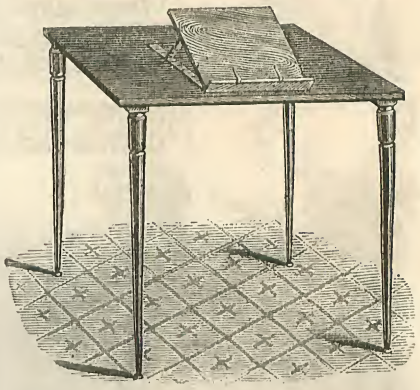


FIG. 3.—SOFA-TABLE WITH "RISING-DESK" AND SPIDER LEGS.

student cannot but be more and more impressed with the sublime truth that the Maker of the world is also its Governor and Redeemer. The first use of the Word of God for the day must be purely a spiritual one in the endeavour to find directions for the responsibilities and perplexities of the day. And then would come the study of the mass of Biblical literature, which will throw a wonderful light on all other history. Jewish rites and ceremonies, Jewish history, the geography of the Holy Land, the chronology of the Bible, and the natural history of the Bible, are all subjects of vast interest. Then in connection with the Bible, and its histories of the four great empires of antiquity, you should read the profane records also, ending with the establishment, in the days of the fourth empire, of that fifth and last kingdom "which shall never be destroyed," "but shall break in pieces, and consume all these kingdoms, and shall stand for ever"—the kingdom of Christ in which we Christians live.

The first thing, I think, in entering upon a course of history is to try to acquire a clear idea of historic time, and the connection of historic events. First make an outline, and then fill up the various periods as you can, choosing, as many readers do, history in special periods, *i.e.*, the 1st and 2nd centuries, from the Pentecostal feast, to the time of Constantine, the Reformation, the Crusades, or the Middle Ages.

After history, as a recreation in sickness, comes poetry, which is good at all times and seasons, of course, but especially when the soul requires constant wakening up to high thoughts and aspirations. From Chaucer and Milton down to our own day the list of

English poets is a long one, and in devotional poetry we are richer than any other people. Biography, too, is a delightful study. To myself the first reading of some biographies have been epochs in my life. Benjamin Franklin's and Dr. Johnson's, amongst others, Wilberforce's life, Hannah More's, and Mrs. Fry's are all very suitable to the sick-room. Franklin's life is peculiarly valuable to those who desire to improve themselves, and every page is full of instruction. His plan for self-examination, "with a view to acquiring a habitude of all the virtues," is very remarkable, and there is no doubt that posterity has largely benefited by Franklin's example in many ways, as his immediate posterity did by the example of his beautiful character on earth.

The study of astronomy, natural history, and of languages are much to be recommended, each and all offering a regularity of occupation, which may be taken up at a fixed time and pursued as a duty. I do not consider that sensational stories are safe reading for the invalid, as they certainly impair that restful, yet active habit of mind we are most anxious to acquire, and act like the narcotic draught, that leaves depression and irritation behind. Yet even here one cannot dogmatize, as I have been told by a great sufferer that a sensibly-written story made her almost forget her sufferings, and certainly calmed and rested her, when nothing else had any effect, as she was able to throw herself into the sorrows and joys of the imaginary beings in her story-book, to the entire exclusion of her own sufferings. She thought, too, that this had much increased her power of extending her sympathy to the lives of others, and feeling with them.

And lastly, as to the power of obtaining the books for your course of study that I have mentioned. There are few small family libraries which do not possess some standard works, "Josephus," "Rollin's Ancient History," a Bible Dictionary or Commentary. Whatever you find, use it, and be assured that more will be added to you, in proportion as you make use of the means you have at hand. Some friend will be raised up, or a little money will be found, to purchase the books you desire.

To those invalids who can write, an invalid much recommended the use of a "Stylographic" pen as saving much fatigue to the arm. And to "the pen of a ready writer" many occupations are also open, while also by their means they may carry comfort and consolation without end to those absent from home. Letters are now in demand for hospitals, reformatories, and prisons, and many other societies have been found that consider the regular letters of their associates and friends a very excellent method of converting and sustaining the class they endeavour to influence. Letters to missionaries in distant lands, and sailors far away at sea, are also advised, and I have no doubt each of my invalids will find no difficulty in thinking of some lonely thirsty soul to whom their letters, written from a sick chamber, might be a veritable God-send—some friendless maid-servant, to whom a few words of kindly advice, a few lines of friendly sympathy, a verse of Scripture, a few lines of poetry to be learned by heart for your sake, will indeed prove "like cold water to the thirsty soul." There are many instances of this kind of working, while laid aside on a couch of sickness, and none more remarkable than that of Miss Hetty Bowman, the charming writer, who was so great a sufferer.

I have left my advice on "head-work" to the last, and that is the endeavour to learn hymns and devotional poetry by heart. Verse by verse, line by line, I should advise you to acquire them day by day; each hymn you learn, each lovely poem will be a blessing to you, and perhaps to others, when the well-stored mind can acquire no more, when the eyesight has failed, and the strength for learning is departed.

Does it seem to you that I have been setting you too hard a task, my dear invalid girls, in begging you to cultivate and make the best of this season of enforced repose? Does it seem impossible? Believe me, it is the will that makes the way, and if you are quite determined to help yourselves, others will help you too, and you will find your reward in increased patience and fortitude of mind, and in a store of precious knowledge gathered in "the time wherein you suffered affliction."



THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

SEATED here, amid the shadows of the dim and fire-lit room,
I gazed across the meadows, white and chill and wrapped in gloom.
Could they be the pastures sunny where I rambled in the spring,
And the wild bee gathered honey and the linnet used to sing?
Down by the hedgerow yonder, past blooming meadow sweet,
My steps were sure to wander, another step to meet;
The pathway to the thicket with pimpernel was gay,
And close beside the wicket blushed crimson buds of May.
There is yet one tiny cluster pressed fast within a book,
Old recollections muster when on the page I look;
Old dreams and hopes come hither, old memories are rife—
Ah! wherefore must they wither, these rose-clad hours of life?
No more with careless pleasure I revelled in the sun,
The bee had hived her treasure, the linnet's song was done;
The pimpernels had faded, snow-hidden wound the track,
The little gate was shaded by branches bare and black;
Earth grants no sweet forever, her flowers have scanty reign,
And the step I loved would never come to meet my own again.
Ah, wherefore is she lavish of joy that briefly lives—
Bestowing but to ravish more freely than she gives?

Seated here, amid the shadows of the dim and fire-lit room,
I heard across the meadows, white and chill and wrapped in gloom,
The rough north-easter roaming through the bent and sobbing limes,
And softly in the gloaming the sound of Christmas chimes,
Now rising clear and clearer, now dying quite away—
"Sweet bells, to one lone hearer ye can have nought to say;
Go, let your echoes gladden those that were gay before,
Such music does but sadden grief-wounded souls the more."
But while I listened coldly and scorned the tale they brought,
Quick spake their voices boldly in answer to my thought;
And straightway (or, I fancied, and fancy has her spells)
I heard, as one entrancèd, the message of the bells
Outpouring, fast and faster, "How long," they cried; "how long,
Mortals, before ye master the burden of our song?
O stricken ones and lonely, O mourners, pale and weak,
Not to the mirthful only our loving words we speak;
For you, who, weeping, languish, was not the Saviour born?
Who knew a sterner anguish, whose heart was deeper torn?
If He thus meekly faced it and dared the cup to drain,
Shall you, who do but taste it, despairingly complain?
Earth's flowers are not immortal, earth's joy is sacrifice,
Lest ye confound the portal with God's own Paradise.
Behold! with cheerful warning we usher in the day;
On this most blessed morning bid selfish tears away."

Seated here, amid the shadows of the dim and fire-lit room,
I turned me from the meadows, white and chill and wrapped in gloom.
O vanished hours! 'twere better to leave you in your grave
Than ever there to fetter my spirit like a slave.
If haply less alluring the future that I greet,
To pleasures more enduring she'll guide my willing feet;
Life truly was not given for dreams of little worth—
I will look up to heaven, not down upon the earth.
The bond of grief was broken; and thus the record tells
Not all in vain was spoken the message of the bells.

S. E. G.



NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

THERE is no use in concealing from ourselves that multitudes of our girls marry, and that afterwards they take THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER just as regularly as before, and find all the information they need in it, with as much ease as their younger sisters. We know this from the questions we receive and answer on many matronly subjects, and so we think we must help our girl brides to purchase the best wedding dress possible, one that will last a long time and that can be dyed if need be. Fortunately this winter very excellent material, Irish poplin, is much used for brides' dresses, the kind selected being that with very thick cord or double repped. The trimming used is plush, but very little is required for such a handsome thick fabric as Irish poplin. Bridesmaids, too, are fortunate as to the winter change in their dresses, which now have plain plush petticoats and full bodices of one of the moderately-priced Indian silks, to match the plush in colour, only paler. This dress will not be an extravagant one, as it will, if suitably made, answer for a best dress for a long time. The large hats and the mob caps have all grown old-fashioned for bridesmaids, and they have been quite supplanted by the hat-caps, as they may be called, the "Tam o' Shanter," the "Henry VIII.," and the "Leonardo da Vinci," all of which are made of plush, matching the colour of the dress.

It is delightful to hear that the over-frizzed heads are to disappear from amongst us and are no longer to be considered fashionable. We are to return to the prettily waved bandeaux, with the centre parting clear and well defined. The knot behind remains the same, but short curls fall from it, in a graceful Greek fashion, such as we may see represented on classic busts.

The woollen stockings worn this winter must match the dress in colour, and some charming new merino ones have been introduced, which are nearly as finely woven as spun silk and are quite as soft. They are not ribbed, and so are more suitable to tender feet than if they were, for the latter cling too tightly to be otherwise than irritating to sensitive skins. I trust that all the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER wear woollen stockings, and stout shoes or boots, with wide low heels and broad toes, so as to be perfectly comfortable when they walk. I heard of a young lady the other day, who wore the fashionably-pointed toes and high narrow heels, who had had a succession of violent nervous headaches, which ended in floods of tears and hysterics. Her doctor, on being consulted, said that the boots she was wearing were the cause of her troubles, and he had had several similar cases; whereupon the sufferer ingenuously confessed that she was sure the doctor's opinion was correct, for she had indeed gone through agonies of distress every day that she had worn her fashionable boots.

White kid gloves are worn again at night, as well as lavender-coloured, and pink and black are worn as much as ever by day, a very good thing for those who are obliged to save their money, and consequently their gloves. On first putting on a pair of black kid gloves it is a good plan to rub them all over with some salad oil, pomade, or even butter, by means of a little piece of flannel, until they look lustrous and blacker than ever. Of course no grease is left on them that might rub off upon anything. After this preparation they will be found to wear much better and be softer and more flexible. Some gloves for evening wear are ornamented with beads at the back in a simple conventional spray or scroll pattern. Any of our readers who are in mourning might do this little bit of extra decoration for themselves. The favourite gloves of all are the almond and tan-coloured *gants de Suède*, and they appear to be worn both by night and by day equally well. They are, of course, less expensive than the real kid, but they do not wear nearly as well nor keep clean as long, so are not to be recommended to careful girls.

The new bodice shape has as few seams as possible and only one side piece, the joining of which is carried quite to the back of the arm, so as to have a plain piece under it. Three sizes of buttons may be worn on basque bodices, the largest being of the size of a penny piece, on the pockets. The next size is on the front, and the smallest, which are as big as a fourpenny piece, on the cuffs. The use of gathering (or gauging, as it is properly called) is much on the increase for the shoulders and fronts of dresses, muffs, millinery and sleeves, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER should learn to do it for themselves, for it is one of the lost arts in ordinary needlework, though still used for surplices and the "smock frocks" of waggoners and the peasantry. The following is the description given in a very old needlework book:—"Take up the stitches at regular intervals of half an inch each for the first row; for the second, continue doing the same, letting the needle, however, take up the intermediate parts. The third row is like the first, and so on. For the purpose of securing the gathers firmly work them as follows, with very strong netting silk. Take on your needle the first two gathers and the thread on which they run, pulling your thread firmly through. For the next stitch again take two gathers and the thread upon your needle, letting the first of them be the last gather that was taken up at the former stitch, so that the work proceeds by one gather at a time. Observe to draw the netting-silk as tightly as possible, so as to make the stitches lie very closely together, in a slanting position."

Walking dresses are still made with deep kiltings, but the plaits are very wide, which takes away much of their stiffness of appearance. A lightly arranged and *bouffant* scarf finishes the skirt below the basque bodice. I have no doubt that many girls will be glad to purchase and wear the very moderately-priced woollen Jerseys, of which there are so many in the shops this winter. They form a very pretty and easily-obtained bodice, and their plain appearance may be taken off by placing a *plastron* of plush or gathered silk in a V shape in the front. A large velvet collar, something like a sailor's collar in form, much improves them, and cuffs to correspond are worn at the wrists. Jerseys are not now covered at their termination below the waist with the scarf, but are either left plainly hemmed in their original style or else they have a deep fringe generally of jet beads, which can be made by any one with clever fingers.

Our large illustration gives two costumes—an outdoor and a handsome indoor gown. Both show exactly the present fashions. The cloak worn is of a simple cloth dolman shape, trimmed with black fox fur, both warmly



lined and wadded. The dress of the other figure shows the profuse use of gauging in dresses. There is one great comfort in this style of making, that old dresses can be turned to use admirably in trimming each other, provided they be not faded. No amount of wear (we were told the other day) seems to matter, as the close gathers hide it all; so, if it be a trouble to do, you may have this consolation. Cheaper material can also be bought for trimmings, for a very poor silk is good enough to use in this way.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XIII.

HAPPY LEARNING AND A DANGEROUS SWING.

OH, dear! I do wish I had been a man in those days, and could have fought by the side of Hannibal," exclaimed Helen impulsively, as she and her companion sat together reading. "Of course the Scipios were all very fine, but I almost hate them when I think of conquered Hannibal."

"Do you?" murmured Josephine, with vague wonder, and turning her eyes back to the page with a strange new interest. Hitherto Hannibal and Scipio and all the other historical characters and events had been little more real to her than the imaginary eight men who were engaged to build the house in her Rule of Three sum, or the *x* that represented the days in which they built it. Helen had already taught her more than all she had yet learnt at school. But neither of the girls comprehended that, although Josephine gave a contented sigh when Helen at last shut the book, and said, gratefully—

"How pleasant this reading has been. Thanks to you, Helen, this lesson has been anything but a task. I really do hope I shall not give Miss Rowe so much trouble to-morrow as I generally do."

"As to that," said Helen, relapsing into her defiant mood; "that is the only thing I am sorry about. Horrid creature! However, I daresay I can find out some way to be aggravating, so as to make up."

"Oh, Helen!" began Josephine, almost angrily; then she suddenly relapsed into silence, and when Helen came back from the bookcase she found her companion with her arms on the table, her head resting on them, and crying bitterly.

Helen stood still for a few moments uncertain what to do. At last she bent over her schoolfellow, and whispered softly—

"Are these, too, comfortable tears, like those others?"

"No, no! oh, no!" murmured Josephine in a broken voice. "I am crying now because I am too stupid to help you, and oh! I wish I could."

"Help me, how?" inquired Helen, in a tone of surprise. "To get the better of Miss Rowe, do you mean?"

"To get the better of yourself," said Josephine, in a low, earnest tone. "And yet you are so kind, so generous, so pleasant."

"Oh!" ejaculated Helen, sharply. And then there was a long silence.

Josephine, leaning forward over the table, her face buried in her hands, was praying humbly, childishly—but oh, how earnestly!—for power to help her friend.

Helen sat down, and appeared to be studying the French grammar. At last she said somewhat abruptly—



"HER FACE BURIED IN HER HANDS."

"Did you really mean just now, Josephine, that part of your care to know your history was to save that tigress, Miss Rowe, trouble?"

Josephine half turned, and took one of her companion's slim, little, white hands in hers. "Please, Helen, to please me do not call her such names. But of course I should be glad to save her trouble. Her life must be hard enough without our adding to its burdens."

"That would be all very well," retorted Helen, hotly, "if she were kind and pleasant, like Miss Crofton and Mademoiselle, or just, like Fräulein; but she is spiteful and unjust and cruel."

"You judge her very hardly," said Josephine, in a low tone. "But if she really is all that, then we should do good to them that despitefully use us and persecute us."

"You are laughing!" said Helen, scornfully.

"Laughing!" exclaimed Josephine, now fairly lifting her tear-stained face, and turning it to her companion. "Laughing about our Saviour's words! O Helen, how can you think I could be so wicked, so—ungrateful!"

There was a tender, loving pathos in that last slowly uttered word that impressed the hearer more than a dozen sermons could have done. There was a slight flush on Helen's face when she replied—

"Well, not laughing perhaps; but—of course—at least I mean if you feel like that, I don't. I don't set up for being awfully good. I didn't know you did, or I wouldn't have shocked you."

"But I don't," said Josephine, timidly; "I only try to take His comforting offer—'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'"

"Humph," grunted Helen; "but I don't pretend to be meek and lowly. If anyone makes an enemy of me let them look out. I warn them, as far as I am concerned, it's all to fear and no favour. You find it hard to learn German and arithmetic. But I should find it a great deal harder to learn this meek and mild business, and I don't want to either."

"And yet it is such happy learning," murmured Josephine, and a light came over the wan, worn face such as Helen had never yet seen on the countenance of anyone. She felt awed by it.

But being awed was not being subdued, and she was not sorry when the door opened and Miss Crofton appeared, and said, with a slight tinge of reproach in her voice—

"Miss Edison, my dear, you have forgotten your promise. You have been here an hour instead of the half-hour for which I gave permission. You will not keep those rosy cheeks long if you give up taking plenty of exercise."

Helen took her schoolmistress's hand and laid her cheek down on it in the peculiar caressing way she had with anyone for whom she had a special liking.



"'DON'T GRIEVE,' SAID JOSEPHINE, SOFTLY."

"Don't be vexed just this once, please, madam. Josephine has been turning the tables on me. When we had finished our reading she tried to reward me by teaching me something else."

Miss Crofton looked inquiringly at her eldest pupil, but she only caught a glimpse of a very wistful expression on the downcast face, and she never forced confidence.

"Whatever Josephine tries to teach you, you will do well to learn, my child," she said, gently. "But run away now, it will be preparation time before you have had one dance or game of battledore."

"Oh, those are not my last favourites," exclaimed Helen, with an instant change of manner, and starting up. "What do you think I did yesterday? I believe it would be thought splendid even for a boy. You know the chairs in the hall?"

"Yes, my dear, certainly," replied Miss Crofton, looking somewhat bewildered by the unexpected and abrupt interrogation. "What about the chairs?"

"Why, do you know, back to back, I actually jumped over them both. Not one of the others could come near me. Do just come and see me do it again, please? I should like you to so much."

"I daresay, indeed," was the answer, with an irrepressible laugh; "and I should so much like not to. I should expect to see you break your legs. You are the queerest mixture of girl, woman, baby, and tomboy I ever met with."

"Not much of a baby," half pouted Miss Nellie.

"Indeed, young lady. Pray who sent an order yesterday down to Jeffery's by Jem for a shilling's worth of hardbake and lemon drops?"

Helen laughed and blushed. "Papa says all good-tempered people like sweet things. And I've been going without so long that I was beginning to be afraid I might turn sour. But I did try to find you to ask permission before I sent for them, only you had gone out."

"Yes, and luckily for you both I met your messenger outside the shop, and he very properly told me of his commission and handed me your purchases."

"If he had not told you, you don't suppose that I should not have done so the first opportunity I got, do you?" asked Helen, with mingled anxiety and indignation. "You don't think I should be so intensely unladylike as to get the servants to do things for me I would not have you know! I do many little things myself that I would rather you did not find out, but I don't descend to getting the servants or anyone else to help me in them."

"No, my dear, I do not think you are capable of such an act," said Miss Crofton, gravely, whilst her eyes rested on the girl's flushed cheeks. "But why," she added after a moment's pause, "if you have this strong sense of honour in some respects, do you ever allow yourself to do behind my back what you would not do to my face?"

"Oh, that's quite a different thing, you see," was the saucy answer. "If I were a man I'd belong to the Alpine Club, and climb the Matterhorn the most dangerous side I could find without a guide, and I'd hunt tigers in Bengal jungles, and go looking for the North Pole; but as I can't do any of those things, the only pleasure left to me is to get into scrapes and what little nice difficulties I can invent for myself."

"Dear me!" said Miss Crofton, with a very deep and genuine sigh. "You really make me almost wish that I had never undertaken the charge of you, or that your three years here had come to an end."

"Oh, but you won't send me away!" exclaimed Helen, terrified at the earnest tone. "Pray don't. I can't promise to be quiet and smooth and proper like Clara Boswell. I should pine away into an idiot, I know, if I tried. But I do like you and Josephine and little Rosie so much, so very much, please don't want me gone. It—it sounds—cruel of you!"

There were tears in the bright eyes, and the bright face was hastily turned away to hide them.

"Don't grieve," said Josephine, softly, coming forward, and putting her arm around her young schoolfellow. "Miss Crofton does not mean that she quite really wishes you away."

"No indeed," said the Principal, kissing both her pupils. "I should indeed greatly miss your joyous face, my child; but you do make my anxieties greater than they have ever been before."

"I am so sorry," was the penitent ejaculation, and five minutes later, the rain having ceased, and the girls trooped into the garden, Miss Crofton felt her heart leap upwards, as she saw Helen Edison flying backwards and forwards in the air, clinging by her hands only to the bottom of the swing, the upper strings of which she had shortened considerably to suit her purpose, while she kept shouting to her companions who held the side ropes, "Higher, higher!"

"Stop!" exclaimed Miss Crofton, running out through her French window. "Stop, stop! she will fall! she will be killed!"

The startled girls stopped, clutched at their schoolfellow, and almost the next moment there was a heap of arms, and heads, and frocks, and feet tumbled pell-mell on the ground. As one bit of the heap struggled upwards a voice exclaimed with a ripple of silver laughter—

"Oh! madam, you did spoil a beautiful swing in a dangerous way!"

She wished that she could show Helen Edison how little was needed to win people's kindness.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



ART.

FANNIE.—One of the best etchers whom we know says that she tries every new marking-ink and that they all are much alike. We cannot give addresses. You write a good note, in a pretty, ladylike hand.

PHLOX.—1. It is unnecessary to put a background to a crayon drawing when on coloured paper. 2. It need not be mounted if the paper be large enough. 3. The wood-sorrel flower is white. 4. The mount should be of the same colour, gilt edged.

ANXIOUS NELLY.—Inquire at any artists' colourman. Your writing and spelling are both defective.

DAISY.—1. All water-colours would crack on limp material, we fear. 2. Your letters should be addressed to the care of your host, of course; but not using the expression c/o., which is a commercial abbreviation, and quite vulgar for private use.

WILD KATHLEEN.—You would find it needful to have lessons in painting photographs, in order to make any money by it.

IRLANDAISE.—Use oil colours for the earthenware, and varnish when done. Yes, you may use post cards.

ACORN.—You had better have a few lessons. Tuning is not taught by descriptions.

MINNIE.—Use Chinese white and gum water; perhaps a previous coating of the first would answer your purpose.

SOPHIA CAR.—The 23rd of December, 1861, was a Monday. You write well.

MINNIE H.—Nothing will prevent paint from cracking that is laid on a limp material. Thus, when canvas is employed instead of wood or metal it is stretched on a frame to secure it from wrinkling.

WORK.

DICKY.—Consult "My Work Basket." You write a good hand, but not a business one.

IVY LEAF.—Dry the ivy leaves, and fasten them on white wood frames, in a wreath, and then varnish.

ADDIE.—Painting on fans is generally done with water-colours.

F. E. CRAIG.—Many thanks for your recipe, and also for your kind letter, which is well written and equally well expressed.

DANISH ALLIE.—We do not recognise the letters as meaning anything, perhaps you have not read them properly. Thank you for your good opinion of us.

WIDOW CORK.—We are very glad that you so much appreciated our article on knitting. You might strengthen the knees of your brothers' stockings, by knitting in a little silk thread where the wear is so severe.

PIMPERNEL.—Read "Drawing and Painting," page 187, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

HOUSEKEEPING.

KITTEN.—Perhaps a little turpentine might be of service in taking out the stain. If not, get a little tripoli powder at a chemist's, and apply it. Your writing is very neat.

VIXEN and ALMA MATER.—For wine stains, see page 80, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Leather stains, 127.

LILIAN BARKER and QUEECHY and DOLLY VARDEN.—"Cocoanut" Cakes, see pages 255 and 111, vol. i., Your writing is very plain.

BERYL.—See "Pot Pourri," page 335, vol. i. Call, of course, after an invitation.

S. I. F.—Read "Pressed Ferns and Grasses," page 566.

MINOLA GREY.—Line the mantle border with yellow or black silk, and use a cord of either colour, or both to edge it. The lining might be of black or yellow sateen.

VENESSA.—Gathered flounces will be more used this winter than the very deep kiltings, which were never very suitable to velvet.

BUTTERCUP.—1. We do not quite understand what "an evening concert for the hair" is; and we do not attempt to offer a suggestion as to the alteration of a dress which you do not describe to us. Honey in the comb can be procured everywhere, we believe, where honey is sold.

JACK.—We shall continue to give articles on stocking-knitting and mending. We take everything into account in judging for the prizes.

CACTUS.—You do not say how much cashmere you have, nor give an idea of the description of jacket you require. Consult our articles on "Seasonable Dress." You must wash the sateen in tepid water, and rinse in alum water or salt and water.

RUBY.—The rubbed appearance of the back of your winter jacket cannot, we fear, be removed; but now that the backs of jackets and mantles have hoods or jetted passementerie, you may easily put a hood upon it, lined with a pretty colour, at very little expense. We think your writing is very far from "disgraceful," but you are quite right in wishing to make it more graceful and ladylike, and you have an excellent foundation to build upon.

LIZZIE.—See "Pressed Ferns and Grasses," page 566.

YOLANDE.—Perhaps benzoin would assist you. There are seven days in a week from Tuesday to Tuesday is eight days, and you cannot have two Tuesdays in one week, but you must count seven 24 hours to complete the week.

ZAIDEE.—We recommend you to lay your dress aside until you can wear it; as it is, dyeing is a very unsatisfactory method of alteration.

LORNA DOONE.—Mourning for parents now lasts one year. If your father be going to marry again, you have no right to be wearing it at present, as you have already worn it a year, and you should avoid grieving him.

PUSSIE.—Egg shells are often used to make *bonbonnières*, with gold paper and small pictures on them. Easter eggs are also made of them.

TOPSEY.—As each alternate scallop of the purled lace (fig. 9, p. 508) reaches an even number of rows—10, 20, &c.,—the last line naturally has to be worked downwards instead of upwards. Topsey can easily manage the difficulty, however, by working the edge row without the purls, and adding them afterwards in turning back. If the purls then lie exactly over the two chain beneath, and three slip-stitches be made over the trebles, the extra line will not be perceived. Such slipstitching is constantly employed in crochet designs, to bring the working thread into the most convenient place. This added line is to be continued as the first one of the next scallop.

AUDREY.—For all the stitches in crochet, read Madame Karger's "Crochet for Little Workers," pages 442 and 506, vol. i.

BET.—You had better try arrasene for the leaves of your sunflowers, as it is more effective than crewels for a large pattern. See pattern of sunflowers at page 428. Pale blue is the prettiest mixture for crimson or red. Your writing is good and free.

ELIZABETH.—The grass should be worked in shades of yellow and golden brown. The flowers white, scarlet rim to the calyx, and a yellow middle; the long leaves a blue-green; the fern leaves of a rather dull yellow-green, but the turn-over of the harts tongue might be reddish.

EDITH CONSTANCE.—Read "Bread and Bread Making," page 350.

EDITH.—You can do nothing else with the half-washed clothes, but have them re-washed, and use some kind of washing crystal.

A CURATE'S SISTER.—The goat skin rugs are very cheap, so are Scinde rugs; but you might make a rug out of a piece of the same carpet, and put a fringe round it, or place a small table over the stain. Your writing is ladylike.

MAG.—Read the articles on "Flowers in the House." Your writing and composition are fair.

DICK HARDEN'S BLOSS.—Strain the jelly through a jelly bag until clear.

ELSPETH THE UNCANNY.—The unripe grapes are sometimes used for preserving, using an ordinary recipe, or for the foundation of Indian chutney. Your writing is very good and legible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIE JUNGFRAU.—Much depends on your natural gift for learning languages. A few months would be sufficient for some. Any girl of ordinary ability learning grammatically, while obliged to converse in no other language, ought to speak French well in the course of a year. 2. There is said to be a manuscript copy of Froissart preserved at Amiens, from which the late Emperor of the French quoted the passage in his work on artillery:—"Et li Angles descliquèrent aucuns canons qu'il avaient en la bataille pour esbahir les Genevois." A contemporary Italian writer, Villani, states "that cannon were used by the English at Crecy," a famous battle fought and won in Picardy by Edward III. and the Black Prince, on August 26, 1346.

SCHWEITZ.—1. Your schoolmistress may feel better satisfied with the appearance of your short, newly-growing hair, if you get a large circular comb, such as worn by little girls, and, gathering in all the short locks at the side together with that at the back, leave the comb across the head just below the turn; tie the ends of the hair together firmly, and fasten on a broad bow of brown ribbon at the back to match the hair. 2. If the governess under whose charge and protection you walk out permits you to buy chocolate, there is no objection to your so doing; in itself it is very nutritious. You write a beautiful hand. "Alpine Rose," "Jungfrau," and "Cambria" write exceedingly well also.

A NUT-BROWN MAID.—The difficulty you feel in speaking freely to your girls is one felt by many young Christians. The only way to overcome it is to forget yourself altogether. Remember that you go, not to speak about yourself, or in your own words, but as the ambassador of Christ. Read Exodus iv. 10, 11, 12; Isaiah l. 4; and St. Matthew x. 19, 20, and many similar passages, and you will find that words will be given you to speak as they were given to Moses and Isaiah, if you ask God's help. Could you not spare one evening a week, or one a fortnight, to meet your girls, either to read together or to work for some good object, such as foreign missions or the poor? You would find it a great help in creating a bond of union between you and the girls, and would enable you to get on a more friendly footing with them. If you like to send further particulars about your girls, and your address, we will try to give you some further suggestions.

A BROWN BUNNIE.—You are quite right. The printer (a Frenchman, too!) mistook our hurried writing. It should have been "Un Lapin du Pays de Galles." Your writing is nice and neat, and we are glad to find that you have time to write so carefully.

ALPINE ROSE.—The lines you misquote run thus:—

> "She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
> And I loved her that she did pity them."

They are the words of Othello, speaking of Desdemona.

A. E.—The material used for clergymen's surplices is fine Irish linen or lawn. The quantity required varies very much according to the style of the surplice, some being made quite plain, others with a great deal of fulness about the shoulders; the length also varies considerably. We believe that the price would be from 2s. 6d. per yard, and the quantity about five yards. Unless "A. E." has an old surplice by her, it would be better to purchase one than to run the risk of failure, which is very likely to ensue without such help, and if she has one she can easily calculate the quantity of material required. Surplices can be had at the ecclesiastical robe makers' of all prices and qualities from about 18s; but of course it is much cheaper to make one at home.

GERALDINE THORN.—On the 29th of May, the preservation of Charles II. in the Oak of Boscobel. Sprinkle salt over your garden walks after you have taken out the weeds and tufts of grass by the roots.

VALERIE.—1. There is no sequel, so far as we know, to "The Wide, Wide World." 2, Although many girls wear their engaged ring on the left hand, the orthodox position for it is on the the third finger of the right hand.

PASSIFLORA.—Your writing is neat, but not straight, nor very regular.

M.— "Little things on little wings
Bear little souls to heaven."

is a quotation from Faber's poems.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear,"

is an old epitaph, author unknown. You write well for bookkeeping, but it is not a "running hand" suitable for letter writing.

MYOSOLIS.—You write fairly well, but use a bad pen.

VIOLET B. S.—If the class you are asked to take consists of little children, you will interest them best by trying to put yourself in their place when preparing your lesson. Try to recall your own impressions when you were their age, and look at the narrative from a child's point of view; this will help you to see and explain difficulties which you might otherwise not think of. Talk to them in simple everyday language, and try to show them how the lesson applies to them, and illustrate it by any anecdotes which bear on the subject, and describe the country and dress of the people as far as possible; you will find many particulars of that kind by comparing the chapter with the references given in the margin. But remember, above all, that the Sunday afternoon is given you to show them the way to heaven. Let it be your first object, then, to teach them how to lead Christ-like lives that they may be "meet for the kingdom of heaven."

PAULINA.—1. When visitors call to see you give your undivided attention to them. You may take your fancy work with you when spending an evening with friends, provided it be a homely visit. Not on a formal occasion. 2. You may give your bird the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and also some saffron in the water, when he is moulting.

POPPET JANE.—You should apply to a music publisher for what you call an "operia piece." Your writing would make a good hand if you tried never to write carelessly.

DEARIE.—You write an excellent hand, free and well formed. We thank you for your warm appreciation of our endeavours to supply what may be useful and entertaining.

AMY.—You write a good legible hand, but it would look better if sloped more and formed a little more delicately.

NURSIE.—We thank you for your nice letter and your ingenious method of leading children to read the Bible and feel an interest in the employment.

LADY OF THE LAKE.—To take inkstains from linen, see pages 64, 95, 222, and 319. Your query on pressing flowers has also been repeatedly answered.

META MILVER.—1. Try painting the worn oilcloth with common house paint. 2. Cut the ripe tomatoes in two, press out the pulp, and separate the seeds; put them into a skillet, with some capsicums and peppercorns, and a little salt. When of the thickness of pea-soup, rub it through a coarse cloth, and boil it to the consistence of marmalade; then place it in a jar, and in a day or two afterwards pour lard or butter over it, cover it with oiled paper, and tie it well down.

JESSIE.—Keep your prayer book in a dry place, and wipe it when you put it by. If continually in use, it could scarcely become "mildewed." You write well.

ALICE writes fairly well.

CORA'S hand is pretty, and need not be altered.

A FLANDERS MAID.—Your writing is beautifully regular, and like copperplate. 2. Long silk purses have returned to fashion, could you not crochet one?

LILLA.—When people wish to change their surnames, or to adopt a second, they put an advertisement into the *Times* newspaper to that effect, drawn up in a legal form. The only difficulty that may arise from changing your name or assuming another in addition is in reference to settlements or the claiming of property left to you in your original names (family and baptismal), when some cousin, or even stranger, might dispute your right. See our articles on the "Art of Penmanship and Letter-writing," and the specimens given.

REDCAR.—Your writing would be both pretty and ladylike if you took a little more pains with it.

E. D. C.—Nothing will prevent the water-colours cracking and peeling off, if painted on any limp foundation. It should have a stiff back to keep it from creasing. If you employ oil paint, the odour might prove disagreeable.

TOBY.—We have already given the recipe for which you inquire.

AN ADMIRER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—We imagine that you have an attack of nettle-rash. Consult your doctor.

CLARA S.—We shall always be glad to hear from and advise you. We think your hand promises to be a pretty one.

MATILDA LAW.—We thank you much for your kind letter, endorsing our opinion, respecting the danger to any young Englishwoman who goes unprotected to gain a living in Paris; and also for supplying us with a copy of the French Civil Marriage Code, showing that an English marriage between an English girl and a Frenchman is not valid in France, and subsequent desertion may be expected. Your three years' connection with Miss Leigh's valuable Institution in Paris for English girls gives your support of our advice to our correspondents the more weight.

QUEENIE.—1. A little more regularity would make your hand a very pretty one. 2. Your composition is defective, though what you say is very kind and shows good feeling. We are glad you find "My Work Basket," and our cookery recipes so useful.

ELAINE'S hand is also fairly good. Her question about learning harmony has been answered before.

HILDA MAY.—Speak very slowly if disposed to stammer, and beat time with your hand or foot while practising speaking in private, having collected your thoughts and made up your mind on what you wish to say before you begin to speak.

SUSAN K. AND OTHERS.—We would gladly give, as we at first intended, a weekly series of bible studies for school or home; but this we find is being specially done in the *Sunday at Home*, and commenced in the current number, which we warmly recommend our readers to procure. These studies are written by the Rev. Dr. Green, and are founded on the International Lessons which are in use in the greater number of Sunday schools in England and America.

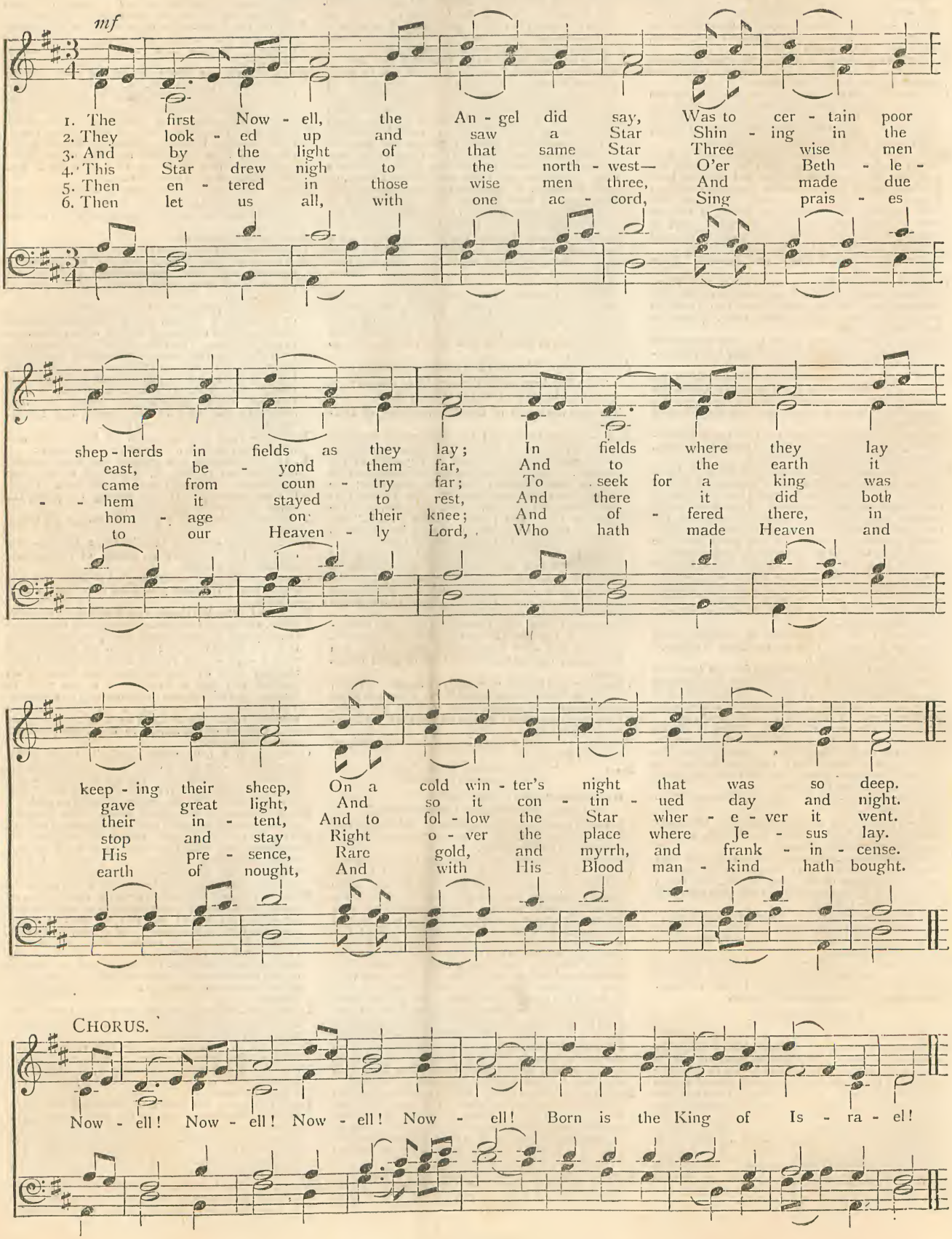
L. GILBURT.—Thank you for your kind letter. We are quite unable to criticise the many hand-writings which you have enclosed.

G. M. O. N.—Thank you for the recipe. Your hand-writing is really very nice, and so is Terpsichore's. Ethel Louise's writing is, of course, unformed. We could not expect better writing from a girl of eleven.

LILLY DALE.—1. We infer from your letter that your sister is somewhat weak in the chest. She ought to wear a chest protector, and avoid cold and damp. An occasional course of cod liver oil could hardly fail to do her good. It should be taken for a month or six weeks at a time. 2. Your writing needs improving.

DAISY.—1. The fern you mention will live if you keep it moderately moist and protect it from the frost. 2. Your hand-writing is very pretty and lady-like.

An Old Christmas Carol.





VOL. II.—No. 53. JANUARY 1, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAY'S FUTURE.

"WHAT a grand young man your cousin Meredith has become," said Miss Edith

[*All rights reserved.*]

"HERE'S THE CHILD. LET HER ANSWER FOR HERSELF."

to May a few days after he had once more left his home.

"Yes," replied May, meditatively; "but I think I loved him best as he was before, though his face and hands are white as a gentleman's, and he looks and speaks so fine."

"My father says he will make his employer's fortune first and his own afterwards," remarked Edith.

"Then he will be too grand and great for me," said May, sorrowfully. "I think I like people not to change at all. We are all the same here, except cousin Meredith, for one, two, three, four, five, six years," she added, telling off the numbers on her fingers. "And Mr. Everton is the same in London." She put her hand into her pocket and drew forth a letter. "See, how kind he is, Miss Edith! It came yesterday, and great-grandfather says he must be a very good man to remember a little girl like me."

As Edith took the letter her face flushed and her hand trembled. It was, indeed, a kind letter, and contained at its conclusion a message of remembrance for all May's good friends at Derwen Fawr. But Edith read and returned it without comment, which disappointed May, and she looked at her almost reproachfully.

"Don't you like Mr. Everton, Miss Edith?" she asked.

"Yes, very much. Now, let us go on with the lesson," replied Edith, her face red, her manner sad.

They were seated at the harmonium in the dining-room of Derwen Fawr. Miss Richards was engaged, and Edith had taken her place as instructor.

"I think you may teach me now, May," she said, as the child played, almost artistically, a difficult passage. "Would you like to study music as a profession?"

May scarcely understood the question, but after a pause and meditative droop of the head, she mastered its meaning.

"I would *rather stay* with great-grandfather and grandmother, please, Miss Edith. They couldn't do without me. They say so, please; and, indeed, I don't think they could, now that cousin Meredith is gone, and cousin Leah married, and cousin Rachel going to be married. I hope you won't be married, Miss Edith. What should we do without you?"

"You need have no fear on that head, May," said Edith, so decidedly, that May's anxious face brightened. When she returned home she told Evan what had passed. She concealed nothing from her grandparents, and by her conscientious repetition of the few events of her life that chanced outside the little farm tended to amuse them in their old age.

"Thou art right, child. We could not do without thee," said Evan. "I wish I hadn't burnt thy pretty crown."

"I don't mind, dear grandfather. I can make sweeter wreaths of real living flowers than that was, which was only make-believe."

"And thy poor doll, child. But I didn't understand thee then as I do now. Is she still alive? I think I should like to see her again."

"Oh, great-grandfather! She is quite well, and she has grown into a Welsh woman, like me."

May ran into the inner room, and returned with Terpsichore. That damsel of "the light fantastic toe" was strangely metamorphosed, and when May placed her demurely on Evan's knee, he exclaimed, laughing—

"Why, I shouldn't have known her!"

"That's what I thought!" returned May, clapping her hands. "I made all the dress myself, except the hat, which Miss Edith gave me; and don't you think she is the image of grandmother?"

Evan laughed so heartily that the unusual sound brought in old Peggy. He held up the doll.

"Thy likeness, old woman. 'Tisn't everyone that sits for her picture as can say 'It's my double!' What's her name, child? Hast called her Peggy, too?"

"I haven't changed her name, great-grandfather, but I will if you wish it."

At this the old couple joined in a laugh so hearty that Evan declared his poor rheumatic back was breaking, while Peggy held her sides for fear of consequences. May laughed too, for company, although, being herself quite in earnest, she did not see the joke.

But a good joke it undoubtedly was. There was that graceful and lightly attired muse, Terpsichore, transformed, by dint of striped woollen petticoat, scarlet cloak, linsey apron, knitted worsted stockings, tall hat, and full cap, into a comely Welshwoman, and her round cheeks, high colour, and dark hair and eyes were by no means bad types, even if lacking expression, of the class.

"She even knitted the stockings," remarked Peggy, who had been in the secret.

"You do not dislike her now, great-grandfather, any more than me?" said May.

"I never disliked either of ye, child. 'Twas all a mistake," replied Evan.

"Then can she live in the kitchen?" asked delighted May.

"Let her live where she will. But thou art getting too old for dolls, child," answered Evan.

"Yes, great-grandfather; but this one is different," said May, humbly, and henceforth Terpsichore had the place of honour.

In spite of this, however, Evan's prejudices were not dispersed. Some days after, Mrs. and Miss Richards called, and found Evan alone. They had come to speak to him about May and her musical talent. Her voice had attracted so much attention on Easter Monday that everyone was talking of it, and they began to think that it should be turned to account.

"Could she not have regular lessons from some skilled teacher, if a collection were made to pay for them?" asked Mrs. Richards. "She might then, perhaps, go to London."

"No, ma'am, she cannot," replied Evan, decidedly. "So long as we live we want her, and she is best here. When we are gone—well—'the Lord will provide.' Besides, we have not been beholden to charity yet, and we will keep independent as long as we may."

"It would not be charity, Evan," returned Mrs. Richards, who disliked to have her benevolent intentions disregarded. "'Helpful and helping one another' is a good text. Besides, you must think of her future."

"She won't be forsaken so long as Laban and Meredith and the rest of 'em live. 'Tis enough to lose the flower of one's flock in explosions and overflowings of mines, to say nothing of the child's mother in London, and some in foreign parts, but I won't part with this ewe lamb."

"She is so useful in the choir and the Institute, and might even be taught to play the organ at church," put in Miss Richards.

"That is another side of the question, Miss Richards. What she can do to help you who have been so good to her she shall do. But as to figuring off to London, or elsewhere, to learn to play and sing, and maybe appear before the public—that she sha'n't do. Just as well send her back to the play-actors. I always thought, ma'am, you were all for keeping girls at home."

"So I am, Evan," said Mrs. Richards. "But when one has a decided talent——"

"One can use it to the glory of God, wherever placed," broke in Evan. "They are telling me that women are taking men's places nowadays, and beginning to be doctors and lecturers, and all sorts that don't become 'em. Shame for 'em! I say; shame for 'em! Better stop at home and mind their own pots and kettles than go meddling with other people's."

"I quite agree with you, Evan; but——"

"Here's the child. Let her answer for herself," interrupted Evan, as May tripped in with a pan of well-peeled potatoes in her hand. "Wilt choose to learn to be a fine lady, and dress in all kinds of frippery, like Terp—I forget the rest of it—used to be, or be a sober country lass, and have a hat and scarlet cloak such as she and thy grandmother wear now?"

"A sober country lass, please, great-grandfather. I would like to live here always, please, Mrs. Richards, for indeed they can't do without me," replied May, understanding the gist of the question from her previous conversation with Edith, and using her grandfather's words with a sort of pleasurable pride.

"Then we will let the question rest for the present," said Mrs. Richards, touched by the tender little scene. "But you will have no objection, Evan, to her taking advantage of any lessons we can give or procure for her, provided they only tend to make her of use where she is?"

"No, ma'am, if they don't interfere with her home duties. The first commandment with promise is that which bids children honour their parents; and Peggy and I stand in the place of the child's parents. And the Apostle strengthens the command when he says that obedience to parents is well-pleasing in the sight of the Lord."

And thus May's future was settled, so far as short-sighted mortals can

settle anything in this world. Doubtless her life would seem monotonous and dull to many young people after a brief acquaintanceship with the applause of the public, but she did not find it so. "The daily round, the common task" were happiness to her; and the voice so much admired was not lost. It cheered the hearts of her grandparents to hear it warbling with the birds in the surrounding woods from peep of day to dewy eve; and it gladdened the colliers when they came up from the mine to have its clear, sweet soprano mingling with their choir; and still more did it gladden May herself to find that it was a source of pleasure to others. Besides, her young mind expanded to receive the hope implanted in it by her friend Edith that she might some day play the organ at church, and even receive a small salary for so doing.

"Then I can buy good things for great-grandfather, who suffers more and more," was her ecstatic exclamation.

And with this end in view she practised the harmonium every stray minute, and even received permission from her kind friend, the vicar, to try her hand on the small organ presented to the church when it was re-opened. Uncle Laban went so far as to propose that his harmonium should be transported to his father's house for her benefit; but his daughters objected, and the scheme was, at least, deferred. But as May grew older she had opportunities enough for practice. Many of the colliers besides Uncle Laban had purchased harmoniums, and she had only to appear in one of their cottages to be invited to promote the art they all loved. Indeed, nothing could go on in the musical way without her, and she might have been much from home had she so wished. But she rarely went abroad save with her grandparents, or at their desire. She was, however, a welcome guest everywhere, for the kindly and superstitious country people began to regard her almost as something ethereal. Not only did they call her "Eos Derwen," or the "Derwen Nightingale," but looked on her as a being akin to one of the fairies in whom they even yet believed. Others than Meredith would call her "The Fairy Queen;" and, as the episode of her early life got wind, as such things will, they would even style her "The May Queen" to her face. But this distressed her, and she would tell them, gravely, that her grandfather objected to such titles, and that she was "May Derwen Fawr."

But as she grew up, her grandparents, so to express it, grew down. Evan was, properly, incapable of his farm-work, slight though it really was; and Peggy was not quite so active in her household duties as she had been. Laban was so much engaged with his ever-increasing responsibilities that he had not much time to spare, and Rachel had nearly as much as she could do at home in attending to the house and her sickly mother. Indeed, she delayed her marriage on her mother's account, though every one told her that 'Lizbeth would sprighten up if she had nobody to work for her. And Meredith was away, gaining knowledge and aiding Mr. Roberts in many mining speculations. He wrote home as regularly as he could; but it was found that he was so acute of observation that he was sent much about, and, to the astonishment and admiration of his friends, even went abroad.

"I am fifteen to-day, great-grandfather," said May one morning at breakfast.

"God bless thee, child, and give thee many good and happy years!" returned Evan. "Thou hast too much on thy young shoulders."

"No, indeed, for grandmother will insist on doing everything."

"I'm not going to be set aside yet," cried old Peggy. "I'm worth a dozen of 'Lizbeth now. There's peevish she is!"

"Great-grandfather!" interjected May.

"Yes, child!"

"Miss Edith has offered me a birthday present of some real lessons on the organ, if you have no objection; and Mr. Davies says I may practise whenever I like. I mean when you can spare me. May I have them, great-grandfather?"

"Is it to the glory of God, child?"

May nodded.

"What do you say, Peggy?" asked Evan.

"That we'll have Mally Tybach in to help, the days she goes to learn, and that it will be grand to have an organist in our family. Who'll blow the bellows?" replied Peggy, laughing so immoderately that May looked crest-fallen.

"Thou shalt have thy lessons, child, and may I be spared to hear thee play in church!" said Evan; and May put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

Another birthday present awaited her in a letter from Meredith. This contained the first post-office order she had ever received, and she did not rightly understand it. She saw the figure 5 written at the top of the order, and referred to the letter to learn its meaning. She chanced to be alone when the postman brought it, so she went upstairs to examine and read it. One of the lofts had returned to its normal condition of bedroom, and she now occupied it. The furniture was scant, the place small, but it was her own, and she rejoiced in it.

Meredith's letter was short and hurried, but it was full of good wishes and loving remembrance. At its close he said that he had ventured to enclose five pounds to procure help or comforts for his grandfather and grandmother, and he left it to May to do the best she could to prevail upon them to receive it. May shook her head as she read, as much as to say, "I am afraid great-grandfather is too proud." But she was mistaken. When she put both letter and order into Evan's hand, trembling as she did so, he said—

"Thank God for all His mercies! The boy is a good and obedient lad after all."

(To be continued.)

DOUBLE KNITTING.

THIS term gives rise to many misunderstandings, for it may apply to different ways of knitting. To most it conveys the idea of a two-fold knitting, with no wrong side. This answers both with the French recipe besides the one given in the "Finchley Manual" and Madame Gaugain's book. Work it thus:—Cast on an even number of stitches, slip the edge stitch, knit one, wool forward, slip one as if for purling, put the wool back. Continue to the end of the row. 2nd row.—Repeat these two stitches, taking care to reverse their order, *i.e.*, knit the slipped stitches and slip the knitted ones of the previous line. Having finished the required length, cast off, and look at your work; you will find both back and front reproduce the web. Pull out the material and you distinctly feel the two thicknesses lying purl to purl, and perfectly united on all edges.

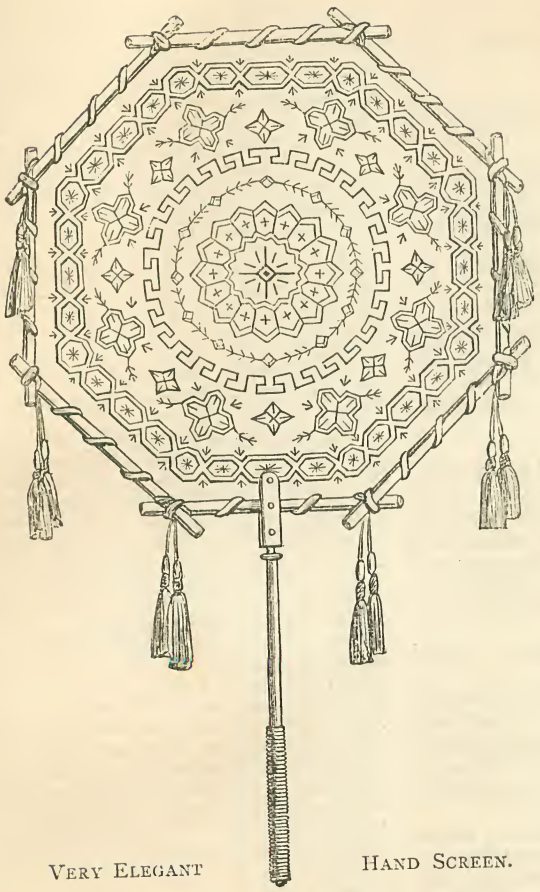
This knitting, extremely light and warm, makes very good blankets, waistcoats, comforters, night-socks, &c. Some knitters use the method for thickening heels of coarse stockings, but it is not to be recommended, from its liability to ruck up. For this purpose, however, the stitch is slightly varied, *i.e.*, the plain stitches are knitted from the back instead of in front, a change which renders the web more compact.

In the case of double-knitted heels the thickening stitch, purl one and slip one regularly, is often called double knitting, because the loose thread at the back of the slipped stitches forms a kind of lining or darn to the work, which must not be done too tightly. The same lining distinguishes the backs of diamond patterned gloves and the tartan stockings, which style Scotchwomen also designate as "double knitting." To avoid indecision it might be advisable to speak of the first kind as "double-faced knitting, or knitting with two layers."

Indeed, many needlework terms are similarly open to various meanings. So, only the other day, a friend of mine wrote from the country, begging a pattern of the true Scotch knitting for a Tam o' Shanter cap just like those sold in the shops. I at once forwarded her not only a specimen, but minute directions for making the cap. By the next post my piece of work was returned, with the message that surely I could not have taken the trouble to read her query. She had asked for a pattern of knitting, and not crochet, and the delay was specially provoking to her, as she belonged to a committee that was preparing work for a grand bazaar, and her task was to provide the caps in Scotch knitting while another lady had undertaken the plain knitting. How annoying! for she was already late. I could not convince my friend that the specimen sent was a correct one until I forwarded my "Burne's own," on the lining of which was printed "Real Scotch Knitted."

This stitch, the fashion of the day, is made thus:—Suppose we begin the crown of a Tam o' Shanter. Make four chain, unite into a circle, then, with a loop still on the needle, prick the hook into the first chain, wind the wool round it, and draw it through the chain. There are now two loops on the hook; wind the wool over again, and draw it through these two loops at once. Work another stitch into the same chain, and two each into the next three chains. Draw the first stitch through the loop on the needle, and you have a second circle of eight stitches. To "step up" for the next circle, make two chain and one stitch into the same hole; continue to work two stitches through every one of the preceding round, always piercing the hook right under the chain, so that there is no ridge between each circle.

MY WORK BASKET.



VERY ELEGANT HAND SCREEN.

Materials—Good cotton-backed black satin, stiff black muslin, sarsenet for lining, medium size variegated silk cord, twelve tassels to match, a fine chenille of the different colours used in embroidery, and gold-coloured netting silk. The frame is composed of eight bamboo sticks, to which the satin screen is attached by the silk cord, and a light bamboo handle neatly fastened on the screen with brass studs. The bottom of the handle is covered closely with the silk cord, which renders it more comfortable to the hand.

The work is done as follows: A quarter of a yard of satin will make two screens. Cut the octagonal pattern about eight inches across, leaving sufficient turnings to make it up.

The outer chain pattern is worked with the chenille, the centre stars and dots with gold-coloured silk. The large figures in the next row are worked with two shades of mauve, and the sprays with green silk; the small diamonds between are embroidered with gold-coloured silk.

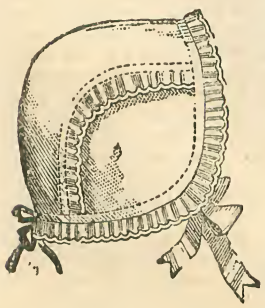
The key pattern is worked with chenille, the wreath of leaves in green silk, with the diamonds of gold silk.

The outer vandykes round the centre star are worked with two shades of crimson, the dots of gold; the inner rows are of two shades of blue.

The centre star is of gold-coloured silk.

When the work is finished sew the back neatly to the edges, and pierce five holes in each of the eight sides, working them over with black twist; the cord is passed through these holes and fixes the bamboo sticks, according to design. The back of the screen may be left plain, or worked with a monogram in gold-coloured silk.

The stiff muslin forms a back to the satin on which the embroidery is done.

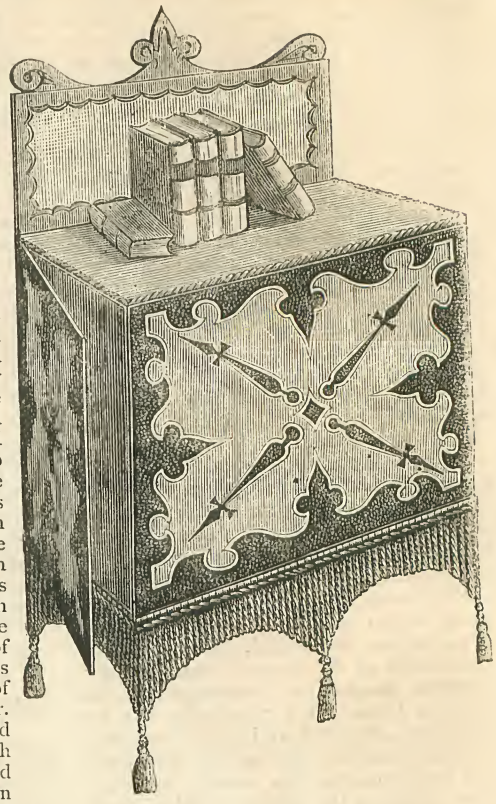


COMFORTABLE FLANNEL CAP FOR OLD LADY.

The cap is cut in two pieces and joined over the centre of the head. It is made of fine flannel, either white or coloured; the border and sides trimmed with scolloped muslin. A drawing-string is run through the hem and tied behind. Strings of narrow ribbon or hemmed muslin.

HANGING CUPBOARD FOR BRUSH, DUSTER, &c.

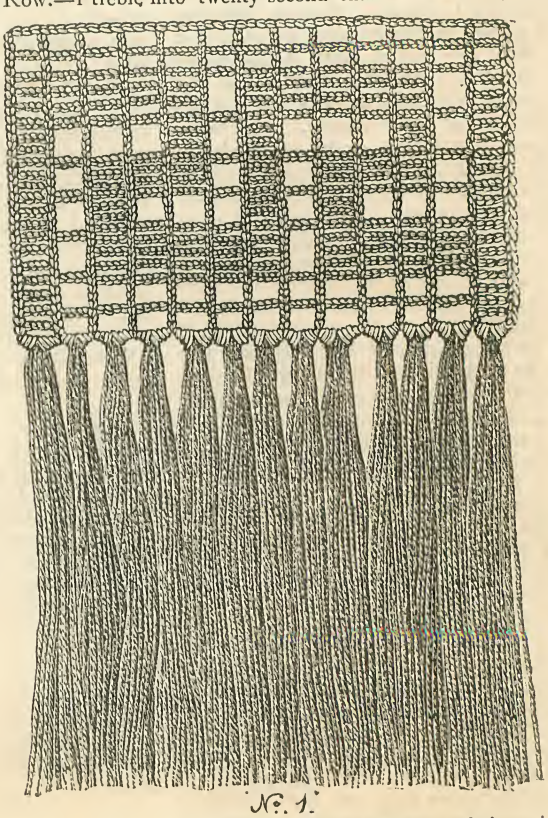
Any box can be converted into this useful cupboard, and covered with black cloth. The pattern is cut out of some coloured plush or cotton-backed velvet, and fastened on the cloth with button-hole stitch in dead gold-coloured crewel, with a line of chain stitch inside. The cross pattern in centre is worked with black filoselle in embroidery stitch, with a line of chain stitch in gold-coloured filoselle. A deep woollen fringe with tassels round the bottom of the box. The upper part, on which the books rest, is of plush or velvet. The back a piece of looking-glass with a border of stamped leather. A thick twisted cord to match the fringe and tassels is sewn on all the edges.



CROCHET BORDERS. No. 1.—KEY PATTERN.

Make a chain of 28 stitches; turn the work for each row.

1st Row.—1 treble into twenty-second chain in last row, 1 chain,



No. 1.

miss 1, 16 trebles into following chain stitches, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble.

2nd Row.—4 chain, 1 treble over first treble in last row, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 4 trebles over next 4 trebles, 1 chain, 1 treble over next treble, 1 chain, 1 treble over last treble in first row.

3rd Row.—4 chain, 1 treble over treble in last row, 1 chain, miss 1, 4 trebles over trebles in last row, 2 chain, miss 2, 10 trebles, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble.

4th Row.—4 chain, 1 treble over treble in last row, 1 chain, miss 1, 4 trebles over first 4 of 10 trebles in last row, 2 chain, 4 trebles over last 4 of the 10 on last row, 2 chain, 4 trebles over next 4 trebles, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble.

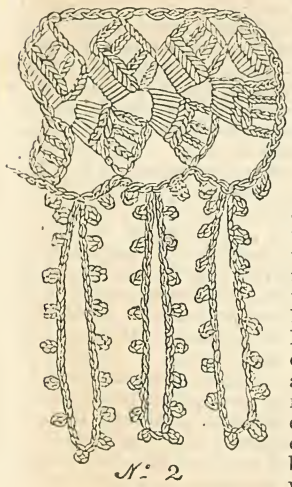
5th Row.—4 chain, 1 treble over treble in last row, 1 chain, miss 1, 10 trebles, 2 chain, miss 2, 4 trebles over 4 trebles in last row, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble.

6th Row.—4 chain, 1 treble, miss 1, 1 chain, 4 trebles, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble.

This completes the pattern, which must be repeated from first row. The fringe is made of the same crochet cotton, wound over a firm card or wooden mesh about two inches wide, carefully cut with a sharp penknife or small pair of scissors before removing it from the card, and knitting five lengths into each opening along the edge.

No. 2.—An Open and Showy Crochet Insertion with Looped Fringe, suitable for Antimacassars or Window Blinds, worked backwards and forwards.

Make a chain of twelve stitches.



No. 2

1st Row.—Four trebles with one chain between, commencing on the ninth stitch of chain, three chain; six trebles beginning in the same chain as last four trebles.

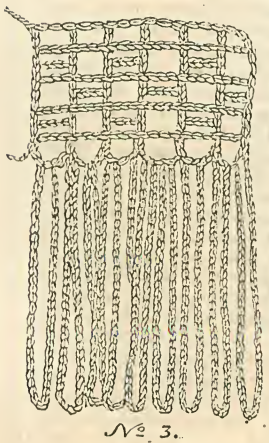
2nd Row.—Four chain, miss one, one treble, one chain, miss one, one treble, one chain, miss one, one treble, three chain, six trebles into chain between trebles in last row.

3rd Row.—Four chain, miss one, one treble, one chain, miss one, one treble, one chain, miss one, one treble, two chain, six trebles into chain, continue these last two rows, taking care to have the four trebles with one chain between each, over the six trebles in last row, and the six trebles into the chain at the end of the row. When a sufficient length has been made, work four chain, one double crochet between every third and fourth treble on one edge. For the lower edge commence between the first and second treble, work fifteen picots of four stitches with one chain between each picot, join between first and second picot, one chain, one picot, one chain, join to next first of four trebles, this will form a scollop with fringe.

No. 3.—Crochet Border and Fringe.

Make a chain of fifteen stitches, turn back.

1st Row.—Three trebles beginning on the ninth stitch of the chain, one chain, miss one, three treble, one chain, miss one, one treble. Turn the work each row.



No. 3.

2nd Row.—Four chain, one treble on first of three trebles on last row, one chain, miss one, three treble, one chain, miss one, one treble, one chain, miss one, one treble. These two rows complete the pattern.

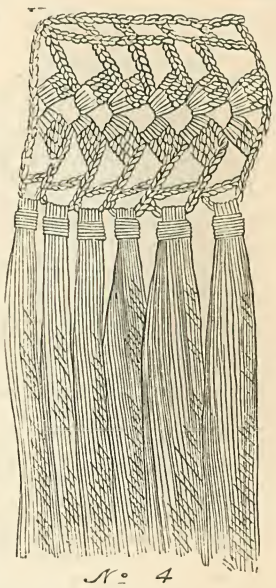
The fringe is made of chains of thirty-six stitches joined into each opening along the edge, and looks nice and beady when worked evenly with a rather small needle, and moderately fine crochet cotton. It is also easily washed and wears well, suitable for edging toilette covers or cheese cloths.

No. 4.—Another Pretty and quickly worked Border with Fringe.

Work a chain of fifteen stitches, turn work.

1st Row.—One treble into tenth stitch from the commencement of chain, miss three, three treble into next chain, three chain, three treble into same stitch with last, three treble, miss three, one treble into next chain, one chain, one treble into first stitch of chain.

2nd Row.—Four chain, one treble between the two first treble in last row, three treble into chain between the two, three trebles in last row, three trebles into same chain, one treble between the next two trebles, one chain, one treble into same chain. Turn back and continue working each row the same as second. Fringe of the same cotton made and drawn through the edge as before described for cut fringes.



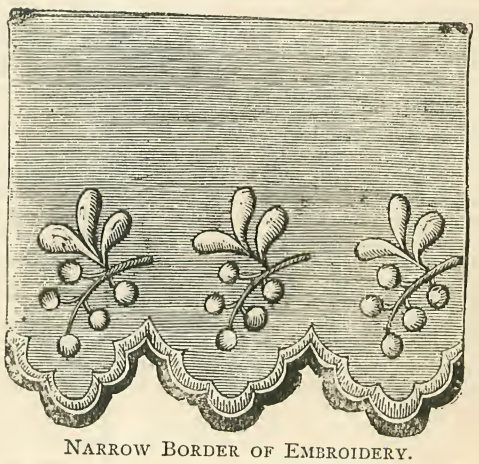
No. 4

Narrow Border of Embroidery.

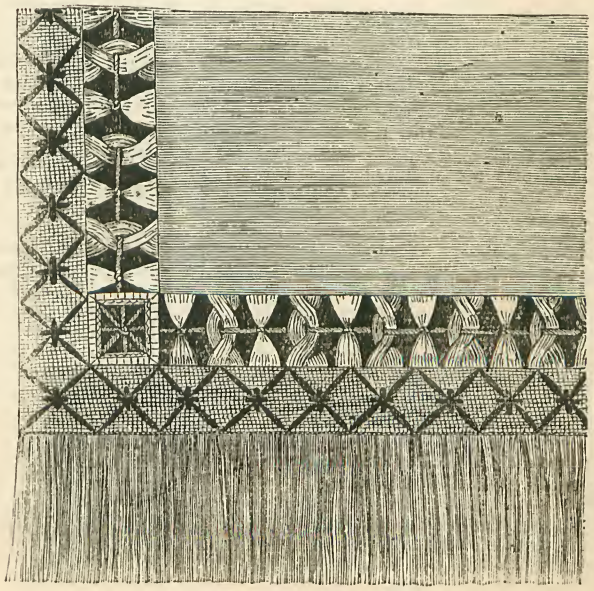
This embroidery will be found very useful for trimming children's dresses. The scollops are traced in double rows, with two or three rows of soft cotton between, and then closely scolloped over with French cotton. The spots may be either worked in satin stitch, or pierced and sewn round. If well done it will equal the Madeira work, so much used at present for trimmings, and, when good, expensive to purchase.

Design for Towels, or Bordering for Quilts, &c.

This work is done by drawing out threads about an inch in width, and working, as shown in pattern, with coarse ingrain coloured thread or white crochet cotton; the pattern on the outer edge looks well worked with good washing crewels, the inner row being knotted with coarse knitting cotton. The edges of each insertion are sewn over with fine cotton to keep it in place. The cloth is fringed out at each end.



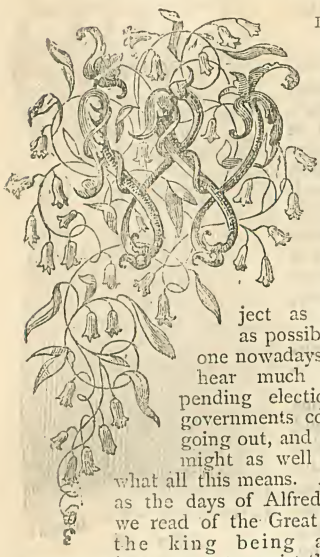
Narrow Border of Embroidery.



Design for Towels.

THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.



Will this title frighten my readers, and the page be closed for fear of its exceeding dryness? I promise to do my best to make the subject as interesting as possible. Everyone nowadays must often hear much talking of pending elections and of governments coming in or going out, and surely they might as well understand what all this means. As far back as the days of Alfred the Great we read of the Great Council of the king being assembled at least twice a year to assist the King in making wise laws, and from this we may look for the origin of our Parliaments. For a lengthened period the council was only formed by the King's barons, holding Crown estates, but after Magna Charta archbishops, bishops, and earls were included, and thus we have our House of Lords. To these were afterwards added knights of the county, citizens, and burgesses, and these were incorporated in the council, and held their consultations together, but eventually were divided, and, as now, form two distinct bodies—the House of Lords and the House of Commons, who hold their consultations and "debates" in separate chambers under the same roof.

The Sovereign governs the nation through the Ministry, and these are chosen from the leaders in politics in Lords and Commons. By a leader in politics I would have you understand that in the council of the nation, consisting, as it does, of more than a thousand members of the two Houses, of course there is a difference of opinion on most of the subjects brought up for consideration, and for many, many years there have always been at least two distinct parties, at one time known as Whigs and Tories; later we have had Liberals and Conservatives, and even others, whom I will not discuss. Before any new law can be passed the consent of both Houses of Parliament must be obtained, and then it has the Sovereign's assent, though it is his or her prerogative to refuse assent, but such a thing has not occurred since the reign of Queen Anne. My readers will at once see that one or other of these parties must have a majority and from this majority we find the Ministry in office. The Sovereign sends for one of the leading statesmen and desires him to form a Ministry, this command making him the Prime Minister, or Premier, for the time being. Thus charged with his Sovereign's order, the Premier seeks for twelve or more of the ablest of his supporters in Parliament, to form his Cabinet Council, which will sit apart and discuss affairs in private before making any propositions to the Houses of Parliament. The discussions which take place are never made public, but the Sovereign is of course informed of their import. Each member of the Cabinet is appointed to one of the great offices of national importance, which is then under his management, with subordinates chosen to assist him who are not in the Cabinet, but whose political opinions agree with those of the Premier. These great offices are:—First Lord of the Treasury, which is almost always filled by the Prime Minister; the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Privy Seal, three Secretaries of State for Foreign and Home Affairs, First Lord of the Admiralty, Postmaster-General, and Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Now we have the Ministry; and in their hands the management of home and foreign affairs is carried on. But of course there is another body of men in Lords and Commons who do not agree with what is done, and these are called the Opposition, and very often when some new law or scheme comes to be discussed there is a great deal said for and against, and then comes the division to see if there are most on the Government or on the Opposition side, and by this division the matter is either passed or thrown out. If the Government repeatedly fail to carry what they believe to be in the interest of the nation, they must do one of two things, namely, resign office or "go out," as the saying is, or else they may apply to the Sovereign to dissolve the sitting Parliament, and apply to the country to elect a new one, which brings me to another point which will need explanation.

A seat in the House of Lords is an hereditary position; that is to say, a son succeeds his father as a peer, and therefore has his place in the House, excepting, of course, spiritual peers (archbishops and bishops), whose office is not hereditary, but who sit in the House of Lords by right of their bishopric. Thus, year after year, and Parliament after Parliament, the roll of peers remains almost the same.

The second House, that of the Commons, is differently constituted, every county in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland returning one or more members, as well as the principal cities and towns of Great Britain and Ireland. These are men who come forward and offer themselves as fitting persons to go up to Parliament and represent the opinions and wishes of a certain number of men in the place who have the right of choosing their candidate. This would, however, lead me to give a long digression on elections, which must be left for another time. I must confine myself to how the business of the nation is carried on. When all the members are elected, and Parliament is actually at work—a fact we are always reminded of in the Church Service when the "Prayer for the High Court of Parliament" is read—we might glance into the great palace at Westminster one summer evening, and watch the busy, anxious looks of some whom we pass, and with the privilege of an unseen intruder we enter the solemn chamber of the House, where we see one person sitting in a large chair of state, and know that this is the Speaker. My readers will be amused to hear that he does not fulfil his title, for his voice is less heard than any in that House, his duty being to regulate the debates and see that the proceedings are legally conducted. On the right hand side of the Speaker we shall see the principal statesmen who form the present Ministry, excepting those who, being Peers, are to be found in the House of Lords; and on the other side are ranged those members who, disagreeing with the existing Ministry, are called the Opposition. One member is standing and making a speech, perhaps when he has finished another on the opposite side of the House will rise and argue on the other line, and so it goes on until a call is heard to divide, and then, rising from their places, all the members leave the House and, passing into different lobbies, the numbers for and against are taken, and then declared, but every question has to obtain a double majority, three discussions being necessary on every Bill, and to become law must be twice carried by numerical superiority. Having passed through the lower House; we must follow the Bill to the Lords, who as a rule generally ratify the decisions of the Commons. Sometimes they make objections to some details, and it then has to go before the Commons again. Both Houses being agreed, the Sovereign's assent makes it law. Thus we see that whatever political party be in power, they cannot conduct the affairs of England without the majority in the House of Commons is on their side. A new Parliament must be summoned every seven years, though it can be and is dissolved very much oftener by royal authority. This enables the voters throughout the kingdom to choose fresh representatives, and, according to the results of such general election, the feeling of the nation is obtained. Upon the death of the Sovereign a new Parliament must be summoned within six months.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837 Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, and remained so until succeeded by Sir Robert Peel in 1841. His tenure of office and that of Lord Palmerston are the longest since the year 1827, when Lord Liverpool retired after fourteen years.

It is illegal to hold any monster meetings on political questions within a certain distance of the Houses of Parliament; neither may a large body of persons go together with any petition to Parliament. It has happened, though, once in the reign of Queen Victoria that a great attempt was made to break this law and to get up a serious disturbance known as the "Chartist demonstration." The utter and entire failure of the affair makes one look back on it as simply ridiculous, but one who remembers all the events of that week gives an amusing account of it from the official residence he then inhabited:—"Rumours of the determined Chartist meeting had been heard on all sides, and, with violent leaders urging them on and fiercely-denounced intentions of walking down to the House in thousands with their petition, with threats of fighting any body of police or troops that attempted to stop them, made most people rather nervous, while authorities looked grave, and the great Duke of Wellington, who was then Commander-in-Chief, undertook the whole disposal of the military arrangements which were considered necessary for the preservation of the peace, the safety of London and its inhabitants, as well as to show how futile any such attempts would be. In the different Government offices all the clerks and messengers were sworn in as special constables, stores of arms were also sent into the Admiralty and other places, while thousands of gentlemen were enrolled in the same manner, and among the number Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French. Provisions for troops came quietly into various convenient store places. A body of Marines marched up to London and were billeted in the Admiralty for two days. The Household Troops from Windsor were brought into the metropolis, and all were prepared. Before daylight the troops from their various barracks were silently marching to different places where it was thought advisable to station them, and they were kept unseen throughout the day. The Royal Horse Guards were in the riding-school at Stafford House, one regiment of Guards in Bridewell, and all in readiness to come out if needed. Meantime shops were all shut; no one ventured out in a carriage, and the streets were silently guarded by the police and extra special constables. In one or two churches a service was held at early morn to implore the preservation of peace and to avert all the horrors of disturbance.

"The day advanced. At Vauxhall Bridge artillery were stationed, as it was the an-

nounced intention of the Chartists to assemble at Kennington Oval, and march in overwhelming numbers across that bridge. A strong body of police were first to bar their progress, and if not sufficient the military would act. After hours of anxious watching the news at last came that the meeting had assembled, had listened to two or three of their orators who spoke from the top of a four-wheeled cab, had satisfied themselves with this, committed the monster petition to the charge of a few, and quietly dispersed, thus ending the great Chartist demonstration of April 10, 1848."

Having briefly sketched an outline of the Government and its position, I would at some future time say more of the different offices of State if my readers are sufficiently interested in the subject.



A LETTER FROM A KITCHEN.

[To the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.]

HONOURED SIR,—I take the liberty of writing you these few lines to tell you how much my fellow-servant, Sarah, and me like your paper. I was always fond of reading, from a child, and mother used to make rare fun of me, and say she believed I would sit with a book written in French in my hands sooner than not be reading at all; but I don't know that I ever read anything I liked so much as THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for there's a bit of all sorts in it—something to make you laugh, as well as something to teach you; but there's some of the writings in it I thought I'd like to say a word about, in case there was any readers might be placed like myself.

You must know that I am a general servant, only there's a girl of sixteen kept too, being rather more work than one can do properly, as it is a largeish house, and master and mistress very particular, not but what they are good people, and kind to us girls in many ways that some would never think of.

Well, as I was saying about THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, there's many pieces in it very nice to read, and useful, no doubt, to the ladies as have not got to work all day, but that poor folks might pass by, with—"Oh, that isn't suited for the likes of us; however could we do all that's written down here?" That's what I thought when mistress made me a present of the first few numbers, and advised me to take it in regular.

There are some pieces written, I should say, by a medical gentleman, to tell you how to improve your appearance, and all by fair means; not any of those nasty messes for the complexion as you see advertised. I could not help smiling when I saw those rules for making you look healthy and bright; and I remember saying to the other girl, "Ah, Sarah, we haven't time to be thinking about our complexions, have we?" But then I thought to myself, why shouldn't we try to look nice as well as them as happen to be born young ladies; so said I to Sarah, "I'll just see what the gentleman has to say about it."

With that I took the book up again and read all about taking care of your hair. Certainly it would not be right nor yet reasonable for such as me to take new laid eggs to wash mine with, but we always have the best yellow soap, or else the soft soap, which is better to my thinking, and I don't know but what that is as good as the eggs when all's said and done. At any rate, since I began to wash my hair thoroughly with it once a fortnight, and give it a good brush every night, no one would believe the difference. Even mistress said once, "Why, Jane, how nice and bright your hair do look now; quite different from the dusty-looking wig you used to have."

I felt pleased at that, I can tell you, for mistress don't often pass a remark about our appearance, unless she thinks we are getting too fine, and then it isn't praise she gives us.

Then it seems you can't be healthy without having a bath every morning, leastways it says so times upon times in those papers I'm speaking about. If anybody has a need to be strong and well, certainly it is servants, for if they fall ill, whatever is to become of them? But I never was in a place yet where the servants could have a bath, neither night nor morning, and what with being in such a desperate hurry in the morning, and too tired to do anything at nights, most girls aren't so particular as they might be about washing themselves regular.

But though we can't have a regular bath like the paper says we ought to, there's not much difficulty about having a thorough good wash all over, say once or twice a week. Sarah and me share the same bedroom, and how we manage is this. On bath night, as we call it, I get a can of hot water and go to bed half an hour earlier than usual, which mistress has no objections to, as, if anything is wanted, there is Sarah to attend to it; and on her bath nights she does the same, and I attend to her work, for I have persuaded her into following the same way. And certainly it's time well spent, for I feel a different girl since I began, and Sarah's mother says she shall be about keeping her children a bit tidier, for Sarah puts them all to shame when she goes home on a visit.

Then there are all the papers about cooking, and many's the hint I have taken from them. I can call to mind feeling rather angry when I read about us English cooks being wasteful when compared with foreigners, which I've always understood lives on frogs; but certainly by using up the scraps and bones, and even saving the water meat has been boiled in, I must say it has brought down the butcher's book above a bit, and many's the tasty little dish I've sent to table, made, as you may say, out of nothing, and mistress soon noticed them, and likewise the change in the butcher's book, and when I told her the reason she *did* seem pleased. "If that's the case, Jane," says she, "I shall have to raise your wages, or you will be wanting to leave us and take a grand cook's place now you're getting such a first-rate one, and so economical too."

It says in one place that your meat ought never to be laid down on a dish, but always hung up. But suppose your larder hasn't any hooks in it, and the larder not over good nor over large, which is the case with ours. That stopped me at the first; but then I thought to myself, "Mistress won't begrudge a shilling or two if it keeps the meat better," and I have a good strong wrist, so I took and bought a dozen long nails and a few stout iron hooks, and hammered them in the larder walls, and sure enough there were my meat hooks, as good as if the first carpenter in the land had made them.

I must not forget the papers about needlework, which those on cutting out and making dresses have been most useful to me, and others too, no doubt, for it is a shame to pay three shillings or more for making a plain print, when anyone can make it theirselves by following what it says in the book, for most has an hour or two to themselves of an evening. I saved up the old newspapers that came downstairs, and gummed them together, and though I did not get on so very well at first, I managed at last to cut out a pretty fair pattern, taking the measures from an old dress, and kept it by me, so I can always cut out a dress now without any trouble about the pattern.

There are some beautiful pictures of what might be termed fancy darning, and very well described, too, as come in very useful for mending the table linen; also one, more proper for knitted things, that I use when I have time for mistress's stockings, and very nice they look, for you can't see where the hole was; but in general it is the table linen I use the directions for, for you can even copy the pattern of the damask if you go by what the book says.

If you will please excuse me being so long-winded, as the saying is, there is one more thing I should wish to tell you about. There was a piece in the paper about making your bedroom look nice, though some might say the writer did not mean them for such as us. Perhaps not; but I daresay she will be all the better pleased to think they have been followed out by one, at the least. Most girls in service don't care what their rooms are like, so long as there's a bed and a washstand, and just room to turn round; but after I had read that piece up to Sarah one evening, we thought we should like to make ours more comfortable than at present. Of course I asked mistress if she would object to my putting up a shelf or two, and when she took it in what I had in my mind, and what had put me up to it, she said quite pleasant, "Oh, certainly, anything in reason; tell me what you want, and I will give you a shilling or two to pay for them."

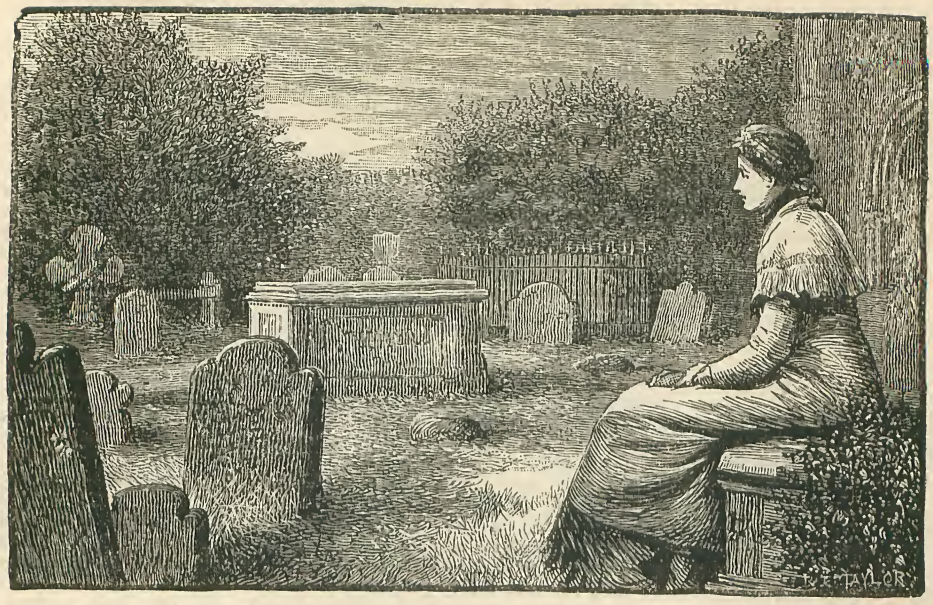
With that Sarah and I talked it over, and decided to have a bracket covered with American cloth by the washstand, which is terrible crowded, what with a water-bottle and soap dish, and one thing and another, and in a corner we shall have a shelf with a curtain hanging from it for a cupboard to keep our other dresses in, just like the young ladies in the story did. Then under the bed we have a wooden box where we keep our best bonnets and boots and such like, and we thought we might cover that and make it look quite handsome, and keep it out in the room instead of under the bed, and it will make another seat, which at present we have only one chair; and we are going to stuff the top with paper torn up small and make it like a cushion.

So what with one thing and another the paper has been very useful to me, though a poor girl, and may you go on as interesting as you have begun is the sincere wish of

I remain, your obedient servant,

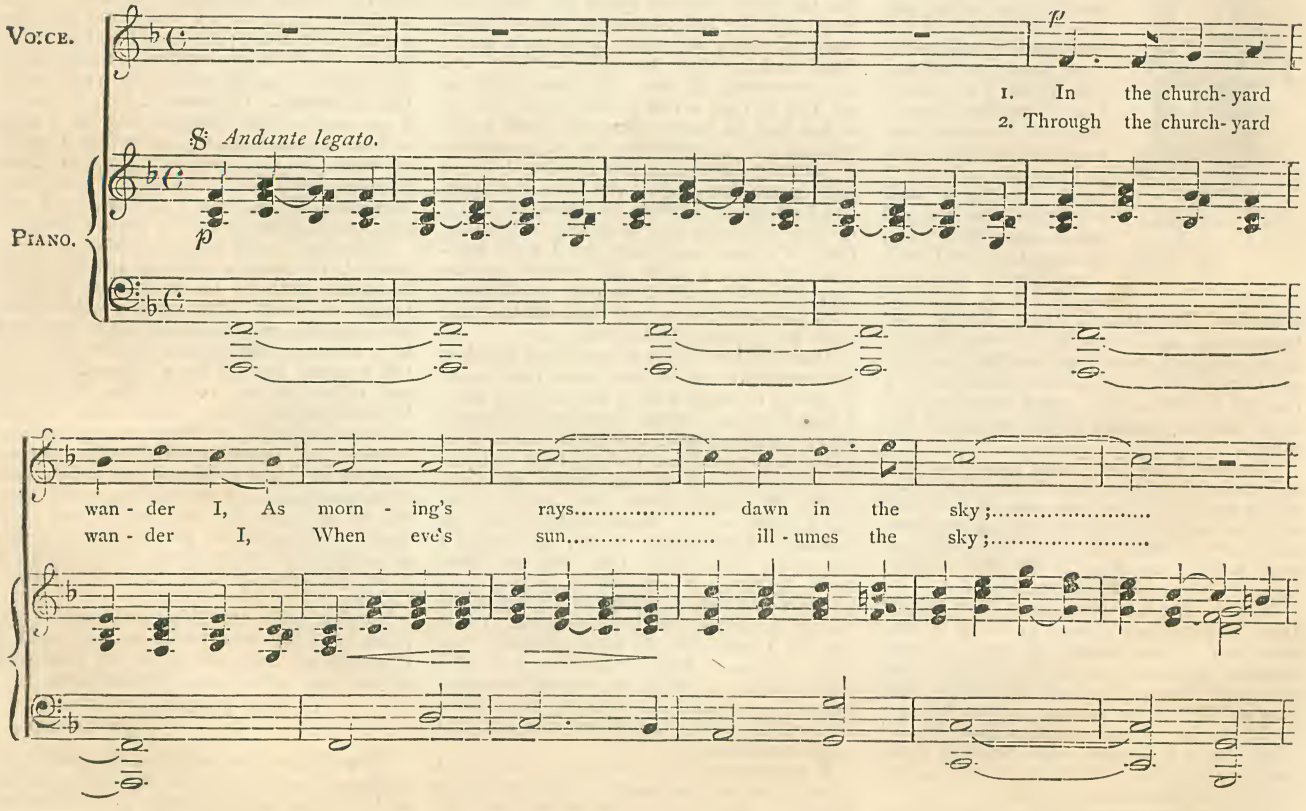
JANE COOPER.

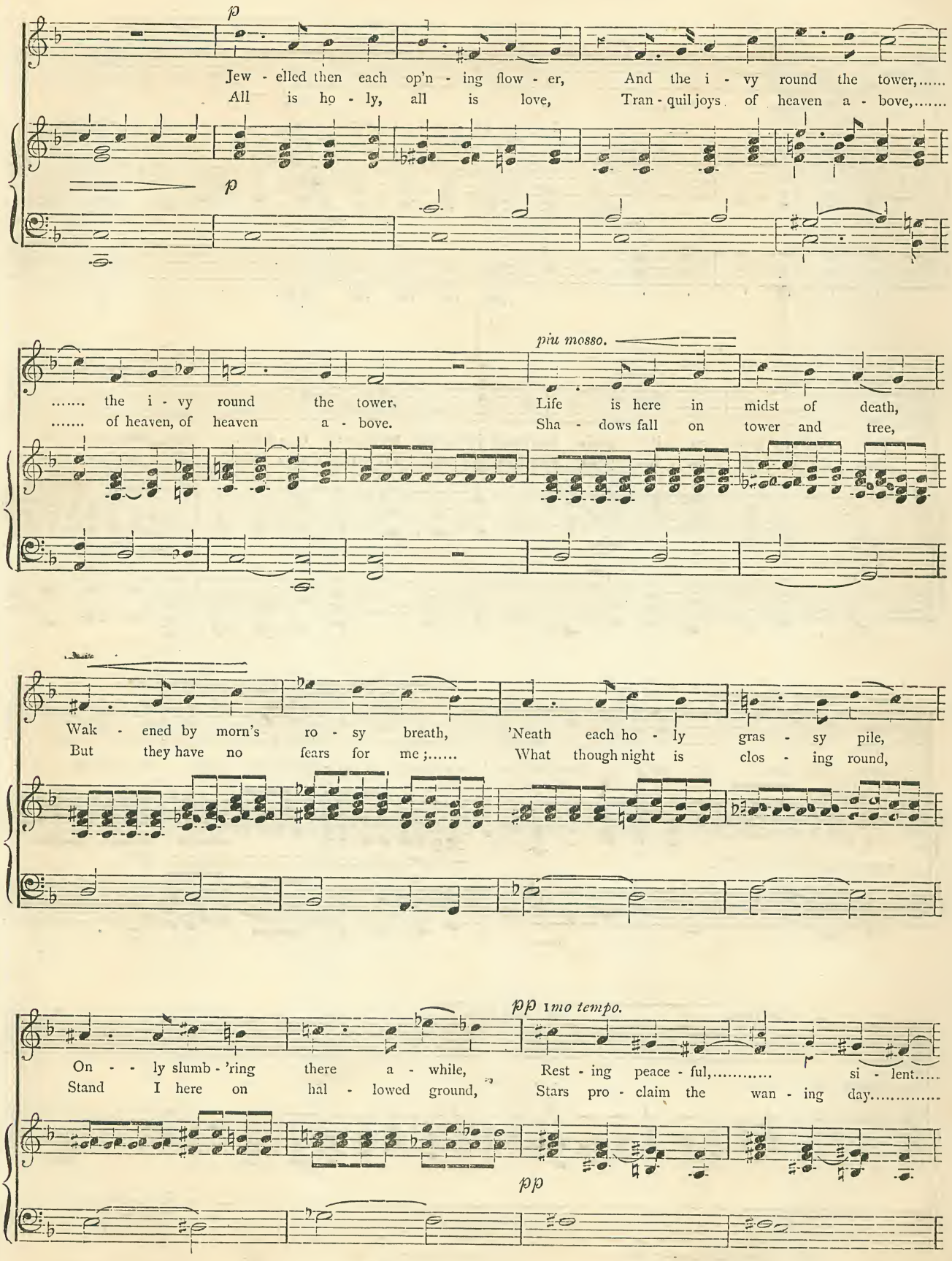
[The Editor has, with Jane Cooper's permission, inserted the above interesting letter, and he hopes that the perusal of it will prove of benefit to many of his readers.]

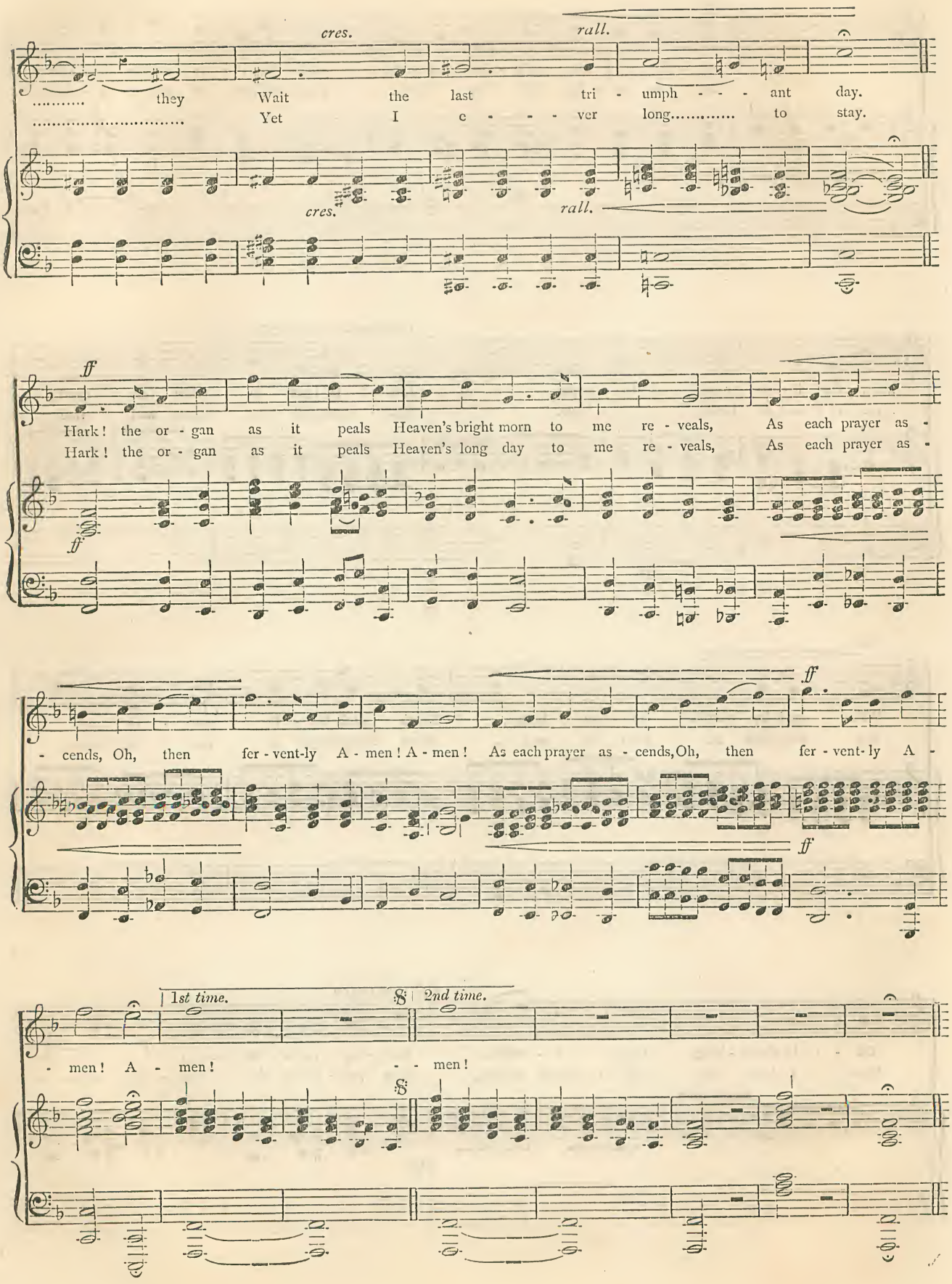


IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Words by KNIGHT SUMMERS. *Music by* HUMPHREY J. STARK, B. Mus., Oxon.




p
Jew - elled then each op'n - ing flow - er, And the i - vy round the tower,.....
All is ho - ly, all is love, Tran - quil joys of heaven a - bove,.....
p
più mosso.
..... the i - vy round the tower. Life is here in midst of death,
..... of heaven, of heaven a - bove. Sha - dows fall on tower and tree,
Wak - ened by morn's ro - sy breath, 'Neath each ho - ly gras - sy pile,
But they have no fears for me ;..... What though night is clos - ing round,
pp 1mo tempo.
On - - ly slumb - 'ring there a - while, Rest - ing peace - ful,..... si - lent.....
Stand I here on hal - lowed ground, Stars pro - claim the wan - ing day.....
pp


cres.
rall.
..... they Wait the last tri - umph - - - ant day.
..... Yet I e - - - ver long..... to stay.
cres.
rall.
ff
Hark! the or - gan as it peals Heaven's bright morn to me re - veals, As each prayer as -
Hark! the or - gan as it peals Heaven's long day to me re - veals, As each prayer as -
ff
- cends, Oh, then fer - vent-ly A - men! A - men! As each prayer as - cends, Oh, then fer - vent- ly A -
ff
1st time.
2nd time.
- men! A - men! - - men!

HOW TO WASH AND IRON.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER III.



MATEUR lace-washers should not stint time or patience on their work. Soaping, soaking, and many changes of water, with gentle pressing and working about, *should* take all the dirt out. If rubbed at all it ought to be between flannel; or, if necessary, the lace may be stewed in a slow oven, and with abundance of water in a covered jar.

No blue must be used, as it ought always to be dead-white; but it should be passed through the thinnest of cold starch—only a remove from water; say a teaspoonful to half a pint, just to *set* it. Squeeze out of this and straighten most carefully upon flannel, picking out every little point. Lay another square of flannel over, and pass the lace under the mangle. Afterwards iron it *through flannel*, taking care that it is well dried, and pausing to examine and adjust any little rumpled point. Done by this process your laces will look only second to those which have passed through the hands of a professional cleaner, and in the wearing will repay the trouble you have taken.

I mentioned that time and patience are needed, and, as I wrote this, I was reminded of a friend's troubles over a beautiful piece of Honiton point. She had seen a recipe for washing lace, and thought she would try it. Having washed the collarette, she found it was to be stiffened in water with a lump of sugar dissolved in it. But how much? I cannot tell what quantity she used, but certainly far too much. The iron was wrong, somehow, and stuck to the lace; another moment and she had scorched it. A hasty pull was followed by a tear, and a beautiful spray was rent from the rest. Then, wherever the iron touched it was stiff as buckram. Vexed at her failure, and too impatient even to see whether the mischief could be repaired, she flung the costly lace on the fire, put away her ironing materials, and vowed never to have any more to do with lace-cleaning My friend owned to a "good cry" afterwards and a feeling of shame when she thought of her want of patience and the wanton destruction of her collarette—a birthday gift, too, from a distant friend!

Just a little inquiry as to the quantity of stiffening. A rinse to take out what was superfluous, a trial of the iron, a little pains in arranging the lace, and ill temper, wanton waste, and after repentance would all have been spared.

Take warning, dear girls. It is possible to fall into sin and suffer sorrow, even over the washing of a collar.

Now we will suppose the ironing finished. I hope all the strings have been carefully straightened, so the materials may be neatly put away. If irons are not likely to be used for a length of time, rub them over, while hot, with a lump of mutton suet. When wanted heat them, to melt the grease; rub it off, then wash with warm soap and water and polish with a little fine brickdust.

I will now say something about those newer mechanical appliances and laundry fittings which are so valuable when the work is done on a large scale. Indeed, I should be glad if every mistress of a cottage could have her washing machine on a scale suitable to the requirements of her home and family.

Nearly all the good domestic machinery for diminishing and lightening the work of the laundress has been invented and brought into use within the recollection of middle-aged housewives. The washing machine, of which there are now so many varieties, was, like the sewing machine, a thing almost unknown in my childish days. Certainly modern inventions have done a great deal for the relief and assistance of girl and women workers in these, their special departments of labour.

I once heard a young girl, who was not very fond of hand sewing, say to her mother, "Mamma, if I were going to be married and were poor, you know, *I would so save and scrape to get a sewing machine.*" I say the same about a washing machine, and if I were a girl, with the prospect of living in a little home and having my family washing to do, I would save and scrape beforehand in order to have this valuable help at the commencement of my married life, even if I earned its price in pennies.

But there are machines *and* machines. Seventeen years ago I was induced to buy one of the wrong sort, and it has been a piece of useless lumber nearly ever since. Labour was increased by its use, the clothes injured, the result unsatisfactory. We found out subsequently that the much-puffed article was an untested invention; that only three beside ours were ever made; and that the thing, which cost a good many pounds, was worthless. I want to save all young housewives and intending purchasers from a similar mistake and disappointment, and I will therefore describe what should be the characteristics of a good washing machine. It should be light in action, and involve little labour in the turning, simple in construction and easily adjusted, as well as not liable to get out of order. It should combine economy in soap, &c., with diminished labour. It ought not to tear or injure the more delicate fabrics which require cleansing. It should combine with it, in a compact and portable form, a wringing and mangling machine, unless you prefer the mangle to be separate.

If you want your combined machine to answer both for wringing and mangling it must have wooden rollers.

The little India-rubber Wringer is only intended for the work implied in its name, which it does admirably.

The machine should also be cleanly in operation, and not involve the disagreeable accompaniment of a sloppy floor whenever it is in use, especially for wringing.

Let me now suppose that I am advising some dear girl who is preparing for married life, and about to select a washing machine, either for her own use or that of her servants. We must prepare for a little tour of inspection; for we do not mean to choose such an important article in a hurry, or take the first that comes to hand. We will find out the names of the very best makers of domestic machinery; ascertain how long their inventions have been before the public; if they have stood the test of time and public competition; and what position they have taken on such occasions. We will not ignore the medals that may have been awarded at the various great exhibitions. Then we will think over and compare notes as to the merits of two or three machines which, after due examination, we have fixed on as the best, or, it may be, the best which our means will permit us to purchase. I shall, however, whisper to my girl companion if she has only a small sum to spend, "Better wait a few weeks and go on saving, than make a hasty purchase which you will afterwards regret. Have a strong, well-made article, however plain in appearance, and be sure it is fit for the purpose you want it, and will do its work thoroughly."

In machines of the same price we must then compare strength, size, economy, cleanliness, amount of work accomplished, by test of time and labour expended; also probable wear and tear of linen and of the machine itself. If possible, we must either obtain permission to test the machines we fix upon before purchasing, or else we must obtain information where we can see them in actual use. After such a careful investigation I think our young housewife can hardly be disappointed when her purchase is put to work in her new home.

Just one more caution. Most good makers improve upon their machines. They find out little defects in the first construction and remedy them by degrees. So we must mind that our machine has the latest improvements which have been tried and found to be really such.

I will briefly describe a couple of machines of undoubted excellence amongst many which possess considerable merit. The "Vowel," made by a firm famous for domestic machinery, and boasting one hundred and seventy prize medals, is in shape an unequal octagon. The bottom is corrugated by means of wooden bars studded with what look like large, smooth wooden buttons, against which the linen rubs as the barrel is turned. It can be had in many sizes, with movable wringer, or combined wringing and mangling apparatus. The roller pressure is self-adjusting, and adapts itself equally to a stocking or a blanket. The front board, down which water is carried back from the wringers, reverses, and becomes a smooth table for holding the clothes as they are passed under the mangle, and a roller at its edge acts as a revolving "carrier" to take them evenly forward. As they go through at the back they are received on a bracket table, which can be lowered as soon as the mangling is finished, and thus adds nothing to the space occupied by the machine when out of use. The little India-rubber Wringer can be bought separately, and will fasten to any tub.

Machine number two, the invention of another firm, is called the Hexagon Eccentric, and if any young student of geography has been puzzled to understand how the earth moves round upon its axis, and why its poles are alternately elevated and depressed, a glance at this washing machine will instantly make it plain, since it moves round in precisely the same manner as the earth does. The inner surface of this hexagon barrel is perfectly smooth, and I asked the question, "How can clothes be cleaned in this, when there is nothing rough to rub against?"

The exhibitor invited me to come in an hour and I should see. I did so, and found that some warm suds had been prepared, to which a little dry soap was added in my presence. Then some dirty towels and greasy cloths were hunted up from a neighbouring refreshment room, and simply thrown in; the machine was set in motion, and three minutes afterwards the towels were wrung out quite ready for the second water. Then I remembered that when visiting a great industrial school I had seen a larger machine of this kind worked by steam, and doing the washing for four hundred persons admirably and satisfactorily. It has a reversible motion.

In another little and very cheap machine the clothes are worked backwards and forwards between two rollers; others are semi-rotating peggies while one; a comparatively new invention, imitates hand rubbing to perfection; but the arrangement appeared rather complicated. Beside these, there are many other varieties; but leaving the washing machine proper, I will tell you something of sundry modern laundry helps that may be obtained, and in various sizes, prices, and styles.

The "laundry fork" is very useful — a smooth stick, with two blunt prongs of gal-

vanised iron, to turn, stir, or lift clothes out of the hot copper. A double trough, with one partition for rinsing or blue water, and another for starch, with a wringer between, for facilitating this part of the work. Drying cupboards, ironing-stoves, and the old-fashioned box-mangle; but the latter so vastly lightened and improved that it has become a comparatively elegant article with continuous motion.

It is most interesting to see the part which gas is made to play in connection with laundry fittings. Whilst the electric light has been threatening to put out gas in one direction, invention has been busily engaged in turning it to account for cooking and as a motive power of great value. The little gas engines are used for coffee-grinding, book-stitching, silk-winding, braid-making, printing, and only a few days since I saw one working a large washing machine.

There are pretty little gas stoves which can be placed on a table and connected by a few feet of india-rubber tubing with an ordinary gas bracket. A single worker can heat her three irons on this, without any fire in summer. On its perforated centre she can also boil a small kettle or pan of water, toast bread, &c., and all these at a trifling cost in gas.

There are also box-irons heated by gas; a polishing iron for finishing and glazing collars, cuffs, and fronts; egg-irons, shaped alike at both ends, for working in and out amongst gathers, narrow trimmings, &c.

Goffering tongs are inexpensive, but comparatively slow to work with. The machines do beautiful work and very rapidly, having been much improved of late.

I must mention one more little article, called "the lady's gas-iron," which any girl would like to possess and use for straightening ties and ironing laces. It is nickel plated, is heated over a gas burner, and if it were not so useful we might almost call it a pretty toy. A young friend of mine was delighted to have one, and constantly turns her iron to account in getting up lace really beautifully.

I think I have now mentioned most of the laundry articles that are likely to be used in private houses, and some that are perhaps better suited for large laundries, schools, and business establishments of various kinds. But then, wherever washing is going on, whether on a large or small scale, girls are sure to be engaged in connection with it, so it is as well to know what articles can be obtained to improve the work done and to lighten the labour of those who perform it.

Glancing backward at the various materials enumerated and modern inventions in the way of machinery, we are led to wonder how people managed to purify their clothing in times when even soap was unknown. No doubt, in primitive days, the women used to take their linen to the nearest running stream and there cleanse it by rubbing, stamping, and rinsing in the clear water.

To this *day the Hindoos* carry their garments and wash them, without soap, in their sacred river, the Ganges; but when the practice was a common one the streams ran unpolluted between grassy banks. Neither garments nor the wearers were exposed to the dirt and smoke-creating agencies of the immense factories which produce so many articles of luxury and comfort, but, alas! foul sadly the fair face of nature, make our streams like rivers of ink, and now only fitted to wash all the white out of our linen.

Paris laundresses first soap and soak the articles, but complete the cleansing in barges on the Seine. Laying the linen on the flat edge of the vessel, they beat it with a wooden utensil, rinsing, rubbing, and beating in turns, until it is clean. It does not appear that the fabric is injured by this process, or by a somewhat similar one which prevailed in country districts in Scotland.

Scotch lasses prepared their garments as above, and then beat them on a flat stone with a wooden mallet, rinsing frequently in the brook, and, with bare feet, treading them alternately in a tub of water.

Another mode of preparing white cotton or linen articles for the river process was by means of steam, and this has been most practised in France. The clothes were first soaked in a ley of potash, and then hung in a steam-tight vessel, communicating, by means of a pipe, with a boiler. The steam loosens the dirt in half an hour, and little subsequent labour is needed. This mode may be carried out on a small scale with a copper kettle and a strong cask.

If any girl-reader thinks washing a contemptible and menial employment, let her peep over my shoulder at one of the most charming word-pictures imaginable. It is from grand old Homer's pen and Pope's translation, "Odyssey," Book VI. Read how Pallas is said to have appeared in a dream to fair Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinous. The goddess bids the princess take all the state robes and wash them in the river, in preparation for her marriage.

The blushing princess goes to her father to ask for the loan of his royal car, in which to convey the robes to the river—

"Say, with my garments shall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day;
And spotless robes become the young and gay."

The request is granted. And then we see the collecting of the garments, the packing of viands under the queen's direction, the preparing of the golden cruse for the bathers to—

"Sleek the smooth skin and scent the snowy limbs."

The mules are harnessed; they start—

"Swift fly the mules, nor rode the nymph alone—
Around a bevy of bright damsels shone;
They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams."

"Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave.
(The vestures cleansed, o'erspread the shelly sand:
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand.)"

There is a picture of a royal washing day. Read the rest for yourselves, and you will wish you had been there to join in that delightful drive, and the fun that followed after the work was done!

Old Homer, however, says nothing about soap. The first writer by whom it is named is Pliny, who wrote in the last century before Christ. He tells about it as being of two kinds—hard and soft, and made of goat's tallow and the ashes of the beech tree. The famous German soap was not brought into Rome in Pliny's time for washing clothes with, but—for what, think you, dear girls? For dyeing the hair red, the favourite colour in those ancient days.

But perhaps some young Bible student will ask, "What about that text in the third chapter of Malachi, written nearly four hundred years before Christ, in which it is foretold of Him that 'He is like fullers' sope, and shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver,' &c.?"

The word translated as "sope," many centuries after Malachi wrote, and when that substance had become common in all civilised lands, simply meant anything that cleanses—a detergent. Probably it referred to some kind of earth used by the fuller in the exercise of his business.

The labour of washing with nothing but water caused researches to be made, and various substances were employed as cleansing agents. The juices of what are called saponaceous plants, soap wort, &c.; the gall of animals, still used for carpet cleaning and fixing the colours of stuffs; a ley or infusion of the ashes of burnt wood; infusions of meal or bran, carefully strained; and various kinds of earth, notably what we call "fullers' earth," from the purpose to which it is applied, were amongst the number.

Pliny tells us that in Rome cloth was first washed with Sardinian earth, then exposed to the fumes of sulphur, and lastly rinsed with a solution of another kind of earth.

Partially-cooked potatoes have been found an economical substitute for soap. In India rice-water is commonly employed for cotton and muslin articles.

Until the reign of Henry VIII. all the soap used in this country was imported, and London made none for itself until 1524. At that date the Bristol grey mottled was a penny a pound and black soap a halfpenny.

As a final piece of advice with regard to economy in the use of it: never waste your soap by leaving it in the water, and do not throw away your suds, if you have a garden.

They are a most valuable manure, and your flowers, fruit trees, even your little grass-plot, will be greatly improved by watering with soap-suds.

Starch, invented in Queen Mary's reign, came rapidly into fashion, as all the portraits of Elizabeth's day abundantly prove; but it declined in James the I.'s time, because a Mrs. Turner, the inventor of a famous yellow starch, wore a ruff stiffened with it at the time of her execution for complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. The secret of preparing this died with her; but it was subsequently found that all starch had a tendency to give a yellow tint to linen. Hence the introduction of blue, a kind of salt brought into England in lumps, or as a fine powder. Starch is made from wheat, rice, and potatoes, the latter kinds being, I believe, inferior in quality to the others.

There is a great deal said in the Bible both about the washing of persons and clothing, especially under the law, as a means of purification from ceremonial defilement. And it is in that same blessed book that we learn the need of yet another kind of washing, even the purifying of the soul in that fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.

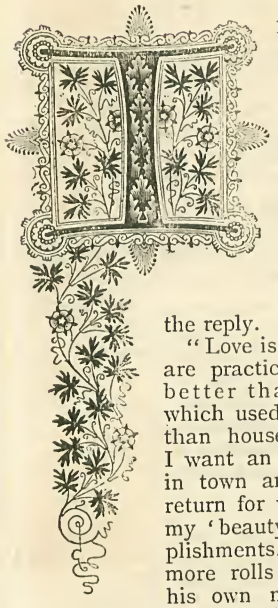
May we be led to desire that spiritual cleansing, and to use that prayer, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."



AMBITION.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



"If one must marry, one may as well have a rich husband," said the beautiful Selina Grey to her cousin Constance.

"If you love him, Lina," was the reply.

"Love is ideal; riches are practical. Money is better than learning, which used to be 'better than houses and land.' I want an establishment in town and country in return for what they call my 'beauty and accomplishments.' Mr. Belmore rolls in money, is his own master, is not amiss, and is desperately in love."

"And poor Annesley?"

"How can you name him? He hasn't a penny beyond his salary at the Admiralty, and I have next to nothing."

"He is so miserable, Conny!"

"So am I, in a way. But I hate poverty. Mr. Belmore has twenty thousand a year, they say."

"But he knows how to spend it. Oh, Selina! a marriage without love must be dreadful."

"Better than a marriage without money, Conny."

While this conversation was taking place at Cedarton, Mrs. Grey's pretty country house, Mr. Belmore and Annesley Gifford, the subjects of it, were beating the covers not far off. The one was a pale, spare man of fashion, the other a stalwart, keen-eyed man of work. The former was so unfortunate as to have a fortune ready made for him, the latter so fortunate as to be obliged to seek one.

"Is it true that you have proposed for Miss Selina Grey?" asked Annesley, abruptly, leaning on the barrel of his gun.

"I have actually committed myself at last. If one must marry, one may as well have beauty, talent, and family," drawled Belmore, aiming at a partridge.

"It is really true, then! Is it settled? Has she accepted you?"

"Don't ask me so many questions at once. It is likely to be arranged."

Mr. Belmore brought down his bird.

"Arranged! 'A marriage is arranged between Mr. Belmore and Miss Selina Grey!' That is how the *Court Journal* puts it. Do you love her, Belmore?"

"What a question! Can you doubt it? How splendidly she rides and dances; how awfully clever she is; what an ornament to a fellow's house. Look! there's a covey!"

But Annesley did not wait to take aim. He shouldered his gun and walked off unceremoniously in the direction of Cedarton.

A short time afterwards he and Constance Grey were alone together in her pretty morning room. They were standing near the open window, through which the autumn breeze bore the perfume of the roses that encircled it. Her white hand rested on the sill, and her fair head drooped. His eyes sought hers eagerly but vainly, and he spoke passionately. They had been playfellows and friends all their lives, and she was his *confidante*.

"We must save her," was what he said.

"I wish we could," she returned, colour mounting to her pale cheek.

"She, the Queen Rose, to let such a butterfly approach her. Tell me, Constance, does she really care for him?" he asked for the hundredth time.

"She has not told me. It is so difficult to read the heart," replied Constance, glancing out of the window.

Annesley met her dark grey eyes for a moment, but did not see the depths of feeling that lay beneath. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Grey. She was a kindly, talkative woman, but far too busy to sympathise in the love affairs of her younger friends.

"It is all settled, Annesley. Selina has made up her mind and accepted Mr. Belmore. He is the best match in the county," she exclaimed.

"She scarcely knows him, Mrs. Grey. You cannot surely countenance a mere *mariage de convenance?*" argued Annesley, eagerly.

"It is a capital match; what would you have more, Annesley?"

"A great deal, Mrs. Grey. Good morning."

Annesley cast an imploring glance on Constance, and left the room. He met Selina in the hall, radiant in youth, beauty, and, apparently, happiness. He drew her, resisting, into the nearest room, and reproached her with passionate vehemence for sacrificing herself for money.

"I am poor, Belmore is rich, and you destroy yourself and me for gold!" he cried, bitterly.

"I am my own mistress, and make my own choice, Mr. Gifford. It has fallen on Mr. Belmore," she replied, haughtily.

"On his houses, money, lands, jewels, establishment," he retorted, scornfully.

"As you will," she rejoined, coldly.

"Then farewell!" he cried, and left her.

She covered her face with her hands for a moment and uttered a cry, but, recovering herself, said, "He has no right to reproach me; and I always told him I hated poverty."

Soon after this interview a marriage in high life was announced, and in due time twenty thousand a year was united to beauty and talent. The lovely Selina Grey, in Brussels lace and diamonds, vowed to "love, honour, and obey" Charles Belmore, and he to "cherish her till death them should part." Two clergymen ratified the promise and eight bridesmaids listened. A choral service added harmony to the ceremony, and flowers attested its innocence. Constance was one of the bridesmaids, but Annesley declined to act as best man.

Carriages, horses, wedding favours, congratulations, a breakfast, speeches, compliments, a new barouche and four, and the drama of dual life began.

"She has what she married him for on her person—his diamonds," remarked her amiable friends.

"I agree with Dr. Johnson that if the Lord Chancellor made all the matches they would be as well assorted as under the present system," said Annesley Gifford to a neighbouring clerk at the Admiralty, *apropos* of nothing.

Mr. and Mrs. Belmore spent their honeymoon on the Continent, and it was not less sweet than many another. Married couples have been heard to declare this period the dullest of their joint lives, and it is possible Belmore and Selina found it tedious.

A wet week on the borders of a Swiss lake was a trial to both, and they were guilty of yawning over the breakfast table.

"How unpropitious the weather is," remarked Selina.

"Very, and the shooting will soon begin," he returned.

"You will be sorry to miss it?" she suggested.

"Well, perhaps I needn't. What do you say to surprising them at Belmore? They have been under preparation ever since we married."

"Delightful! I long to be really at home."

So letters were written to announce the advent of the happy pair at Belmore Hall nearly a month before they were expected.

They were greeted by bells, bonfires, speeches, and deputations. The king and queen of Belmore were, like other monarchs, requested to live for ever and be happy, and they appeared willing to grant the request. The king returned thanks, and the queen bewitched her new subjects by her numerous fascinations. Wine flowed and John Bull hurrahed till he was hoarse. Nothing could have seemed more propitious.

"This is a lovely place, but terribly dull just now," wrote Selina to Constance, the morning after she had taken possession of her new home. "Pray come at once. We are going to fill the house with people by-and-bye, but one must receive and return the stupid calls first."

Constance accepted the invitation, and found her cousin surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could bestow. She was admired, flattered, caressed by everyone with whom she came in contact, and Mr. Belmore appeared satisfied, and was evidently proud of those talents and charms. Selina, on her side, seemed to revel in the glitter of wealth, the splendid appointments of her establishment, and the manifold gauds for which she had, as Constance thought, sacrificed herself. Whether they made her really happy Constance could not determine; but she lived in much excitement, and had, as she herself expressed it, all she wished.

Belmore Hall was a handsome place, situated in the midst of fine scenery, and Constance, who dearly loved the country, explored the woods and glades whenever she had leisure. But Selina cared for little save society, and soon accomplished her intention of "filling her house with company."

One morning, while discussing with her husband the guests to be invited, Mr. Belmore suddenly turned to Constance with the words—

"What has become of Gifford? I have not even heard of him since our marriage. He must want a holiday by this time. He is a good fellow, but queer. Goes in for work in the East End, and all that sort of thing. Philanthropic, you know. Quite right, of course. But when did you see him last, Conny? Where is he?"

"I believe he is in London," replied Constance, colouring slightly. "He has hard work at the Admiralty, I suppose. He has not been at Cedarton since—since——"

She paused.

"Ah! not since his last holiday. He must want another. I'll write and ask him to come here—eh, Selina?" supplied Mr. Belmore.

"Do!" cried Mrs. Belmore, emphatically.

"What do you say, Conny? I hope you haven't been hard upon the poor fellow. I know he used to be sweet upon you," said good-natured, obtuse Mr. Belmore, while Constance paled again, and made no reply.

The invitation was written, and contained the supposed bait of Miss Grey's presence at the Hall, but it was nevertheless decidedly refused.

"We shall see him in town, Conny. I'll ask him again," remarked Mr. Belmore, significantly.

"How absurd you are," said his wife. "Conny and he are good friends—nothing more. Now, if you were to help on Lord John, who would be a capital *parti*——"

"Lord John thinks of nothing but politics. Besides, he's too old. Conny's too pretty for him."

"Lord John is the most agreeable, most talented, most remarkable man of the age. By the way, he says you must stand for the county," said Selina.

"I! You'd make a much better member; only women can't sit as yet. But I dare say they'll get the suffrage. They get everything they want—eh, Conny?"

"I cannot exactly see what they want with the suffrage," said Constance.

"But I can," interrupted Selina. "Charles, if you don't stand, I shall certainly stand for you. Lord John says the Conservatives must have you, and it would be delightful to have a seat in Parliament."

Mr. Belmore was flattered, for Lord John Morpeth was a man high in office, and much courted both in public and private life. He had a fine place and property, not far from Belmore Hall, called Morpeth Park, where he usually spent the autumn, and where he was in the habit of receiving such guests as pleased his fastidious taste. Mrs. Belmore was so fortunate as to be one of these. Her beauty attracted him and her conversation delighted him, and thus an intimacy sprang up between Park and Hall which excited some jealousy amongst the neighbouring county families; for to be a friend of Lord John was considered a great honour. He was a widower without children, and many had been the speculations for some years as to whether he would ever marry again. He had made one or two inquiries concerning Constance which had induced Mrs. Belmore's advice to her husband. But Constance was mortally afraid of the great man, and when he addressed her usually replied in monosyllables. She was naturally shy and retiring, and, while her cousin charmed by her wit and vivacity, she shrank from notice. Lord John was heard to call her "a violet by a mossy stone," and he sometimes seemed to take pleasure in striving to draw her from her hiding-place into the sunshine. It would be his amusement to talk to her of politics and of the forthcoming election; but he could never get her to second him and Selina in their endeavours to induce Belmore to become a candidate, because she did not believe in his ability or stability. She had, however, the gift of discretion and knew how to be silent.

"Belmore has consented to stand at last," said Lord John to her one morning, as he met her in the drive. He had just had an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Belmore, and was riding homewards. "But your cousin must do all the canvassing. If I do not mistake, she will be as successful as the Duchess of Devonshire."

"There is nothing Selina cannot do," replied Constance. "But I suppose she could scarcely canvass."

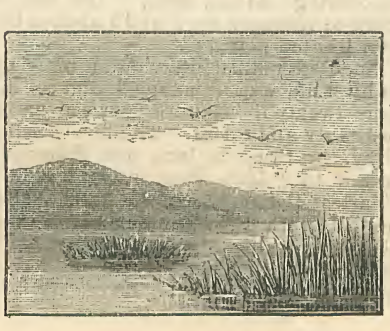
Lord John laughed, for he knew that she would throw herself into the work with all the energy of her character.

And so she did. When the election took place, Mr. Belmore was the successful candidate, and he was heard to declare that he "really didn't know how he got in, but Lord John and Selina had managed it between them."

"Then we must have Mrs. Belmore up for bribery and malversation," said Lord John. "At any rate, Miss Grey has not helped us."

"But she has been finding out all the poor people in the district, while we—or rather you—have been helping me on," said Mr. Belmore. "Perhaps she has been best employed after all."

(*To be continued.*)



WHAT IS THE NEW YEAR LIKE, MOTHER?

By the Author of "The Girls' Own Alphabet."

WHAT is the New Year like, mother?
Oh, what will it say to me?
Will it come in just as a brother,
Or kind as a sister be?

Shall we learn our tasks together
Till morning lessons are done?
Then snowball in frosty weather,
And have such glorious fun?

Or will it be like the old one—
So full of those sorrowful days,
When nursie did nothing but scold one,
And father looked sad at my ways?

I thought they were gone off for ever!
I do not want one of them back—
I am tired of "naughtiness ever,"
With pettish looks, ugly and black!

I long to peep at its face, mother,
To see what its looks will be;
If pouty and cross like the other,
Oh, keep it away from me!

* * * * *

It will be what you make of it, Rosie,
By your tempers, sayings, and deeds;
It *may* bring a beautiful posy,
Or nothing but poisonous weeds!

Its face will be just as you view it—
All crooked if scowled at through tears,
But smiles will with sunshine imbue it,
And make it the best of new years.

And, just as my little girl makes it,
Its days will be happy or sad;
As grumble or gratitude takes it,
Its fruit will be wholesome or bad.

It *may* bring the song of the turtle,
It *may* bring the croak of the frog;
That as it coos in the myrtle,
This as it swamps in the bog!

And easy the lessons it teaches,
If she will obediently learn,
And not with unmannerly speeches
Impatiently shoulder and turn.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LENA.—In large dictionaries there is a list of names, both of people and places, professing to give their correct pronunciation. We are glad that you value our correspondence.

FORGET-ME-NOT (Prussia).—You are too young, we fear, to go out as a governess, excepting to very young children where a nurse is kept. You might be an assistant at a school at seventeen if very steady. Your writing is fairly good.

KATHLEEN.—Apply to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, respecting the Junior Local Examinations, which are held in December, for girls under sixteen years of age. You write a beautiful copper-plate hand, which would certainly entitle you to pass the Government examination in writing.

SEMPER FIDELIS.—*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit* is the Latin for "God has given us this tranquility," and is a quotation from the Eclogues of Virgil. *Domine dirige nos* means "Lord direct us," which is the motto of the City of London. *Fluctuat nec mergitur* means "It tosses about, but is not overwhelmed."

NORNA.—Perhaps "Practical Arithmetic," adapted to the standards of the new code, would give you all the help you require. It is by Isherwood, and can be had for twopence or less. See "The Art of Penmanship," and the other articles we are giving on letter-writing, some giving examples of good hands.

ETTA R.—Send us a sentence which will exemplify what you mean, and we will help you out of your difficulty.

ADELINE.—You should inquire of some resident at Dresden. Probably as there is a permanent British chaplain there, he would be the best person to give you advice.

CASSEY A.—"Centenary" should be evenly divided in its pronunciation, thus—Cen-ten-ary. The name "Clara" means "bright," or "illustrious."

PUSS-IN-BOOTS.—You should write to 56, Paternoster-row, for a catalogue of the publications of the Religious Tract Society "in various languages." You may find what you require amongst them.

AMY ROBSART.—1. Numismatics means the science of coins or medals. The word is derived from the Latin *Numisma*, a piece of money. 2. The secret of preserving eggs is to keep the action of the air from them. Stand them in water, or bury them in salt or sand, or else coat them with grease, as the shells are very porous.

ETHEL.—If you work from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., we think the rest of your time should be devoted more to either exercise or rest, whichever the preservation of your health may the most require. But as you do not name the description of work at which you are engaged, nor whether you have an out-of-door walk to take, we cannot better advise you. Though only fourteen, your further education must rest in abeyance for the time being. Your health, especially while growing, must be considered.

HOPEFUL.—We do not know on what subjects you need most to be informed, but suggest the following works, published at 56, Paternoster-row, for your selection:—Milner's "Universal Geography," and his "History of England," Barrow's "Biblical Geography and Antiquities," or else Eadie's "Bible Cyclopedia;" also the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus, and his "Handbook of English Literature."

ART.

DARKEY.—1. We should imagine, from your account of the water-coloured picture rubbed all over with oil, and otherwise dirty, that it was quite beyond restoration. 2. To make linseed tea:—Boil two ounces of linseed gently for two hours in a pint and a half of water, with a little lemon juice to make it agreeable. If taken for a cough it should be warm. Spanish liquorice may be boiled with it.

JUBUBE.—1. As you are within easy reach of the South Kensington Training School of Art, you had better attend the classes held there. Either make personal application or write to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, S.W. 2. Try a rubbing with ammonia and water to brighten your brass gasalier.

C. L.—We do not give prices. At any photographer's they will tell you where to procure the requisite appliances and their cost.

GIPSY.—Inquire of the Secretary, Mr. McNair, Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, as to when their next "Black and White" Exhibition will take place, as that would be a suitable gallery for your etchings. Your writing is peculiar, but rather trying to the eyes to read. Crossing the "t's" and joining the letters of each word respectively would much assist the reader.

G. K.—Spots on photographs are said to be produced by some defect in the collodion employed. We think that they cannot be removed. To remove engravings from an old album you must take out the picture, cutting it closely round the margin, but leaving the latter if any name be attached to it, whether of the painter and engraver, or of the subject. Then lay it floating in a dish full of water, face uppermost, and the gum or starch will shortly be dissolved, and release it from the waste paper at the back.

WILD KATHLEEN.—We cannot give promises relative to future art or other competitions. Your thrush should have worms, snails, or meat of some kind.

WORK.

VIOLA.—We are much pleased that the "Dress of the Month" has helped you to remodel your old dresses so as to make them look like new. 1. *In flagranti delicto*. 2. You might wear turkey-red twill. Your writing is too irregular.

A. O. will find directions for taking out grease spots in many parts of our correspondence columns. Hold a hot iron at the back of the velvet and draw it out into a piece of blotting paper. You write fairly well.

LADY FITZROY.—No cottons of whatever make dye satisfactorily. Your writing is tolerably good, but the letters should be united one to the other in every word.

FATHIE.—We are pleased to hear that our articles, "Dress of the Month" and "My Work Basket" have been of so much use to you, and enabled you to begin making your own dresses. 1. The plain white dress you suggest would probably suit your evening Sunday-school meeting very well. 2. A large ordinary clothes horse would make a good partition, to divide the portion used as a bedroom from the sitting-room. Hang some curtains upon it, the upper edge nailed in pleats along the top and a valance as a finish. Both apartments will then have the benefit of both fire and gas. You write well.

MABEL BESSIE.—The white brilliant dress with two flounces on a kilted skirt, and a polonaise trimmed with Swiss embroidery, would be very suitable for your purpose.

A. M. B. (Dunedin).—All requisite directions for the hanging of curtains to a mantelpiece are to be found at page 189, vol. i. The illustration given will show how they are to be held back. They should only just touch the ground, and if your chimney-piece be of marble, you must have a board made to fit upon it, to which the curtains can be attached.

B. and S., HILARY N. ST. CLARE, ELLA, C. M. K., DOLLY, L. A., and M. PATTENDEN.—Directions for knitting mittens with a thumb, how to knit a glove, and how to graft a stocking will shortly be supplied, with an explanation of the crochet "point de neige" stitch, and the "shell lace" pattern.

CROCHET NEEDLE.—A jersey is very seldom crocheted on account of the work not being so elastic or clinging as knitting. However, I will explain to you one of the simplest plans. The stitch is the Russian, or ribbed. Materials: fingering-wool and two crochet needles, one No. 10 and one No. 14. Measure from the shoulder, by the armhole, to the hip as low as required, and, with the coarse hook, make a chain twice as long, so as to work for a little while back and front in one piece. The shoulder will come in the centre of this strip, and, to give it the proper slope upwards, increase a stitch on either side of the middle one at every third row, the two intervening rows, of course, crochet plain. When the stripe is sufficiently broad to reach the neck, work in front only from edge to throat, backwards and forwards, till sufficient rows have been made to form the right-hand front. Here, if you want to make a slit, which I should advise you to do, crochet from the edge till within eight inches of the throat, make a chain corresponding in length to the stitches left, and on this foundation begin the left-hand front. Work an equal number of straight rows to those on the opposite front, and when you have reached the top of the shoulder break off the wool. Now turn to the back, and start again at the bottom to continue the stripe already made at the beginning. Make a straight back-piece to reach the left shoulder. Then proceed as before to work the back and front together in a long strip, *decreasing* this time on the shoulder to mark the downward slope. To narrow, manage as follows:—Work till within five stitches of the centre, crochet the first stitch, miss the second, crochet the middle one, miss the fourth, crochet the fifth. Take care to commence the left shoulder with exactly the same row, plain or shaped, that you finished the right-hand one. Sew up the two sides, leaving the armholes and proceed to the sleeves. Sleeves:—Make a foundation chain of the right length for the inner seam, and, beginning from the wrist, rib lengthwise for the upper half of the sleeve, increasing one stitch at the top either in each or in every alternate row. Crochet two straight rows, then, for the under part, commence to decrease at the top by missing the end stitch. When you have thus worked half of this under part, form a crossway piece; for this, crochet from the top till within twelve stitches of the wrist, turn back, in the next row crochet till within twenty-four stitches, and so on, till there remains but about twelve stitches on the needle. Lastly, work one row all along from armhole to wrist, break off, sew up the two sides, and set the sleeve into the jersey. Collar and cuffs:—Take the finer hook, and on a chain about six inches in length rib a strip of the size round the neck, sew it to the jersey on the right side, easing the vest a little, then double the collar over on the join, catching it down if needed by a stitch here and there. In exactly the same way make the cuffs. The edge of the jersey may, if preferred, be tightened in likewise, either by the addition of a three inch band worked with the finer needle, or, better still, by a correct change of the needle.

TOPSY.—I am surprised that neither you nor your friends know the meaning of a "turned stitch." It is a term frequently employed even in ribbed knitting, where you are told to purl one, turn one, *i.e.*, knit a plain one in relief. The stitch has already been explained, but I will repeat it. Instead of passing your working needle in front of the loop and piercing it through the centre from underneath, put the pin as though you were going to purl, *but at the back*, leaving the wool as usual. The result will be an ordinary stitch, but more raised and the real effect is only visible after a good piece has been done.

M. EALKY.—The double knitting of knees is always rather a clumsy affair. Decide upon the spot in your stocking where the knee will come, and with an extra thread, either of the exact or half size, a silk strand or mending angola, knit the allotted stitches, and with the single thread, continue the round, leaving the extra wool inside. A neater way perhaps, is to run at the back of the knitting with double wool, passing over three and under one. Knit as in some of the gentlemen's gloves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLORA.—We thank you for your nice letter. We are sorry to have to refer you to Rule 6, and that we cannot praise your writing, the letters of which are improperly formed.

EDITH.—There is such a thing as condensed water. You should cross your "t's," instead of making an unnecessary line a considerable distance from them.

LADY ALICE.—See pages 15 and 64, vol. i., for cures for chilblains.

ZETA.—Parkin, if properly and sufficiently baked, is always quite firm—even hard at first. It should be made a few days before it is required for use, and it will soften gradually when exposed to the air. Probably the settling in the middle of yours was caused by a too slack oven or insufficient soaking. 2. Your kind and nicely-expressed letter deserved to be better written. Your writing is cramped, and your letters are indistinct; but practice and patience will soon amend these faults, and you give us the impression that you are willing to be taught.

MARY WALLER.—Feed the kitten by dipping a small piece of sponge in some warm milk and letting it suck it, as it is too young to lap.

NELLY.—1. You say that you are delicate, and that your mother considers riding, skating, and such like exercises out of doors "too rough for you"—why ask a stranger's opinion? Your mother knows your constitution, and must be a better judge in your especial case than we could possibly be. 2. Silver is more worn by girls than gold.

GIESSBACH.—We have already given our opinion on writing backwards. Were you to take lessons from one of our first professors of caligraphy he would not only give you horizontal lines to guide you, but oblique ones too, that your letters should all invariably slope from the right-hand upper corner of the paper downwards towards the left-hand corner at bottom of the sheet.

CHRISSIE.—1. No; because it is the singing that makes you hoarse. You are evidently too weak to teach singing to a class of forty. You might try sucking a lozenge of borax, but that is not removing the cause. 2. Well, we do not like to advise you to give up teaching, but try to get a school in the country · then, and not till then, you might go in for early rising, the morning tub, walking exercise, quinine and iron, and light-brown cod liver oil. Your writing is plain and readable. The telegraph affords light and fairly well paid employment to many girls such as you. Your writing is just the thing for it.

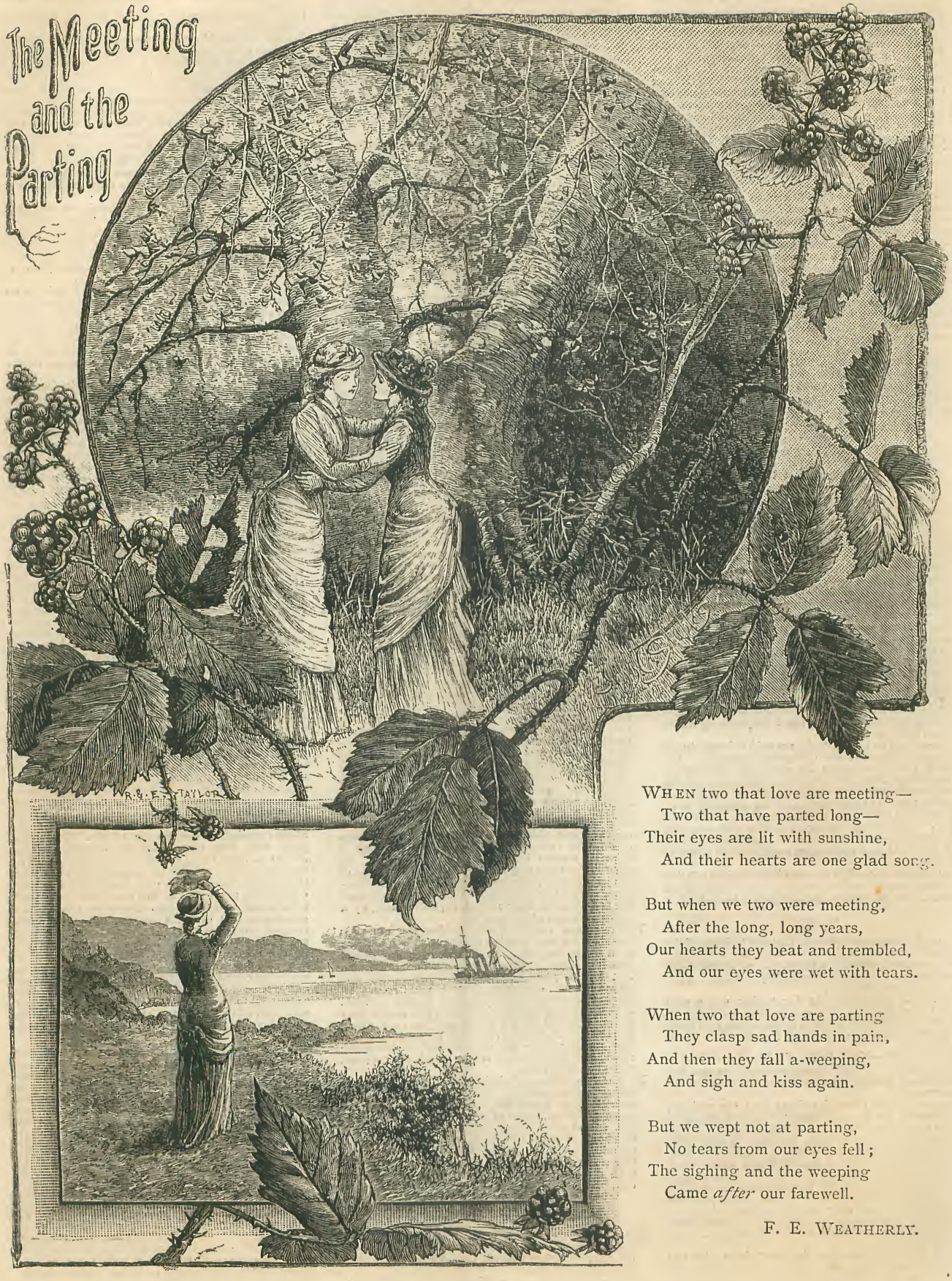
DOROTHY LASCELLES.—You are ill from overwork and worry, and you are tall for your years. We must tell you the truth: *rest* is the principal thing to cure you. Tonics might prop you up a bit, and a roborant plaster on the loins will help you. Take good food, but nothing to make you sleep. That would be dangerous; also try a bath in the morning, the shower would be the best. "You are the eldest of a large family, and your hands always full." We can sincerely sympathise with you, and many like you, even if we cannot help you.

COURTESIE.—When anyone, man or woman, shows you civility in making you a bow or in raising a hat, acknowledge it as a lady should. You seem to lack those feelings of consideration and kindness that are so indispensable to good behaviour.

MONEBOR.—1. I should recommend you Havet's French books. Write to Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. for their descriptive catalogue of the author's works, as he has written for every grade; each book has its key. 2. Work your bedroom slipper in the shape of the Berlin wool ones. Trace on a piece of brown paper the shape, with the exact measurements; this will be the guide for your knitting. With fleecy or Berlin wool cast on about thirteen stitches for tip of toe. Work one plain row, then commence the chosen pattern, always a close one, such as moss, broche, etc. A very warm slipper would have loops inside, made by twisting the wool twice over the finger in every other stitch of a row. In this case, the size should be allowed a little larger. Increase one at the commencement of each needle, until you have reached the largest part of the instep, then divide the stitches into three, leaving scarcely a third in the centre. Continue with the stitches of one side only and make a band long enough to reach the centre of the back of the foot. Cast off and knit a similar band for the opposite side, and seam both together at the back; line the slipper with silk, add a ruche and bow, and sew in a cork or fleecy sole previously bound, if preferred, with braid.

JANIE, E. E. M., LILLIAN B., AND ALL OTHER GIRLS WHO HAVE SENT US CHRISTMAS CARDS AND KIND MESSAGES.—We thank you heartily for your cheering tokens of friendship and goodwill. It is just a year since the first number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER was sent out into the world, and we are heartily thankful to be able to say that the support received has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the publishers. The Editor is delighted to inform his readers that the tone of their letters (over 1,000 weekly) has greatly improved, and he is certain that the girls are being led to feel that the aim of life should be high, and that it is far nobler to work hard than to fritter time away in trifling occupations or frivolous amusements. A spirit of modesty and earnestness is the prevailing tone of the letters from our girls. May they ever continue to cultivate these virtues. While acknowledging their kind support and encouraging friendliness which has prompted the sending of the cards, the Editor wishes one and all

"A Happy New Year."



WHEN two that love are meeting—
  Two that have parted long—
Their eyes are lit with sunshine,
  And their hearts are one glad song.

But when we two were meeting,
  After the long, long years,
Our hearts they beat and trembled,
  And our eyes were wet with tears.

When two that love are parting
  They clasp sad hands in pain,
And then they fall a-weeping,
  And sigh and kiss again.

But we wept not at parting,
  No tears from our eyes fell;
The sighing and the weeping
  Came *after* our farewell.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 54.] JANUARY 8, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TERRA-COTTA PAINTING.

BY MRS. RANDOLPH-LICHFIELD.

As a material for domestic uses and decorative purposes terra-cotta (a term literally signifying *clay baked*) is of the greatest antiquity.

In many Etruscan tombs vases 2,000 years old have been found, still bright in colour, stainless, and uninjured. These were painted red, buff, yellow, or black, many of them being gilded, their ornamentation consisting generally of representations of domestic scenes, mythological subjects, or flowers and foliage, especially those of the honeysuckle and ivy.

In Egypt and many parts of Sicily and Greece terra-cotta vessels of the early Greek type are frequently found. It was about 150 years B.C. that the art of making these became extinct.

For architectural purposes, however, terra-cotta was much employed in the seventeenth century, and there were manufactories for it in several parts of Italy.

Many of the English brick mansions of the Tudor period were elaborately adorned with ornaments of this material, and Italian artists, including the celebrated Bramante, were employed in their production.

The manufacture of terra-cotta was revived in England about 1770, by Wedgwood, to whose untiring efforts and patient investigation, aided by the sound scientific principles on which all his experiments were conducted, we owe the rapid and immense improvement made in all varieties of English china and earthenware since that time.

Wedgwood, among other artistic inventions, introduced a terra-cotta which he made to resemble many of the most beautiful stones of the silicious and crystalline species, such as porphyry, granite, Egyptian pebble, &c., and Flaxman, the celebrated sculptor, was employed in their decoration.

In Denmark the manufacture of modern terra-cotta is carried to its highest perfection, and our increased intercourse with that country has, doubtless, been one of the greatest causes of its extended use for decorative purposes.

The discovery in the south of Devon of a vein of fine red clay, of which terra-cotta ware is made, has greatly facilitated the production and improved the quality of that made in England.



[*All rights reserved.*]

The terra-cotta of the present day, the decoration of which forms a branch of art as interesting in its pursuit as it is effective in its results, may be obtained in three colours, black (*mélas*), red, and creamy (*leukós*).



The black may be used for either oil or water-colour painting, but is useless for china colours, as it will not bear firing.

The red and creamy will also receive either oil or water colours, and as they admit of firing, may be painted with china colours also. The enamelled terra-cotta is prepared for firing, and over glaze china colours are used for its decoration.

The surface of terra-cotta is both easy and pleasant to paint on, and the fact that it may be decorated to the greatest perfection, and with durability, without the tediousness and dangers incidental to firing, makes it a very favourite subject for amateur art. Of all the varieties of terra-cotta, oil colours on black Danish ware is by far the most effective and by far the easiest of accomplishment.

The colours being opaque, every tint tells effectively on the black background, and the finest strokes are as distinctly shown as the broadest.

Painting in Oil Colours.

The materials required are: red sable and bristle brushes of various sizes, tubes of oil colours, and *megilp*, or, if preferred, Roberson's medium, to dilute the colours.

The design must be sketched in white, either paint or chalk, taking great care to have it correct and clearly defined. The painting is treated exactly as if on canvas, the processes of first colouring, shading, &c., being thoroughly similar.

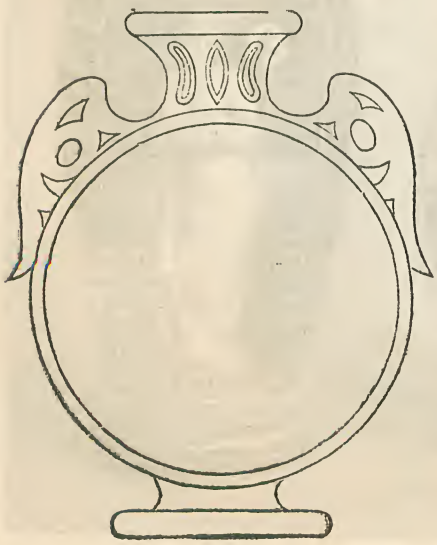
Any inaccuracies or spots of paint may be rubbed off with a piece of cotton wool, so long as they remain moist; but when dry, turpentine will be required to remove them, and must be applied with the greatest care.

Oil painting on red or cream terra-cotta is accomplished in a similar manner and with the same materials.

On the red and cream coloured grounds the subject may be sketched with lead pencil; the marks may be rubbed out, but in this as in all other drawing, it is far better to expend a little time and care in drawing the design in the first instance than to make alterations afterwards.

The oil colours require mixing with a body colour like flake white, Roberson's medium being used for the purpose; they are then painted on rather thickly, but evenly, and allowed to thoroughly dry. All after-painting and finishing is done without the admixture of flake white, the medium still being employed.





When quite dry the pencilled outlines may be effaced with india-rubber. A slight coat of copal varnish, applied after the painting is thoroughly dry, will bring out the brilliancy of the colours, and enable the terra-cotta to be washed with impunity.

Painting with Water-colours.

The application of water-colours to terra-cotta is more tedious and complicated than that of oil, the colours being transparent, necessitate an underground to conceal that formed by the ware. For this purpose it is requisite to coat the design—whether black, red, or cream—with size. This may be obtained of any artists' colourman, or a preparation of lavender balsam, diluted with turpentine, used as a substitute.

After the ground is sized, or prepared with the medium, which must be done smoothly and carefully, and sufficient time has been allowed for it to dry properly, the design must be sketched with Chinese white, and all the portions that are to receive *bright* colours must have a preliminary coat of the Chinese white made into a thin paste with the medium. This process is not necessary with the dark colours, but if you will

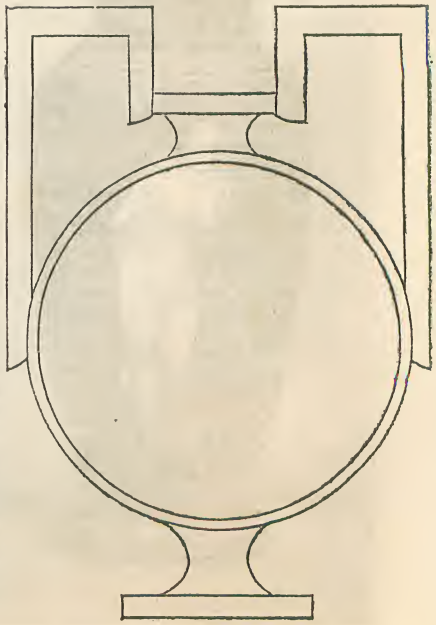


try the experiment of laying a *bright* colour on the terra-cotta thus prepared, and a stroke or two of the same *without* the underlayer of Chinese white, you will conclude the few moments' extra work amply repaid by the enhanced brilliancy of the tints. This coat of Chinese white must be laid on evenly and thickly with a flat red sable brush, which must not be too full, great care being taken not to go beyond the limits of the design.

When the white has become perfectly dry, the colours may be painted, moist water colours mixed with the medium being used for the purpose, the details of their shading and finishing being precisely those of ordinary water-colours.

Before the introduction of Chinese white, the whites used for similar purposes were made of lead or zinc, the consequence being their turning black in a few years, or even a shorter time, whether used alone or with other pigments.

After the painting is perfectly dry, it should have a smooth coat of the medium,



and when this in its turn has become dry, another of varnish may be applied.

The best copal or white spirit varnish is the best for the purpose. I prefer the former; it should be put on very smoothly with a small flat brush, which should be used as dry as possible.

The whole surface may be varnished, but the effect is far preferable if the painting only is thus treated, the bright design showing to the greatest advantage on the dull ground.

If this method is chosen, great care must be taken in applying the varnish, that it should not spread in the least beyond the painting; if this is successfully achieved the design will appear enamelled and slightly raised on the dull surface of the terra-cotta.

Painting with China Colours.

For this purpose the blackened terra-cotta is useless, as it will not bear firing; the red or cream must therefore be selected, and the ground sized or covered with the medium. When this is quite dry the *under glaze* china colours may be applied exactly as they would on biscuit china, taking especial care to have the design perfectly complete before commencing the colouring.

Enamel or *over* glaze colours may be used in precisely the same manner on unenamelled terra-cotta, and the whole article glazed together; but the effect is not so good, as it merely has the appearance of ordinary glazed ware, and loses its distinctive character.

The colours must be used with as dry a brush as possible, and laid on quite smoothly with fine brushes. Where white is employed it must be the white enamel, which must be put on rather thickly.

The painting will require what is technically called a "great fire kiln" for the firing, the ordinary "muffle" heat, which generally suffices for china painting, being inadequate in this case. This, however, is a detail that will be understood by any experienced firm to whom you may entrust your terra-cotta.

Etching on Terra-Cotta.

This may be done either before or after the terra-cotta is fired; in the former case the ware must be procured in its soft state, and the etching be executed with the unbaked clay, burins of various sizes being used for the work. Correct drawing is absolutely necessary for this work, and some careful practice is needed before the hand learns exactly the decision of touch required; each stroke must be sharp and clear, and deep enough to "take" the clay, great care being required while effecting this to avoid ending the stroke with a little dent or too deep an impression. Should this however, take place, it may be partially rectified by being carefully smoothed over with an etcher's brush.

Mistakes may be treated in the same manner, but it is far better to take extra care to avoid their commission than to be forced to correct them afterward.

Black or brown china colours are employed for any shading that is required, and the whole work must be completed before "firing." As the clay dries in firing, and therefore shrinks slightly, allowance must be made for its doing so in the execution of the design. During the work the terra-cotta must be kept damp, and whenever left it must be kept covered with a damp cloth, or it is *certain* to crumble.

Etching on the *fired* terra-cotta is much pleasanter work, and with a little care will produce very attractive results.

The materials required are etching pens, a bottle of sydertype, instead of ink, and a crayon stick.

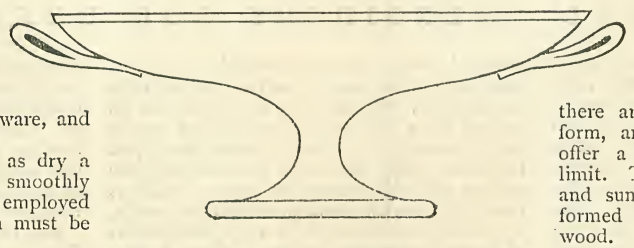
The pen must be carefully and firmly held, so as to draw decidedly and correctly, taking the precaution to take but little sydertype at a time for fear of making a blot, which would infallibly spoil the etching.

The design is executed in precisely the same manner as adopted for a pen and ink drawing.

If on completion the design should not appear sufficiently dark, the effect may be considerably increased by a little of the crayon stick being gently rubbed over it with cotton wool; this, however, must not be attempted under twenty or thirty minutes after the etching is finished.

Another method of etching on fired terra-cotta is very easy of accomplishment and very effective. Crowquills are the implements required, and are used with lampblack mixed with a little, very little gum. This should be gum Arabic if the etching is to be shiny, and gum tragacanth if preferred dull. Considerable effect may be obtained by putting in any extra depth or mass of colour with a fine brush.

Etching with Indian ink and very fine pens is also very simple work, and a few "high lights" put in with Chinese white greatly enhance the effect. Terra-cotta thus decorated requires either being varnished with



copal or smoothly and quickly covered with gum water; whichever is used will slightly darken the whole surface.

There is an absolute *embarras de richesses* as to designs for etching, the numerous books with beautiful illustration in outline and the sketches and pictures in many of the high class magazines affording ample scope for subjects.

Adrien Bruneau, one of the most celebrated French ceramic painters, designed a most attractive artistic dinner service, the principal subjects being ducks and ducklings, under a variety of more or less pleasant circumstances.

For painting in oil, water, or China colours any subject may be produced on terra-cotta, flowers being particularly attractive, and easier of achievement than landscapes or figures to most amateur artists. I distinctly remember the first specimens of oil painting on terra-cotta that I saw. The painting was so exquisite that I had a difficulty in believing, at a little distance, that the flowers represented were not real, or the most perfect of artificial specimens. In both cases the blackened varnish ware had been employed; one was a "Gloire de Dijon" rose, buds and foliage lightly thrown on a round plaque, about nine inches in diameter; the other, an oval vase, sixteen inches in height, with gracefully curved handles. This had a garland of honeysuckle, apparently thrown carelessly round it, *over* one handle and *beneath* the other.

Gilding on Terra-Cotta.

This process is by no means beyond the powers of amateurs, and may be made to add considerably to the effect of many articles in this ware.

The rim of the vase or plaque, the handles, or whatever portion is selected for decoration, must be well rubbed with pumice stone; when made perfectly smooth by this means it must be coated with gilder's size, and when this begins to get "tacky," leaf-gold is applied with a fine brush, the gold being cut on a cushion specially prepared, a palette knife being used for the purpose. The brush should be passed lightly over the hair, which causes the gold-leaf to adhere to it; the leaf must be laid on very carefully, great care being taken that it does not curl or crease in the application.

A far easier method of gilding than this, and very nearly as effective, is the painting with liquid gold, really prepared for the purpose, This must be mixed with a little refined oil, and laid on smoothly and carefully with a brush. Whichever method may be selected, badger-hair brushes are the best for the purpose.

If you should wish the gold burnished, which adds considerably to its effect, a burnisher made of agate will be required. When the gold becomes dirty or tarnished, as it may from being exposed to the gas, or a variety of other causes, it can be cleaned with whitelead or acetic acid, *i.e.*, white wine vinegar.

The three beautiful vases shown in the illustration on p. 225 are the copyright property of Messrs. Howell, James and Co., by whom they have been exhibited.

The outline illustrations will give some idea of the variety of forms in which terra-cotta ware is made. Besides numerous styles of tazzas, vases, &c., used for decorative purposes, there are plaques of every style, size, and form, and to the designs for which these offer a foundation there is practically no limit. The plaques may be let into cabinets and sunk in the centre of small tables, or formed into *jardinières* by being framed in wood. Set into shield-shaped pieces of wood, covered with velvet, they make remarkably attractive wall ornaments.

I saw a few days ago a very elegant arrangement of terra-cotta plaques over a mantelpiece. The mantelpiece proper was covered with dark green velvet, and above this was a shelf to correspond, attached to a shaped piece of wood, forming a back, and fastened to the wall; let into this frame were fine circular plaques of terra-cotta, the centre one large, the others decreasing in size. The paintings were in oil on the blackened ware, and the designs flowers. The whole effect was very uncommon and so thoroughly artistic that, had my readers seen it themselves instead of merely reading my weak description of its attractions, I am sure they would at the very first opportunity have sought to produce a similar effect by putting into practice the few directions for terra-cotta painting I have offered for their assistance.

TEACHING TRICKS TO CLEVER CATS.

To make a cat a good trickster you must love her, and take an interest in her little performances, and you will be surprised at the number of tricks she will learn. Without reference to the accomplishments of performing cats, who require a special education, we may enumerate just a few of the many simple tricks which you may teach any cat of ordinary brain calibre. A cat may be taught to beg like a dog; to embrace you; to pat your nose or your neighbour's nose when told (N.B.—It is perhaps as well it should always be your neighbour's nose); to down charge; to watch by a mouse's hole; to stand in a corner on her hind legs; to move rhythmically to music; to leap six or eight feet through a hoop, or over your head; to feign sleep; to feign death; to open or shut a door, and to ring the bell.

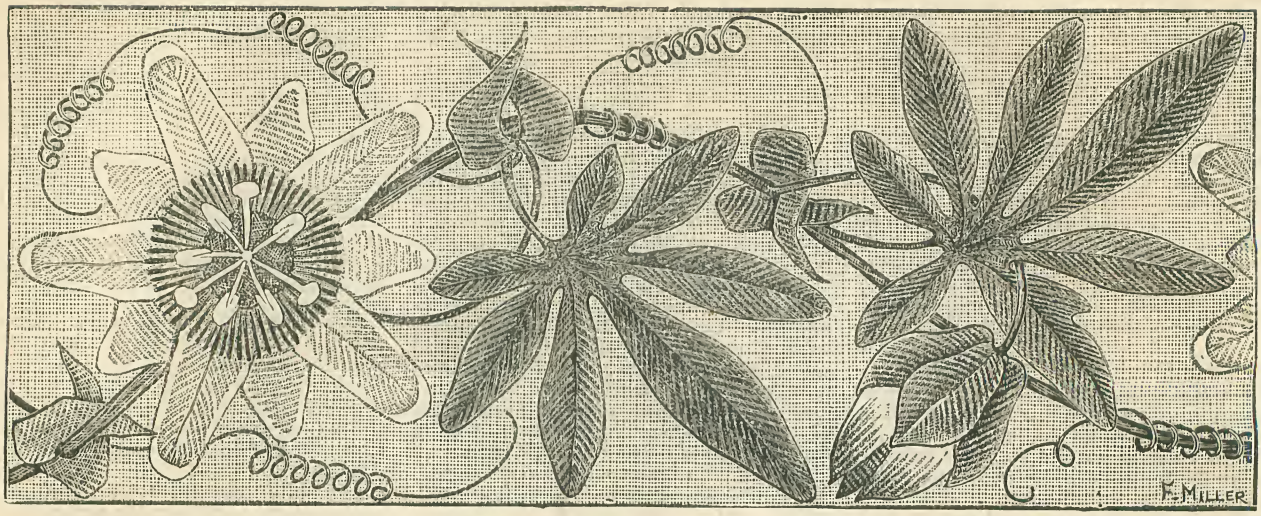


FIG. 1.—PASSION FLOWER BORDER.

CREWEL EMBROIDERY FOR DRESSES.

THE selection of the material for a new dress should always be made with great care. Washable dresses are, of course, better for household work, cleanliness being all important; but in our best dresses a more expensive fabric is desirable. All woollen materials and cashmeres are preferred to silks and satins, being softer to the touch, more harmonious in colour, and easily growing, as it were, to the figure, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the folds of a woollen fabric. Silk and, more especially, satin are harsher, and, having a glazy surface, catch the glare of the light somewhat disagreeably. Neither do they fall so gracefully as woollen garments, the folds of silk and satin more resembling crumpled paper. Velvet and plush are handsome, though somewhat heavy and hot looking, and are, perhaps, more fitted for the matron than the maiden.

Dress should always be suitable to the position of life we occupy, and also appropriate to the duties we have to perform. It would be as inappropriate in a housemaid to wear velvet as for the daughter of the house to perform her domestic duties in satin. A simple dress should be ornamented with other materials, such as lace or embroidery; or, as a designer would say, by surface, rather than constructive, decoration. For instance, if, instead of a frill or flounce attached to the dress, we worked a border of embroidery upon the dress itself, we should thus beautify the surface without altering its shape. And, as most girls nowadays can embroider in crewels, we present our readers with a few illustrations of specially-executed designs. These designs are drawn the sizes they might be worked, though they can easily be enlarged by the usual method, and can be executed in either silk or crewels. Without going so far as to say that embroidery is the only legitimate kind of dress decoration, it is, nevertheless, one of the most appropriate and at the same time most beautiful. Among the many advantages it possesses over other trimmings may be mentioned—1, it can be worked on parts of the dress where other trimmings would be out of place; 2, it gives a girl scope for originality, as she can work her own designs and arrange the colouring to suit her taste and her dress; 3, it gives individuality to a garment, for, if all girls worked their own embroidery, no two dresses would be alike; even if the designs used were the same, the colouring could be different; while a girl with any invention could always design her own. As embroidery for dresses generally takes the form of borders we have given five designs of various widths and styles, suitable for all parts of the dress, and which we here proceed to describe.

Fig 1 is founded upon the common passion flower, and can easily be made continuous, the position of the second flower being shown at the edge of the design; the work between the third and fourth flower being merely a repetition of this illustration, and so on to any length. All these designs should be traced on tracing paper and pricked on the *wrong* side. Then, with some powdered charcoal, in a piece of muslin or old stocking, if on a light material, or chalk if on a dark one, the design, on the *right* side should be gone over, and the powder passing through the holes will leave an impression, which must be marked over with a brush and Indian ink or Chinese white to fix the design upon the material to be worked.

The petals of the passion flower are creamy white, the five smaller petals being somewhat greener in tone; the centre of flower purple,

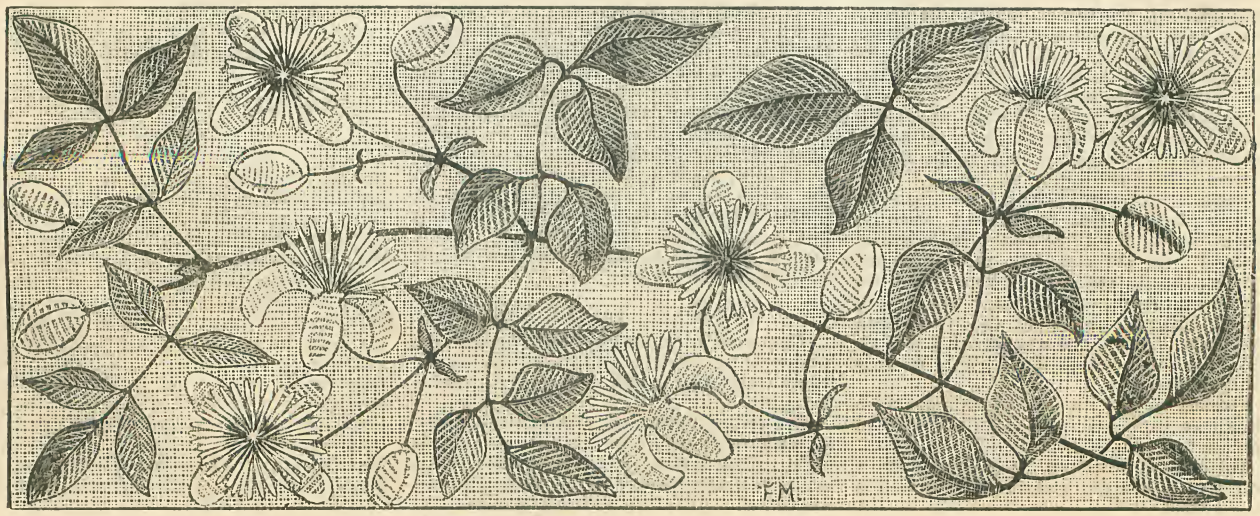


FIG. 2.—WILD CLEMATIS.

stamens and pistil yellow; the leaves are a warm green; the bud reddish pink, inclining to cream. The tendrils of the plant will be found to give delicacy to the design, and should be lighter than the leaves. This design would be more effective on a dark than on a light ground.

Fig. 2 is founded on the wild clematis, or traveller's joy, as it is commonly called. It is very delicate in form, and would do for either a light or dark ground. The flowers are creamy white; the stamens, which are very numerous, as will be seen, are greenish yellow in tone; buds, same colour as stamens; leaves, yellowish green; stems, slightly brown. In making a continuous design, it will be necessary to run a main stem at the back of the foliage, towards the lower part of the design, to connect one section with another.

Fig. 3 would make an exceedingly handsome border for the front of a dress, and would be effective worked on a cream-coloured ground, though a dark one would look perhaps as well. Everyone will recognise it as the honeysuckle, a plant frequently introduced by the Greeks into their architecture. The opened flowers are creamy white, inclining to pink. The buds are a delicate warm pink, such as would be produced in painting by glazing a wash of yellow with one of rose pink. The smaller buds are deeper pink, as the flower lightens as it arrives at maturity. The peculiar oval leaf growing at the base of the flowers should be a nice green, rather darker than the rest of the leaves. The flower stems are green, while the main stem at back might be brown green. This pattern can be made continuous by reversing every alternate section, so that the two unopened flowers growing together will come first on the right hand of the design, and then on the left, and so on.

Fig. 4 requires little comment. It is drawn from the bryony, one of our familiar creeping plants. Here, again, the tendrils form a great feature. This plant changes to the most beautiful shades of yellow in the autumn, and with its orange berries is full of suggestion to the designer. It would look effective on a dark red or brown material.

Fig. 5 is merely a conventional border, and can, therefore, be worked in any colours. Tones of yellow and brown, white and yellow-green, blue and olive would all be suitable, according to the material.

Fig. 6 is given more as a suggestion of how plants may be treated in crewel work. It is intended to show how to draw "sprigs," as they are usually termed, to "powder" over a surface, very much after the fashion of the pompadour dresses. An apron, the body, or the entire front of a dress could be treated in this way, providing the colouring be harmonious and the work delicate. The flowers used as "sprigs" in fig. 6 are familiar ones, comprising, as they do, the hepatica, wood-sorrel, or shamrock, water buttercup, lesser celandine, and dog-rose, while a few leaves are employed to fill up the gaps in the illustration and also to show how leaves could be treated as a design. An easy way to make a pattern of leaves is to get such plants as the Virginia creeper, one of the most gorgeous of autumnal plants, the blackberry, bryony, maple, &c.; and by brushing a little Chinese white or Indian ink over the leaves, and then pressing them upon the material to be embroidered, an impression can be obtained



FIG. 3.—HONEYSUCKLE DESIGN.



FIG. 4.—BRYONY.

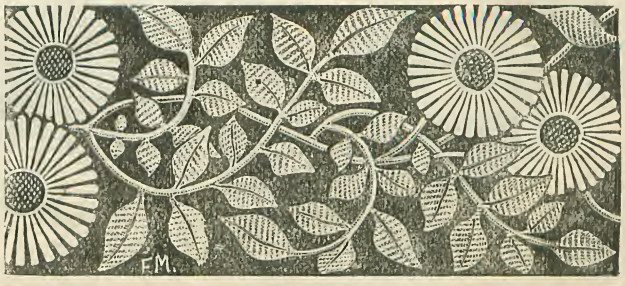


FIG. 5.

sufficient for working from. It will be found necessary to mix a little ox-gall with the colour to prevent the greasiness of the leaves resisting the action of the ink or white.

Before closing this paper we would urge upon all our readers the necessity of selecting such colours, either in their dress materials or their crewels and silks, as shall be quiet and pleasant to the eye, carefully avoiding anything bright and strong. Rather choose neutral colours, such as olives, brown-greens, and greys, than positive ones like red, bright blue, or violet. A colour may be brilliant without being gaudy, providing it be not a pure colour. For instance, blue-greens and peacock-blues are delightful colours, through the toning of the blue with the green, while emerald green and bright blue are far from pleasant, producing on the eye much the same effect as a room painted vermilion. The colours of embroidery must always be regulated by the tone of the dress and made to harmonise with it. Thus, on a red brown dress it would be out of place to introduce so strong a contrast as blue; but by working such a pattern as fig. 4 in rich tones of yellow, green, orange, and brown, an harmonious and pleasing effect would result, and would greatly set-off the colour of the dress. With regard to black, a colour so much affected by English people, it certainly seems a pity that youth should array itself in what is at best a dismal hue—the emblem we employ to denote grief and death, and therefore quite out of harmony with bright, joyous youth. Dr. Richardson tells us that it is an unhealthy colour, but I am afraid, like much else in ladies' dressing, fashion is paramount; but be assured that those who are slaves to fashion can never dress well, as *no* fashion can possibly be universal, scarcely three people being able to dress alike without spoiling their appearance. Those are the best dressed people who betray no sign of the milliner or dressmaker about them.



FIG. 6.

AMBITION

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING gained the golden opinions of her country world, the season found Mrs. Belmore culling them in town. She was even more admired and followed in London than she had been at Belmore, and her house became the centre not only of fashionable, but diplomatic circles. Constance had returned home, but at the reiterated entreaties of her cousin consented to pay her a visit. It was her first initiation into what is called "The Season," and perhaps her astonishment surpassed her enjoyment. Coming fresh from the country, the bustle and gaiety of London frightened her almost as much as Lord John's wit and talent had done. Still more did Selina's endeavours to bring her forward alarm her. The more she shrank from notice the more her cousin strove to draw her into it.

"I mean to get you off this very spring," said Mrs. Belmore one day. "I don't quite think Lord John would do, but there are Sir James Lyle and a host of others. You are really admired now, and looking your best, so we will not let you get old and *passée* before we establish you."

"I am established already with my mother at Cedarton, and just between ourselves, Selina, I have seen no one as yet that I respect or particularly care for. Besides, I feel old already; still, I am not likely to marry, so pray do not waste your talents on me," replied Constance. "Unless I marry for love I die an old maid."

"That is an extinct animal nowadays. The unmarried women are no longer old maids. They are "sisters," or "strong-minded ladies," or artists, authors, carvers, and gilders—anything but old maids. I believe they have the best of it, and I begin to wish I were single."

"And you have such a kind, good husband, Selina!"

Mrs. Belmore shrugged her shoulders, and changed the conversation. In truth, she was beginning to find her

Charles wearisomely dull, in spite of wealth, diamonds, and even Parliament.

"Do you know, Conny, Lord John has promised to help on Annesley Gifford at the Admiralty," she said.

"I think Annesley would rather help himself. He is proud and independent," returned Constance, quietly.

"And I mean to humble him and make him grateful," rejoined Selina.

"Oh, Selina!" ejaculated Constance.

"Gratitude is unobjectionable, most prudish of cousins, and Annesley may just as well have a thousand a year as three hundred. Secretaryships, like everything else, go by favour, and Lord John will do anything for me."

Thus the conversation ended, but its effects on Constance were disagreeable, and made her sad and silent for some days.

They were invited to a diplomatic *soirée* at the house of an eminent statesman, where they were to meet the *élite* of London. They went. Selina ablaze with diamonds; Constance in white, with natural flowers in her hair. They might have sat for their pictures as sunshine and moonlight, the one was so conspicuously bright, the other so unobtrusively pale. While Selina was surrounded by admirers, Constance shrank back forgotten for the moment. As the latter stood alone without the circle formed around her cousin, she heard the words, "Constance, you here!" and turning faced Annesley Gifford. She was no longer pale. A flush that vied with the delicate spray of heath that peeped from drooping ferns in her hair mounted to her cheeks; her hand trembled as her old friend held it. He glanced at Selina, and asked if she were staying with Mrs. Belmore. His voice and manner were natural, yet Constance felt that he was altered; how she scarcely understood.

"It is long since we have met," he said, looking her in the face. "Have you been ill? My mother has not said so, and she always mentions Cedarton when she writes."

"Oh, no, I am quite well. And you?"

"My robust frame speaks to my health."

"Hullo! Gifford at last!" here broke in Mr. Belmore. "Where have you kept yourself, old fellow? Now we have met, you shall not get off coming to see us. Selina, here he is!"

Mrs. Belmore turned, and breaking through her surroundings, advanced towards Annesley. Constance withdrew a few paces to watch the greeting, and stood a little behind him. Annesley met the offered hand by a slight touch, and bowed as he heard the words, "At last, Mr. Annesley Gifford."

But he glanced at the imperial woman with a vague astonishment. If she had been beautiful as Selina Grey, she was magnificent as Mrs. Belmore. Black velvet and diamonds heightened the exceeding fairness of her complexion, feathers and diamonds the gloss of her dark hair, a blush as of the dawn the violet blue of her eyes. Her voice, smile, and self-possession were irresistible, and Annesley acknowledged it. His keen, penetrating eyes and hard set mouth softened, and he also smiled. Constance watched and sighed. Lord John stood beside Mrs. Belmore, a man of intellectual face and commanding presence. Diplomatists, army magnates, men of rank and talent surrounded her, but she had not forgotten Annesley Gifford.

"We have caught him at last, Conny," whispered Mr. Belmore to Constance. "We won't let him escape again."

"This is Mr. Annesley Gifford, of whom we were just speaking, Lord John," said Selina, turning to the great man. "Let me introduce you to Lord John Morpeth, Mr. Gifford."

The two gentlemen bowed, and entered into conversation for a few moments, Selina joining with her customary ease and vivacity. None but Constance knew of the previous attachment, or guessed that hearts might be throbbing restlessly amid that glittering throng. Annesley returned to her with a cheek slightly flushed and a manner somewhat absorbed, and asked if she could guess what Lord John would have to say about him.

"I think Selina must have been trying to interest him in your promotion," she replied.

"I wish people would let me alone. What right have they to meddle with my affairs? My promotion will come if I deserve it," he said, irritably.

"Every one has not his deserts," said Constance.

"Assuredly not. I do not think you have," he said; "but I suppose Mrs. Belmore has?"

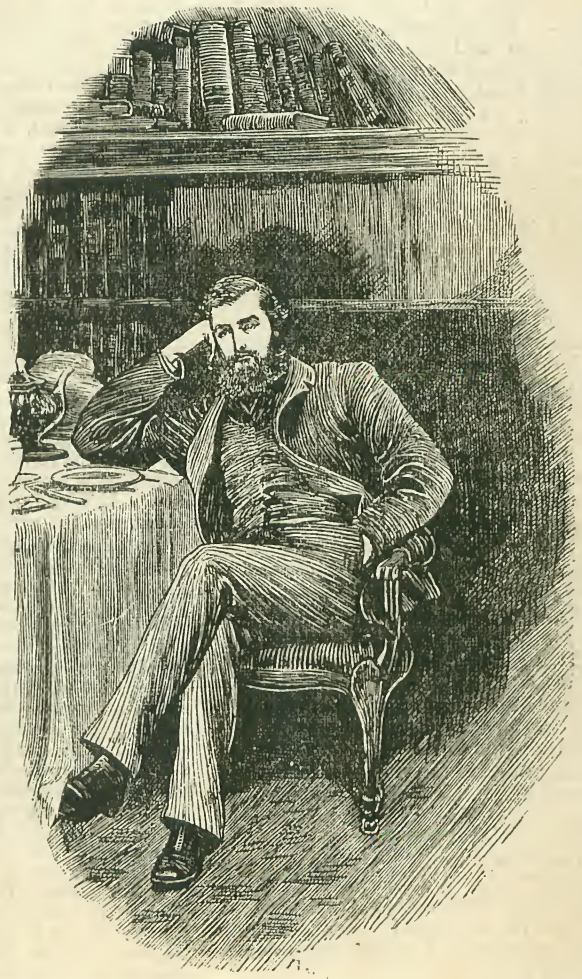
Constance glanced at him inquiringly, and he smiled as he added—

"Has she not all she asked for—wealth and admiration?"

"She is so attractive!" answered Constance.

She certainly was, and drew all men to her as the lamp the moths—even Annesley, to all appearance; for he no longer resisted his old friend Belmore's entreaties to visit him, but came and went as in the old Cedarton days. Constance was vexed at his relaxation of what she believed the moral cord, for Annesley was not only a hard-worker at the Admiralty, but a philanthropist, labouring, as Edward Denison laboured, for the good of his fellow men; and Selina could throw herself into the subjects that interested him, and suggest schemes for legislation for the poor, while she ministered to the follies of the rich. In due course of time, and thanks to her diplomacy, he became secretary to Lord John—a much coveted post, but one he did not accept without consideration, for he did not like taking what he fancied he had no right to receive.

Meanwhile Constance had to endure Mr. Belmore's jests concerning him, which she did not think it worth while to parry. They were friends, old and she believed true, and she hoped they would continue such, though nothing is so apt to interrupt friendship as silly jokes concerning it. However, Annesley was too sensible himself and had too high an opinion of Constance to heed those which were thrust upon him, and he was besides aware that she knew of his early admiration of her cousin, and could therefore never think of him. They met frequently and naturally, and he expressed his intention of spending his next holiday at home. This home was only a few miles from Cedarton. His father was rector of a country parish, and he was the eldest of a large



MR. BELMORE.

family. It was while staying with him that Mr. Belmore had first seen Selina, who was at the time residing with her aunt, Mrs. Grey.

It was not unnatural, however, that Constance, who was of a reflective turn of mind, should occasionally retrace the past, while wondering at the present. She now and again recalled the happy intercourse that had passed for many years between Merton Rectory and Cedarton, an intercourse uninterrupted until Selina had, on the death of her parents, come to reside at the latter place. Her brilliancy and beauty had dazzled everyone, and it was no wonder that she—Constance—was thrown even more into the shade than she was wont to be. Neither was she surprised that Selina should first have attracted and encouraged, as she thought, Annesley Gifford, and then his visitor, Mr. Belmore. But she was surprised at the ambition that induced her to sacrifice the one for the other and still led her to strive to maintain a certain ascendency over both. She could not yet read her cousin's nature, which was vain as well as ambitious, and which was not content until it had, so to say, vanquished the world.

But in so doing Selina slightly overshot her mark. Carried away by admiration and fashion, she forgot that even Mr. Belmore's large income was not inexhaustible, and his patience not perfect. He declared that what with the election and the sumptuous entertainments they were already going too fast, and must pull in. She laughed at the notion, as she did at most of her husband's remonstrances, and continued to have her way. But her way was not the right one, since it annoyed her husband. He was naturally more interested in country than in town pursuits, and felt more at home in the hunting field than in diplomatic circles, preferring the society of the country gentry to that of men of letters and statesmen. A good-natured but weak and obstinate man himself, he disliked those whom he felt to be superior to him. Thus, with no particular reason, he gradually took a dislike to Lord John Morpeth. It was sure that the great man was slightly overbearing and sometimes supercilious, and that he evidently preferred intercourse with the brilliant Mrs. Belmore to that of her less intellectual husband. Morever, Lord John was often cynical in his wit, and Mr. Belmore was sensitive, and fancied its shafts pointed at him when really aimed at nothing. Thus he would take offence when none was meant, and Lord John, on his side, whose temper was none of the sweetest, took pleasure in aggravating the harm he had at first unintentionally done.

Selina would laugh at these passages at arms, while Constance became the unwilling *confidante* of Mr. Belmore's annoyance.

"If he thinks to lord it over me he's mistaken," he would say. "And Selina's too clever by half. But then, how she is admired! Why, Conny, there's no one in London can hold a candle to her."

Before the end of the season Constance returned home, and as soon as Parliament was prorogued Mr. and Mrs. Belmore went to Belmore Hall. Annesley Gifford spent his holiday with his parents, according to his intention, and Lord John went abroad. So the conflicting elements were for awhile at peace.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH SCHOOL-GIRLS.



THE newspapers recently had many comments on the opening of a young ladies' college at Castel-Sarrasin, between Toulouse and Bordeaux, the first of many similar institutions to supplement, if not displace, the convent schools, where girls of the upper and middle classes could alone get education. Mr. G. A. Sala, in an article in a daily paper, had some interesting statements about "the French school-girl." French married ladies enjoy a suprising amount of freedom, which, it is to be hoped, they invariably turn to the best of uses; but French unmarried girls cannot be said to enjoy any freedom at all. They are not maltreated, for, although the French do not outrageously spoil their children as the Americans do, they treat them, as a rule, with unvarying kindness and tenderness, and consort with them on terms of much greater familiarity than is customary in children-loving but austere England. French fathers and mothers are *petit père* and *petite mère* to their youngest children, who are accustomed to "thee" and "thou" them from their infancy, and are not taught to dread them. On the other hand, they venerate them, and a grey-bearded Frenchman of fifty does not think it derogatory to his dignity, when writing to his mother, to subscribe himself *ton fils soumis et obéissant.*

But the French girl, until she be marriageable, is kept in the strictest seclusion. She may not walk out alone, or even in the company of her sister. She is never left alone with an unmarried gentleman. She may not write to a gentleman under sixty, unless he be of kindred to her. She is debarred from indulging in a hundred harmless pastimes and frolics in which English girls habitually indulge, and the enthusiasm which Frenchmen are wont to express for *les charmantes jeunes Meeses Anglaises* may be to a great extent explained by the fact that they very rarely have a chance of freely communing with unmarried young ladies of their own nation. Married women, and not girls, are usually the heroines of French novels of society, and when the novelist does incidentally allude to a young girl of gentle nurture he generally dismisses her as a *jeune fille rêveuse.* The truth is, that the author has so few opportunities of speaking to her that he has no experience to guide him in picturing to himself what she may be dreaming about. Precluded by the Median and Persian laws of *la famille* from describing female character in the upper and middle ranks of society, the romance-writers fly in despair to the *foyer* of the actress, the boudoir of the *cocotte*, or the garret of the *ouvrière.* There they are able to find an abundance of models and a plenitude of opportunities for the observation and analysis of social characteristics. *La famille* has concerned itself very little with female Bohemia, who have not by any means been kept in seclusion in their girlhood.

That the segregation of unmarried girls from general society in France has been concurrently attended by very imperfect educational training is undeniable. Were it not that the French are a naturally witty, shrewd, and self-possessed people, a French girl of the upper middle classes might appear to an English or American young lady to be a lamentably ignorant specimen of "femininity." She may have picked up a few scraps of English in her *pensionnat*, but she is never taught even the rudiments of Latin; she would think it unpatriotic to speak German; her knowledge of the history and literature of her own country is *limited, and* that of the history and literature of other countries usually *nil.* A little linear drawing constitutes the sum of her acquaintance with mathematics, and she may be deemed fortunate if she has managed to gather a slight smattering of physical science, and that not of a very accurate kind, from the writings of M. Jules Verne. If she has been educated in a convent, the good nuns have probably taught her that three-fourths of the things which she will enjoy with such eager zest when she is married and free are essentially wicked, and it is not at all improbable that if she has been brought up in a nunnery in the provinces, her clerical instructors have instilled into her such ideas on politics as to make her regard the existing Government of her country with horror and aversion.

An English school-girl happily knows much more about hardbake and almond rock than she does about Conservatism or Liberalism; and from the age of sixteen to twenty she is too much occupied with matters of dress and amusement and affairs of the heart to trouble herself about which political party is in office, or which is in opposition. If she has any politics at all they are "papa's;" unhappily, as French society is at present constituted, the politics of a French young lady are in most cases directly the reverse of those of her papa. They are mamma's, and mamma's politics are those of M. le Curé. The only wonder is that, educationally hampered and restricted at every turn, incessantly watched by the Argus eyes of parents and priests, the young Frenchwoman, when she has passed through the probationary stages of a school-girl and a *demoiselle à marier* should bear herself with the confident *aplomb* and hold her own in the brilliantly self-assured manner customary with her after marriage. The formalities at the Mairie and the ceremonial of the nuptial benediction at the church seem instantaneously to have transformed her into another personage, and she takes her place, be it in society or behind the *comptoir* of her husband's shop or *café*, with a perfectly easy, self-reliant, and satisfied air. Yesterday she was all timidity and taciturnity. To-day she would confront M. le Préfet without hesitation, and is loquacious even to garrulity. She is free; and that may have something to do with the rapidity and the completeness of the metamorphosis.

Whether increased educational facilities by means of public school or collegiate training of a liberal and secular kind will exercise a favourable influence on the character of the always fascinating but often uneducated young Frenchwoman remains to be seen. The progress of the experiment at Castel-Sarrasin will be watched with much interest on both sides of the Channel, but the gibers and jokers must hold their hands for a time, and refrain from prematurely sarcastic dispa-ragement of a new generation of *les femmes savantes.*



TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

HERRICK.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EXPLOSION.



"THEY say that all the credit of the new pit is due to Meredith," remarked Evan to Laban, when he looked in on the evening of May's birthday.

"So it is in a certain way," replied Laban. "He and I talked the old one over a hundred times, but it was he who puzzled out the real facts of the case. And now it is working so well that the master's income has doubled, and the men are beginning to ask for a rise of wages."

"Not you, I hope, Laban. Let us be content with what we have. Riches mean care, and so the master will find it, and Meredith, too, I'm afraid, though I'm thankful to believe the lad's good at heart in spite of his roving mind and proud nature."

"I'm sure a little more money 'ouldn't hurt any of us," put in Peggy. "If it wasn't for Meredith's present to May I'm not knowing how we should have paid the quarter's rent this very Lady-day. And Richards, Derwen Fawr, do like his money to the minute."

"I hope it isn't so bad as that, father," said Laban. "And you never tell us, or let me help you."

"Great-grandfather was talking of selling the cow, and giving up, and going to the Union, only yesterday," whispered May, with tears in her eyes.

"I'm ashamed of my want of faith, child, and grieve that thou shoulds't have heard such words from my lips, the more so, as I didn't really mean them," said Evan.

"You didn't, great-grandfather! Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed May, going to his side and slipping her hand in his.

"He won't go to the Union, May, so long as I have the use of my arms," laughed Laban.

"And I of mine," chuckled Peggy, setting hers akimbo.

"And I of mine," whispered May to Evan. "When I can play the organ they will be of more use than now."

"I have often rebuked other people for foolish talking, and now I am rebuked myself," said Evan, bowing his head and covering his eyes.

"I am afraid the discontent of the miners is deeper than Mr. Richards thinks," remarked Laban, to turn the conversation. "He said yesterday that he thought he would have Meredith back and set him over the works, for he knew he was faithful and 'ould do his duty. I told him that would rouse jealousy, and the men wouldn't like it. 'Then they must lump it,' said he. 'I should never have worked the pit again but for him, and now not only coal but iron has turned up.'"

"I hope they won't blacken and spoil any more of the beautiful country," suggested May.

"That they will, if there's money to be made by it. God's works fall before man's works now-a-days," returned Evan.

"Perhaps if Meredith were to come back, Rachel could marry," said May, whose heart beat quick with hope.

"I fear Meredith would no longer be content with his father's house, little May; he's a gentleman now, with a good salary. Six years work wonders in these go-a-head times," replied Laban, and May's countenance fell.

Yet did she understand her friend better than his nearer relatives. She had, indeed, an acute and intuitive perception of the real and the false.

What Mr. Richards had said came to pass. He summoned Meredith and set him over his former equals, over his own father, in short. He made him manager of all his works in his native valleys, and these works were continually increasing. He was to take, in short, Mr. Richards's place; for that gentleman was more and more occupied both at home and abroad. He had become not only a man of large income, but of mark; for he was chairman of many companies, and engaged in a variety of speculations. It was rumoured that he meant to build a grand place elsewhere, and the fears of the people were great lest they should lose their excellent friends at Derwen Fawr. Happily for May, they had not reached her yet.

But she was one of the first to whom the good news of Meredith's return came; for Miss Edith had heard her father mention it casually, and repeated it to her. She ran home to tell her grandparents as if her feet were winged.

"He is coming! He is coming! It was true!" she said.

"Who is coming? Why you're all agape, child," cried Peggy.

"He! Cousin Meredith," replied breathless May.

"They have set him in slippery places, then. He must take heed lest he fall," muttered Evan, which damped May's exultant hopes.

Yet Meredith's beginning satisfied his grandfather. He took up his abode at Tygwyn, and thereby roused his mother into life if not health. To be sure he had offices provided for him not far from the new mine, and in the centre of the coal district, a house, in fact; but this was unfurnished save by desks, stools, and ledgers, and he preferred living at home; that is to say, he was to have his old sleeping place, his corner in the living-room, his meals when he liked; but he told his mother that she must not expect him, under any circumstances, until she saw him, as he must necessarily be much engaged. Thus much was settled the first day of his return, before he visited Derwen Fach. This he did the same evening, accompanied by his father, who was very proud of his good-looking, prosperous son. So, in point of fact, was Evan, though he was always careful to instil humility into young people, and he fancied he saw that Meredith was somewhat set up by his rapid success in life. But May and Peggy were all admiration, and certainly if the young man had been vain-glorious, they would have helped to keep him so.

"Thank you, my lad, for your kind gift to us," said Evan, when the little party were gathered round the fire, for the March winds were keen. "You will be none the poorer for helping your aged or sick relations. Now, tell us how you have managed to get on the blind side of Mr. Richards, who is generally wide awake in both eyes, and only sleeps with one shut and one open. I suppose you got hold of him when he was a-bed?"

"Oh, great-grandfather! how can you say such things?" remonstrated May. "Cousin Meredith did his duty, and is rewarded, as is always the case in pretty stories."

"Mr. Richards said that I knew the neighbourhood, the mines, and the men, better than anyone else, and that perhaps I might help him to keep off a strike, grandfather," said Meredith.

"Oh, is it come to that?" asked Evan, with a sort of whistle.

"Not quite," answered Laban. "But there is an outcry for more wages everywhere just now."

"What is a strike, Uncle Laban?" inquired May.

"Let me tell you, child," interrupted Evan. "It is people quarrelling with their bread and butter, and wanting honey atop of it. It is being discontented with your state. It is men refusing to work while they stand out for higher wages, and letting their families starve. It is a wicked tempting of Providence."

"The agitators do the mischief," said Meredith. "They come with their speeches and their papers to the pit's mouth, and rouse up all the bad

passions of the men. Still, there is something to say on both sides."

May listened earnestly to a discussion that followed, from which she gathered that some crisis was impending that might bode evil to everyone she loved. Her exultation at Meredith's return and success in life faded into fear lest misfortune should ensue upon it, and she began to perceive that her grandfather was right in saying that contentment was the best riches. Her meditative mind, however, set itself to devise some means of averting the ills that seemed to threaten, and she wondered what she could do to help. What with her music, her unoffending gentleness, her delicate face and figure, her devotion to her grandparents, and her eagerness to help everyone round about, she had become a general favourite, and it was doubtful whether Miss Edith or she were the more popular.

"The ladies carry good books and papers to the pit's mouth, and all our dear friends love them and like the books," she said. "And then they gave us the Institute. Nobody would harm the ladies."

"I don't think they would, little May," returned Uncle Laban. "We must have patience, and my manager, there, and I must work together," pointing to his son.

Meredith coloured to the temples at this jest, and old Peggy laughed, but May thought it unkind, since it was not Meredith's fault that he was higher than his father.

"You look like a sick sheep, May," cried Peggy. "Whatever is happening, we are safe. I'm thinking farm-work's best, after all, and wish you, Laban, was here with your father, 'stead of there with your son."

May took this to be another cut at Meredith, who, however, soon walked off with Laban as happily and contentedly as even she could wish, the former saying that he was thankful his son would be at home at night when he chanced to be in the mine.

"You don't think harm will come to Mr. Richards or Cousin Meredith, great-grandfather?" asked May, wistfully, when they were gone.

"'Tis all in God's hands, child. We must ask His help," replied Evan. "Bring the Bible, and we will read a chapter. Then we can consult Him by prayer."

May did as she was bid. She and her grandparents were in the habit of reading aloud nightly from the sacred Scriptures, and she loved the large, pictured Bible, which had been her delight before she could read its contents. But now she read Welsh even better than English, and the fine old language which our ancestors, the Ancient Britons, used to speak, sounded very pleasant in her musical voice. Even the gutturals were no longer inharmonious. But Evan rolled them out with a will, as if they belonged to him, and Peggy took infinite pains with her words, and her voice rose and fell in a sort of rhythmical cadenza, much as it did when she sang. She had a Bible with very large print to herself; but Evan and May read together, just as they had done ever since May's fever. She either sat or stood by his side, his arm round her waist, and Peggy was opposite to them. The old people had spectacles on, but even so aided would occasionally stumble at a word, when May was expected to set them right. This was not because they could not read, but from deficiency of sight, and May preferred pointing out the slight mistake with her finger to correct it with her voice. They always read a verse in turn, and it was a good conclusion of their laborious day.

When the chapter was finished they knelt in prayer, which Evan offered extempore, and the pulsation of May's heart quickened, as he asked for guidance to be given to Mr. Richards and his people in the matter that made them anxious, and especially for direction for Meredith in his difficult position.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," he said, when he arose with difficulty from his knees, by which May understood him to mean that nothing contrary to the will of the Almighty should be done with its contents.

"Is your rheumatism worse to-night, great-grandfather?" asked May, seeing that he seemed unusually stiff.

"The wind is in the east, child, and between that and old age 'tis no wonder if I'm stiff. Give me my pipe. Maybe it will spirit me up."

May stuffed the pipe, and then she and Peggy tidied up the house, which was already quite neat, for the night. Peggy would never allow May to do any work which she deemed beyond her strength; and Mally Tybach now came daily to help in the out-of-door labours. Still May was an excellent little housewife, though she took care not to let her grandmother fancy that she interfered with her province; for Peggy was as proud of her position as a queen of hers, and would not allow it to be usurped. Thanks to the Misses Richards, May wrote and spelt well, and was a sufficiently good arithmetician. These, with her music, were her accomplishments, and they were sufficient for her situation in life, though she could not have passed an examination even as junior teacher in a National or Board School.

Nothing could be more perfect than the peace of the little farm during the hours of the night. Rarely did any sounds but the varied whispers, cries or howlings of the winds disturb the quiet; and these were only occasional. Despite the much-abused east wind, all was silent when May retired to her little loft, and she glanced out upon the oak woods lying tranquil in spite of it. She was soon in bed, and heard her grandmother's foot on the stairs; for, in spite of her seventy-six years, Peggy persisted in tucking her up and taking away her candle.

"God bless thee, child!"

"Good-night. I hope you will both sleep well, dear grandmother."

This was their nightly leave-taking.

They all slept well until nearly daylight, when they were suddenly awakened by an unusual sound. May jumped out of bed, thinking it was either an earthquake or the judgment-day, of which she sometimes thought with alarm. She ran downstairs quickly as she was. Her grandparents were sitting up in bed, having struck a light.

"What was it? What is it?" cried she.

"An explosion! An explosion at the pit!" replied her grandfather.

(To be continued.)

OUR GIRLS' NAMES.

II.—ANNE.

NEXT after Mary in popularity comes the name Anne, Anna, or Hannah, for all these, as well as the pet names, Annie, Nannie, and Nancy, are but variations of the old Hebrew appellation, which in its original form is Chaanach, and signifies "grace" or "favour." When compounded with the name of "God," "Jah," this word gives us the commonest of our male names, "John," as well as the female forms—Jane, Joan, and Johanna. The great popularity of Anne seems to have originated in a legend which gave that name to the mother of the Virgin Mary; but for this tradition there is no foundation, and it is better to connect the name with the devout mother of Samuel and with the aged prophetess who hailed the infant Jesus in the Temple.

It is a curious circumstance that probably the first person in England who bore the name Anna was a king of East Anglia. Whence or how he got the name is unknown, but he certainly did not disgrace it, for he ruled his kingdom well, and died fighting for his people against the heathen King of Mercia in 654. Tradition tells us that King Arthur had a sister called Anna, but as modern historians tell us that Arthur himself is purely mythical, we cannot have much to say about his sister. The first genuine Anne in our history is the first wife of Richard II., whose gentleness, piety, and charity won for her the honourable title of "Good Queen Anne." We must not forget that she was the friend, and in some sense the disciple, of Wiclif, and that it was through her that his doctrines made their way into her native country of Bohemia, there to produce John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who in their turn exercised so much influence on Luther and the German reformers of the sixteenth century. The name of Good Queen Anne was in subsequent times transferred to the last sovereign of the family of Stuart, and she was not undeserving of the title. A true friend of religion and the Church of England, she was also an affectionate wife and mother, and a virtuous and amiable woman. No wonder, then, that in the dark days of the first two Georges many people looked back with regret to the gentle reign of Queen Anne, and invested her with attributes higher than she possessed. Four other English Queens bore the name of Anne. Two of them rank amongst the most unfortunate of women—Anne Neville, whose gallant young husband, Prince Edward, was stabbed on the fatal field of Tewkesbury, and whose deadly foe, Richard of Gloucester, she was compelled to marry; and ill-fated Anne Boleyn, who wore the crown she had coveted so greatly little more than one year, when, all unjustly, she was hurried off to a shameful death on the scaffold.

Besides these, we have Anne of Cleves, who doubtless was only too glad to escape by a divorce from her tyrannical husband; and Anne of Denmark, the wife of James I., whose love of gaiety and amusement earned for her an evil name among the Puritans.

Russian history boasts many an Anne, of whom the greatest was the Byzantine princess

through whom Christianity was introduced into Muscovy, though perhaps the most famous is the Empress Anne Ivanovna, who reigned from 1730 to 1742, and by her talents and, we must add, unscrupulousness, contributed not a little to the aggrandisement of Russia.

The annals of France record the names of Anne of Beaujeu and Anne of Austria, both of whom were regents of the kingdom, and have left their mark on the history of the country.

In literature we may recall the name of the learned princess of Constantinople, Anna Comena, of whom Sir Walter Scott has drawn such an amusing picture in "Count Robert of Paris"; and we may think of our own Hannah More, whose books, though now perhaps but little read, had a great influence for good in her day and generation. Brave Anne Askew, the first female martyr of the Reformation, must not be forgotten, whom all the entreaties of the courtiers and all the tortures of the rack could not shake, and whose sufferings were crowned by a fiery death. There is many another Anne whose life would be well worth our study and who might teach us many a lesson; but those few we have mentioned suffice to show that the grace and favour which the name signifies should be used in the service of God, and for the good of our fellow men.

We cannot all be Queen Annes, but we can and should every one of us strive to merit that noblest and best of all titles which was given to them, the name of Good.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was preparation time again. Josephine and Rosa Bell had been away three days, and Helen missed them very much, although a letter received that morning from the two sisters had been some satisfaction to her.

Miss Rowe had received a letter by the same post, with the same postmark, and as she sat at her desk in the quiet class-room she dropped her work into her lap and drew it from her pocket for the fourth or fifth time since the morning. And as she read, with moistened eyes and a softened face, she became altogether oblivious of the crowd of young scholars by whom she was surrounded, until a titter from the farther side of the long table jarred upon her nerves and startled her back to recollection.

She raised her head quickly. All tenderness and gentleness had died away, as she exclaimed, angrily—

"Miss Wilmot, what are you about? Is that the way you attend to your lessons? And you, too, Miss Trew. Miss Boswell, you will have the goodness to claim fines from both of them."

At that moment unfortunate Milly exploded with another titter, winding up, in her attempts to restrain herself, with a peculiar convulsive squeak, which was too much for the nerves of everyone but the enraged governess.

"How dare you laugh at what I say!" she cried, passionately. "I will inform Miss Crofton of your impertinence."

"I—I," began Milly, stammering.

"She wasn't laughing at you," interrupted Helen. "She was laughing at something I showed her."

"And what was that?"

"Something of mine."

"I asked you *what* it was," repeated Miss Rowe, with increased anger. "Show it to me at once."

"I would rather not," was the cool reply. "It is only one of my drawings, and you don't appreciate them. Pass it back, Kate Morley."

"Pass it to *me*," exclaimed the governess, imperiously. And starting forward as she spoke, she took advantage of the girl's momentary hesitation to gain possession of the book, and five seconds later it, with all its contents of exercises and drawings, was ascending in flames and smoke up the class-room chimney.

Helen sprang to her feet, and for the minute looked as furious as her governess.



"WITH FLASHING SCORNFUL EYES."

Then the passion gave way to a mocking smile, and she said, with a sneer most repulsive on her fair young face—

"I am glad the likeness was so good. It was clever of me to get it so well, wasn't it?"

Miss Rowe left the room, and shortly returned with the Principal, who looked very gravely annoyed, as she walked up to Helen Edison, and said—

"Miss Edison, I am greatly grieved to hear such a grave charge brought against you. I had no idea that you could condescend to deliberately insult a lady. That you could be aggravating, tiresome, very trying in many ways, I knew, and I have not been much troubled on that score. I trusted to time and your innate common-sense to cure you, in due course, of those blemishes of your character. But I have never hitherto supposed you capable of doing anything absolutely unladylike. There is something of meanness, too, in trying to involve others in a feeling of illwill that you may yourself choose to indulge in."

Helen's cheeks flushed hotly as, with lowered head, she said—

"I had not thought of all this. I only did it for fun at the moment."

"When people choose to foster enmity they very seldom do think of anything but their own bad passions," replied Miss Crofton. "But now, as I see you are sorry, I hope Miss Rowe will accept your penitence without any more being said, and that I shall never again hear of your pencil causing such just annoyance."

And then Miss Crofton went away, and her pupils once more subsided into their places, Milly whispering, "There, Nelly, you'll never be able to put human beings' heads on to animals' bodies again."

"Not real human beings," corrected Helen.

"What was the drawing?" whispered the next neighbour but one to Kate Morley to her neighbour.

"A cat sitting up weeping over a broken birch rod, with a group of kittens round her, and the cat's face was Miss Rowe's she was holding a letter too, in one paw, and looking very sentimental."

"She is much more like a boy than a girl," said Rose Trew. "But really it is too bad of her now, for Miss Rowe has been much more patient the last day or two, and I do really think she must be going to be ill."

At this moment Miss Rowe exclaimed in anything but a patient tone, "Silence, or I will fine you all!"

Helen's insult had undone all the good caused by Josephine's gentleness and meek sympathy. Miss Rowe was harder than ever. But none would have been more cut to the heart than Helen herself could she have known the moment she

had chosen to make the young governess an object of ridicule to her pupils. To Miss Rowe herself it made her untoward pupil's act appear one of actual barbarity, and her dislike leapt at once into absolute hatred.

Just when Milly Wilmot's titter had withdrawn her attention from her letter Miss Rowe had been dwelling for about the tenth time upon the words—

"Do, please, tell Helen Edison about dear, pretty little Harry. You would find she is so different from what you think. If only you would give her this letter to read, you would find that she would begin to love little Harry so much that you would both get to be friends directly, and she will be so sorry then that she has ever worried you."

As Miss Rowe sat bending over the letter that was so filled with pleasant news, kind words, and tender sympathy, she felt that for the writer's sake she would even give heed to that simple pleading, and try whether Josephine's recipe would turn an enemy into a friend. Josephine's patience and humility had made a difference in her, so it might be possible that trust and a plea for sympathy might win Helen Edison.

Then came those smothered laughs, and the discovery of the mocking caricature, and, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, Miss Rowe felt that she would much rather have Helen's hatred than her affection, and that it would be desecration to her beloved little brother's name even to breathe it to such a "detestable girl."

CHAPTER XV.

BREAKING THE RULES.

"WHAT *are* you about, Helen? Oh, do, please, tell me! At least, no—I mean, don't."

Helen started violently, hastily pushed a drawer to, and jumped up from the chair in front of it, on which she had been seated.

"Oh, Rose, how you frightened me!" she exclaimed, in a tone in which displeasure and relief were pretty equally blended. "Why are you here? Don't you know that you have no business in this room?"

"It's not my fault, Helen; indeed it's not," faltered poor Rose, almost overwhelmed by the stern voice of the schoolfellow who was generally so good to her. "And I did give just two little coughs outside on purpose to let you know, as I wasn't to rap."

"What *do* you mean?" asked Helen, looking thoroughly mystified. "Why were you not to rap? Who said that you were not to? And what have you come for?"

"I have come to tell you that you have been upstairs a great deal too long, and that you are to come down. Miss Rowe sent me, you know, Helen. And she said that I was not to rap. She made me promise not, but just to walk right in, and then tell her what I saw you doing."

Helen's eyes flashed. "Just like her, the—the—sneak! There! that's the only right word for her; but don't you use it, Rosie, because it's horribly ugly, almost as ugly as the thing it means. And now run downstairs, and say that I am coming directly. I will tell you to-morrow what I was about when you came in."

"No, please, don't," said the child, looking up with a grateful smile. "Of course I should like to know, because you seemed to have got such a heap of pretty ribbon and things in the drawer; but I would really rather that you did not say, because Miss Rowe would be sure to make me tell her, you know."

"All right, Trots," was the calm answer. "We'll risk that to-morrow, for I certainly will get leave from Miss Rowe for you to come and have a peep into that ribbon drawer yourself as a bit of a birthday treat. But hark! there is that 'loud, sweet voice' calling us. You will come in for a scolding too, if I keep you any longer."

So saying, Helen gave her schoolfellow a gentle little push towards the stairs, and shouted down them, "Coming." Then she flew back to her room, lifted a light dress out of a lower drawer, and, opening the one of whose contents Rose had caught a glimpse, she quickly laid the dress in it over everything, put a necktie or two and a pair of gloves on the top of the dress, and then murmuring to herself with a smile, "Miss Rowe won't learn much now, I imagine, to satisfy her curiosity if she opens my drawers," she also ran down to the large class-room.

She found herself almost face to face with the English governess when she entered.

"At last!" said Miss Rowe, with cold anger. "You very nearly gave me the trouble, Miss Edison, of coming to fetch you myself."



"HELEN HAD FLUNG HERSELF ON HER KNEES."

"That would have been tiresome for you, but a comfort to me," said Helen, coolly, "for if you had come up I should not have had to come down. I have only come now to tell you that I hope for the future you will not teach the youngest here to break the rules of the school. If I were not so fond of little Rose yonder I should have taken her just now, when she came into my room contrary to orders, and locked her in Miss Crofton's room and left her there as punishment till Miss Crofton herself came home to scold her. And I should have kept the key in my pocket. And," she added, significantly, "I am pretty strong, and being only a schoolgirl, I have no dignity to lose in a scuffle. Now I am going upstairs again."

"Stay where you are," shouted Miss Rowe, furiously.

During her pupil's long speech she had stood as one petrified. To say that for awhile she could not believe her own ears would be only feebly to express the truth of her strange state of feelings as Helen went on speaking. From her childhood she had been accustomed to domineer over everybody. She could be kind enough sometimes to those who submitted implicitly to her rule, but everyone must submit; and that one of the girls over whom, from the circumstances of the case, she had naturally exercised an unusually absolute sway should dare to assert an open defiance appeared for some breathless moments to be absolutely out of the bounds of possibility.

As long as Helen Edison remained still, and continued to speak in her calm, even tones, so long her hearer clung desperately to the bewildered belief that she must be dreaming a disgraceful, impossible dream. But when Helen, with her final words, turned to leave the room the spell was broken, and, almost beside herself with passion, Miss Rowe sprang forward and seized her by the shoulder, shouting—

"Stay where you are, you impertinent girl, and don't dare to move until I give you leave! You shall stand there as an example to your companions as long as I choose!"

"I shall do no such thing," retorted Helen, suddenly flinging herself free from the clasp. And then, folding her arms and drawing herself up to the utmost of her slim height, she stood, with flashing, scornful eyes, confronting the governess.

"Don't dare to lay a finger on me again," she said, in a low, hard voice. "I shall strike you if you do. You rouse everything that is bad in my nature. I am going back to my room now, because I have had Miss Crofton's leave to be there these two hours before tea. But if I had not had leave I should have to go there now to try to get back patience to be with you."

And so saying, the girl once more turned slowly, passed through the open door, closed it quietly behind her, and

was gone, leaving a dead silence behind her.

Miss Rowe was, for once in her life, conquered, and with the additional mortification of being surrounded by those who were likely to rejoice in her intense humiliation. At this thought she looked quickly towards the long table surrounded with its crowd of rosy-faced, bright-eyed workers. All heads were raised from the crewels, darning, and hemming, and she caught glances passing from schoolfellow to schoolfellow significant of amusement and delight. That was the last drop. Her wrath quite mastered her, and she flew upstairs after Helen, and furiously turned the handle of the door. The door moved about a quarter of an inch and then stuck fast.

Helen Edison had not experimented, and speculated, and read up all manner of queer bits of information for nothing. r She was full of all sorts of resou ces for all sorts of occasions. Just now she wanted to ensure having the room to herself for a little while, and so she had improvised a wedge under the door, keys being unknown luxuries to the pupils' bedrooms. And her wedge proved such a success that not all Miss Rowe's angry shaking forced it from its place, or drove the door over it.

At last the governess went off to her own room, fetched the key thence, and finding that it fitted this other lock as well as the one to which it rightly belonged, she felt that she had at length gained some poor little triumph when she pulled Helen's door close again, locked it from the outside, and then called through—

"Since you wish to stay in your room, there you shall stay without your tea, and until it is time for those who share it with you to come in to get ready for bed."

Then she hurried away downstairs with the key in her pocket; but she was not able to go fast enough to avoid hearing her pupil's mocking "Thank you," exclaimed in answer to her information.

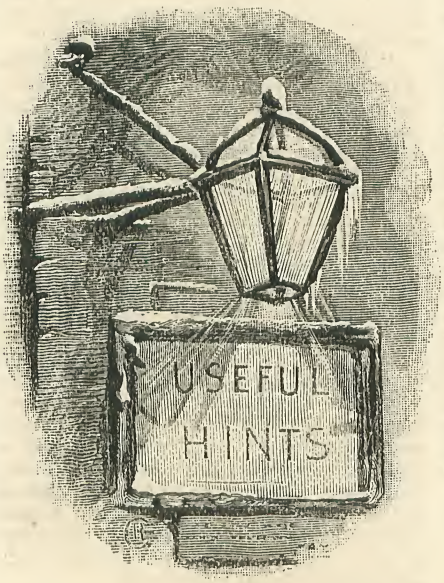
Miss Rowe would perhaps have been a good deal surprised could she have known how her adversary was occupied when she followed her upstairs. Having gained the room, and secured the door, Helen had flung herself on her knees by her bedside, and broken into silent but bitter sobbing, that shook her from head to foot, crying—

"Oh! God, forgive me for getting into these fierce passions," she murmured, imploringly. "Oh! forgive me. Help me to conquer myself, however mischievous I may be. Oh! help me to get rid of these awful fits of passion."

And while she was so praying, and thus struggling with herself, the governess had come up, and well-nigh thrown her back into her former hard, vengeful state of temper. She rose from her knees. "Ah! well. It's no good to pray to be good, or even tolerable," she muttered, with a sort of sullen despair, "while I have to be in the same house with that creature."

With this decision she walked over to the drawer at which she had been occupied ten minutes or so since, when Rosa Bell interrupted her, drew up her chair again, and was very soon once more deep in the work over which she had begged and readily obtained kind Miss Crofton's permission to spend the working afternoon quietly hidden in the bedroom. She paid no apparent heed to the beating and shaking at the door, and only troubled herself to open her lips once when she called out that exasperating cool "Thank you."

(To be continued.)



FISH CROQUETTES.—Three quarters of a pound of cold boiled fish, five tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one and a half ounces of butter, two eggs, one half of a lemon, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, one half teaspoonful of salt, one half teaspoonful of pepper, one saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, one saltspoonful of powdered mace. Shred the fish with two forks, and remove from it the bones and skin. Place it, when prepared, into a bowl, and mix with it the bread crumbs. Melt the butter, and pour it over this mixture; add thereto the pepper, salt, mace, and nutmeg, beat all together, and squeeze over it the lemon-juice. Add to this the anchovy sauce and the two eggs; stir all together, and form into croquettes of equal size, about three inches in length. Drop, one by one, into hot, clarified fat or lard, fry for two minutes, then remove them from the pan, drain them, and serve in a napkin folded to form a basket.

CHARCOAL, laid flat while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the burn is superficial. The charcoal is valuable for many other purposes. Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened; strewn over heaps of decomposing pelts, or over dead animals, it prevents any unpleasant odour. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so very porous in its "minute interior spaces," it absorbs and condenses gases most rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for malignant wounds and sores, often corroding away the dead flesh, reducing it one quarter in six hours. In cases of what we call proud flesh it is invaluable. I have seen mortification arrested by it. It gives no disagreeable odour, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no colour, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant. A teaspoonful of charcoal, in half a glass of water, often relieves a sick headache; it absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach, by pressing against the nerves, which extend from the stomach to the head. Charcoal absorbs a hundred times its weight of gas or wind in the stomach or bowels, and in this way it purifies the breath. It often relieves constipation, pain, or heartburn.

HAM OMELET.—Eight eggs, one teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of cold boiled chopped ham. Break the eggs into a bowl, and beat them with a wooden spoon until the yolks and whites blend. Melt one ounce of the butter in an omelet pan, stir into the beaten egg the chopped ham, pepper, and salt, and pour half of the mixture into the pan with the hot butter. Stir all until the omelet begins to set at the edges; draw all down to one side of the pan, and when it becomes firm on the under side, turn the omelet quickly over the other side of the pan without breaking its form, and remove the omelet to a hot platter. Repeat this process for the second omelet, the cooking of which should only consume about two minutes, and serve both as quickly as possible.

MINT SAUCE.—Strip the leaves from the stalks and pound them in a mortar, with sufficient loaf sugar to sweeten the sauce; add the vinegar by degrees. This makes a smooth, well-flavoured, and rich green-coloured mixture, and will be found a great improvement to the usual method of merely chopping the mint.

"FADED BLACK CASHMERE."—If you do not wish to rip the breadths apart, brush the skirts perfectly free from dust, and then sponge them on the right side with clear, cold coffee, and iron with a moderately hot iron on the wrong side, or using a woollen fabric to iron on. White goods will lint. To restore a dress that has turned brown, cut the seam open close to the sewing, to save the trouble of ripping, and brush them free from dust, then take two spoonfuls of the extract of logwood and two spoonfuls of the crystals of copperas, and put them into three or four gallons of boiling hot suds. Put in all the pieces of black you desire to colour over, and let them boil five minutes. Take out and rinse in warm water with a stick, lifting them up and down. Do this thoroughly, and iron on the wrong side before they become too dry. To restore faded drabs and slate colours. —Save the tea leaves and cold tea for a few days, then boil in some water and strain from the leaves, and treat as described above.

REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.—If not broken —Make a paste of flour of mustard and lard (without salt), and rub well in by the fire, putting on a pair of gloves or socks to sleep in. If broken—Melt a tallow candle and mix with pulverised chalk, spread on a piece of old linen or calico, and bind over the place.

VARIETIES.

READING AND THINKING.—Some girls we know are very industrious readers, and think that by this means alone they are bound to grow very wise. Now it is of no use to read and accumulate facts if we do not also think. Better indeed to think and not read, than to read and not think.

MUSIC IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Let us speak of drawing-room music and note what changes are going on at present in popular taste. We shall perhaps see that

in this, as in other things, there is a movement in the direction of progress.

With regard to pianoforte music, the fashion of the day is no longer in favour of fantasias or popular operas, and airs more or less enveloped in arpeggios and other devices common to writers of "brilliant" pieces. This revulsion of feeling from a style of composition has been a long while in coming, but it would seem to be thorough and sincere. One curious effect is shown in the present fondness for gavottes, or bourrés, and other trifles in which florid ornamentation is next to impossible. The old dance forms, together with nocturnes, reveries, and the like, would appear to be the stock-in-trade of the drawing-room composer just now.

The modifications in the style of popular songs are less marked, but even here there are some appreciable changes. "The extreme and," says a contemporary, "almost infantine simplicity of the Claribel School is almost a thing of the past, and the treatment of the words shows a more poetic tendency, while the accompaniment no longer consists of monotonous arpeggios on tonic and dominant harmony. The writers of words for music evince at the same time an unhealthy predilection for subjects treating of death, blighted affection, and despair; but in this they merely obey the pessimist current which sways modern poetry."

BURIED FISH.

Do you hear teacher ringing the large bell?
Ada likes almonds and raisins.
Tobacco did prove a comfort to me, Ellen (2).
Dull and sombre am I in hue.
Away the bird flew, hit in going too near the ground.
On the green ten children frisk at ease (2).

OUR OWN CONDUCT AND OTHER PEOPLE'S HAPPINESS.—*It is* our daily duty to consider that in all circumstances of life, pleasurable, painful, or otherwise, the conduct of every human being affects, more or less, the happiness of others, especially of those in the same house.—*Leigh Hunt.*

TEA-MAKING IN CHINA AND JAPAN.—Let us see how the preparation of tea is gone about in China and Japan. Among the wealthy in China it is the practice to infuse the tea at once in the teapot, using an elegant porcelain cup with a cover of the same material, and having a little disc of filagree silver to keep the leaves from floating. In Japan the leaves are ground to powder, and after infusing them in the teacups the mixture is beat up into a frothy state with a split bamboo, and drunk—powder and all.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Labor ipse voluptas! Very true;
Let this, dear girls, a motto be for you.

"*There* will I meet thee," said the vengeful Shade,
"To-morrow, ere the sun go down."

The centre of the world, which wealth and trade
Have made the greatest in renown.

An isle, "set in a silver sea," whose wave
Her mighty commerce daily brings.

A foreign province, that to England gave
A well-known line of famous kings.

The people who invented signs to show
What Roman letters mark'd before.

The leading note, when you to Paris go,
To learn at the "Conservatoire."

Sov'reign, by conquest, of Sicilia's shore,
Advent'rous Norman! warrior bold!

Hungarian Prince, whose State-apparel bore
A blaze of diamonds of wealth untold.

XIMENA.

SOLUTIONS OF THE PUZZLES FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE (page 199). The thirty-six water birds are:—Puffin, grebe, lapwing, loon, fulmar, pelican, swift, sandpiper, kittiwake, curlew, eider, dotterel, coot, scoter, turnstone, goose, shag, egret, tern, shearwater, swan, ganderling, osprey, poachard, diver, water-hen, petrel, skua, stork, rail, gannet, spoonbill, flamingo, ibis, noddy, bernacle.

The letter I.

RINGING THE CHANGES.

Nut, ale, pear, orange, lemon, essence, oyster, nose.

Bottle, oil, nectarines, asparagus, palms, acacia, rum, trumpet.

Ice, sherry, limes, acid-drops, nut-crackers, dinner, omelet, feathers.

Stone, tea, haws, eggs, lap-dog, eglantine, nostrum, aloes.

Napoleon Bonapart, Island of St. Helena.

OMITTED RHYMES.—To-morrow, sorrow; delighted, invited; Teddie, Freddie; ices, nicies; all love, above; pull, full; fine, nine; Fred, in bed; tricks, six.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

JEANIE DEANS.—We do not think it a question of how to finish your education, but how to learn the commoner rudiments of it. Arithmetic you know nothing of, apparently not even how to spell the word itself, and geography you say you are very backward in. We regret you find English history "dull and stupid"; it is not generally considered so. If you got up at 6 a.m. and studied for two hours, you might find the time you need in this way.

EVELYN.—You may continue studying French at home. We should think that four years of the best part of your life at school should have been enough to educate you if you had taken advantage of it. If you have brought home your school books you can continue your studies at home without difficulty.

AYACANORA.—The author you inquire about is still alive, but we do not think it good taste to make public any particulars of his private life. Your writing is legible but not very elegant.

GITANA.—We cannot tell how long it will take you to learn French, as it depends on the correctness of your ear for sounds, as well as on your present knowledge of it. Your writing seems unformed.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.—Your cheapest way of procuring the books you want would be to look for them at a second-hand shop, where educational books are usually very moderate in price.

SNOWDON.—Inquire at a bookseller's. Your writing is very poor indeed.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Write to 56, Paternoster-row, for Dr. Cheever's "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress." Price 1s. 6d.

T. E. S.—Write to the publishers of Dr. Stainer's primer. Your writing is neat and clear.

WINNIE M.—Inquire of someone who has been in India. All Indian names are pronounced differently there. In Af-gan-is-tan the last English authorities say the syllables are all even.

EVA M.—Inquire at a bookseller's. The value of all kinds of designs of flowers, &c., varies.

ONE IN DOUBT.—You will find "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., the exact book you need to assist your study of German.

IMMER VORWARTS.—Write for the foreign catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and you will find a number of German books in it. Your writing is clear, but not elegant. Try to improve your capitals.

STAR OF THE EVENING.—1. We are also of opinion that the word "kneft" is merely provincial; were it "keift" it would mean a pinch. 2. Your pearls probably need rivetting. If the colour be gone we fear there is no remedy, but you might try soaking them in hot water in which bran and a little tartar and alum have been boiled; rub them gently between your hands (if a necklace) until the water becomes cold, and then rinse them in lukewarm water, and lay them on a sheet of writing paper in a dark place to cool. Remember that pearls, like the turquoise and pale opaque amber, should be well wiped when taken off, and laid by in a dark cold place.

REVALENTA ARABICA.—Languages may be learned at any age. "Kali" is an effervescing powder; the name is a contraction of *alkali*, the Arabic article *al* being dropped. The alkali of commerce was once produced from the ashes of the plant called glasswort (*salsola kali*). But it is now made of tartaric acid and sesqui-carbonate of soda, in equal proportions, mixed with loaf-sugar powdered, one-third more in quantity.

GUIAIACUM, or GUAIACUM OFFICINALE, from the resin taken from this tree, a kind of lignumvitæ, or box-wood, found in the West Indies and Central America. It is of a greenish colour and much employed in medicine.

COOKERY AND HOUSEKEEPING.

NIGER.—The cakes of Shropshire are famous. Simnel cakes are of a very ancient origin. The name is derived from the Latin *simila*, or fine flour, and the name is found in early English and French. The external appearance of this cake resembles a pork pie, as the crust (of fine flour, saffron and water) encloses it like a round bowl with upright sides, having a low vandyked border; this is of a deep yellow colour. The interior is filled with the materials constituting a rich plum-cake, with plenty of candied lemon-peel. They are tied up in a cloth and boiled for several hours, and then are painted over with egg and baked hard. Hire some French person to come in for an hour so many times a week merely to converse with you in that language, and correct your mistakes in pronunciation and idiom. Your present writing would form a good foundation for a running hand.

SUNFLOWER.—The recipe for strawberry shortcake, such as made in British America, is as follows:—Sift a quart of flour into a pan, cut up into it half a pound of butter, mix it into the flour until the whole be crumbled finely; beat up one egg and mix with it two tablespoonfuls of powdered white sugar; then mix all together, so as to form a dough, and knead it until it no longer clings to your hand. Then roll it into rather a thick sheet, and bake to rather a light brown, in a brisk oven. Prepare a sufficient quantity of ripe mashed strawberries, while the cake is in the oven, sweetened with sugar, and when the cake is cool, split it, and cover the lower half thickly with the strawberries, then lay the upper half of the cake upon them, and cover the top of that also with the fruit, and lastly cover the whole with cream. Your writing is a little careless, but legible.

CORA.—To make cider you will require a cider press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MIGNONETTE.—1. The Scotch proverb which you quote for explanation—"Better a wee bush, than nae bield,"—evidently signifies that it is better to build a nest in a small bush, if you cannot find a safer branch in a tall tree, than not build at all. 2. The verses you quote appear to be from some ballad, but of no author of any note. See our specimens of good writing.

DAISY MAY.—Anointing with oil forms a part of the ceremonial observed at our coronations. Your writing is nearly three times too large—a great defect—the letters otherwise well formed.

CLECKHEATON.—When the steel has been thoroughly cleaned and brightened, the only thing that can be done to preserve it from continual injury from the fumes of sulphur is to give it a coat of varnish. We do not think that the fumes will penetrate that. We should like your writing, as it is free and artistic, were it reduced to a smaller size; it is rendered coarse by its dimensions.

MARMION.—The origin of the phrase, "Before you can say Jack Robinson," is doubtful. Halliwell quotes from an old play, the passage—

"A warke it ys as easie to be done,
As tys to saye, Jacke! robys on."

Grose says that the saying refers to a gentleman who used to pay proverbially "flying visits," and no sooner arrived than he was gone again.

CHERRY PIE.—Our paper goes to all parts of the world. The "Passion flower" is so named because of the resemblance to be traced in it to the instruments connected with the Passion, crown, cross, and nails. See our articles on "The Art of Writing and Penmanship."

ELSIE.—Clean the shells with muriatic acid, using a small camel's hair brush. Be careful not to burn off too much of the rough coating, or you may perforate the mother-o'-pearl inside. Dip the shell continually in water to ascertain what progress you have made, and remember that this acid will burn everything else that it touches.

B. A. P. and LADY MARY write a very good hand.

TOPSY.—Give your kitten some milk-and-water to drink, then rub some butter into her fur, and she will soon begin to clean herself; they always wash after drinking. Your writing is bad. You could write fairly well if you chose.

POPPY.—The earrings might perhaps be changed into sleeve-buttons.

A NEEDY ONE.—As you have gained so many certificates for work and other attainments, yet do not wish to leave your invalid mother, perhaps you might open a small class at home for teaching and executing needlework. Put up a notice in the window to that effect, and send round some cards to your friends and to be placed in the shop-windows, adding the word "certificated" underneath your name. If this should fail after some months' trial, we will recommend something else.

SERO SED SERIO.—We have been much interested in your letter, and we admire your determination to learn to draw and paint well and thoroughly. The best place for you to apply is, we think, at the Female School of Art, 43, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, which is close enough for you to attend. If not close enough, try the West London School of Art, in Great Titchfield-street, W., and inquire at both for terms and classes. You will be able to manage either on your allowance.

INA, ORION, and CHARYBDIS.—These young ladies can all be answered in the same paragraph. "Ina" is informed that the plan of using the soap bath described by "Medicus" is that most generally used, and most natural. But, if her plan suits *her* better, she has a right to use it, but in reality it amounts to nothing more than raising the temperature of the final "cold sponge" a few degrees. Kindly read the rules laid down by "Medicus," and numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, and especially read No. 4. "Ina" is also told that there are surgical bands, braces, and appliances suitable to cure roundness in the shoulders, but by taking iron and quinine mixture, by sitting erect at work, and taking lots of exercise, she can easily regain the erect position. Handwriting we like, though rather heavy, the fault apparently of a bad pen.—"Orion" wants to know if it would be advisable "to continue the cold bath preceded by the warm one all through the winter," and adds that the soap bath is a great improvement on "the cold bath only." We know it is, and only wish thousands more of our readers would adopt it. As to the advisability of continuing it all the winter, we can only say, consult your own feelings; but if you once have adopted the luxurious habit, you will not readily give it up. Read the article again more attentively.—"Charybdis." Yes, the face should be soaped as well as the body, and the hands and face should be the first to be well laved with the cold water, before stepping bodily into the bath. Not the slightest fear of "closing the soap into the pores," the soap is in a state of lather, one tiny bubble of which would cover fifty pores.

TRIXIE.—The disagreeable sensations you hear in your head and ears *while singing* are due to general weakness of the nervous system. Get two little bottles or phials, one containing diluted phosphoric acid, the other tincture of iron, and take ten drops of each in half a wineglassful of water three times a day. This for a month, then a quinine mixture. Drink only very weak tea, but use cocoa and cream. Take exercise, fresh air, and the bath. Yes: thousands are afflicted like you, only worse. Do not strain the voice. We do not charge for giving advice. It is a real pleasure for us to know that we do our readers good.

A QUILLE PENNE.—Sleeplessness is always a serious matter in young or old. We expect you are too much confined during the day. We can hardly prescribe, as you do not tell us how you live, eat, work, &c. You may write again; meanwhile, try three grains of the citrate of iron and quinine thrice daily, and get cod liver oil; buy it from the fish shops, you can in Edinburgh, where you live; it is pure, and good, and cheap. A dessert spoonful *gradually increased to a* tablespoonful three times a day after food is the dose.

HELEN (Manchester).—You ask if there is a cheaper way of getting quinine than having it mixed up at the chemist's, because they charge you half-a-crown for a single mixture. Then get half an ounce of the citrate of iron and quinine, and mix one-third of it with water in a ten ounce bottle, the dose to be a tablespoonful three times a day. Keep the other two-thirds till you want it in a dry phial.

BLUE BELL.—1. You are fifteen and your fingers crack when playing; that is a sign you are growing. The cure is simple—grow. 2. You do not say *whether the lumps are* outside the throat or inside. If outside, rub several times a day with hartshorn and oil, and wear a bit of soft flannel about your neck. If inside, get this application: glycerine, three parts; tincture of iron, one part; mix and touch the back of the throat and "lumps" morning and night with it, using a camel's hair brush as thick as a penholder.

FEATHERS.—Your canary is suffering from what is called surfeit. Once a week put a few grains of Epsom salts in the water, and thrice a week a few drops of lime juice with about five grains of chlorate of potash. Change the water every day. Hang the cage where the bird can have a few hours' sunshine every day. Give the bath as before, and anoint the head and back daily with the purest salad oil.

PENELOPE.—Yes, goldfinches sing most sweetly, and can be taught many *pretty tricks*. Give it gravel in its cage, and feed on canary seed mixed with linseed and rape; for a change oat grits now and then, and for a treat occasionally a little hemp send.

ROSALIND.—You appear to keep your leaves too long under pressure, if they be so dry as to fall to pieces when taken out. Paint them over with "Canada balsam varnish," after having changed their place two or three times into fresh dry blotting paper between the leaves of a music book. Two days at a time will be sufficiently long for them to remain between a pair of blotting paper leaves. The weight laid upon them should not be very heavy.

OLIVETTE.—Food for love birds: canary and millet seeds, with now and then a little oat grit.

M. G.—We recommend your writing between double lines, until accustomed to make every letter successively of one uniform size, and at equal distances respectively one from another. We much disapprove of your "sitting up writing into the still hours of the night."

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Had you asked our advice before your engagement, we should have endeavoured to dissuade you from marrying one to whom religion appears so very distasteful. But now that your marriage with him is just about to take place, what can we advise? You should have thought of all this before. In any case, we should let him know, now at once, how far above all earthly affection is the love of Jesus the Redeemer, and that it will be a sore trial to you if you do not have him to accompany you to church on Sundays.

HELENE.—You would be able, with strict economy, and an acquaintance with dressmaking, combined with quick and notable fingers, to dress on £15 per annum. But then you must be wise in the selection of dresses that will wear well, and in the way of making up old ones with additions of other materials, and a change in the style of make. £20 would, of course, render the question of suitable dress one of less difficulty to a girl of small means. You write a pretty legible hand, one of which we quite approve.



"A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED."

ZOOPHYTE AND M.P.—See "Our Aquarium at the Seaside," p. 531. We must also refer our correspondents on the subject of their writing to our articles on "Caligraphy and Letter-writing," and recommend to their notice some new examples—any one of which is worthy of imitation—selected from the letters of other correspondents.

OLIVE.—*Papier mâché* should be sponged with clean cold water, dredged with flour while damp, and polished with a piece of flannel. We are glad that you liked our articles on cookery.

YAVA.—1. Where did you find the word you quote? We think that you have spelt it wrongly. 2. Stand at the right side of the player to turn the leaves, because otherwise you would have to put your arm across him, or her, instead of merely across the book.

SALOPIA.—The 25th day of December, 1857, was a Friday, and the 27th day of January, 1842, was a Thursday.

JUNO.—See "Health and Beauty for Hair," by "Medicus." The long tails, above and below the line, need improvement in your writing. See our articles on the subject.

MAUD.—Were your writing a little smaller it would be good. So large a hand looks coarse and unladylike.

MINUS.—It is not usual for girls to use visiting cards when still at school. They are not yet "out in Society," and if they were, should only have their names on their mother's card. You write very well.

CHI!—"Gladiola" should be pronounced as if written Gla-di-ola, the emphasis being laid on the letter "i." If your canary be moulting give it some safiron in the water, and a little hard-boiled egg in addition to the other food, three parts of canary seed to one of rape, keep it from draughts, and very clean. You make your "m's" and "n's" like "u's."

IDA GREEN.—See "Flowers in the House," THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, p. 420 and 499.

NATTY CISSY.—We have found no record of the saint of whom you speak. You could write fairly well if less careless about it.

S. C.—The answers in reference to knitting will be given shortly. Try sandpaper to clean the rust off your tin water-can, or else buy a new one for the bird.

WORINGER.—The "Rejected Addresses" was the work of the Brothers Smith.

E. HALSINGHAM will find recipes for the cleaning of ivory in our correspondence columns. The following is a new American recipe:—To rub it with fine sandpaper, and to polish with finely-powdered pumice stone. But if the ivory be so finely carved as to preclude any possibility of such friction, try a bath of a weak solution of chloride of lime.

PUNCHINELLO.—There is no reasonable objection to your commencing your letter with the personal pronoun "I" after having addressed your friend. Compare your writing with the specimens we have had lithographed, and the advice given.

M. L. B.—The name of the society about which you inquire is "the Society for the Employment of Women," at 32, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. Apply to the secretary, who will furnish all particulars.

BARRY.—You write fairly well, but your style would be improved by turning up the straight lines with which you finish so many of your terminal letters.

TRUDIE.—Let your voice have a rest when you have a cold or sore throat. Study our specimens of penmanship, and do not make strokes above your "t's."

CHERRY-RIPE.—Never pass anyone with whom you are acquainted without some slight mark of recognition, but keep your greetings for outside the church door. If you chance to meet a friend's eye within, the recognition should be scarcely perceptible. We advise your making a selection from the examples of good writing given in our series of articles on that subject. We cannot commend either your own or your friend's hand.

HOPE.—The cry "O yes! O yes! O yes!" with which all proclamations begin, is a corruption of the old French cry, "Oyez!" "hear ye!" "Hear!" is just as natural an exclamation to draw attention when anything worth notice has been said as cries of "No" on other occasions. Your writing would be exceptionally good if sloped the right way.

DORA (Liverpool) and M. H.—We thank you sincerely for your gratifying letter, and the approval given of our advice to our readers and correspondents. We are indeed well repaid for any pains taken in their behalf by such assurances as your own of the services rendered. "M. H." should diminish the size of her hand.

ISA.—The verses you quote are evidently more or less plagiaristic. See Sir Walter Scott's poem, "O Caledonia stern and wild," and in which he apostrophises his country as—

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

It is introduced into the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The writer of your verses we do not know.

LAURA.—Such a warm and gracious expression of approval as yours deserves our most hearty acknowledgments. We are indeed glad that what you have read in this paper has "shown you something better to live for than self." Also that the article on the decoration of rooms has so successfully assisted you in the re-arrangement of yours. A little more care would make yours a good hand. See "Useful Hints" for hot tea-cakes.

ZOEDONE.—We do not remember having heard from you before. Try to work for one of our competitions: an essay might suit you, but we advise your doing so in a smaller hand.

SALOME.—A series of articles on "Home Trades," by which means girls may be able to add to their means of living, is about to appear in the new volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Perhaps you may find suitable employment in learning one of these. We thank you for so kind and well written a letter.

FAT LAMB.—A carriage should always give place to equestrians.

GERRY.—We have answered your question. It is generally believed that "Selah" is a term employed with reference to the music to which the psalms are sung. Your writing should be sloped more.

ONE OF TEN THOUSAND.—Write your manuscript on separate sheets fastened at the left hand top corner with a "clip" or button having a divided shank, which is passed through the sheets, and opened out flat against them at the back. Exercise books are too thick; use thin lined foolscap, or square sermon paper, like the common copy-book form. The Heralds' College has always had the right to grant coats of arms, but a reference to a Peerage or work supplying the names of the landed gentry will show the dates of such grants, and the families belonging to the aristocracy. Your hand is too angular.



VOL. II.—No. 55. JANUARY 15, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AMBITION.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

TWO years passed before the cousins met again. During this interval Mr. and Mrs. Belmore had a son and heir, an event which caused much rejoicing and festivity at Belmore Hall. Constance, who was deft at her needle, embroidered a beautiful robe, and was in return invited to the christening, but not, as Mrs. Grey expected, as godmother. That good lady expressed herself somewhat warmly when she learned that a well-known countess was to fill that sacred office, and that Lord John and a rich baronet had also undertaken to be sponsors.

"It is all Selina's ambition. They do not think of the responsibility as you would have done, Conny," said the aggrieved Mrs. Grey. "Do you wish to go?"

"I would rather not, mother. Besides, you are not well enough to spare me," was the reply, and Constance did not witness all "the pomp and circumstance" which accompanied the sacred ceremony.

Selina, like too many young mothers, thought only of the outward show, and little or nothing of the spiritual interpretation. But Constance, though at a distance, did not forget to pray for her baby cousin, and certainly felt more peacefully happy in her quiet home life than did Selina with all her wealth and success.

The following Christmas there came a letter from Selina entreating Constance to come to see her. She said she wanted to introduce her boy to her, and added that she was not herself very well or in spirits, a bait she knew would take. She also sent a pressing invitation to Mrs. Grey, and after much consideration the mother and daughter consented to spend a few weeks at Belmore.



"I HOPE I HAVE NOT DISPLEASED YOU."

[*All rights reserved.*]

They found the hall full of gay people, as usual, amongst whom were Lord John Morpeth and Annesley Gifford, who was staying with his lordship at the park in the joint position of secretary and friend. They received a warm welcome from Selina and her husband, and adopted the baby at once into their hearts. Indeed Constance was soon so devoted to him that she was constantly in the nursery.

At first she thought her cousin's plea of indisposition a ruse to attract her and her mother to Belmore, but on closer investigation perceived that she was not quite so well as usual, and that her vivacity seemed sometimes forced. The reason of this evolved in a few days, in a confidential conversation that Mr. Belmore improvised with her. Poor Constance, who disliked confidences, was always coming in for them, and she began to think she had been invited to Belmore for nothing else.

She had started for a walk immediately after breakfast, and he had joined her. It was a fine frosty day, and they had got into a bridle-road through the wood. The bare branches above them, the brown fern and leafless briars around, and the dead leaves that strewed the path all sparkled with frosted dew, and the air was so exhilarating that Constance almost danced along over the crisp winter carpet.

"How brisk you are, Conny," exclaimed Mr. Belmore. "Selina's as old again as you. I say, I wish you would persuade her not to press Lord John to stay. We can keep Annesley without him. You see, we've got him for you, Conny, so don't let him slip this time."

"Indeed, Mr. Belmore——" began Constance.

"Oh! I understand!" he interrupted, significantly, to her annoyance. "But I don't want to talk of him. Between you and me, we're going at too rapid a pace, and I can't hold Selina in. We shall be ruined with twenty thousand a year. And I don't like Lord John. Now I'm not jealous, but I hate to have a fellow, year after year, treating one as if one were a child, and if Selina persists in asking him to stay I shall affront him, and we shall quarrel, my wife and I. Bad temper's infectious, and Lord John's has infected Selina's. She isn't half so amiable as when we married. Do you like him, Conny?

"Not much. He is too clever and pointed for me"

"That's just it. How sharp you are. Then persuade Selina to let us have a quiet Christmas family party without him."

They continued the conversation for some time, and then it turned upon general topics, and finally rested on the baby, of whom Mr. Belmore was very proud. It was suddenly interrupted by his exclaiming—

"Here comes Gifford. I dare say he has been looking for you all the morning. He is doing his best to get rid of Lord John for me, though he owes the secretaryship partly to Selina. I won't spoil sport. We shall meet at luncheon. I think the frost is giving, and we shall be able to hunt to-morrow."

"Pray don't go away," entreated Constance; but Mr. Belmore hurried off and was replaced by Annesley.

"May I walk with you? What a bracing day it is," he said, as Constance's pace, and possibly the pulsation of her heart, quickened. "I have a round robin of thanks for all the flannels you sent up to our lady-workers. But I wanted to speak to you of Mrs. Belmore."

"It is always Selina," thought Constance.

"She and Lord John and the Countess have just ridden off together, and I heard her asking him to prolong his visit. I happen to know that Belmore doesn't wish it, and I thought you might be doing a kind turn to him if you tried to persuade her to let Lord John and me depart to-morrow."

"She is her own mistress," said Constance, coldly, for she scarcely understood why she was selected for confidences that concerned her not.

"So she said when she married," remarked Annesley. "I hope I have not displeased you. We are such old friends."

He looked into her perturbed face anxiously, but did not understand her. How should he? They walked on in silence for a few minutes, then he resumed—

"It seems a pity that discord should be bred by so slight a cause, particularly between man and wife. But it is often so. Belmore has no real reason for disliking Lord John, it is purely egotistical, and I quite understand it. He has not sufficient self-esteem to enable him to brook another's superiority constantly thrust upon him; and Mrs. Belmore is too well pleased with the friendship of a clever nobleman. You have influence, and might venture to give a hint that no one else could."

"I do not think Selina has much opinion of my worldly wisdom," returned Constance, "and I should think it would be best not to interfere; for, after all, it is only a few days more or less. It seems absurd to make such a fuss about a mere society visit."

"It would be if Belmore were of your opinion. Half the troubles of life are caused by want of well-timed concession on one side or the other. What a glorious day it is!"

This turn to the conversation brought them to the house.

Constance sought Selina at once, and rushed into the subject in hand breathlessly.

"Has Lord John Morpeth left?" she asked.

"No; he has half promised to remain," replied Selina.

"Dear Selina, I scarcely think Mr. Belmore wishes it."

"Dear Constance, I wish it, and Lord John wishes it. And if he were to leave, Annesley must leave also. Now I know that you are about to remonstrate, but it is useless. Charles is on some wrong scent, and is making a goose of himself. I am not going to humour him by offending our best and most agreeable friend."

"I think you might oblige him in this slight matter, without offending Lord John, since he has not made up his mind."

"Most immaculate cousin, I have made up my mind, and since Charles has ceased to oblige me, I cannot put myself out to humour him."

Persuasion was useless, and Constance withdrew, scarcely knowing if she were most annoyed with Lord John, Selina, or Annesley.

There was a large dinner party, and the Hall was a blaze of light. Selina was, as usual, the point of attraction towards which admiration and devotion tended. As she and her husband faced one another at their sumptuous board they appeared the most fortunate people in the world. Nevertheless, Lord John, who had the place of honour near Selina, asked her what was the matter with Belmore. She glanced at her husband, smiled, nodded, and said, "Nothing that she was aware of."

If, as Hannah More says, "Trifles make the sum of human bliss," they also help to form the aggregate of human woe. The indulgence of vanity, seemingly harmless in itself, is frequently followed by many self-reproaches, and self-will sometimes ends in self-torment. Such was Selina's bitter experience.

The frost gave way during the night, to the great joy of the hunt. The gentlemen appeared at breakfast in hunting costume, and seemed gay enough. All except the master of the mansion, who was moody, having been informed that his *bête noire* had consented to remain a few days longer.

"Then I shall pick a quarrel with him," he had said to Selina. "It will be your fault."

"He is much too well-bred to quarrel," she had replied.

She rode to cover, and as Constance watched the party start, she thought she had never seen her look so handsome and animated. Gifford was at her side. He did not intend to hunt, but volunteered to watch the meet with her, and Constance wondered whether he would venture to allude to the subject of the previous day.

She and her mother being alone, she went to the nursery, and brought the baby to the lovely morning room in which they were sitting. The child already knew Constance, and was at home with her, so they passed a happy hour in amusing and playing with him. They were so occupied when Annesley Gifford suddenly appeared. He was breathless and pale, and Mrs. Grey and Constance were alarmed at his face and manner.

"Don't be frightened," he began, "but Belmore has had a spill. You know what a reckless rider he is, and to-day he seemed more heedless than ever. He was thrown when going at a fence. I just rode on first to let you know. You had better take the poor child to its nurse, Constance."

"He is not dead!" gasped the ladies simultaneously.

"No, oh no! but he is insensible, and they are bringing him home. Mrs.

Belmore is with him; I couldn't get her to come with me. Perhaps you had better see that his room is prepared."

Constance had disappeared even before his last words were uttered. She took the child to the nursery, and gave such orders as she thought necessary, then returned to her mother to watch for the sad procession. Annesley had left to meet it.

Constance was in the hall when the gay party of the morning reappeared in gloom. The huntsmen were bearing Belmore on a stretcher, beside which Selina walked, her habit trailing in the drive, her eyes fixed on her insensible husband. Lord John and Annesley were amongst the crowd, but she heeded neither. When she saw Constance she threw herself into her arms.

"It is my fault," she sobbed, then, recovering herself, followed the melancholy procession upstairs.

They laid the injured man on his bed, then left him to the medical man, who had fortunately been at hand, to his wife and Mrs. Grey.

Those who had brought him home dispersed after lingering a few minutes to discuss the accident, but Lord John, Annesley, and one or two others remained behind.

"If I can be of service in any way Mrs. Belmore will command me," said Lord John to Constance. "I do not apprehend serious consequences. He is simply stunned from the blow."

"Thank you, we will write," replied Constance, looking appealingly to Annesley.

"I will remain till I hear the doctor's opinion," said Annesley. "Belmore and I are old friends."

"You will be back to dinner," said Lord John, whose feelings were not acute. "And we have those foreign matters to look through. May I ring for my horse, Miss Grey? I hope Mrs. Belmore will not knock herself up."

And so the great man departed.

"He thinks only of himself," muttered Constance

"He is happily unconscious of poor Belmore's dislike," responded Annesley. "That, at least, remains our secret."

Constance crept upstairs, and found that her cousin and her mother were together in an apartment adjoining the one in which Mr. Belmore lay. They had been requested by the doctor to withdraw. She ran back to tell Annesley this, and he went to the patient. Then she joined Selina, who was sitting calm, pale, and immovable, with her eyes on the door, while Mrs. Grey was striving in vain to comfort her. But what real comfort could at this hour be received by this worldly, selfish woman, who never for a moment cared to practise Christian virtues, or to think over eternal truths?

Constance succeeded with difficulty in inducing her to take off her habit, so as to be ready for the doctor when he appeared; but she continued speechless with terror and self-reproach.

In the course of a few hours, however, Mr. Belmore was restored to consciousness. Selina was with him holding his hand when his eyes unclosed. He smiled, and muttered, "Only a bad spill," and her hopes and spirits revived only to be crushed again, for there was little, if any, hope of her husband's ultimate recovery. The brain had been injured.

"It was a mistake from first to last, Selina," he murmured a short time afterwards.

"It was my fault. Forgive me, dearest Charles," she responded.

Then she kissed him passionately, and the words "My darling" came to his lips.

Thus mutual love sprang up for a moment amid the dews of death.

Yes, death! the awful reality was there. Before another day dawned Selina was a widow, her boy fatherless, and she would have gladly sacrificed position, riches, diamonds—nay, life itself—to recall the soul of him she had lost to its calm, cold, white tabernacle of clay.

(To be concluded.)

A GIRLS' EXAMINATION IN SCRIPTURAL KNOWLEDGE.

THE following specimens of schoolgirls' answers to examination papers on Scriptural knowledge are given by one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of schools:—

In explanation of the verse, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," a pupil teacher writes—

"In the night everything looks dark and gloomy, and so when we are in trouble from sin, it is like the night season; but when we are cheered by being in God's favour it is like the bright morning, after the dark and gloomy night has passed away."

Another writes—

"The night means the life in this world, and the morning that in the world to come. The Psalmist David most probably is thinking of the cares and troubles which are in this world and which he had undergone, and contrasting them with the rest and joy that await those who enter the kingdom of heaven."

Among the lessons to be learnt from the life of Daniel this is given—

"His example should teach us to use moderation in our diet and to be temperate. Of course it does not teach that we should eat pulse and drink water only; but whenever our mode of living is likely to lead us to sin we must give it up directly."

A candidate shortly sums up the lessons to be learnt from Daniel's life as follows:—

"1. Fearlessness in doing right, not caring what others think of us.

"2. Not to be ashamed to let others know that we are God's servants.

"3. Prayerfulness.

"4. Trust in God."

The following parallel between Elijah and John the Baptist is well given:—

"*The Mission of Elijah.*

"Sent to King Ahab to rebuke him.

"Lived in the wilderness.

"Malachi prophesied, 'Behold I will send you Elijah the Prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.'

"Elijah was bold for God, though it cost him much.

"*The Mission of John the Baptist.*

"Sent to King Herod to rebuke him.

"Came preaching in the wilderness.

"Christ said, 'Elias is, indeed, come.'

"John feared not to tell Herod of his faults to the cost of his life."

The answers to the historical questions were generally fairly full and accurate.

A girl in Standard VI. explains, from Psalm xxx., the error into which prosperous people are likely to fall, as follows:—

"David, before his illness, had been glorying in his strength, and been self-confident. This he confesses in the words:—'And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.' 'Lord, by Thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong, Thou didst hide Thy face, I was troubled.'

He also knew the remedy—

"I cried unto Thee, O Lord: and unto the Lord I made supplication.' 'Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be Thou my helper.'

"As it was with him so it is likely to be with anyone who, on becoming prosperous, allows self-confidence to bring about forgetfulness of God and His praise."

Another girl in Standard VI. gives our Lord's teaching with regard to *almsgiving* as follows:—

"When alms are given, it must not be done openly and in a spirit of pride, as the Pharisees did, that all men might see what they gave. Those men, Christ said, received in full their reward. So secret, indeed, were such deeds to be done, that Christ said, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left doeth.' Alms, too, were to be given, not simply because it was right, but in godly pity for those to whom they were given, and in a Christian spirit. Thus, Christ said again, that anyone who gave only a cup of cold water to one of the least of His children in the name of a disciple, should in nowise be without his reward. Thus he said that the widow's mite was of more value before God than all the tithes and alms of the Pharisees. For she gave what she could because she loved charity, while the Pharisees gave of their abundance that they might be thought holy. Then again, alms given to anyone who requires them, in a Christian spirit, are looked upon as given to God. Thus, Christ in speaking of the separation of the sheep from the goats, commends the sheep for charitable action done unto Him. 'For inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto Me.'"

A girl of twelve answers the same question as follows:—

"This is the error prosperous people are likely to fall into. They think in the time of prosperity that they can stand by themselves, they want help from none. Often they forget God and think that their prosperity is the work of their own hands; but when sorrow comes, they know and feel their mistake. Then they know how worthless their wealth was without God; wealth fades away, but God is always the same. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

These answers show both careful teaching and intelligent learning of Scripture truth. Too often there is a mere jumble of dates and events crammed into the head, and long passages committed to memory, psalms for example, without any attempt at explanation.

PIES AND TARTS.

By Phillis Browne.



ALL girls, I imagine, like making pastry. Indeed in a girl's mind a cook is usually a person who can make a pie. If we try to persuade a girl to practise cookery, and she is inclined to yield to our persuasion, the first thing she will do to show her willingness will be to offer to make some pies.

On the whole I think she would act very sensibly in doing this. Making pastry is very pleasant work, and when pies are well made and well baked they are very satisfactory things to look at as well as to eat, and they exist as tangible proofs of the skill of the maker. Somehow a pie is not such a fleeting evanescent object as a stew or a soup. These are generally demolished as soon as they are accomplished facts, and in the course of a couple of hours their glory is a thing of the past; but pies remain (for a short time only). They are carried off into the larder, and are allowed to go cold, and the cook can if she likes pay them a visit and look at them and feast her eyes on the work of her hands.

We will therefore spend a little time in talking over the methods to be adopted in making pastry; and first we have to consider our utensils and materials.

A good cook always collects together everything that she is likely to want before she begins to work. By this means she saves time. If she were to put her hands into the flour and then leave it and clear them while she fetched a rolling-pin or a dish, she would be half as long again over her business as she needed to be. She is wise when she "lets her head save her heels"—as the saying is—by first thinking over and then collecting her utensils and ingredients and putting them in one place, so that they will be at hand when wanted.

In order to make pastry it is necessary to have a pastry board, a rolling pin, a flour dredger, a knife, some flour, salt, butter, or sweet dripping, water, an egg or two, a little sugar, and, if approved, some baking powder. There must be also a clean basin, some pie dishes, tartlet tins, baking sheets, and either meat, fruit, jam, or whatever else is intended to constitute the contents of the pies or tarts. With these contents, however, I have at present nothing to do. I shall confine myself entirely to the pastry.

It is, I suppose, scarcely necessary to say to young ladies that every one of the utensils used in making pastry must be scrupulously clean; that goes without any saying.

Pastry boards are usually made of common wood; although superior boards are made of box-wood. Marble slabs are, however, much better than boards to roll pastry upon, because they are cold; and in order to make pastry light and puffy it is very desirable that the paste should be kept cool. It is on this account that a cool light hand is wanted, and that pastry should be made in a cool place. When a marble slab is not to be had, a large slate, or even a smooth tile, is sometimes made to fill its place. Girls will find that their hands will be cooler if washed in hot water a few minutes before setting to work. The best biscuit flour is usually taken for making pastry. When superior pies are wanted, however, it is worth while to use what is called Vienna flour, which is flour that has been passed through silken sieves in order to make it very fine. This flour is a good deal more expensive than biscuit flour, and it makes finer, lighter pastry. For ordinary purposes, however, the biscuit flour will be quite good enough.

As with Vienna flour, so with eggs. Eggs are not needed for ordinary pastry, and very good pies and tarts may be made without them, but at the same time an egg and a few drops of lemon-juice improve pastry. They make it more elastic, more workable, and also make it look and taste richer. It would, however, be far better to leave out an egg altogether rather than to use one that was not quite sweet and good.

There is a great deal of difference of opinion about the use of baking-powder in making cakes and pastry. For my own part, I am in favour of baking-powder for ordinary purposes. For one thing, its use is to be recommended on economical grounds, because less butter or shortening is needed when baking-powder is used. Also baking-powder makes pastry lighter, and consequently more digestible. It must be remembered, however, that when baking-powder is used the pastry should be mixed quickly and baked as soon as possible after it is mixed.

There are four kinds of pastry in constant use amongst us: puff paste, short paste, suet crust for boiled puddings, and what is called hot-water paste for raised pies. Puff paste is considered the best of these; it is the richest and lightest, most difficult to make, and very indigestible. A good course of puff paste would, I should think, be enough to give an elephant dyspepsia. Nevertheless, it is very much liked, and I expect the girls would be disappointed if I did not describe how it should be made. There is one consideration that may encourage us in trying it, and that is that if we can make good puff paste we can make all other kinds of pastry. It will not do, however, for us to be discouraged if our first attempt is not successful. Nothing but practice will give skill in this direction.

It is always a great help to understand the idea of a thing as well as the method. The idea in puff pastry is to have the butter and the paste separate, so that the pastry shall form a kind of sandwich, in which very thin light layers of paste shall be separated from each other by layers of butter, and the lighter and thinner these layers can be made the better the puff paste is. A very clever cook, once said that puff paste to be perfect must consist of eighty-four thin films of paste, alternated with eighty-three of butter. I do not think there are many cooks who could achieve these conditions. But at any rate girls will understand that is the ideal, and the nearer they can approach to it the more successful they will be.

It is for the purpose of keeping these films perfect and separate that the pastry is cooled between the "turns." If the paste were to be sticky and the butter hot, the films could not be kept distinct; therefore, between the rollings or turns puff paste is put away on ice or in a cool place, that the layers may become firm and not mix together in a mass. In winter time ice may be dispensed with, and the pastry can be put in a cool larder for half an hour. But in summer time it is very desirable that ice should be at hand.

Now as to the method to be adopted. Supposing we wished to make a quantity of puff paste sufficient for a small pie, we should take a quarter of a pound of flour which has been sifted and is thoroughly dry, a small pinch of salt, the yolk of one egg, a quarter of a pound of butter which has been squeezed in a cloth to free it from moisture, and six or eight drops of lemon-juice. We pile the flour on the pastry board or slab, and mix the salt with it, make a little well in the centre, and put into it the egg yolk and lemon-juice. We now with two fingers of the right hand draw the flour into the egg yolk, and add very gradually as much water as is required to mix the whole, till the paste is of the consistency of the butter. When this point is reached the paste should be worked and kneaded on the slab till it feels smooth, soft, and elastic, when it may be left untouched for a minute or two.

The next thing to be done is to flour the slab lightly, put the paste upon it, flour this also, and roll it gently till it is large enough to hold the squeezed butter. If too much flour is used the pastry will be spoilt. We then place the butter in the centre of the paste, and fold the four sides over to cover it completely. We make the edges meet by pressing them together, and put the paste thus prepared upon ice or in a cool place for about ten minutes. We now roll it till it is about the third of an inch thick, and in doing this we must be careful that the butter does not break through the paste in any direction. Also we must remember to have the paste straight before us, and to roll it straight, otherwise the flakes will be one-sided. We then fold the paste into three equal parts, flatten it lightly with the rolling-pin again, then turn it round so that we leave the rough edges towards us, and roll it again, fold it, and put it away for a quarter of an hour, and repeat until it has had seven turns or rolls, and been put upon ice three times, or after every other turn. When the last turn has been given we again leave it in a cold place for a few minutes, roll it till it is a quarter of an inch thick, and it is ready for use.

Pastry thus made will rise to five times its original height.

When a girl has once learnt to make puff pastry well she may vary her method a little, without doing much harm; that is to say, she may use rather less butter, or rather more flour, or in cold weather she may shorten the time allowed for cooling; her experience will enable her to decide how far she may depart from the regulated routine. It will be obvious that the method I have described is rather a troublesome one. It need not be so, however, if other cooking is being done at the time, for nothing can be easier than to put the pastry away, proceed with other work, then at the right time fetch it out, give it a roll, put it away again, and repeat until it is finished.

I have known cooks make very good flaky pastry without putting it to cool at all. They simply made the paste, rolled it out, divided the butter into equal portions, spread one portion upon the paste as they would spread butter upon bread, floured it well, folded it over, and rolled it; then buttered, floured, and rolled it again until the requisite quantity of butter had been used. If there were time to let it lie they would seize the opportunity of doing so, but otherwise they would leave it.

It will be understood that puff paste is used for superior pastry of all kinds, meat pies, tarts, patties, and vol-au-vents. There is, however, an easier way of making superior pastry which answers excellently for pies and tarts. The following is the method adopted in making it. Take half a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, six drops of lemon-juice, and the yolk of an egg. Prepare the ingredients as for true puff paste; that is, squeeze the butter to free it from moisture, and be sure that the flour is dry and sifted. Chop the butter in the flour with a knife;

then pile the flour on the board; make a well in the centre, and put into it the salt, egg, yolk, and lemon-juice. Add the water gradually, and mix it in lightly with the fingers, to make a light not over stiff paste. Flour the rolling-pin and the board to prevent the pastry sticking, but do not put too much flour in, or the pastry will be spoilt. Roll it well three times, and after each roll fold it in two and turn it with the rough edges to the front. If it makes a crackling sound as it is being rolled it is a sign that it is good. If liked, this pastry may be made with half a pound of flour, four ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and dripping may be used instead of butter.

Short paste is used more than puff paste; it is suitable for fruit pies and tartlets. The idea with it is to rub the shortening into the flour before making up the paste. Short paste is more wholesome and much more easily made than puff paste. It may be made to be most delicious if only pains, good ingredients, and a light cool hand are brought to the work. I am afraid, however, that space will not permit me to speak of it to-day; so I will reserve it, as well as suet paste, and hot-water paste for the raised pies which are so popular at this time of the year, till our next lesson.



HURRIED VISITS.

"DRESS yourself, and run for your life, child, and see what it is! God help us!" said Evan, as soon as he could collect his thoughts.

"Uncle Laban and Cousin Meredith are safe. It was nearly eight o'clock when they left last night," returned shivering, shuddering May.

"There's no knowing, child. Run you and see what it is."

May dressed as quickly as her trembling limbs would let her, and, with a short prayer to the Most High for help in this awful moment, left the house. Evan and Peggy were nearly dressed when she looked in upon them, and bade her hasten. The purple glory that comes before the rising sun was just pouring over the East, and the twittering birds were rousing up to welcome it as she ran down the garden and took the short cut to the pit through the oak wood. She heeded not the awakening eyes of the bluebells, hyacinths, and wood anenomes as they glanced sleepily at her from their mossy, dew-besprinkled beds. She saw not the masses of primroses in their nests at the roots of the trees; she paused not to discover if the violets beneath the hazel bushes were sweet or scentless; but she hurried on and on while the sun was slowly rising. She was so breathless and excited that she knew not that her hastily-tied hat and handkerchief fell off by the way and remained on the mossy path behind her. But for the sudden blaze of light that dispersed the shadows she would scarcely have been conscious of the day; but as she emerged from the wood, the sky, mountains, trees, and meads were glowing beneath the golden and royally scattered gifts of the monarch of the morning.

Daylight enabled her to distinguish a crowd of people down below round about the pit that she had first seen when her grandfather drove her home and Meredith ran down to look at her some eight years before. Why did the scene arise to her memory at that moment? She had heard of explosions in the mines, but although there had been many serious

accidents, there had been no actual explosion during her stay at Derwen. She paused in terror of what she might see if she went on. But she overcame her fears, and ran down the grassy sward to the blackened area of the pit. She heard Uncle Laban's voice, which reassured her, but saw nothing of Meredith. Colliers were hurrying to and fro, and some whom she recognised as overmen, like Laban, were there, while many women and children stood about with scared and anxious faces. She slipped in amongst them, and saw men descending the shaft. She fancied Uncle Laban was going down after them, but he did not. She waited in the hope of being able to speak to him, but he was too much occupied, so she asked one of the women what it was. For answer she only heard that no one knew as yet, but the husbands, sons, or fathers of all assembled there were below.

"Do you know where Cousin Meredith is?" asked May, with faltering voice.

"Down there too," was the answer.

Her sudden increase of terror was subdued by hope, for almost while she spoke the steam-engine, the snorting noise of which she disliked so much, drew up a corf or basket into the middle of the shaft, which, being landed, she found contained human beings. These were half a dozen boys, all black with the soot of the explosion, but apparently uninjured. Little Davy was amongst them. All but he were seized upon by expectant mothers with cries of joy and thankfulness.

"Dai! Dai Bach, come here!" cried May, as Uncle Laban and others began to question the bigger lads.

He heard her appeal, and stumbled towards her. At this moment Uncle Laban perceived her, but was too busy to speak to her.

"*What is it, Dai Bach?* Your face is scorched," said May.

"I don't know, I don't know," he replied, shaking his head piteously. "We boys went down to work at five. Says one, 'Let's have a spree,' and I took out my gewgaw (jewsharp) and began to play, and they began to dance just there at the bottom of the shaft. And in the midst of our spree we heard a great noise, and a scorching blast rushed past us, and we fell down for dead, crying out ''Tis a 'splosion.' And all the rest are far in the mine, and dead perhaps by this time, as we should be if we *hadn't* stopped for a spree. And father's there! father's there!"

The boy began to cry, unmindful of his own hurt.

"And Cousin Meredith?" asked May, faintly.

"I don't know about him. I was abed till five, when we went down. But father's there."

"Pray for him, Dai Bach. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed May.

But her wailing ceased when Uncle Laban approached.

"Run for linen to Derwen Fawr. They have not heard. Keep father and mother at home. Tell 'Lizbeth to be quiet. Send somebody to Leah," he said, all in a breath.

"And cousin Meredith?" asked terrified May.

"In God's hands, like the rest, my girl," was the reply, as Laban turned to look down the black shaft after the corf, which was again descending.

May knew not how she was to do all uncle Laban's bidding, but she felt that her first duty was to tell Mrs. Richards, so she ran off to their house. This lay more in a hollow than the other houses, and the report of the explosion had not reached it. It was between seven and eight when May arrived with the news, and the ladies were not down, though the eight o'clock breakfast was in preparation. She found her friend Susan in the passage, tray in hand, and she almost let it fall when she saw May's horrified face.

"An explosion. The pit. They will want linen. Please to tell the ladies," was all May could gasp forth.

The alarm was soon given, and she was surrounded by Mrs. Richards and her daughters, who were mostly in dressing-gowns.

"What is the matter, May?" asked Edith, who came first.

"I scarcely know, Miss Edith," gasped May, recovering self-possession with breath. "But there is something terrible at the pit. We were all awakened by the explosion. Cousin Meredith, and Dai Bach's father, and cousin Leah's husband, and I know not who else, are all down. Uncle Laban sent me here to tell you, and ask for linen. Even Dai Bach and the boys who are saved are scorched by the blast."

By this time Mrs. Richards was also at May's side.

"We must telegraph for your father. Send off to town at once. Go to the pit, Maria. We will see to the linen, oil, and everything. Don't cry, May; perhaps it is not so bad as it sounds. When these things happen in a small pit like ours the sound is often worse than the reality. Give her some breakfast, Susan."

"Thank you, ma'am, but I could not eat, and I am to go straight back home," said May, struggling for composure.

Indeed there was little time or inclination for eating that day. Still Edith forced a piece of bread and butter into her hand, as she left the house as rapidly as she came. She met Nathan, a man who worked on her grandfather's little farm, who told her that one of his boys was in the pit. Still the farm labour must go on. So she found Peggy busy, and Evan preparing to leave the house, yet dawdling about, awaiting her arrival.

"Thou hast been long, child. What is it all?" he asked.

She told him what she knew. He sat down for a moment, while Peggy stood aghast, shaking like a leaf, and exclaiming—

"Meredith! and it 'ould be the death of his mother if anything happened to him! Twm, the Cross Roads, and Leah laid by with her third baby! Dai Bach! and he nobody in the world but his father!"

May first laid a hand on Evan's shoulder, then looked appealingly at Peggy and put her arms round her.

"They may all be safe, great-grandfather. Let us try to hope till we know the worst, grandmother," she said.

"Right, child, and thou hast much to do," replied Evan, uncovering his face. "Give her some breakfast, mother, before she goes to see after the rest, and bring us word again. We are better at home. Only in the way there."

"I couldn't eat, dear great-grandfather."

"Thou must, child."

May was so accustomed to obey that she tried to swallow some tea, which was keeping hot by the fire, and to eat the bread and butter which she still unconsciously held in her hand.

"You must have your breakfast, too," she said, glancing from her grandparents to the untouched food on the table, spread as usual.

They sat down, but it was almost a mockery. It refreshed May, however, slight as was the meal, and she once more set off, followed by her grandfather's blessing.

She sped on, through the wood again and up the ravine, where, it will be remembered, Meredith once carried her. When she reached Tygwyn, the house was empty. There was the beehive chair, which she had seldom before seen untenanted by aunt 'Lizbeth, staring alone at the fire, and there were the pretty toys of the dead children surrounding the walls.

"Oh! if cousin Meredith should be taken, too, what will become of aunt 'Lizbeth?" thought May, as she stood in the centre of the deserted room, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

She ran on to another house, higher up the ravine; that, too, was empty. But the next was tenanted. Here she found Little Davy with one of the other boys who came up with him from the pit. The mother of the latter had brought them both home with her, and was attending to their scorched faces and hands, which were not, however, very badly hurt. No news had reached her since they left the mouth of the pit.

"Now I'm going back to see after father. Thank you, Pal, fach," said Davy, leaving the house with May.

"I must go on to cousin Leah," said the latter. "Come to Derwen Fach, Dai, if—if—" and so they parted.

Leaving the ravine to the left, she found herself on the little mountain. This wild spot was scattered with colliers' cottages, one of the most respectable of which was Leah's, for her husband was one of the master men, as they are called, and in good pay. He was also one of the disaffected. There were many cross roads on the mountain, one of which May took, but she met no one. "All are at the pit," she thought, as she hurried on to Leah's house.

She found her, as she knew she must, in bed, with a baby a week old by her side, and two children at play in the

kitchen. A neighbour was nursing her and taking charge of them.

"Cousin May! cousin May!" shouted the children; but she, who loved them dearly, yet passed them by unnoticed, and went to their mother's bedroom.

"What has brought you here so early?" asked Leah. "Why, the oaks must have fallen, at least. Look at baby!" Then catching sight of May's scared face, she sat up in bed, and exclaimed, "What's the matter?"

"Uncle Laban sent me, cousin," gasped May.

"Yes—what for? Have they struck, and is Twm at the head of it?"

"No—not that. But there is an accident."

"What accident? Is it my husband, or father, or mother, or what? Can't you speak out, girl?"

"It is something in the pit. Several boys have come up safe, and we hope ——"

Here May broke down, for she had lost hope.

"It is a visitation of Providence," shrieked Leah. "I told him so. I knew how it would be. Speak out, May."

It was difficult for May to speak out, but she told the little she knew, softening it as best she might, and holding Leah's hand. While she was so doing, Rachel came in, white as death. Seeing May she seemed relieved.

"If you would run to mother while I stay I should be thankful," she said. "She sent me here to Leah."

"Where is she?" asked May. "The house was empty when I was there a little while ago."

"She would go to the pit, and when we were there she nearly fainted, and I got her home again, I don't know how. Miss Sophy is with her now. Father and a lot more went down and were nearly suffocated with the smoke and dust, but they are sure there is no fire behind. They got a little way down the passage, and found it blocked up. Father and some of them came up again, and went back with picks and gads, and everything to try to clear the way. He fancied he heard a voice, but he wasn't sure. Over a hundred men and boys are down, and all the women are crowding to the pit.

"And Twm is there," sobbed Leah, while her children, who had followed their aunt, climbed upon her bed.

"And cousin Meredith?" whispered May, interrogatively, as she stood ready to depart.

"Yes, silly that he was," replied Rachel. "When father and he came home last night he said he wasn't happy about the state of affairs, and wanted to see into them at once. If this strike was to happen, he thought the men would likely plot in the mine, and he would do his best to advise them for their good. So he had his supper and a nap, and went away in spite of mother's prayers."

"Good-bye, cousin Leah. I think we shall have comfort by-and-by," said May, putting her arm round poor Leah's neck and kissing her. "Let me look at baby before I go."

This recalled the mother to the child, and in displaying the tiny infant Leah found, already, some of May's comfort, though much overlaid with anxiety.

When May again reached Tgwyn 'Lizbeth was seated in the beehive chair, surrounded by women. Miss Sophy was still there, and much conversation was going on. Aunt 'Lizbeth's companions belonged to the men who had slept at home the previous night and were now engaged in striving to clear the passage to the mine. May made her way through them to her aunt.

"Leah and the baby are well, Aunt 'Lizbeth," she said.

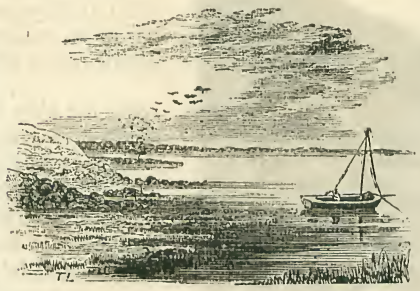
"What's that to me, and Meredith dead in the mine, and Laban gone down to kill himself too!" wailed 'Lizbeth. "And I who have buried seven, two full grown from the pit, three babes in arms, and two growing up like young lambs! *Hach y fi! Hach y fi!*"

"There, come you, 'Lizbeth. You'll be seeing Meredith walk in by now," comforted the women.

"I will go now you are come, May," said Miss Sophy. "One of my sisters has gone to see Peggy," and she left, followed gradually by the other visitors.

Thus May was left alone with Aunt 'Lizbeth during Rachel's protracted absence.

(*To be continued.*)



BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

KEEN SCENT IN DOGS.—Some dogs are remarkable for possessing a wonderfully keen sense of smell, and by means of it will trace individuals after having been allowed to sniff round any garment that has been worn by them. Nelson gave me a sample of his talents in this line which might have been disagreeable in its consequences. His master's family left home on a visit, and, for a fortnight, the house was closed. Being one of the very few persons with whom Nelson was friendly, I volunteered to feed him during the absence of his owners. On week days the workmen were busy in shop and yards; but on Sundays the place was deserted by human beings, and the neighbours wondered I durst go alone, place the food close to the fierce animal, and then repass him to fill his trough with fresh water. On the second Sunday, the day being cold, I threw a soft woollen shawl round my head, leaving little of my face exposed, entered the yard, placed the food on the ground, and took up the pail to fetch water from the pump. I did not speak; but I noticed Nelson sniffing curiously at the bottom of my dress, and as I passed on with the pail, the huge beast sprang at my throat. Fortunately he seized, not my flesh, but the woollen shawl, which he dragged off. I can hardly understand how I kept my presence of mind; but I felt no fear at the moment. I gave Nelson a sound cuff with my disengaged hand and said, "You stupid old fellow, don't you know me?" It was quite touching to see the change in the old dog. He crouched at my feet, licked my very shoes, then ventured to my hands, and showered doggish caresses on me, seeming by every action to implore pardon for his mistake. I could not withstand this, so I patted his big head and made friends again. But how did it happen that Nelson acted so strangely? I was a girl at that time, and occasionally a partially worn dress of my mother's was "made down" for me. On that Sunday I wore, for the first time, a black silk which had been thus adapted. My muffled face prevented Nelson from recognising me, and on sniffing at my dress he found the smell of my garments strange also; hence, deceived in sight and scent, he took me for a stranger. I never felt afraid of Nelson afterwards; but my mother was not a little relieved when the return of his mistress removed me from the post of purveyor to a dog that was so very particular about his acquaintances.

PARROT ACQUAINTANCES.—GREY POLLY.—Most of my bird friends have been parrots, and of these I have owned rather a large number, having had many presents from seafaring relatives. The best we ever had was brought from the Cape by my uncle, a naval officer, who commanded an East Indiaman in the days when iron shipbuilding had not been thought of, and England's "wooden walls" were the only ones known. Polly was a beautiful dove or ash-coloured bird, with a superb scarlet tail, and was a very accomplished creature. She could whistle, sing, talk, and laugh with great distinctness and in the most amusing style. She called every member of my uncle's family by name, and when the boys were going to bed always insisted on bidding each "good night." If the lads omitted this ceremony she would scream after them, "William, John, kiss Polly; good night," until she compelled them to come back and do the polite. Many of our visitors were also recognised and saluted by Polly as soon as they appeared. One old lady was much disliked by my aunt's parlour-maid, and when poor old Mrs. Jones dropped in early in the afternoon, and took out her knitting, with the evident intention of staying tea, Mary would say, in a grumbling tone, "There's that old Mrs. Jones come again; I wonder who wants *her*." Polly had heard this remark so often that it had become fixed on her memory, and one day, when the old lady came in, she called out, "There's that old Mrs. Jones come again; I wonder who wants *her!*" My aunt's face became scarlet when she heard Polly's salutation; for she feared the friend, whom she really esteemed, would think we had taught the bird to say this in order to annoy her. Happily, Mrs. Jones not being very quick at hearing, did not catch the purport of the remark. She only heard her own name mixed up with Polly's speech, and appeared rather gratified than otherwise that the bird knew and noticed her. This parrot was not shut up in a cage, but always stood on a handsome perch, with every possible bird convenience. She was particularly fond of discoursing to the parlourmaid, and when she saw her preparing for a meal, used to call out, "Mary, Polly some!" to which the girl usually replied, "Polly must wait." On a warm summer afternoon Mary was specially busy. There were visitors, and her hands were fully employed. Polly's oft-preferred petition obtained only one reply. At last the bird's patience was exhausted, and, as Mary passed her perch, Polly snatched off the girl's smart cap with her hooked beak, dropped it on the ground as far away from the owner as possible, and then in a mournful voice echoed her words, "Polly must wait."



IN CONTRAST.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.

SAILING over sunlit seas,
Sauntering 'neath summer trees,
Gathering the flowerets fair
Brightly blooming here and there,
In the glory and the glow,
Who anticipates the snow?
Girlhood, manhood, in its prime
Think not of life's winter-time.

From the ship in Arctic zone
Wintering wearily alone,
Frozen up in fields of ice,
Closely wedged as in a vice,
Backward, forward, looks the tar,
To the sunny home afar;
So beneath life's snowy cope
Age hath retrospect—and hope.

SOME USEFUL HINTS ON SURGERY.

By MEDICUS.



WHEN I was a little boy at my first school the Bible was one of our text-books. It was the first history ever I had read, and I was naturally much interested in its heroes and heroines. David, I know, seemed to my mind just the beau-ideal of all a boy should be, and when I read of the brave and undaunted manner in which he attacked and slew Goliath, I determined to emulate him, at least, so far as the sling and the stone went, and I succeeded so well that in three weeks after I first commenced practice, I smashed my poor sister's arm. Of course, I was not aiming at Nellie, and the greater the pity, because I never did hit anything that I aimed at. On this particular occasion I was aiming at a farmer's ox in a distant field; this was very wicked, but when I saw Nellie drop down and faint with the pain, I thought she was dead, and wrung my hands and wept aloud and danced frantically around her. This probably relieved my own feelings, but it could not have done Nellie much good, and had I known then only a very little of what I know now, I would have acted differently. But what *I* did then is just precisely what nine out of every ten young people do daily, when an accident occurs to a brother, sister, or playmate. To render assistance promptly hardly ever occurs to them.

"Oh! but," some of my readers may exclaim, "we don't know what to do in cases of emergency."

You are quite right; and therefore I am going to tell you in this paper and in the next what is the best and safest way to deal with little accidents, and I am quite sure you will listen to what I have to say with pleasure and derive some profit therefrom as well.

Now the most alarming of all little accidents, in the eyes of young folks, are those that are accompanied by the effusion of blood, so I will take them first. The simplest of these is bleeding at the nose. Sometimes, in the case of stout, rosy-faced children, this is salutary, but it proves that they are making blood too quickly, that they are in reality not strong, so the general health should be seen to, and plenty of exercise taken. As to medicine, laxatives should be given and some simple tonic. When bleeding at the nose occurs from a blow, or if it be excessive from whatever cause, means must be taken to stop it. The sufferer must not remain in a warm room; going out into the cool fresh air will often of itself suffice to stop the bleeding. If it does not, then the nose and brow ought to be bathed in the coldest water procurable. The upright position should be maintained, the head thrown well back, the arms raised, and either ice or a cold piece of iron or steel applied to the spine.

Cuts or wounds, as a rule, require very simple treatment. First and foremost, do not be alarmed at the sight of a little blood; there is no danger, unless it be of a very bright red colour and spurts out in jets; that would show that an artery had been cut; but even then you must not give way to fear. All you have to do is to apply pressure on the wound by means of your thumbs, and send for a medical man or surgeon. If a simple cut or wound is torn and lacerated, it must be washed with cold water and a bit of sponge before it is done up, and if any dirt or foreign matter, such as sand or glass, be in it, that must be very carefully removed; then cut two or three pieces of sticking plaster, about as long as your little finger, and no wider, heat them one by one before the fire, and one by one apply them over the wound, just to keep the edges gently together. After you have applied one, you must not put the next close to it; you have to leave room between every piece, for any matter that may form, to afterwards find vent. Apply over this a little lint, made by stretching a piece of old, cleanly washed linen tight, and scraping it with a knife; over all a bandage must be put, and you must keep a wound like this clean, but do not disturb the dressing more than is actually required. If it seems angry, a bit of clean surgeon's lint dipped in water, with a piece of oiled silk over it, makes a very soothing dressing. A simple even cut may be bound up with the blood, which, by keeping the air from it, hermetically seals it, and it will heal thus without further trouble.

A bitten tongue often bleeds profusely, and gives great pain. Wash the mouth with the coldest water, in which some powdered alum has been mixed, and continue doing so until the bleeding stops.

When the skin has been torn or grazed off any part of the hands, arms, or legs, the bleeding is sometimes difficult to stop. Cold water may be sufficient to do this, if not, tincture of iron should be applied. This tincture of iron is the same tonic (called steel drops) which I so often recommend pale and delicate girls to use, in the proportion of ten to fifteen drops three times a day in a little cold water. So you see it is a handy thing to have in the house for more reasons than one. Scalp-wounds, or wounds in the head, require somewhat different treatment. If in the forehead, the usual sticking plaster dressing and a bandage will suffice to mend matters; if in the scalp among the hair, the latter must be cut off all around the wound to admit of the application of the plaster; the bleeding in either case must be stopped by pressure, cold water, or ice.

The youngest of my readers should know how to treat simple scalds and burns, for, small though they may be, they are exceedingly painful, and it is a gaining of half the battle if you can give relief. A burn or scald in the hands, or wrist, or fingers, if the skin be not blistered or broken, is relieved in a surprisingly short time by the application of a rag or morsel of lint wetted in turpentine. Soap applied to a slight burn is likewise a good application to remove pain. Water-dressing is also effective, and after the pain has been removed, the place may be dressed with simple ointment, cold cream, or glycerine. Another excellent application to a burned surface is what is called "carron oil," it is composed of equal parts of lime water and olive oil, with a small quantity of turpentine. In all cases of severe burning medical aid should be summoned as soon as possible.

If a child's clothes catch fire, she ought to be thrown down at once, and a hearth-rug, blanket, or whatever comes handiest, rolled around her to extinguish the flames. When anyone has the misfortune to catch fire, she ought at once to throw herself on the floor and roll about; if this plan be resorted to, the fire cannot spread upwards over the head, and life may be saved, to say nothing of terrible deformity.

Children sometimes swallow boiling water, from a kettle for instance. In a case of this kind all you can do is to keep the sufferer perfectly quiet, and give him ice to suck if you can procure any, and meanwhile send at once for a surgeon.

Bruises are the result of direct violence; in these cases, although no bones are broken and the skin is left intact, the small veins in the flesh are lacerated and blood thrown out under the skin, discolouration being the result. A black-eye is one of the simplest examples of a bruise, and probably one of the commonest; a blow on the forehead from running against something hard is another; and both, simple though I call them, are very disfiguring, especially in a young girl. When, then, anyone receives a blow which she is afraid may lead to discolouration of the skin, either arnica lotion or spirit lotion should be applied immediately and constantly for some considerable time. The arnica lotion is easily made; it is simply a tablespoonful of tincture of arnica in a small tumblerful of water; it is a useful application to sprains as well. Vinegar and water is also a very cooling lotion, in the proportion of one part of the former to three of the latter.

A jammed finger is a most painful accident. Steeping the finger in very hot water is the most effectual method of giving relief. I may mention here that an incipient whitlow may sometimes be dispersed in the same way, provided matter has not already formed; but when once this begins to burrow under the tendons, poultices and free lancing will bring the first relief.

A blister of the skin, whether in the foot or hand, seems a very simple thing indeed. Yet nine persons out of every ten do not know how properly to treat it. It may be caused by friction of any kind—friction from a tight or too loose fitting shoe, or friction of the hand from rowing, drilling, or using tools of any kind. The first thing to do is to pass a needle with a loose cotton thread through it. Cut off this thread at each side of the blister, and thus allow the water to run or drain out of the bleb; it will afterwards heal up nicely, but rest must be given. Now I do not know that any young lady wants to harden her hands, even for the sake of drilling; for a soft hand is certainly a point of beauty in a girl. But if, notwithstanding this, she objects to have hands easily blistered let her bathe them morning and night for ten minutes in a quart of soft spring water, in which a little toilet vinegar and a teaspoonful of alum have been mixed. This bath also does good in cases of clammy hands; but, mind you, I am not putting it forward as a specific, either for clamminess or blisters, but I do happen to know that it often does good.

Blisters, or blebs, that contain blood may occur on the legs or arms; they are not due to friction, but, on the other hand, they point to a vitiated state of the blood, and the remedies for them should be internal or constitutional ones. The blood is impoverished, and the steel-drop tonic will do good. Plenty of milk is almost a certain remedy, but it must be new milk and, if possible, drunk fresh and warm from the cow. Exercise in the open air will provoke an appetite and enable the girl who suffers from these signs of impoverished blood to eat well and heartily, which is exactly what nature displays those blisters to entice her to do. They are to be looked upon as small flags of distress.

Boils are also a sign of impure and impoverished blood. Some girls constantly suffer from them, crop after crop appearing

and causing great distress, because they are not only disfiguring, especially if in the face, but very painful as well. These boils also point to a state of the blood which sadly needs reform; indeed, the general health of girls who suffer in this way is at a very low ebb. Everything, then, should be done that tends to increase the strength and purify the blood. Simple laxatives, such as cream of tartar or Gregory's powder, should be taken twice or thrice a week. The digestion should be carefully attended to, nothing being eaten that is in the least likely to disagree, and not too much of anything eaten at one time. Exercise in the open air should be abundant, but not fatiguing, and the soap bath taken every day. (I have already described the method of taking this bath in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.) Tonic medicines should be taken also, say a teaspoonful or more of quinine wine three times a day and ten drops of the tincture of iron.

Touching the little boils three or four times a day with a drop or two of Goulard water, and suffering it to dry on, may tend to keep them back, or hot water may be tried.

A stye is simply a small painful boil on the eyelid; it should be bathed three or four times a day with warm milk and water, and a poultice applied at night. As soon as it points, great relief will be gained by pricking it with a fine but perfectly new sewing needle.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

"Is there any moral shut within the bosom of the rose?"—*Tennyson.*



You may look at flowers in two ways—botanically, which is very interesting, or sentimentally and poetically, which is more interesting still. They are almost all surrounded by a halo of human thought, and we find in them—or fancy we find in them, which is much the same thing—an approach to human expression. We speak of them as possessing pride, modesty, boldness, delicacy, as inspired by joy, sorrow, and ambition. We give them a voice and a language.

We do not, of course, always know what they say. You remember the man in the fairy tale who had the gift of understanding the speech of animals, but lost it through telling the secret to his wife. Now it is not unlikely that the exact language spoken by the flowers, if ever it was known, has been lost in some such fashion. We comprehend it very imperfectly, guessing at it as we might guess at the speech of our dogs and cats.

Some people can never understand its meaning, any more than they can make out what is told by any of the other wonders of nature. Such are not desirable acquaintances at all. Keep far away, says a wise man, from those who have no sympathy for flowers.

The great thing requisite is to be in love with what is beautiful, and to have an open and tender heart. To all happy natures of whom this is the description flowers say strange things, and birds and beasts make surprising revelations.

The object of this article is to speak of the language of flowers as it is at present understood. By the matter-of-fact this language has been held of small account, and has often been sadly misrepresented, but, girls, to speak



THE MOSS ROSE.

seriously, it contains a genuine truth to which good sense will not refuse attention. The more the things of nature are mixed up with our own spiritual being the more interesting, the more enjoyable, the more beautiful the world will appear. Connect things with thoughts, then things are truly valuable.

If the study of the language of flowers did nothing more than send you to the garden and the fields, it would not be an unsatisfactory result. The value of the open air is not half understood, and how few, after all these years, have discovered that there is more genuine happiness to be obtained in the healthy round of rural life than amidst all the bustle of society.

There is a great deal of poetry still left in the country, though perhaps not quite so much—and the more's the pity—as in the olden time, when "the elves danced full oft in many a green mead," and the cowslips were the pensioners of the fairy queen.

Flowers are in a special manner connected with the romance of life. They are mixed up with all our remembrances, and the older we grow the most quiet nooks they occupy in our hearts. It would be a curious calculation how many withered flowers there are in the world treasured as relics beyond price, and forming the links that connect us with a happy past. It is, therefore, of great interest to know the sentiments connected with different flowers, and the human attributes and human passions which they are held to denote and express.

There can be no doubt that the language of flowers came originally from the East, the home of so many marvels. It received a great deal of attention in Europe in the Middle Ages, and was of good service to lords and ladies, who in those times knew as little how to write as how to read. We have not the only example of its utility in the case of the fair prisoner who, having no opportunity of speaking to her lover, informed him of her captivity by throwing from a lofty tower a rose bathed in her tears.

Those who have tried to reduce the language of flowers to a system have laid down several rules for its use. The first of these is that a flower presented in an upright position expresses a certain thought, but given with its head hanging downwards utters just the contrary sentiment. You may also, they say, vary the expression of flowers by altering their position. The marigold placed on the head, for example, signifies sorrow of mind; above the heart, pangs of love; resting on the breast, *ennui.* It makes a difference, too, if you present a flower with or without its leaves or without its thorns, if it happens to have any thorns. A rosebud, with all its thorns and leaves, means, "I fear, but I hope;" stripped of its thorns, "There is everything to hope for;" stripped of its leaves, "There is everything to fear."

But all this is too elaborate for most people, and we must always bear in mind that the poetry of nature may be ruined by indulgence in fantastic whims.

Let us speak first of the rose, the flower of love and beauty. No other has been more highly praised by poets in every country and in all past times. It has had the most high-sounding names given to it: Queen of Flowers, Daughter of the Sky, Glory of Spring, and Ornament of the Earth show the depth of enthusiasm it has excited. We therefore naturally expect it to take a leading place in speaking the language of flowers. And so it does.

Roses represent a different sentiment according to their colour. The white rose indicates "candour;" the musk rose "affectation;" the single rose "simplicity;" the damask rose "freshness;" the cabbage rose goes forth as "an ambassador of love;" and a white and red rose together form a symbol of unity.

A yellow rose means "decrease of love" or "jealousy," yellow, according to one of the articles of folk-lore, being a jealous colour. If you wish to indicate "charming grace and beauty," you must select a China rose. That



THE LILY.

must have been the flower sent by the poet with the famous verses—

"Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be."

In the East, the rose is above all others the flower of affection. There is a beautiful story which represents the bulbul—so the Armenians call the nightingale—as falling in love with the rose, and as only beginning to

sing when inspired by the tender passion. This fable has been put into verse by Thackeray :—

" Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.
'How comes,' I said, 'such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so sweet a trill.'



THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

" 'Once I was dumb,' then did the bird disclose,
'But looked upon the Rose;
And in the garden where the loved one grows
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose.' "

The rose used to be employed as the symbol of silence, and from this arose a phrase one often hears, "under the rose." It seems that in ancient times it was a custom to place chaplets of roses above the heads of the guests, and on these occasions when people wished what they said to go no farther than those present they remarked that their observations were made "under the rose." Thus the phrase we use took its origin.

The lily is the emblem of majesty and purity. This flower is closely connected with the legendary history of the Virgin Mary, the



SNOWDROP.

lily which generally appears in pictures in connection with her being the great white lily of our gardens. As a token of purity it was frequently placed by artists in the Middle Ages in the hands of female saints.

The lily of the valley has always been held to be symbolical of purity and holiness. In some country places this humble but graceful plant is understood as pointing men's thoughts to a better world; it is called there the "ladder to heaven," a name evidently suggested by the arrangement of the flowers.

The snowdrop is another of those emblems of purity of which the world cannot have too many. This flower has become invested with a kind of sacredness; no doubt because it forms about the first sign that after the long sleep of winter Nature is rousing herself to begin the life and work of spring.

As an emblem of modesty we have the daisy, the badge of Maid Margaret, that was so meek and mild, a very popular saint in the olden time. Another flower speaking the same language is the humble violet. The violet is also a lover's flower, and stands for constancy. As the old rhyme has it :—

" The violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide."

We have a contrast to these plants of modest looks and lowly thoughts in the tulip, which is held to be a symbol of grandeur and magnificence. During last century this flower created a sensation at



ROSEMARY.

which we may well imagine violets, daisies, and all quiet-minded flowers were much amazed. The love of tulips became a mania. It was no rare thing to see a family ruined through the passion of the father for tulips.

The thistle in the language of flowers stands for "retaliation." To the Scotchman, however, as everyone knows, it speaks of nothing but the glories of his own native land, of which it is the emblem.

It became the emblem of Scotland, if legends be true, in the following way :— When the Danes invaded Scotland, a long time ago, it was thought a shabby thing to attack an enemy except in broad daylight. On one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of stratagem, and to come upon the Scots by night. To prevent their tramp from being heard they marched barefooted. They thus got unobserved within a short distance of the Scottish forces; but a Dane unluckily set his foot on a superb prickly thistle, and he gave such a howl of pain that the Scots heard him. They immediately ran to their arms and defeated the foe with great slaughter. After this the thistle was, out of pure gratitude, made the emblem of the Scottish kingdom.

Another Scottish flower is the harebell, the blue-bell of Scotland. In the language of flowers the harebell represents "submission." According to the poet :—

" The harebell, for her stainless azure hue,
Claims to be worn of none but those are true."



HEARTSEASE.

All blue flowers, however, the bard should have noticed, have equal rights in this way, it being laid down in the old rhyme that blue is the colour of true love, as green is that of grief, and yellow that of love forsaken.

Now we come to "the sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers." The language of this flower lies in its name, and its name it is said arose from the following incident :— Two lovers were once loitering on the margin of a lake, when the maiden noticed some flowers growing on the surface of the water, near an island at some distance from the shore. She expressed a wish to obtain them, and her knight, in the true spirit of ancient chivalry, at once plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot plucked the wished-for plant. His strength, however, failed, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers on the bank; then, casting a last *affectionate look upon his lady*-love, he cried, "Forget me not!" and was buried in the waters.



REEDS.

Rosemary stands for remembrance. At one time this plant was thought to strengthen the memory, and in consequence of this it became the symbol of remembrance amongst friends and lovers. A lover would say to his lass :—

"Rosmary is for remembrance
Between us day and night;
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight."

Ophelia, in her madness, gives rosemary to her brother, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember."

Silence is represented by lavender. There is a superstition in some parts of the Continent that lavender has the power of restoring speech to those who have lost it.

Eglantine means just the reverse of lavender, and stands for "you speak well."

Amongst our winter decorations holly has an important place, and it speaks a language of great interest. The Romans of old held holly to be a sign of peace and good-will, and it has thus come to be the emblem of the principal festival of a religion which preaches peace and good-will to all mankind. With the northern nations of Europe holly used to be a type of the life which preserved nature through the desolations of winter.

The laurel speaks of triumph or glory. In the middle ages this plant served to crown poets, artists, and men of learning, who had particularly distinguished themselves. From this practice we have derived our expression *poet-laureate*. During the time when Rome ruled the world the laurel was held to be the emblem of victory, and also that of clemency. Whenever a despatch was sent telling of a great success it was wrapped up in, and ornamented with, laurel leaves. And in triumphal processions leaves of laurel w re worn by the victorious generals, and the common soldiers bore sprigs of it in their hands.

Friendship, fidelity, and marriage are represented by ivy. This pleasant duty has been performed by this plant for many a day. In Greece wreaths of ivy used to be presented to newly-married people as a suitable emblem of undying affection amid the ravages of time.

But we must not linger over the subject in this way or we shall never have done. Our purpose, girls, is to give just enough to show you that there is a language of flowers and that it is worth looking into for yourselves. We shall hurry on and just mention a few more of the commoner plants with the language popularly assigned to them.

Rushes are held to signify "submission" or "docility," and if any day you watch the wind sweeping over them, you will see that the plant speaks quite in character. Heath signifies solitude. Pink verbena, on the contrary, has a leaning towards society, and is an emblem of "family union." Jasmine stands for "amiability," fern for "sincerity," and foxglove, which always wears a brazen-faced air, for "insincerity."

The acacia stands for "friendship" or "platonic affection." There is a deeper sentiment at work when one presents a sprig of mignonette, which signifies "your qualities surpass your charms"—*mental* qualities, be it understood, and *personal* charms. Apple-blossom is still more serious, for it means "preference;" but "preference" is cold compared with "generous and devoted affection," and that is indicated by a sprig of honeysuckle.

As the flame of affection burns still brighter, the heliotrope, the camellia, the pansy, and the mistletoe find employment. The heliotrope says, "I am ever faithful and devoted;" the camellia, "In me behold constancy itself;" the pansy, "I think of you, think of me;" and the mistletoe, "Whatever difficulties are in the way of winning you, I shall surmount them all." And may that be the fortune of all the honest-hearted hard-working lovers in the world.

JAMES MASON.



THE STARRY SKY.—II.

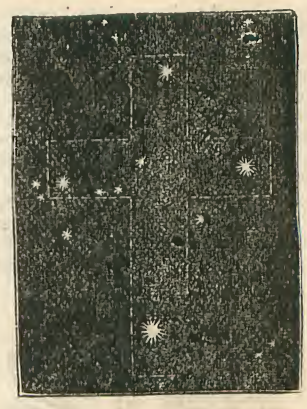
As there are many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in every part of the world, we must not confine our remarks on the Starry Sky to the northern hemisphere. To the dwellers in Australia, or New Zealand, or South America, or the Cape Colony, the heaven has an unwonted aspect, as well as the earth a different vegetation. The celebrated traveller Alexander von Humboldt describes the strange sensation, in passing from one hemisphere to another, as he saw the stars to which he had from childhood been familiar sink towards the horizon, and gradually disappear. "Nothing," he says, "impresses more vividly on the mind of the traveller the vast distance to which he has removed from his native country than the sight of a new firmament." The same idea is expressed by an English emigrant, who thus wrote in the *Leisure Hour*, "Walking the decks on fine nights, the heavens seemed palpably changed, and the thought of being far, far from home was impressed upon the mind with a power never known before. Stars which had been watched in the northern sky with interest and delight in the days of childhood and youth drooped towards the horizon, and were at length looked for in vain. Others usually seen towards the south were high overhead, while strangers appeared in the direction we were sailing, ascending higher and higher till there was almost a new heaven aloft, without any intimation that the old earth had passed away."

But the southern sky is as richly bedecked with "night's jewels" as the sky of the north, and its stars and constellations are as beautiful and as dear to those born under this light as are the familiar stars to the people of the old country. The most brilliant portion of the Via Lactea is in the south, and the numerous nebulæ almost rival the lustre of the Milky Way. There is a profusion of bright stars in the constellations of the ship Argo, the Centaur, and the Southern Cross. The brilliancy of these stars appears the greater from contrast with the dark spaces in the heavens, almost starless to the naked eye. One of these spaces, in the midst of a bright part of the Milky Way, was called the coal-sack by the early settlers. And in the southern skies there is no more striking sight than the mysterious nebulæ known as the Magellanic Clouds.

But we do not lose all our northern stars, though many of them have disappeared. For instance, Orion, which adorns our sky in the winter months, is seen in almost every habitable part of the globe south of the equator; in all places, at least, where English settlers live. Sirius also shines as brightly at the Cape as at Greenwich, and is better seen, being, when on the meridian, only eighteen degrees north of the zenith. Vega and Alpha Cygni are also visible in the latitude of the Cape and New South Wales. These familiar stars combine with the new ones to make the brilliant display which has led some astronomers to describe the southern sky as, on the whole, more beautiful than that of the northern hemisphere. Let us see what are the most notable of these southern stars and constellations.

Our star map (p. 153) shows the aspect of the heavens at Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, looking south, on the 15th of March, at 10 p.m., or the 15th of April at 8 p.m. The most important stations in Australia, Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, are within a few degrees of the same latitude, so that the maps serve equally for them at the same *local time*. The line of the spectator is supposed to be at or near 34 deg. south of the equator. In this view there are a few stars known to the ancients, but those within 40 deg. of the South Pole have been named and catalogued only in recent times.

The most notable object in the map is the Southern Cross. It is seen to the left of the meridian line of the chart, above Table Rock Mountain, and just above the black gap in the Via Lactea. The upper and lower stars, being of similar right ascension, are always on the meridian at the the same time, and therefore serve, like the pointers in Ursa Major, or the Great Bear, to indicate the proximate position of the South Pole. In the latitude of the Cape and the great Australian towns it never sets below the horizon. The South Pole is about 27 deg. 38 min. from the largest and nearest star in the Cross. There is a small star near the position of the pole, but only visible at night, and only of use for the observation of astronomers. But the Cross is known to all in southern lands, and marks by its position the hour of the night. "How often," says Humboldt, "have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannahs of Venezuela, or in the deserts extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend';" and elsewhere referring to his



"THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

first view of this famous constellation, he says, "We saw distinctly for the first time the *Cross of the South*, on the night of the 4th and fifth of July, in the 16 deg. of latitude. It was strongly inclined and appeared from time to time through the clouds. The pleasure felt on discovering the South Cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas we hail a star as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World."

The sentiment is not confined to any national or sectarian history, but touches all Christian hearts. The poet James Montgomery, in his farewell lines to a friend about to sail to where day and night would be



THE SOUTHERN SKY, LOOKING SOUTH (March 15, at 10 P.M.; April 15, 8 P.M.)—TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

changed and seasons reversed, alludes to the new sky under which he would dwell :—

When tropic gloom returns,
  Mark what new stars their vigils keep :
How glares the Wolf; the Phœnix burns ;
  And on a stormless deep
The Ship of heaven ; the patriarch's Dove;
The Emblem of redeeming love.

While these enchant thine eye,
  O think how often we have walked—
Gazed on the glories of *our* sky ;
  Of higher glories talked,
Till our hearts caught a kindling ray,
And burned within us by the way.

The two bright stars lower down in the Milky Way are Alpha and Beta Centauri; the latter nearest to the Cross, the other one of the largest of the "double stars" in the heavens, and one of the nearest to our solar system.

Below these stars in the Centaur are three stars, which form the Southern Triangle, Triangulum Australis, the chief star, Alpha, nearest the horizon. Lower down, under the apparent level of the Table Mountain, the chief star is Alpha Pavonis.

West of the meridian line, on the right-hand side of the map, the constellation Argo Navis being on the meridian, its chief star, Canopus, is conspicuous, level with the middle of the Cross. The stars on the upper right corner of the map are in Canis Major. About midway between Canopus and the N.W. corner of the map is Noah's Dove, in Columba Noachi. The bright star above the ships is Achernar; and above this to the left we see the greater and lesser Magellanic Clouds, Nubecula major and minor.

For the aspect of the southern sky, when looking north, we must refer the student to Mr. Dunkin's star maps, with their clear and interesting letterpress. Few, if any, of the stars seen from the Cape, when looking northward, are not also visible at some time of the night or of the year at London. Only the familiar constellations common to both hemispheres are now seen upside down. Still, with the help of the maps and diagrams, we can easily perceive Sirius and Procyon, Castor and Pollux, and other well-known northern stars. The further our southern home may be from the equator the fewer shall we see of the stars and constellations of the northern hemisphere.

From whatever region of the earth we lift our eyes to the starry heavens, the scene fills the imagination with wonder, and may well fill the heart with praise :—

"Praise ye the Lord ;
  Praise ye the Lord from the heavens ;
  Praise Him in the heights.
  Praise Him all ye angels ;
  Praise Him all His hosts.
  Praise ye Him, sun and moon,
  Praise Him all ye stars of light."

It is the language of poetry, as well as of piety, that "the spacious firmament" and the "spangled heavens" proclaim the divine handiwork of the Creator. From the starry sky, with its majestic yet silent march, it is true that no voice nor sound is heard, except in reason's ear.

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou
  behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

But the solemn silence of the heaven has not always been unbroken, and we are reminded, as at this season, that a strange star appeared once in the firmament, which led the worshippers from the East to the city of David, where the Saviour, Christ the Lord, was born. And at the same season sounds were heard, more divine than any "music of the spheres," proclaiming GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, AND GOOD-WILL TO MEN.

It came upon the midnight clear,
  That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
  To touch their harps of gold :
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
  From Heaven's all gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
  To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
  With peaceful wings unfurl'd,
And still their heavenly music floats
  O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
  They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
  The blessed angels sing.

The promised time is hastening on,
  By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
  Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
  Its undimmed splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
  Which now the angels sing.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XVI.

A DOLL FOR LITTLE ROSA AND A GOOD TEA.

WHEN Helen Edison had learnt from Josephine and Rosa Bell that it was quite impossible, according to all usual calculations, that Rosa should get any letters or presents, any single loving word or message of any kind from her parents on her birthday, and when she had seen the big tears welling up into Rosa's big blue eyes as the child sighed over the sorrowful fact, Helen had privately decided that at all events something or other should be done to turn the anniversary into a *fête* day for the poor little thing.

She made up her mind, in the first place, that from the morning of that birthday Rosa should no longer be that doleful being, a toyless child, and, furthermore, she resolved to do her best to persuade Miss Crofton into letting the day be a general holiday. In consequence of her first resolve, she seized the opportunity of being allowed one afternoon to go on a shopping expedition with Fräulein to spend two-and-sixpence on a fine golden-haired doll. Then she bought a yard or two of rose-coloured satteen, some white muslin, a little remnant of black satin, and several yards of blue ribbons of various widths, and with all these treasures she returned to the school, her dark face glowing with happiness.

Kind-hearted Fräulein undertook the conversion of the rose satteen and black satin into an elegant promenade costume, while Helen determined somehow or other to find time to make the underclothes and the white muslin frock. But Helen's mother and Helen herself were very ambitious for her, and she had a great many classes, the work for which, in spite of her quickness and cleverness, took a great deal of time. Thus it came to pass that when the afternoon before the birthday arrived the doll's evening dress and the rolls of blue ribbon were still untouched.

Even now the affair would not have been so desperate but for the natural desire to keep the whole matter secret from Rosa until the morrow, and the time between her going to bed and the general retirement would certainly not be sufficient for the completion of the millinery. Under these circumstances Helen began to feel rather hopeless of being able to give her present in its intended glory, until she suddenly bethought her of asking leave to spend the usual Wednesday afternoon working hours upstairs, where she could cut out and arrange at her ease.

Helen had caught Miss Crofton just as she was on the point of going out on a visit for the remainder of the day, and had not only obtained the leave she begged, to be allowed to spend her afternoon in her room in Rosa's service, but also a promise that the holiday should be "thought about," and the girl had flown off to her roll of muslin and ribbons in the best possible of happy humours. She would have found and told Miss Rowe of the permission granted her, but that it happened that she met Fräulein, who offered to relieve her of what she considered an unpleasant duty. Unfortunately, Fräulein went back to her room before fulfilling her promise, to give a finishing touch to a diminutive pair of boots which she had also manufactured out of the black satin, and all the miserable *fracas* had taken place long before she appeared in the schoolroom.

"But why did you not send down word by Rose that you were permitted to stay



"'I AM BEGINNING TO FEEL HUNGRY.'"

up here?" whispered Fräulein through the keyhole a few minutes before tea, when she had learnt her favourite's imprisonment, and had failed to move Miss Rowe to end it. She had hastened upstairs at once to express her deep sorrow that such a misfortune should have occurred through her dilatoriness.

"Misfortune do you call it?" exclaimed Helen, through the door. "I call it the finest piece of good fortune that could have happened to me. Only fancy getting four hours' perfect quiet to do what one likes with. And I am very glad to have escaped the walk besides, for I did not feel at all inclined for it. I expect Miss Rowe would have made me walk with her, and then she would have tried to irritate me into speaking to her. It would have been worse than playing a game of 'Old Soldier' when one is not in the humour for it."

Fräulein gave a ghost of a laugh. She began to believe that the prisoner was not seriously pining under her captivity.

"But, ach! meine liebe Kind!" she whispered again, after a few moments' pause, and in a tone of despair. "She says that you shall have no tea, not even ein butter brod. That is too cruel."

"Too cruel, indeed," repeated Helen, scornfully. "Ah! you don't know her, Fräulein. Nothing is too cruel for her. But wait a moment."

Hitherto Helen had been standing, during this little dialogue, by the bed nearest the door that she might continue her dress-making. But she now dropped the half-made frock on to it, and, turning, put her lips to the keyhole of the door whispered through as cautiously as the German governess herself had done before.

"Fraulein."

"Ja, meine Liebe?"

"You can hear me, Fräulein?"

"But, yes, surely, mein Kind."

"Well then, Fräulein, I confess that I am beginning to feel hungry. I mean more hungry than usual, for I think I could any time of the day eat up a quartern loaf, like the Blue-coat Boy, if I had his luck to get the chance, and I wouldn't ask for the raspberry jam either."

Again Fräulein laughed softly, but murmured at the same time "Armes Kind."

"Yes," whispered Helen, also laughing, "that is what I begin to feel like, a poor starved child, and as I am not reduced to this condition by Miss Rowe's orders, I see no reason why I should go on suffering. Do you?"

"No, assuredly. But how to help it! I have begged and begged for you, for your release, or for your meal to bring up to you, but in vain."

"So much the better. It will be more fun having it up here."

Fräulein shook her hands helplessly, and looked ready to cry, as she whispered back almost impatiently—

"It might be if you could. But I tell you she won't let you have it anywhere."

"But I will," replied Helen resolutely, "if you will help me only just one little bit. You know these windows cannot be seen from either the dining-hall or the kitchen; so if you will just please find Louise, and ask her to run round the garden till she comes beneath this room, I will manage all the rest; I have a very long piece of string here."

"A very—long—" began Fräulein, wonderingly. And then a light suddenly broke over her face, and she exclaimed joyfully, "Ach, ja. I see. That will do so beautifully!"

In her gladness she momentarily forgot her hitherto prudently lowered voice, but fortunately it was of no consequence, as everyone was already gathered downstairs in readiness for tea, the bell for which rang at this moment, and Fräulein rushed off instantly to find the good-tempered, ready-witted French housemaid, who was "to

provide that wilful, headstrong, generous-hearted Helen Edison with the food she had been sentenced to forego," and without which poor simple Fräulein imagined that she would certainly faint or fall ill.

As Helen heard the footsteps of the German governess receding down the corridor she got up from her knees, and taking her needlework she carried it with her to one of the windows, where she plied her needle quickly, but kept at any rate as much as half an eye on the garden below.

She was beginning to fear that one or other of her hoped-for allies had been intercepted in the attempt to aid her, or that their hearts had failed them, when the welcome sound of a somewhat subdued but merry little French song came to her ears, and the next moment she caught sight of the becoming snowywhite cap through the trees. Darting to one of her drawers, she took out a carefully treasured coil of string, loosened the end, and got back to the window just as smiling Louise arrived beneath it.

"Vite, ma'am'selle, vite. Dépêchez vous," cried the French girl, softly. "They will be coming out, the chocolate took so long."

"Chocolate! did you say chocolate?" laughed Helen, as she hastily let down her string for Louise's basket. "Ah, that was that dear, good Fraulein's thought, I know. Ah! mamma shall send her such a good present next Christmas, and you, too, Louise."

"Oh! how good it smells!" as she carefully drew the basket to the edge of the window, and then putting out her other hand she lifted it over the ledge and examined the contents.

A little jugful of steaming rich chocolate, a couple of rounds of hot buttered toast, and a piece of German honey bread.

"Well, I never!" murmured Miss Helen, her crimson lips curling with a merry mischievous little smile as she bent over her provisions. "Well, I never! I am rather afraid if this is prisoner's fare that I shall endeavour to be locked up again from time to time when I feel that my constitution, if not the calendar, requires a feast day."

Thus looking to the future, she drew her chair up to the broad window sill and began to eat, Louise waiting down below meanwhile, and from minute to minute adjuring her rather anxiously to be quick, lest they should be discovered.

In spite of all Helen's efforts to yield obedience to this prayer, and her courage in scalding her mouth with the hot chocolate, frightened Louise only escaped being found out in her act of benevolence by overcoming her usual repugnance to earwigs and caterpillars, and creeping through the shrubbery instead of going round it; for just as she had once more got the basket, with the empty jug and plate, safely in her hand, the English governess came out from tea and walked directly round to that part of the garden overlooked by the culprit's windows, as though the idea had occurred to her that some attempt might be made to relieve the garrison.

But all Miss Rowe saw was her locked-up pupil standing by an open window, her elbows on the sill, her chin resting on her little white hands, and her large dark eyes apparently gazing disconsolately into space.

As a matter of fact, the large dark eyes were gazing delightedly at Louise's clever escape. And just as that amusement had come to an end, Helen withdrew her head again into the room attracted by a little rustling noise at the door. As she turned, the noise ceased, and in the crack of the door, on the floor, was a part of a sheet of white paper visible. She ran forward quickly



"MUTTERING CAUTIOUSLY, 'ALL RIGHT.'"

and picked it up, muttering cautiously as she did so, "All right," in case there were any ears still lingering to hear her.

A soft sigh without answered her, and then she heard someone stealing swiftly away. She sat down on the edge of the bed and looked curiously at the sheet of paper. There was no writing on it, but there was a certain amount of thickness and weight about it.

"Something inside," muttered Helen, and with some difficulty she opened it. And there certainly was something inside—a something which fully accounted for the sticking together of the two halves of the sheet of paper.

Inside the paper were several very wafery scraps of bread and butter, very much squeezed by being pushed under the door, and besides the bread and butter were a few words of writing in poor Josephine's scrawly, uncertain hand—

"I am so sorry I cannot give you any more. I would have given you all my tea if I could, so would a number of us, only Miss Rowe kept looking all round at all of us all tea time, as if she guessed what we wanted to do. I could only manage to cut off these little bits, and I had put the sheet of paper all ready in my apron pocket. Oh! I do hope they'll be better than nothing."

"A great deal better than nothing," murmured the girl gently, as she read the simple, loving words, and the tears slowly rose in her proud young eyes, and rolled down the cheeks which the English governess could only make colour with haughtiness or passion. "A great deal better than nothing, poor, kind Josephine," she murmured again, "because of the love they tell. And I almost wish," she added, a smile beginning to glimmer through the tears, "that I had not just eaten that splendid feast, which makes me just a little disinclined for this second meal."

She eyed the squashed atoms of bread and butter sticking to the greasy paper for some time, tears and smiles alternately in her eyes, till at last merriment gained the day, and she broke into one of those silvery laughs which seemed to have some pleasant infection in them, for even sedate Clara Boswell used to smile, in spite of herself, when the musical sweet sounds fell upon her ears. The only person they gladdened now was little Rose, who had been lingering as near as she dared to the forbidden, and now flew down to the classrooms to tell the astonishing but delightful piece of news to all who were likely to show due sympathy.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

LOTTIE.—Three months is the duration of mourning for a first cousin. You may wear white frilling round your neck. You write pretty well.

MARY might renew the appearance of her brown cashmere dress by trimming it with plush, which will be much worn. Your writing is too much spread out.

AGNES E. WILLIAMS.—We shall be glad to receive your socks, which we doubt not, are nicely executed by one apparently so industrious, and who writes such a well expressed and equally well written a letter.

GALL, WORMWOOD, DANDY GREY RUSSET and WHITE ROSE.—1. See "Dress of the Month." Black fox and all kinds of fur may be used as a trimming for jackets this winter. 2. Before the anointing of Saul as King of Israel that nation was governed by judges, prophets, and high-priests, under a theocracy. Read the Books of the Judges and those of Samuel. You write a good free hand, but rather too large. "White Rose's" kind letter and pretty card are appreciated. Her writing is rather too angular.

BRUNETTE.—You may wear lace mittens instead of kid gloves of an evening this winter. Button your dress at the back instead of lacing it.

E. H.—You had better get some velveteen of the same colour as your myrtle green dress with which to make it up, rather than any contrasting colour. Stockingette, or elastic cloth made in Jersey style, would be very suitable for you and your sister. There is very good religious feeling in the

verses enclosed, but they are full of errors in composition.

JUDY.—The last new fancy work is the old Berlin wool work, which has returned to us again. Your writing is clear and neat.

SUNFLOWER (Como).—Hoods for jackets will not be much used this winter, but if you have one there will be nothing remarkable in your wearing it out. We do not think them becoming or pretty. Your writing is very good, but would be more elegant if you used a slightly harder pen.

HOLLY BANK.—We are grieved at the delay in sending the certificates. You must please remember we are but young and have not accomplished a year of our life. Your writing is beautifully neat.

NANCY.—Crewel work can be done on any woollen material suitable to a mantel board; try a dark cheap serge, which is quite within anyone's means.

NAUSICAA.—Your query was answered at page 15 of this new volume.

ROUGH.—Screens of peacocks' feathers are made by sewing the feathers round and round one over the other in a circle or any other shape; there is no difficulty, we think. We are very much pleased to hear that our paper has been so useful to you; but we hope you will endeavour to improve your handwriting.

L. P. D. and IDONEA.—To make an alum basket see page 623.

A SAILOR'S YOUNG WIFE.—We think you might have a tiny hood for your baby to match her winter pelisse. It would be warmer than a hat.

LUCENIE.—You may embroider an ordinary black merino with beads, stretching the fabric as you work, or else use cashmere as a foundation. A beaded bodice would cost from 30s. to 40s. we believe. Many thanks for all your kind expressions toward us.

UNE PETITE FILLE.—See pattern and article on "Patchwork," page 206.

HILDA N.—Oatmeal cloth can be purchased in all shades. We believe crewel work on dresses will be worn.

CORA.—We fear your satin was a common one, with a cotton back, and the harm done cannot be remedied.

E. N. G.—Unless you took your waterproof in at the waist and made it fit tighter, we should not advise you to alter it, as the shape is not old-fashioned. Many thanks for your kind letter.

MABEL.—Use a darker shade of velveteen to retrim your dress, and instead of the old silk put on a scarf drapery round the skirt. You might also put a balayeuse trimming of old gold round the edge of the skirt, and satin of the same colour to line some bows of velveteen.

THEODOSIA.—We hardly think, if you can crochet at all, that you will require the pattern of a doll's dress. See "My Work Basket." We do not consider it at all seemly that any young girls should be out alone at night, even coming from church. Your writing is neat.

WHITE IVY.—For articles on crewel work see pages 139, 189, and 264. Your writing is very fair for your age.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—*Wash the lace in a little* black tea or beer.

WHITE ROSE.—For a watch-guard see pages 319 and 591.

TWO COUSINS.—Use velveteen or plaid material to do up your old dresses. If they are in very bad condition make pinafores to them.

1780.—We are much obliged to you for your pattern, which is not, however, a new one. The new prize competitions will be announced in the autumn.

WYCH HAZEL.—The design of the screens and cushion need not be the same. You may use both coarse and fine thread, and lace cord also, but no cotton, as you will destroy the washing qualities. Your writing is very neat and clear.

SYRINGA.—Read "How to Embroider in Crewels," pages 139, 189, and 264. Your writing has rather an unfinished look.

ART.

A POOR GIRL is much to be congratulated on her success in painting the enclosed specimen of a butterfly so well, and this from no further instruction than what she has gathered in reading our magazine. The tails above and below her small letters are too long.

QUEEN BRYNHILD.—The little coloured sketch of flowers by a little sister of twelve years old is very neatly done, and your writing is excellent.

JOSEY.—There are small shilling manuals to be had which give all necessary elementary instructions in every style of drawing and painting; but we do not advertise books. Your hand is not sufficiently flowing and free.

G. E. (Leicester).—Use the moist water colours with as little water as possible, having them quite thick for tinted cardboard.

WENONAH.—Inquire at the South Kensington Museum, where they will give you full information on the rules for copying pictures. Frescoes are usually painted on the wall itself.

A. E. L.—Painted cards may be sent to hospitals, but we do not think the Flower Mission is for anything but the distribution of real flowers.

MOSS ROSSE.—Unless exceptionally clever, we should not recommend china painting as a means of livelihood, though the continued study of it is advisable while looking for an opening.

MERLIN.—Be contented to make the best of your home, and endeavour to improve your general education. Judging from your letter, we do not think you could be a teacher of drawing or painting.

AMY.—We regret that we cannot answer your question as to the number of young ladies in London who colour photographs; nor have we any idea how much they gain a week, as everything would depend on their skill and cleverness. Persons who are engaged in this work usually are employed by special photographers to colour only for them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GRATEFUL RECIPIENT of any instruction and recreation derived from the reading of our paper is warmly thanked for her very kind and appreciative letter.

S. R.—Your first mistake was in permitting your pupils to call you by your Christian name. Your second mistake is in supposing that the odium which (correctly, or more often incorrectly) attaches to what is called "telling tales out of school," could possibly apply to one holding your position in it. You are one of the under mistresses, and as such have a right to consult with the upper mistresses and the principal on all occasions of difficulty as to your own conduct or wrong-doing on the part of those whom you are engaged to instruct. But we admire your brave determination to support yourself, even at the expense of much annoyance. We also consider that the principal should not betray your confidence, but endeavour to support your authority, and insist on your being respected, so far as lies in her power.

FOZZY.—Give your parrot hemp-seed as well as bread sop, also any kind of nuts, and biscuits. You write an exceedingly pretty well-formed hand.

NESTA.—If a lady friend be with a man's mother or sister when he meets them out of doors, of course he should raise his hat. Your writing is still that of a child.

HERSILIA DALE.—History does not appear to credit Henry VIII. with more than half-a-dozen wives. We have already answered the question: "All Hallow's Eve." We are glad you like our answers to correspondents, and thank your mother for her kind message.

M. E. R.—Mother Shipton was a very eccentric character, but the prophecies attributed to her were of much later origin. We have told all about her before. Your Latin motto, "*Mors gladio, nostra mors*," means, "Death by the sword, our death." A soldier's motto originally.

IVY.—You write a good legible hand.

IGNORAMUS.—1. If acquainted with your vicar, of course you may call and inquire for him and his family on their return from a summer trip. But if a stranger, it is his business to call on you as a parishioner. 2. It is usually the custom for the oldest residents in a place to call upon new ones.

A RUSTIC.—We thank you for your kind letter. We are pleased to hear that you were so much pleased with the articles by "Medicus."

IVY No. 2.—India-rubber is white when pure, but its colour is changed to red or brown by the smoke of the fire used for drying.

BLUE-BELL will find all directions for re-curling feathers already given more than once in our "Answers to Correspondents." She writes a good hand.

BLANCH ORMOND.—1. In the event of the death of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, his eldest son would take his place, and that son's eldest son would be the next Prince of Wales.

SEA-BIRD.—If your mother be an invalid, and you have to pay visits for her, as well as yourself, let your name be engraved on her card—

"Miss Sea-bird," or
"Miss Jemima Sea-bird."

If you have an aunt, "Miss ——." You would write well if you bestowed a little care on your hand.

JOLETTE H.—We do not see why you should do more than give a bow to your music master's wife when meeting in the street; when meeting indoors the case is different.

ORANGE.—You write very neatly.

MARY JONES.—See our article on "Penmanship."

MARY GORDON.—You can procure the back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER at our establishment, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Your desire to be usefully employed, and to improve your education, and yet to be dutiful to your parents and consider their wishes, is much to be commended. We should advise you to endeavour to gain your parents' permission to accept the office of pupil-teacher, and on no account to accept without their leave; unless your mother be an invalid, and need your services at home.

KATE J.—Your writing is too angular, and the letters appear to be falling down.

PORTIA.—1. If you could dispense with stays altogether it would be most desirable for your health. Fringes cut straight are chiefly worn by little children. High heels and narrow-toed shoes and boots produce bunions, swelled joints, contraction of the muscles, and so injure the nerves that they have even a tendency to produce insanity. 2. However second-rate your singing and playing may be, never refuse to do your best when asked for music.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—1. The shades which appear on the ocean are produced by the clouds and sky, their colouring, and the shadows they throw. The currents in the water and gusts of wind, as well as floating masses of seaweed, all add to the varieties in colouring that may sometimes be seen. 2. In reading this magazine you will meet with very many suggestions respecting employment, manual as well as intellectual, from which you must make your own selection.

ASTRAL.—Read the "Midnight Sky," to be had at 56, Paternoster-row. We thank you for all your kind acknowledgments.

TOUJOURS GAI.—You will find a story called "The Children's Home" in Vol. I. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on the song to which you allude.

ANNIE CHELL.—For your kind letter and appreciation of our "Answers to Correspondents" we return you our best thanks.

LITTLE MAC and GEORGINA.—1. Either remove the orange peel and divide the orange into cloves, or cut it across and then divide it into small pieces, using both a fork and knife, and cut out the inside, but do not put the peel to your mouth. 2. In reference to your question about playing Mozart's sonatas, your mother's wishes should be your guide.

MAY writes fairly well, but the letters of each word respectively are not uniformly united one to another, and the m's and n's are confounded with the u's.

MIMA and ALICE.—The name "Kerkintilloch" is a corruption of *caer-pen-tulloch*, which means "At the end of a hill;" such as those of our early ancestors and the ancient Romans. 2. Duckweed grows on ponds and stagnant water, and covers the surface closely with small light-green leaves.

EVELYN N.—Your writing is tolerably good.

JESSIE.—1. The articles you have enclosed are simply specimens of spun glass. 2. We thank you for your offer of "trying to compose a short piece of poetry" for us; but we must decline it with our best thanks. No one who composes real poetry has any need to "try" so to do. The original ideas clothed in strong or beautiful language come spontaneously.

SEMIRAMIS.—The ability to play musical pieces from memory is a gift much to be appreciated, and need in no way interfere with a careful and painstaking study of new pieces so as to commit them to memory without making mistakes. We are glad that you like our paper, and approved of the article on penmanship. Your own writing is pretty and lady-like.

ERA.—Your uncle's second wife is quite as truly your aunt by marriage as his first could be.

TOPSY.—It is not usual for grown people to do more than bow on being introduced to a stranger.

CIGARETTE.—See "Health and Beauty for the Hair," page 259. You write freely and legibly, but in rather a large and straggling style.

EDINA.—You will find numbers of advertisements in the *Times* both for schools and also for governess pupils. We know of no better method. Your writing is very legible.

MIGNON.—Hildebrand and Undine are characters in one of De la Motte Fouqué's book, "Undine," a charming fairy tale.

GRANGE.—The examinations of the College of Preceptors are considered an excellent guarantee for the education and power of training others of those who pass them.

UNE PETITE ANGLAISE.—Many words change their respective use, and consequently cannot be uniformly parsed in the same way. The word "there" as employed in the sentence you suggest.

ELEPHARITINA.—You might acquire a knowledge of French without a master so far as the grammar and the learning to read. But the pronunciation must be taught by a master; or you should engage some French person to give you conversation lessons; to speak well you should reside for some time in that country.

JOPPA.—Galeka land is in Kaffraria, between the Mutata river and the Kei. The Kinchingunga peak is the highest in the mountains of Nepal, one of the Himalayan ranges.

PILATE'S WIFE.—Sorry your letter came too late for a reply to be inserted before the date of your party. You deserve a reply because you allude so pleasantly and good humouredly to your former disappointment. We hope, by-and-bye, to give a special article to teach girls how to entertain their friends, and trust still to be of use to you. You have transgressed no rules.

M. E. M.—We thank you very much for your interesting letter explaining the way you bound your volume of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER. As you could not, unfortunately, afford to pay for it to be bound, you deserve our hearty congratulations for being so industrious as to bind the volume yourself.

BRIDGET.—You should consult a doctor as to the propriety of using caustic and get him to use it himself.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 56. JANUARY 22, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEASONABLE DRESS AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

OUR patriotic feelings are naturally interested in the home-use of our own English manufactures, so we shall no doubt feel interested in knowing that the present taste for plush is an encouragement to English trade, as the plushes used are, to a great extent, of purely British manufacture. They are very beautiful both in colour and texture, and a plush bodice forms a most elegant and useful addition to the wardrobe of every girl, and is not too expensive to use to make an old dress look like a stylish new one. Plush is also a very excellent material to use to lengthen an old silk bodice which has become too short for the present fashion, and it will quite metamorphose an old walking jacket if cleverly used. Plush collars and cuffs are put on dresses of another colour, and need not be used anywhere else on the dress. They are also used with out-of-door jackets and ulsters. They take about half a yard of plush; the collar is of a true sailor shape, square at the back, and rounded at the corners in front, where it fastens under a bow of plush or lace and ribbon. Black velvet sailor collars, cuffs,



[*All rights reserved.*]

A SKATING PARTY.

and pocket flaps are also worn on dresses of every kind of woollen texture and hue, and sometimes, instead of the collar, a long hood lined with a bright silk is added to the indoor bodice.

Black is not nearly so generally worn by day as it has been for the last five years, colours being far more generally chosen than they were; and red, such as claret, wine, and plum colour, being in high favour, quite as much as they were last year. Satin is the favourite trimming with cashmere and serge, and also broche materials, but not plush, velvet, or velveteen. Jackets and coat bodices are the most worn of any description of *corsages* for the daytime, but for evening dress the long pointed bodice is worn, both for young and old. Belted bodices have not become popular, and even with gathered dresses are not at all used. The new jerseys are very lady-like and pretty, and as they are now made there is nothing objectionable in them; they fasten down the front with a row of small cloth buttons very closely set, and large square collars and deep cavalier cuffs of plush are added; or else a hooded cape which matches the jersey in colour, or else it is of a distinct colour and matches the balayeuse, which now forms a part of every short dress. A jacket intended for out-of-door wear, with the collar and cuffs and pockets in plush or velvet with embroidery on the edges, is illustrated at fig. 1. This jacket will be most useful and popular for the spring and will show our readers that the new ideas of the spring, though a little different, have no very decided change in them. The pretty bonnet illustrated at fig. 2 is made of black straw andthe new ribbed plush; it is as simple and unpretentious as possible, and could be easily accomplished by any girl. The plush on the bonnet is in two full *rouleaux*, the front is lined with velvet and the strings are of ribbed plush or of ribbed plush ribbon. The shape is the close princesse, which may be purchased at any price, from one shilling to three and sixpence, according to the quality and fineness of the straw.

The large illustration represents a girls' skating party, and we hope that by this time the weather has proved favourable to this eminently healthy and delightful exercise, and that numbers of our girls will have learned to skate gracefully and well, not only the ordinary straightforward skating, but the Dutch roll, in outside and inside edge, and any forms of figure-skating that they can manage to acquire under the tuition of father or brother.



FIG. 1.—A WALKING JACKET.

Except for the suffering and death it entails on the poor, by reason of our badly-built houses and inefficient powers of heating them, we might wish for a longer continuance of this pastime, but under those circumstances we cannot selfishly desire what occasions pain and sorrow to others.

Beginning from the left-hand side with the first figure, we find she wears a girlish-looking cloak and bonnet, which are known by the name of the "Mother Hubbard" this winter. The cloak is made of either cloth or cashmere, and is lined with fur, or a quilted alpaca lining for the winter, if the latter be used. The muff is of the material, trimmed with velvet or plush bands. Many Mother Hubbard cloaks are made of cloth, and the gathered portions round the neck and wrists are of satin or velvet. This is a very pretty addition to the cloak, and does not increase the expense of the cloth materially, because it does not require lining like the thinner cashmere.

The bonnet is of plush and satin, to match the muff; it has a gathered crown, and at one side a tiny bouquet of velvet leaves and berries. The dress worn beneath is of sapphire-blue cashmere, trimmed with satin bands. The second figure to the left wears a plaid dress made with a kilted flounce, and a long plainly-cut cloth jacket, double-breasted in front, with two rows of buttons and bands of narrow fur to edge the neck and the sleeves. The cap matches the cloak, and is called the "Russian General's"; the crown is of cloth, and the band or border of fur. The third and most distant figure wears an ulster with three small capes, and a cloth hat to match her ulster, the gossamer veil being tied beneath the chin. The fourth and centre figure wears an ordinary walking dress of black cashmere, with two flounces, each with a gathered *bouillonné* top. The scarf tunic is closely pleated across the front. The cloth jacket is prettily braided and edged with fur; it has a hood at the back. The hat is called the "boat" shape, is made of rough beaver, and trimmed with velvet. The fifth figure wears an extremely warm cloth cloak, trimmed with fur, and a fur muff; while her hat is a large one, slightly turned up at one side, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with a feather. The little woman who stands in such an observant attitude at the back and looks on is attired in a plaid frock, edged with black fur, and a crochet Tam o' Shanter cap. *Apropos* of the latter articles, for which there has been such a rage during the last few months, they seem now to have been passed over entirely to the children, and both boys and little girls wear them alike. They make a very pretty and cheap headdress, and any mother or sister can make them for herself, and I really do not consider that any pattern is needed, as the increasings for the crown are very easily managed, and must be just sufficient to make it lie flat. Fingering yarn and a coarse crochet-needle are all the implements needed, and a friend of mine informs me that her boys' caps cost her exactly sixpence each.

I must not forget to mention that self-coloured stuffs are more popular than figured ones, and that where the handkerchiefs are used for dresses the foundation consists of a plain, thick, woollen material, such as diagonal cloth, Cheviot, or Indian cashmere.



FIG. 2.—RIBBED-PLUSH BONNET.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PIT.

POOR aunt 'Lizbeth had no peace herself and permitted none to May. Indeed peace was impossible under the pressure of intense anxiety that weighed down every individual at Derwen. May was sent hither and thither until her limbs were weary and her head ached; but she was unconscious of fatigue and pain. To and fro—to and fro—from cottage to pit, from pit to cottage, with ever the same result. As the day wore on she saw that the crowds about the pit thickened, for engineers and mastermen arrived from a distance, and half the inhabitants of the village of Derwen came and went. She listened to the broken conversation of the people; she questioned one and another; she even ventured to look down the black, horrible shaft. She turned giddy as she perceived how deep the pit must be from the specks of light that glimmered at the bottom of the shaft, and shrunk back as the working engine brought men or rubbish to the surface, swinging the corves frightfully before they landed. But these came into the light of day, whereas the volunteers who descended from time to time were lost in utter darkness. She heard uncle Laban's voice more than once encouraging the men, and the sound of other voices reached her from time to time, and the echo of the pickaxes and other tools

used to remove the mighty obstacles that blocked up the passage.

She heard every sort of conjecture hazarded concerning the cause of the explosion. Some said it was failure of ventilation, but this was negatived, because it was affirmed the ventilation had been perfect ever since the Meredith shaft had been sunk. Before that there had been no free current of air, as there was only the Derwen shaft, which was, so to express it, the only chimney to the great underground town. May was surprised to hear it called by her cousin's name; but Mr. Richards had so often said he had found the new seam of coal through Meredith Morrison that it got to be named after him. She now understood for the first time how it was that air was obtained by sinking new shafts in various parts. Others suggested that shot-firing to make drifts must have caused the accident, others gas, many the carelessness of the colliers in the use of their lamps—in short, every possible reason was urged by the people outside for what remained still a mystery underground.

"How can they know the cause when nobody has come out of the pit to tell them?" asked puzzled May of her grandfather.

"They will be talking nonsense rather than nothing," replied Evan.

May had run home for a short space while a neighbour was with 'Lizbeth. The patient old people had remained in the farm all day, picking up such news as stray passers-by brought them; but when evening approached and the day's work was done May persuaded them to return with her to Tygwyn.

"It is so lonely for you here, great-grandfather," she argued; "and if you are with aunt 'Lizbeth you will comfort her while I run to and from the mine to bring the news. I asked Mally if she would stay in the house, and she said she would. Her boys were at home when it happened, so she is not anxious as we and Nathan are."

"Bless your dear heart, you think of everything," exclaimed Peggy. "Let's have some tea and be going."

Peggy's one idea of consolation and restoration was tea, and in May's wearied state it was not a bad one. She was thankful for its pleasant aroma and vivifying qualities.

"We are too sad to think of you, Hedfa; or you, old pussy," she said, as the dog and cat took up their customary positions on either side of her. "Yet they mustn't starve, grandmother, must they, because we cannot eat?" she added, making the saucer of sop which they always shared, and placing it on the brick hearth before the fire.

Their helpful, stirring char-woman, Mally, came in from driving the cow afield after milking, and the trio started for Tygwyn. It seemed to May that Evan was more rheumatic than usual, for he could scarcely get on at all, and such help as she, Peggy, and his stick could give him availed but little. However, they reached Tygwyn at last. They found Rachel there, who had brought the news that the indefatigable workers were making way through the enormous mass of coal and rubbish, and hoped soon to clear a hole big enough to creep through. She was thankful for the arrival of the little party, as she was obliged to return to Leah, who was even worse than her mother. 'Lizbeth consoled herself by giving vent to her complainings, but Leah was too excited either to cry or wail. They were but samples of the score or more of women whose "bread-winners" were buried, alive or dead, in that awful pit.

"I am thinking Laban has had no tea," said Peggy, when she was sufficiently recovered to speak.

"What could be the good of tea and he down in the earth?" moaned 'Lizbeth, rocking herself, yet unconsciously knitting a stocking she had begun for Meredith.

"But he comes up in his turn, Aunt 'Lizbeth. They would be choked if they remained down," remarked May. "Let me take Uncle Laban his tea. Someone else would be glad of it if he can't drink it. Let us make a big pitcher full, and carry it to the pit."

"There's wise she is!" whispered old Peggy.

The suggestion was so good that it was acted upon. The kettle was boiled and almost all 'Lizbeth's stock of tea infused in no time. This was poured into a good-sized milk tin with a lip to it, all the milk the house afforded and plenty of sugar added, and the steaming beverage was ready.

"Thou canst not carry it, child," exclaimed Evan, as May took hold of the handle, already very hot.

"Yes, I can, great-grandfather, with a tea-kettle holder. My pitcher at home holds more than this," returned May.

And she set out down the ravine with her boiling charge and a mug fastened to her waist. But she had not counted the cost. The heat penetrated not only the tin but the tea-kettle holder and her clothes. It was too heavy to hold at a distance from her body, and she must have set it down in despair but for unexpected aid.

This came in the person of Cousin George, the young doctor, son, as we have said, of one of Evan's daughters, who had married a respectable farmer living at a distance. He resided in Derwen, and was so busy that he rarely visited his grandparents. May was rather afraid of him, for he had a decided manner, and was somewhat of a beau, wore wonderful overalls and a still more wonderful hat. Nevertheless he had the reputation of being a capital doctor, and was much liked by the colliers and Mr. Richards. He had been to see Leah and was hurrying to the pit when he stumbled upon May standing over her can in the middle of the ravine.

"What have you got there, May? Haven't they plenty of milk at Derwen Fach?"

"Oh, Cousin George, it is Uncle Laban's tea, and I am afraid it will be cold before I get to the pit," she replied.

"Let me carry it for you. My word! it is hot and heavy."

"Take the kettle-holder, cousin. How kind of you!" she said, running by his side while he strode down the ravine.

He asked her if there was anything new at the pit, and then told her that Leah had fever and that her baby was ill. Also that he had been called in to other invalids affected by what was going on. He grew confidential as they proceeded, and poured forth a few bottled-up grievances, which proved to her that he had a kind heart even though he was so grand. Her heart, however, was with Meredith and the other imprisoned ones down below.

"There's Jones, Pengro, can't move for collier's asthma," he said. "He's done for at sixty. Lewis, Llanfer, on his back from a pit accident, teaching himself to read at seventy. Old Mal, the mill, who has brought up a family on six shillings a week, talking of going to the parish because they all marry while they are children and can't help her. Then they get drunk and beat their wives, and grumble and strike."

"I know—I know," put in May, with one of her old nods.

"Don't you marry early, May," he added, sagely. "Wait till you're five-and-twenty at the least."

"That's what grandmother says. But she was only seventeen; and I shall never marry while they want me," said May.

They reached the pit just as a corf that had come up full of rubbish was about to descend, bearing one or two men.

"Please to take down Uncle Laban's tea," cried May, and she had never before shouted so loud.

Dr. George handed the tin and the mug to the men, with the words, "It is precious hot." May watched the great basket vacillate in the centre of the shaft, which was some fourteen feet in circumference, then knock, as she fancied, against the sides, and finally disappear down the black abyss.

"I am afraid the tea will be spilt," she sighed.

But it reached the bottom in safety, and was received with exclamations of thankfulness by those working below, whose throats were parched and filled with heat and dust. Indeed it seemed to give them strength, for while May was yet lingering at the mouth of the pit a shout echoed from its depths, and the words "We have got through at last" were heard. She thought that all was now over, and they would at least know the worst; but only a comparatively small aperture was made, through which came such a volume of grime and smoke as nearly to suffocate the workers. It did, in effect, overpower Laban, who was obliged to be drawn up, for he was quite exhausted. He had been among the first to descend. May ran towards him.

"I—I—am sure I heard—a voice," he gasped, as Dr. George went to him, unfastened his neckcloth, and bade the crowd stand apart. It was air that he wanted, and he soon recovered his breath, and asked for more tea. "It saved us," he added, and May was thankful.

There was water, but no tea at hand,

and Dr. George urged upon Laban to return home and rest awhile. But he would not hear of it.

"You want something different from tea," said Dr. George, pouring a restorative down his throat, which revived him, for the doctor had previously placed in a shed hard by all sorts of medical appliances to be ready for emergencies.

May asked in a whisper, as she knelt by her uncle's side, if it was Meredith's voice he heard; but he said that he could not distinguish whose it was. When he was sufficiently recovered to answer questions, however, he replied to all the inquiries of the anxious people who surrounded him. He had not much to tell that was not already known. Whatever and wherever the explosion, it had blown a mass of matter into the passage to the mine, through which, by dint of pick, gad, and borer, they had effected an aperture large enough to speak to anyone on the other side, if anyone were there. When they had warned them they were thinking of blasting, and so working a hole big enough to creep through. While he was speaking Mr. Richards arrived in hot haste. His wife and daughters and the vicar had been there by turns all the day. His presence was a relief to everyone. The crowd withdrew to a distance while he spoke to Laban, who told May to go home, as it was no place for her and she could be of no use. Mr. Richards brought the chief engineer with him, and neither person nor thing was now wanting to ensure the escape of those in so much peril. The last words that May heard as she obeyed Laban's order to return home were from Mr. Richards.

"We have set everyone to work at the other shaft," he said.

It was dark when May reached Tygwyn. The house was full of neighbours, and she had not been wanted; but the news she brought were "glad tidings" to all, though they seemed of no great importance. By degrees the neighbours cleared out, and she was alone with 'Lizbeth and her grandparents. A messenger had come to say that Leah was too ill to be left, and that Rachel was compelled to stay with her. In this emergency May was the one active element at Tygwyn. 'Lizbeth could do nothing but talk and wail, and the old people were incapable of much exertion. Evan preached patience, and Peggy, as usual, put on a cheerful countenance, but it was May who spread the supper, and tidied up the hearth, and urged her elders to do what she could not do herself, to eat and drink lest they, too, should be exhausted like Uncle Laban.

"What's the use of all this? Everybody's dead or dying," wailed 'Lizbeth, rocking to and fro, yet knitting still.

"Perhaps they may be all rescued soon, and Cousin Meredith may come home and want his supper," urged May, striving to believe in her own words.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Peggy. "You are not thinking of that, 'Lizbeth *fach!* No good to be looking on the dark side. There's cheerful May is!"

"Why not? 'Tisn't her daughter! 'Tisn't her son! 'Tisn't her husband! Woe is me! Woe is me!"

May crept to her grandfather's side, and put her arm round his neck. It shocked her to find that 'Lizbeth did not understand that Meredith was dear to her as a brother, Laban as a father, and even Leah *almost* as a sister. But Evan understood her well.

"She doesn't know what she's saying, child. But thou lovest them all tenderly," he said, putting his arm round her waist.

"I think I would gladly give my poor life for theirs, great-grandfather," returned May, with a little sob.

"I know, I understand, child. Thou canst give them thy prayers instead," rejoined Evan, with a choking voice.

"I do—I do. I was praying all the time I laid the supper, when Aunt 'Lizbeth thought I did not care," whispered May.

But poor 'Lizbeth, like many another, thought her own grief the sorest, and very sore it was. May crept back to her, and kneeling down at her lap, the only way she could ever conveniently reach her in that all-enveloping chair, stroked gently the hand that held Meredith's stocking, and said simply,

"I am very, very sorry for you, dear Aunt 'Lizbeth."

The stocking dropped from the trembling fingers, and the poor, irritable, afflicted woman laid her head on May's golden crown. It was an affecting scene, and as the fire light touched it, and Evan and Peggy drew their chairs nearer, as they sat on either side, the touching picture seemed to complete itself. Individual, personal, childlike sympathy was what poor Aunt 'Lizbeth wanted, and May gave it with all the loving sincerity of youth.

Soon after this Aunt 'Lizbeth fell into a doze, and May persuaded the others to lie down on Meredith's bed. For herself, she could not rest, and sleep seemed to have fled from her, when, at Evan's request, she wrapped herself in a shawl and laid down on the settle near Aunt 'Lizbeth. She was listening—listening all the night; and even when slumber stole upon her for a moment, the dropping of a coal or the soughing of the wind without roused her, and she would think it was a footstep.

But no one came, and so the night wore through.

(To be continued.)

A DEAD HEART.

UPON the moorland dreary,
My limbs so weak and weary,
I linger, sadly dreaming.
The sun is fiercely beaming,
His scorching rays I feel not,
That beat upon my head,
For the heart within my bosom—
The heart that loved, is dead.

On mountain top I wander,
There many an hour I ponder;
The wintry blast is bitter;
What weather could be fitter?
For though the wind be icy
That blows around my head,
The heart within my bosom—
The heart that loved, is dead.

Beside the gloomy river
I stand, but do not shiver;
I hear its ceaseless gushing
Towards the ocean rushing.
I would its sullen waters
Might close above my head,
For the heart within my bosom—
The heart that loved, is dead.

* * * *

Through alley dark and noisome,
To sick-bed poor and loathsome,
By day and night I hasten
To tend them God doth chasten.
The sad, the sick, the suff'ring,
Breathe blessings o'er my head,
nd my heart is warm within me--
The heart that once was dead.

AMBITION.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

WE will now pass over many months, and return to Cedarton, where our story began. Mrs. Belmore and her child were staying there. She had herself proposed to accompany her aunt and cousin thither, when they declared it imperative that they should return home. Belmore Hall had suddenly grown odious to her, and she declared that she could not remain where the tragedy of her husband's death had been enacted. Indeed, she was so nervous and ill that it was not expedient she should do so.

We must, however, take a slight retrospect of the past. Mr. Belmore died intestate. A young and healthy man, he had been in no hurry to make a will, and an hour or so before his death he had said as much to Annesley, and had asked him to undertake the trusteeship of his affairs. Although this was merely verbal, Annesley considered it sacred, and Mrs. Belmore thankfully accepted his services. All the property was entailed, and consequently Mrs. Belmore had only her jointure.

Under these circumstances all Annesley's spare time was spent in her and her child's service. Either personally or by letter he was in constant communication with her, for the affairs were much involved. Owing to the election and personal extravagances already mentioned, there were heavy debts, and the property had to be, so to say, sequestrated, in order to pay them off. Selina, in her first self-reproach and grief, yielded herself entirely to Annesley's direction, and appeared so much altered by the sad scenes she had passed through that Constance imagined in her a change of heart and purpose.

Nothing, however, can change the heart but the grace of God; and this Selina had not sought. In her agony of mind after her husband's death she had sorely repented, and lamented their previous estrangement; but as time wore on she began to excuse herself for her share in it. She had done nothing wrong, she thought; she had only wished to push him and herself on in the world, and if he had not taken a fanciful dislike to Lord John Morpeth there need have been no estrangement at all; indeed, it could scarcely be called an estrangement after all. Still, she heartily wished that she had not pressed Lord John to stay over that fatal morning, although she did not connect the accident with him. Poor Charles was ever a reckless rider, and she had often warned him to be less careless of himself and his horse. Thus she excused herself, and, being by nature selfish and vain, soon began to think of the world again.

The quiet life at Cedarton restored her to health, and the companionship of Constance certainly did her good while the freshness of her sorrow was upon her. But she wearied of these by degrees, and before the first twelve months of widowhood were over began to long for more stirring scenes. Her child was a real boon and pleasure to her, and although she willingly devolved the laborious part of his training to his nurse and Constance, she delighted in his presence so long as he was good. Everyone yielded to her least wish, and the interest she inspired augmented as time went on, for outsiders only saw the beautiful young widow and her fatherless boy, and pitied them sincerely. Indeed, the fashionable world began to say that she must have been attached to her husband after all, since she remained so long in retirement.



"ALL CONSTANCE'S LITTLE WORLD LOOKED SAD."

Constance, however, in spite of her endeavours to think affectionately of her cousin, read her better than the rest of the world. She soon perceived that hers was not a nature that could cherish grief, and she was even thankful to find that life soon began to look bright again for her. Thankful, inasmuch that a continual sorrow is as useless as it is prejudicial. But she was pained to remark that the love of admiration returned with improved spirits, and that the becoming dress of the "widows of the period" was

as much arranged for effect as the velvets and diamonds had been.

"Surely I am not jealous!" sighed Constance, as she became aware that Selina's beauty was enhanced by the simplicity of her dress, and that she had never looked so lovely or been so attractive as when, to all appearance, mourning for him she had lost, and fondling her orphan boy.

"Of course she will marry again; it is only natural," remarked Mrs. Grey, as winter drew on, and the anniversary of the sad event was not far off. "And it is the best thing she can do."

"Oh, mother! How can you think of such things so soon?" responded Constance. "It is not yet a twelvemonth since——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Mrs. Grey. "I could not have forgotten your poor father so soon. But I am mistaken if she will not console herself with Annesley Gifford. Between ourselves, she always liked him, and he is in a good position now."

The same thought had only too frequently crossed Constance's mind, and had probably induced the mental question, "I hope I am not jealous."

Annesley was at home for his yearly holiday, and was naturally much at Cedarton. He was always a welcome guest, and no one showed more delight at his visits than did Selina's little boy, now nearly three years old. Annesley was fond of children, and treated him, as Mrs. Grey sometimes remarked to Constance, "quite in a fatherly way." But Annesley's holiday was to end before the year was quite completed, and he was compelled to return to town the end of November.

The ladies were discussing this one fine morning while seated at their respective occupations. Mrs. Grey was at her accounts—always a responsible portion of her life; Constance was at work, and Selina playing with her boy.

"I suppose he will come and see us before he goes," said Mrs. Grey, glancing up from her davenport, and putting her finger on a figure of her account-book.

"He promised to do so," replied Selina, twisting a curl of her child's fair hair.

"He say he tome to-day to see Yarley," cried the boy, suddenly leaving his mother and springing into Constance's lap.

"I am afraid I must leave you soon, dear aunt," said Selina. "Mr. Gifford thinks the affairs will need my presence in London. You see, they are making Charley a ward of Chancery, and I must decide at last as to whether the house in town is to be given up or not. Will you spare Constance to go with me?"

"I cannot go, Selina," broke in Constance. "It is quite impossible. All our Christmas charities and parish work have to be done, which were neglected last year." She paused, sensible that she had alluded to a painful subject, but Selina had not noticed it. "Besides, you will have Annesley Gifford to advise you, and he knows all your affairs better than I do."

"Yes," returned Selina. "But I thought you would not refuse me this favour."

"Do tome, auntie," exclaimed Charley, putting his arms round her neck.

"We will talk about it, darling, but not now," said Constance, rising brusquely for her, and disengaging herself from the little boy.

She left the room and went to her own pretty boudoir, where she sat down near the open window and began to cry. She rarely gave vent to such emotion, and scarcely understood why she did so now. She hoped it was because she had felt compelled to refuse her cousin's request and to seem unkind to the child, whom she loved dearly. The truth was, she had been hurt because Annesley had promised *them* to come and say good-bye, while he had seemingly ignored her and her mother.

"How foolish I am," she muttered, rising and standing on the sill of the French window.

It was a grey but warm November day. The brilliant red leaves of the Virginian creeper hung round the window, and made a pretty frame to her graceful figure, while "the last rose of summer" peeped from amongst the foliage. The garden in front, with the trees that surrounded it, was clad in the fading glories of autumn, and for the moment all Constance's little world looked sad. She dried her eyes, however, and stooped to stroke her favourite white cat, that came purring towards her from a neighbouring tree.

"Ah, pussy, you have been watching for the birds again," she said.

"And been attracted from them to pleasanter prey," uttered a voice, and Annesley stood before her.

"May I come in this way, Constance?" he added, looking at her, and perceiving that her eyes were moist.

"Certainly," she said, re-entering, with him.

He sat down in his usual friendly way, and she also took a seat.

"I am come to say good-bye," he began. "It is always 'How d'ye do?' or 'Good-bye.' I am going to work in the great city, while you go on quietly in the country. But your life is the happier."

"Perhaps so—perhaps not," replied Constance. "Still, I think a country life has less temptation than a town."

"It depends on the individual. I do not think you would be more influenced by the one than the other. When does Mrs. Belmore go to town? She has the run of town and country houses during her child's minority."

"You should know better than I," replied Constance, catching his eyes.

"How so?" he asked, meeting hers with his keen enquiring glance. "Oh, Constance, I thought you, at least, understood me better. Others may gossip as they will, but I had hoped for your good opinion. That old fever wore itself out long ago, and——"

The conclusion of the sentence was interrupted by the entrance of Selina and her child. Constance would have given much to have heard it, but like many another broken chain, it was never re-united.

"I heard this morning from the lawyers, and am glad you have come to advise me," said Selina, as soon as she had shaken hands and the little boy was comfortably placed on Annesley's knee.

How handsome and interesting she looked! Constance could not believe Annesley's assurance concerning that "old fire," so she prepared to leave them together, saying that she had something to do, and would not interrupt their business conversation. He glanced reproachfully after her, but being a man of resolution, suddenly made up his mind. He had already been subjected to various jests on the part of his friends concerning the handsome widow. He had not long to await the opportunity of "declaring his intentions," though his declaration was not quite what Selina expected.

"I interrupted a *tête-à-tête*," she began, when Constance disappeared. "But Conny is so quiet that I daresay it is a relief. I have brought you a noisy substitute."

"A relief!" echoed Annesley. "He would be a fortunate man who could ensure a life-long *tête-à-tête* with Constance Grey."

Had he glanced up he would have seen that Selina's face was crimson.

"Shall I tell her so?" she asked.

"If you will; but she would not believe you. We none of us credit a transferred love."

Selina bent her burning face, and with some difficulty extracted a letter from her pocket which she gave to Annesley. She found it hard work to talk of law when this transferred love was in her mind. However, she got through it, and when they had discussed the actual business in hand she rose and said, coldly—

"I will tell my aunt you are here, I know she wants to see you. Charley, nurse is waiting to take you for a walk."

Annesley put the child down, much against his will, and he and his mother left the room.

"That is done!" ejaculated Annesley, with a sigh of relief, glancing after the stately figure that swept through the doorway, dragging Charley, who was glancing back at Annesley. All self, from beginning to end."

But Selina did not go in search of either Mrs. Grey or her daughter. Having hastily summoned the nurse and told her to take the child for a walk, she locked herself in her room.

Soon afterwards Constance went, at her mother's request, to tell Annesley that she hoped he would stay to luncheon.

"Where is Selina?" she asked.

"I fancied she might have gone, woman like, to repeat to you a silly speech of mine," he replied.

"What speech? I have not seen her."

"I ventured to say, in answer to a casual remark, that he would be a happy fellow who could enjoy a life-long *tête-à-tête* with you, and she proposed to tell you what I had said."

"I am afraid he would find so long an interview very dull," said Constance, colouring.

"It would depend on the *he*. I should not. I only wish you would try me."

At this juncture Mrs. Grey appeared "on hospitable thoughts intents." Annesley at once made it clear to both the ladies that it was Constance and not Selina whom he sought, and that the truth would have been declared before had not Constance been the confidante of what had passed between him and Selina.

"I suppose you are in earnest, but I can scarcely believe it," said Mrs. Grey. "Why, you were playfellows. There is the luncheon bell."

"They were all seated when Selina entered the dining-room. She appeared in unusual spirits.

"Mr. Gifford made such a pretty speech about you just now, Conny," she said, glancing at her cousin's flushed face.

"I have already repeated it to her," returned Annesley.

There was a momentary pause, during which Constance adroitly changed the subject. As yet she had only given her consent by silence. But before Annesley left Cedarton he had the happiness of learning that the playmate of his childhood and the friend of his youth would be the yokefellow of his life.

ANNE BEALE.

GOOD AND BAD TEMPERS.



GIRLS, were I monarch of the globe, it would be laid at your feet, but fortune having granted me little more than a shadowy possession in the regions of air, you must take the will for the deed, and accept of the best I have to offer in these occasional papers of good counsel. Of course, it is understood that you are acting up to them, so that all my pains and good intentions may not be thrown away. It was not of you that somebody wrote—

> "Never will I give advice
> Till you please to ask me thrice;
> Which if you in scorn reject,
> 'Twill be just as I expect."

This time we are to speak about "getting into a rage"; so, all of you, lend me your ears.

There is a woman told about in a popular legend who once stamped her foot on the ground in a passion, and she drove it so far in that it could not be drawn out again, so there she remained for the rest of her days, a monument to the inconveniences of a bad temper. It is to be regretted that such monuments are not met with in real life, for of all deplorable things against which mankind and womankind should be warned, a fiery disposition is one of the most deplorable.

Some people are born of gentler nature, and so, without much trouble on their part, possess good tempers, but others are by nature so touchy that one can hardly say a word to them without danger of an explosion. I do not always blame them. The other day I met a man in a towering rage: "Excuse me," said he, "I inherit this disposition from my mother."

Let us not, I say, be too hard on such people. That one has fallen heir to an irritable constitution is not a fault; what we should object to and cry out against is when one gives way to it.

It is a great misery, as many of us know, to live with the ill-tempered; indeed may we all be preserved from even occasional contact with them. On the other hand how is it possible to avoid longing for the society of her whom we are sure always to find with a smile on her face and pleasant words on her tongue?

If a peevish temper makes life disagreeable for other people, do you think the owner of it any better off? Ask her. Old as the world is, it may safely be said that no one ever yet felt happy after a display of the fireworks of ill-humour. Let us keep, then, from growing angry if only because passion is on the high road to repentance, and repentance, it need hardly be added, is far from a comfortable state of mind.

What a bad example, too, the cross-grained set to their neighbours. This is sometimes not sufficiently thought of by those who in other respects are everything that is estimable, and all who are trying to do good in the world should be ever on their guard lest by ill-timed anger they destroy their influence and make others doubt the sincerity of what is really at bottom a genuine Christian character. If a display of temper is specially objectionable in any, and specially dangerous, considering its influence on others, it is in those who profess themselves followers of Him Who is a Pattern of meekness.

Every exhibition of irritability sinks us in the estimation of our friends, and as the tendency to anger grows by being indulged in, ill-tempered people are in a fair way for having no friends at all. They end in being either hated or scorned. No wonder. A girl in an habitual rage is little better than a wild beast.

Look on it as you like, we are decided losers by anger. I often think of the niece whose maiden aunt left her five hundred pounds a year in her will, but the young lady one day fired up at something and made a sarcastic remark—people, you know, are always saying foolish things when in a passion—and the aunt that very evening sent for the lawyer and cancelled the clause in her niece's favour. It is to be hoped that none of us will ever regulate our conduct by purely mercenary considerations; but if ever you are remembered in an old lady's will, put a bridle on your tongue. Money is nowhere compared with right, but it is sad to think of being in the wrong, and losing five hundred pounds a year at the same time.

Temper never gains anything except when opposed to very weak natures, over whom to be victorious is no triumph. It is gentleness that rules the world, and the meek shall in more senses than one inherit the earth. "Be thou humble and peaceable," says an old writer, "and Jesus will be with thee." Now it would be impossible, with a spark of truth, to say that of the ill-tempered.

One odd thing about getting angry is that most often it is about trifles, if not about nothing at all. Everyone has heard of the husband and wife who had a serious quarrel as to whether what they heard scratch behind the wainscot was a rat or a mouse. And, if my memory does not deceive me, another husband and wife had a violent dispute for no other reason than that the one asserted that the tea was made from Thames water, whilst the other was equally confident the water came from the New River. Countless tempers are lost for no better reasons than these.

But how shall we cure a bad temper? It is difficult, my child, for our passions are hard to restrain; but just as you can be charming when you please, so, by an effort, you can be sweet and gentle though all the world should try to irritate you. Perhaps you think it *very* difficult, but there never yet was a good thing easily come by.

You may feel angry—constitutionally you may be irritable; many are so, as I have said already—but never give your anger expression. Shut your mouth and say nothing. There was once a famous man who had an exceedingly bad temper. It certainly ran in his family, for his brother was just the same; and it is told that when any cause of offence was given him, he grew very red in the face, and remained for awhile silent, and when at last he spoke his words were calm and gentle. He never opened his mouth till he got the better of his rage. This is a noble example, and I would that all the world were like that great man. Bottle up your wrath, then, and if necessity compels you to speak, be as sparing of your words as if they cost five guineas apiece.

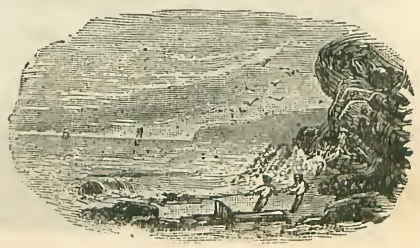
But to keep from uttering our anger is not enough: we must harbour no angry thoughts. We cannot help, if quick-tempered, the mere feeling of anger arising in our minds, but we need not let it remain there unless we please. Let there be, then, no nursing of your wrath to keep it warm. Turn at once to something else, and give it the cold shoulder.

Try, above all things, to cultivate noble views both as to life in this world and our future in the next. Whoever is so occupied will have neither time nor taste for petty squabbles and passions about nothing.

It is a prudent rule to avoid all occasions of anger. We should shun, for example, the company of people who irritate us, and in whose presence, for some reason or other, we feel "as cross as two sticks." Live with happy people if you can, for by so doing you will acquire something of their spirit. If you cannot manage that, the next best thing is to try to make those about you happy. But, on second thoughts, I should have called this the *better* thing, for there is the greater blessing attached to it. May you then, girls, be so busy in trying to make sunshine for those about you that you will forget what it is to be cross, and that there are such things as bad tempers to be met with anywhere!

The gaining the mastery over one's temper improves the tone of one's character, not to say anything about good looks, for it is well known what a preserver of the features we have in a sweet disposition. It is something, girls, to know, that we are conquerors—conquerors over ourselves. We feel that we have done what is difficult, for to rule one's spirit *is* difficult.

You remember what was said by the wisest of men, and is recorded in the inspired book: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." JAMES MASON.







A PARABLE OF CHILDLIKE FAITH.

"And so at night the Lord Jesus comes into the room, and looks at each of His little ones. Some of them are asleep, some of them are tossing on their little beds, and sometimes one of them is so tired of lying there in pain that He takes His child in His arms, soothing it into—oh, such a quiet sleep. Then when the poor, weak body lies still and peaceful, He takes the little one's spirit with Him to His own home, where everyone is happy all day long, and where there are no more aching limbs, but where the children laugh and sing and play and love Him."

Such were the words that fell on the ears of a little girl, so little and weak that in her own dingy alley she had known no other name than Tiny. The speaker was one of the nurses in the ward of a children's hospital, and the words came from her lips as she passed from bed to bed, bending over each suffering child.

And they sank into Tiny's heart. "A home where there were no aches and pains, where the children could laugh and sing and play." Why, it was almost too good to be true! She scarcely remembered laughing in all her seven years of life, and as for running about with the other boys and girls at play, had she not been forced to content herself with only hearing their mirth as she lay stretched on her garret bed, or at best with watching them from a distance when some neighbour, more thoughtful than the drunken mother, lifted her for a moment to the window?

"Oh, how I will love that kind Jesus if He will only take me to His home," she whispered. "I will never, never quarrel with the other children, and I will sit still and not want to play if I can't run fast enough for

them, because, of course, as I have never walked all my life, I shall have to learn how to run."

Happy were the thoughts Tiny had, and many were the plans she made as she lay silently on her little bed, imagining what she would do in the new home where she was soon going!

But the days passed on, and the Lord Jesus did not come to fetch her. Why could it be? Emma had gone from the next bed but one, and little Mary from the cot just opposite.

"There must be some reason," Tiny murmured to herself one morning. "I'm so tired of lying here, everywhere hurts me, and I can't go to sleep. Why doesn't the Lord Jesus fetch me as well as Emma and Mary?"

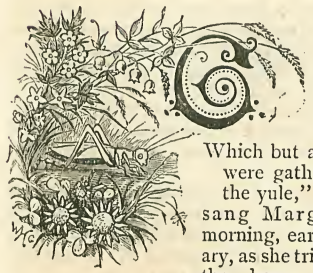
And the tears stole down the poor thin cheeks, for each day the waiting grew harder to bear, and hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

"I know the reason now," she whispered the next morning, a joyful light breaking over her wan face. "I'm just the littlest girl in the room, and when the Lord Jesus comes in He does not see me, I am so small and weak, so of course He doesn't know I want Him. To-night I will lie with my arms over my head, and then when He comes in He will think, 'There is a little girl here that wants me,' and when He walks up to my bed, I will say, 'Oh, kind, good Jesus, take me with you to-night, for I am so tired, and I ache all over, and I want to go to your home.' Then I know He will carry me right away with Him, and I shall laugh and sing and play and love Him."

The night came round again, and when once more the day broke the nurse went to each little bed. Bending over one, she saw the little form upon it lying still and motionless, the arms raised over the head, sleeping the last long sleep. Then she knew that in the midnight watches the Lord Jesus had entered the room and carried Tiny away with Him to His own happy home. M. A. B.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

BY DORA HOPE.



ONE is my gladsomeness, and fled the merry party
Which but as yesterday were gathering round the yule,"

sang Margaret one morning, early in January, as she tripped about the house, duster in hand, giving a touch here and a vigorous rub there. The pathetic words and air were but ill matched by the brightness of her face, rosy with exercise, whilst the sprightly and somewhat jerky rendering of the song, interrupted as it was with attention to housewifely cares, did not add to its appropriateness. It was true that at any rate a portion of the "merry party" had fled, in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Helier, who had returned to their own home, and Margaret had not been without a little feeling of desolateness for a few days after her sister's departure; but being a very resolute young person, with a strong notion of the futility of mourning over the inevitable, she set herself to forget her trouble, saying that there is nothing like hard work for bringing people to their senses.

The visit had been a very pleasant one in many ways, for Joanna's kind advice and encouragement were very grateful to Margaret's unaccustomed ears—unaccustomed, not from want of affection on the part of father and brothers, but what man, still less what boy, can guess half the little worries and anxieties that beset a young housekeeper in her daily round?

So far from condemning Margaret's economies—or, as she called them, her little mean tricks, such as sifting the cinders—Joanna approved of them highly; indeed, recommended her to add to the category. Considering the small sum out of which Margaret had to provide all the food and drink for the family—who, according to Betsy, were all "very 'earty," besides paying for washing, stationery, small travelling expenses, such as omnibus fares, and any incidental expenses, like breakages—Joanna said she thought strict economy in trifles was not only admissible, but absolutely necessary.

"How do you portion out the week's money, Madge?" she asked one day. "I am curious to know if you have arrived at about the same result that I did in my time."

Margaret looked blank. "I do not quite see what you mean; I do not portion it out at all; it goes just as I happen to want it."

"Oh, but you ought to have an idea of the proportion spent in each branch of the outlay. If you will bring the account-book we will compare the bills for the last few weeks, and find the average."

This done, it was found that in Joanna's opinion the butcher's and grocer's bills swallowed up too large a proportion, which latter she said she had expected, as she had noticed Margaret's taste for all kinds of fancy dishes and sweet puddings. She advised her, therefore, to curtail her expenses in that direction.

"I will put down on paper, as nearly as I can remember, how I divide my money," she went on. "You know Arthur gives me thirty shillings a week, out of which I pay for the same things that you do. I always keep the real food expenditure under a pound, that is to say, when we are alone, though if we have friends, or anything extra like that, I cannot quite manage it. Now here is the list, which shows a fair average, though, of course, it varies a little. For instance, I often have fish instead of, or as well as, meat:—

	s.	d.
Grocer	3	3
Bread and Flour	2	0
Greengrocer	1	3
Meat and bacon	8	0
Milk and eggs	1	6
Laundress	2	0
Butter and cheese	2	0
Total	20	0

This leaves me about ten shillings for sundries, under which head come stationery, breakages in the house, cab or omnibus fares, and small charities. To make a fund for kitchen requisites, such as scrubbing-brushes and pails, I put by one shilling at the beginning of each week. If I left it to the end I should be inclined to think I could not spare it, unless anything were really pressingly wanted."

"That is really wonderful, Joanna. I should not like to have to provide for *this* household on thirty shillings a week."

"You will have to allow more for meat in proportion to the other expenses than I do. Two growing boys, with splendid health and appetites to match, will not be contented with those little dainty-made dishes which satisfy us, and can be made out of a morsel of meat or a few bones; but I still think your meat bills are much too high."

"But, Joanna, *though my butcher's* portion is to be so low, you find no fault with the large greengrocery average I have been having."

"No, I do not think the greengrocer is high; indeed, I think you should try to have even a little more green food than you generally provide. Two vegetables at dinner, for instance, make much more of a meal than having only one, with very little difference in the expense. But to counterbalance it, if there is any, you might have boiled rice occasionally, instead of potatoes, not too often, you know, but just now and then as a change. Lentils, too, and haricot beans are very inexpensive, and make a variety.

"Then you certainly ought to buy a little fruit occasionally. At this time of the year I know fresh fruit is dear, but you can get plenty of oranges, and they may be prepared in so many different ways that you need never be at a loss."

"I wish I knew how to preserve them, like those we had at Mrs. Barclay's on Tuesday."

"I think I can gratify you, for she very kindly gave me the receipt. Here it is: 'Cut off a little of the rind, either a diamond-shaped piece here and there or a ring all round; then put the oranges in cold water for three days, changing the water twice. Tie each one separately in thin muslin, and boil in fresh water till quite tender. Weigh the oranges before boiling, and make a syrup in the proportion of two pounds of loaf sugar to a pound of the fruit, and as much water as will be required to completely cover the oranges; boil it till the scum ceases to rise, then put in the fruit, still in the muslin, and boil gently for an hour and a half, which will ensure their keeping well. Put into jars and cover with syrup.' Mrs. Barclay says if you follow this exactly you can make enough to last all the year, it is sure to keep."

"But that would be too troublesome and expensive for everyday use."

"Yes, but there are many less troublesome ways of preparing this fruit. Nothing could be simpler than orange salad, for instance. You have only to peel the oranges, being careful to remove every particle of skin, then

either cut them in slices or scoop out all the pulp with a spoon, or leave them whole, and lay them in a glass dish, and sprinkle powdered sugar thickly over them a few hours before they are wanted; and if you want it to look particularly nice, cover the whole with whipped-up white of egg and sugar. For another variety there is compote of oranges. That requires a syrup, but it is very easy to make. Cut off the yellow outer rind in thin strips till you have about three ounces, which put on one side. Then peel them properly, and divide into quarters (as you persist in miscalling the little divisions), being careful not to break the thin skin which covers them. Then make a syrup by boiling the rind with a pound of sugar in a pint and a half of water, and carefully remove the scum as it rises. When it has boiled about a quarter of an hour, put in the pieces of orange, and let them simmer gently for five minutes; then take them out with a spoon very carefully or they will break, and arrange them on a dish. If the syrup seems too thin, let it boil fast for five minutes longer to thicken it, then pour it over the oranges, and put the dish in a cool place till wanted."

"That sounds very easy; I think I shall make a large quantity now oranges are so cheap, and keep it for occasional use."

"If you do, you must make the syrup with two pounds of sugar to a pint and a half of water; one pound is only sufficient for immediate use. But to return to the subject of the butcher: you really spend too much on meat, and I think might easily economise a little in that way. Because though boys require a good quantity, you need not get them the more expensive joints. Keep strictly to the rule of having soup for dinner nearly, if not quite, every day. Have the stock-pot always going, and put all sorts of scraps into it; not only meat cooked or raw, but also scraps of vegetables, paste, and bread; all will add to the strength or flavour of the soup, and should the pot be getting low, you may buy a few pennyworth of bones. Be sure to ask the man to chop them up very small for you; some people even pound them, but chopping is much less trouble, and does well enough for ordinary purposes. When you have a good stock, you can make it sometimes clear and sometimes thickened, and flavour it in endless different ways, according to the directions in the cookery books. One of the nicest soups we have is certainly not an expensive one. We soak some lentils for nearly twelve hours, and simmer them for twelve more; then we pour the stock on to them, with scraps of anything and everything the larder contains; and if the larder happens to be particularly empty, we make up the flavour with a pinch of celery seed, burnt onions, or a small quantity of Liebig's extract, which improves it very much. If you begin the dinner with good substantial soup, the onslaught on subsequent courses will be considerably lessened."

"Oh, poor boys! fancy measuring their appetites and counting their mouthfuls in this way! How mean and stingy one does become under a course of housekeeping!"

"Then there are one or two other economies in trifles you might practise, dear, with advantage. You will excuse my saying it, I know, but when one asks for a piece of bread at tea, Betsy, or one of the boys, rushes at the loaf, and with great zeal cuts about three times as much as is wanted, and I have heard you say you do not know what to do with the pieces that are left, except occasional bread-puddings. You might take care that only as much as is required is cut, you will find a difference in the baker's bills even from such a trifle as that. Then should there be any pieces left, a nice way of using them is to pull them apart, place them on a tin, and bake in a quick oven until crisp and brown, when they are a good substitute for cheese biscuits, which father is sure to like for a change. Crusts can be treated in the same way, only they must be cooked longer than the crumb, then grated, and kept in a bottle for raspings. There is also the vexed question of dripping; this often-despised article is most valuable, and may save you a great deal in butter and lard, if you clarify it carefully. Directly you take the dripping-pan from under the meat, pour the fat through a sieve into a pan of boiling water, and let it stand until cold, when you will find a cake of pure dripping on the surface of the water. Nothing can be better than this for pastry and frying. But besides this dripping, properly so-called, there are other kinds of fat that can be used in the same way. Then what do you do with pieces of fat left from joints of beef? Perhaps you never have any?"

"Oh, yes, we do, very often indeed; neither of the boys like fat, and sometimes a large quantity is wasted. But surely you are not going to tell me to make pies of scraps of cold fat!"

"Certainly I am, I constantly do it myself. I cut off as much fat as I think is likely to be wasted, and put it in a jar into the oven for about an hour, by which time it has subsided into a yellow liquor, which, when strained and left to cool, looks not unlike butter, and answers the same purpose for making all kinds of cakes and pastry."

Besides these economies, at Joanna's suggestion Margaret set up a tool-box, containing nails, screws, hammer, chisel, pincers, and screw-driver, all good and strong of their kind; also an old-fashioned iron glue-pot, and becoming expert in joinery, she saved many a shilling in this way.

At this time also a little change was made in the allowances for dress. Margaret's own allowance of £20 a year she had entirely in her own hands to use as she pleased. Hitherto the boys had had no fixed sum to be spent on their clothes; Mr. Colville bought their suits whenever he thought fit, while Margaret superintended their other garments, and applied to Mr. Colville for funds whenever they required anything new, or to pay for repairs. These frequent small sums spent on tailoring, other repairs, and minor articles of dress rendered it difficult to keep an account of the whole amount spent, besides which Margaret did not at all like so constantly applying to her father about such trifles as a patch on a boot, or a new collar; so after talking it over with her sister, she asked Mr. Colville's permission to make a change; and for the future Margaret had in her care £5 per annum for each boy, out of which she was to pay for everything with the exception of their suits and boots, which Mr. Colville still continued to buy himself. This had a very salutary effect on the boys, for when they were too careless with their clothes Margaret would fetch the account-book, and show them how little balance there was, with the warning that if they went on at that rate they would have to go ragged.

From this long digression let us return to our young housekeeper, as she whisks about the house, as bright as the fresh January morning itself. Having finished the round of the bedrooms, still humming her doleful ditty, she trips downstairs to the kitchen, where a damper is awaiting her in the shape of poor Betsy in floods of tears.

"Oh, Betsy!" she cried, "what is the matter?"

Betsy managed to explain amidst her sobs that a letter from home that morning told her of her mother's dangerous illness, and she must go home without delay. "Though in course, Miss Margaret, dear, I won't go till you are suited."

A looker-on at this juncture might have witnessed a melancholy tableau. The maid, in attitude of dejection, sobbing and sighing by the window; the mistress collapsed into a wooden chair, doing likewise, but less noisily. Much ashamed of her weak-mindedness, the latter soon recovered, however, and hoping her maid had not noticed it, she wiped her eyes covertly, and said briskly—

"Poor Betsy, I am indeed sorry for you, and very sorry that we shall lose you. But you must not think of waiting till we have a new servant. I will go at once and find a charwoman to come every day, and while I am out you must get forward with the dinner and then pack up so as to go by the two o'clock train; and you must take that soup that is in a jelly in the larder for your poor mother, and I will bring you in a few groceries to take too."

To get an honest and clean charwoman, who would come at seven o'clock in the morning and do the work of a general servant for the sum of two shillings a day, which was all Margaret felt she could afford to give, was no very easy task, but by inquiring from the tradesmen, one was found at last.

The next day Margaret went to see her good old friend Mrs. Trent, hoping and expecting to have the difficulty about a new servant solved at once, as so many former ones had been, by her kind advice and experience. On entering that lady's sitting-room our housekeeper was a little taken aback to find not only Mrs. Trent, as she had expected, but also her nephew, whose difficulty in rising from the sofa was a better proof of an invalid state than his appearance, which betokened his usual health.

"My nephew is suffering the penalty of neglecting his old aunt's good advice," said Mrs. Trent, smiling at her nephew, for whom she felt almost the affection of a mother, having had charge of him ever since the death of his own parents, when he was little more than a baby. "He sprained his ankle slightly on Monday, but he would persist in keeping his engagement to bring those books to show your father that evening, and, of course, he made it much worse, and now is compelled to give up moving altogether."

"And so tries to play the wounded hero with as much dignity as possible," laughed Wilfred.

After expressing the deepest sympathy, Margaret explained the object of her visit, but said she would not trouble Mrs. Trent about it now, but would call again when her nephew was better.

"Pray do not let me stop you, Miss Margaret," said Wilfred. "I take a great interest in that servant of yours who opens the door for me when I have the pleasure of calling upon you. She always smiles all over her face, and looks so thoroughly pleased to see one; it is quite refreshing."

After stating the case, Margaret asked if Mrs. Trent could tell her how to get a new maid.

"Had you not better wait a little on the chance of Betsy's being able to come back?"

"Oh, I think there is no chance of the mother recovering; besides, I do not think I am very sorry to lose her. I was at first; it seemed such a dreadful undertaking to have to get a new servant; but you know, Mrs. Trent, Betsy is really very rough and uncouth. I should so like to have a nice quiet, gentle girl about the house, instead of such an elephantine sort of whirlwind, though she does smile when she opens the door."

Mrs. Trent laughed at the comparison, and said she feared Margaret did not appreciate the rare qualities of honesty and good nature and truthfulness of the said whirlwind. However, as a change was inevitable, and not

knowing of any suitable person, she advised her to reply to an advertisement in that day's paper, which sounded very promising. This she did, and, at Mrs. Trent's dictation, dispatched a letter, asking for particulars as to the girl's capabilities, character, and the wages she required, the wounded hero meanwhile evincing an interest in domestic affairs which astonished even himself.

A satisfactory answer was soon received, giving the address of a former mistress to whom Margaret could apply as to character. In the course of a few days this too arrived. It was rather vague, and Margaret's inquiries as to honesty, sobriety, and cleanliness were cleverly evaded.

"Oh, dear! I don't know whether this is meant for a bad character or a good one," Margaret sighed. "It might mean either, but I am sure *any* servant would be better than this voracious charwoman. I should not have thought it possible for any human being to devour as much as that creature does."

Mrs. Trent next advised Margaret to see the young woman before engaging her, and as Margaret looked very much alarmed at the prospect, promised herself to be present at the interview. The result of it was the engagement of Rose Spooner, who informed her future mistress that she preferred being called Spooner. ("What jokes the boys will make!" thought Margaret.)

When Mr. Colville came home that night Margaret met him more cheerfully than she had done since Betsy's departure.

"Oh, father, I have engaged that servant I told you about. Mrs. Trent quite approved of her, or else I should have been afraid to take her; and I think she will be a most charming servant, she is so quiet and pretty-looking, and speaks so softly; so different from the bluff Betsy. I am delighted with her."

"I am glad to hear it, my child; I only hope she will not prove *too* refined; but as Mrs. Trent is satisfied, no doubt it will be all right."

(*To be continued.*)

THE WORKER.

A BALLAD STORY.

Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by C. Gounod.

He was a student, and very, very poor. He had gone to Oxford late in life. An honest wish to do good, as one of God's ministers, had sent him there; not that common and detestable notion that, by being ordained, he would be made a gentleman, for he was a gentleman born. He had been junior partner in a mercantile firm, and his share, when capitalised and re-invested, only gave him a pittance. But he had a brave little wife, and not brave only, but thrifty and industrious. And by the cleverness of her fingers she managed to add a little to their slender income. His disadvantages were great. What little classical knowledge he possessed when he left school, at the age of sixteen, for the counting-house, he had almost forgotten. For the small necessary amount of mathematics his business life had kept him in good training. How different his coming to Oxford was from that of so many of his fellow students! There was no one to greet him and carry him off to the old school club, to renew the pleasant acquaintances of his school life. There was no obsequious scout to welcome him to his college rooms; no bright, cheery dinner in the hall; no little notes to invite him "to spend the evening" afterwards.

He simply arrived in the hubbub of the "first night of term," and drove off in the omnibus—a weary, tiresome round of the town—to be deposited, the very last of all the passengers, in their dingy lodgings.

"They are shabby, darling," he murmured apologetically, as he fancied he saw a shadow on his young wife's face. "But, you see, Oxford is such a dear place for lodgings."

"What does it matter, dear?" she answered; "we can be as happy here as at home. Besides, we can soon brighten up the place."

And so she did. That was just what she was always doing—brightening up the place. Brightening up his life, and cheering him when he was growing gloomy and down-hearted. Brightening up everybody, from the sour but faithful old Scotch servant they brought with them, to the grimy scavenger's man, who scarcely thought it worth his while to call for the small box of refuse from their tiny abode.

With all their own personal happiness, it was a melancholy life. To be one of the many students, and yet not to be one of them. To see them at lecture, at St. Mary's, on the river, on the cricket-field, and yet not to be really one of them. It was a great deal more than the loneliness and friendliness of settling in a new town. Then, a man's business, parish responsibilities, and so forth, sooner or later bring him friends. Further, there is no bright picture to set in contrast with the picture of his own life. He is not always being brought into contact with others like himself and yet unlike.

But John Shirley had his work to do. And John Shirley's wife was not the one to complain because she was not dressed as were the fellows' wives, and because she had to live in lodgings. There was much, too, to amuse and interest them; intellectual treats only to be enjoyed in great centres like Oxford—the lectures of the professors, the sermons of the select preachers at the University church, the beautiful services in the college chapels, and even in later days the gaiety of college concerts.

"And all," as the little woman would say, laughing to her husband, "all for nothing, John."

By degrees, too, they found friends. The curate of the parish, an indefatigable young fellow, whose zeal John Shirley admired at first and soon came almost to worship, called upon them; his popularity brought them other acquaintances. And though their little society may have been, as one grand Oxford madam termed such society, "On the margin of cultivation, don't you know?" John Shirley and his wife were not only very happy, but popular in their little circle. By dint of dogged perseverance and judicious teaching John Shirley passed his examinations one by one, till at last there was only one left, and the last term of necessary residence was reached.

They returned to Oxford after the long vacation, in a state of nervous excitement. Six weeks at the most would settle the matter, and if all went well he would put on his gown before Christmas; and as he had already attended the required professors' divinity lectures, he might be ordained at the ensuing Easter ordination.

So they planned it all. So they talked of it, so happily, so hopefully, to one another, to their immediate friends. But the young curate, who saw them most and knew them best, thought otherwise, though he did not dare to cloud their hopes, or to damp John Shirley's energies. He saw the hollow cheeks and the hectic flush that was the result of more than mere excitement.

Just before the examination a little baby was born. And it was with happy pride that Shirley began his work. Poor fellow! how little he thought, as he sat writing in the schools, that in a moment the scale of life had turned, and that his wife, whom he had left apparently in safety, lay hovering on the brink of life and death. Next morning no one sat at Shirley's place in the schools, and the blinds were drawn in Chertsey-terrace. Inside there were a broken-hearted, crushed man, a little, weakly baby crying for its only comforter, and a white, dead woman lying on a bed.

The days and weeks went by. The baby drooped and died; it was happier so, people said. Shirley himself seemed too distracted to notice the little one's death. His ordination, his degree, seemed to fade out of his thoughts. He was as one in a dream. He just realised that both were postponed till the summer. Then he left Oxford for the vacation. And what a vacation it was—a blank, dreary emptiness. He had few friends, and no relatives for whom he cared. He came back to Oxford after a week's absence, took a miserable lodging in a more remote part of the town, and once more commenced his reading; but he had no heart. She who had cheered him, she for whom he had toiled, she with whom he had borne cheerfully the hardships of their laborious life, was gone. And what could take her place? For a long time nothing. After a while calmness and a more hearty belief in the reality of prayer took the place of his despair. And then, in the stillness of his nightly work, her presence was near him, cheering his loneliness.

All through the cold and mild spring weather he worked with a vigour that was all but unneeded, denying himself almost the necessaries of life, seeming to find a sort of satisfaction in bodily privations. It was in vain that his friend, the curate, warned him that he was killing himself, urged him to take more exercise, more food. The kindly advice, even if it had been heeded, came too late. John Shirley would never take his degree. He would not live till the hymn should be sung on Magdalen tower in the early May morning.

One night he had closed his books, and had turned round to the fire for a moment's muse before going to bed, when he heard, as plainly as if in life, his wife's voice calling him from the bedroom. He started, pushed aside the chair, rushed to the door, when suddenly the whole place was filled with light. The poor, cheap paper on the walls faded away. The common room and all its ricketty furniture was gone. He was looking out into the great vault of heaven, and there clearly, as when she was with him, he saw his wife's face, looking as it were over the blue clouds, happily, longingly at him. And through the stillness of the night he heard her voice.

"I come to thee anon,
Toil on, my beloved,
Thy work is well nigh done.

And then she was gone, and he was once more in his poor garret.

The next day, and the next, and the next, he worked with all his energy, but with a tranquil earnestness he never had felt before; and on the third night, reaching to replace a heavy book on its shelf, he overbalanced himself, strained forward to recover his hold, fell, and burst a blood vessel. There was no one to hear the fall, for it was late and the household was asleep.

He lay half unconscious till the first light of the morning. Then stretching out his arms, as if he saw his wife coming down to lead him home, he fell back dead. Next morning they found him as though asleep on the floor by the dead ashes of the fire. They saw the smile upon his face; they said he must have died without pain. But they had not seen the two spirits that had flown to heaven that night. God only saw their joy, for He had sent the wife to fetch her husband home!

F. E. Weatherly.

MY WORK BASKET



CROCHET STAR.

Commence with a chain of five; join into a circle and coil round it with double crochet until you have forty-two. To coil, instead of uniting and making a fresh start by one chain for each circle, you make one double crochet on each stitch below, on and on without any break. Having forty-two, begin the curled branches thus :—Seventeen chain, work back seven double crochet on the first seven chain, turn, and crochet on the seven double crochet five double crochet, leaving two for the point. Turn and make five double crochet on the last double crochet, then two into two stitches of the stalk chain. * Work back on these five double crochet, then seven again, seizing the next two stitches of the chain. Repeat from * three times more, always taking up the back of the stitch to rib the crochet. There will now be six serrated furrows or veins. When you have worked off the last two stitches of the stalk, slip through the loop on the needle, the next stitch on the centre coil to the one from whence the seventeen chain commenced. Work back five double crochet, turn and again on them five double crochet as though to commence a fresh furrow, attach to the following stitch on the coil, slipstitch along three and make seventeen chain for the second branch. In this branch and the five succeeding ones bend the stem by connecting the seventeen chain to the fourth peak of the previous branch.

Circular frame.—* Seven chain, one long treble (cotton twice round needle) into the first point of a branch. Five chain one long treble into the second peak five chain, one long treble into the third. Repeat from * six times.

2nd Round.—Four chain for the first treble, continue one treble one chain, missing one of the foundation.

3rd. Round.—Four chain, one purl of five chain and one single. Four chain, miss six below and crochet three double crochet on the next three stitches. Repeat fifteen times. As there will be four stitches short in the circle, accommodate this by missing only five chain in places where the stitches may be slightly looser, and the irregularity will not be noticed.

4th Round or Trefoil edge.—Slip stitch to the purl of one scallop. * One double crochet just before it, four chain one double crochet into the purl, five chain one double crochet into the same hole. Four chain one double crochet just after the purl, seven chain. Repeat from * fifteen times.

Connecting Star.—Unite five chain into a ring, and coil round it until there are thirty-two stitches; then for the four festoons; * four chain one purl of five chain, and one single turned inwards; four chain, miss four of the coil, four double crochet into the next four. Repeat from * three times. For the outer row, slipstitch to a purl and make a trefoil as already described in the large wheel, five chain one purl. Five chain, continue the trefoil and bar three times; break off the cotton.

CROCHET MAT.

For the centre hole commence with seven chain, three of which stand for a treble and three for chain between. Into the first of the seven work one treble—three chain and one treble three times more into the same stitch—finish by three chain, draw through the loop on the needle the fourth stitch of the seven chain. Make the surrounding petals or scallops thus :—into each space of three chain work one double crochet, one treble, six long treble (passing cotton twice round needle), one treble and one double crochet—equal ten in all. Draw the thread through a stitch at the back, and from thence make six chain and one single into the commencement of the next scallop, repeat four times more. There will now be, at the wrong side of the flower, five festoons of chain ready to receive twelve double crochet crocheted through each festoon; these raise the rose and form a circle of sixty stitches for the openwork.

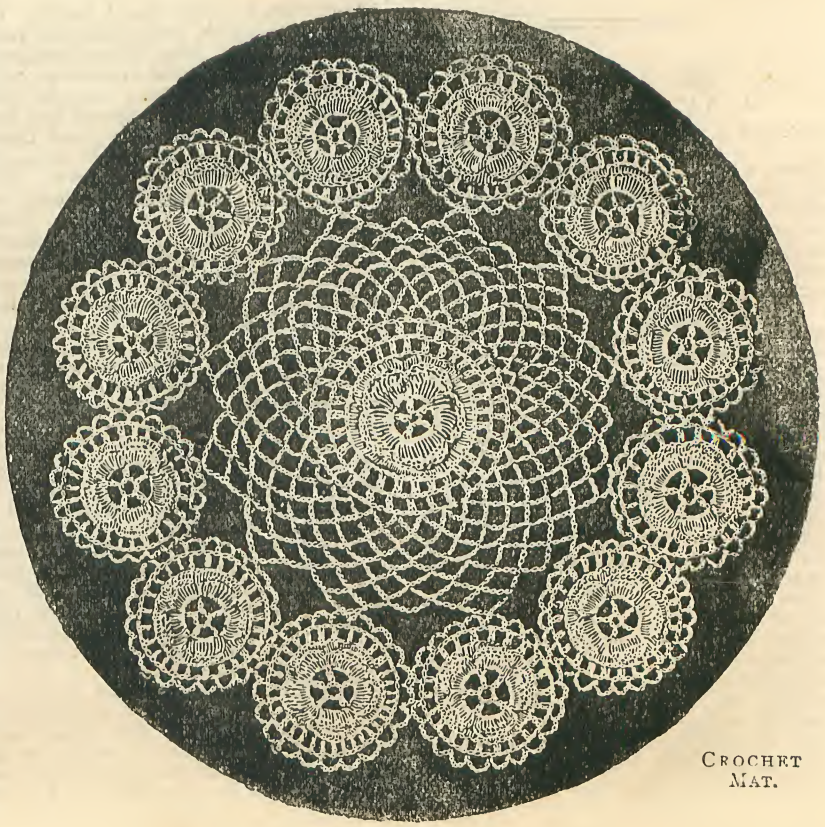
1st Round.—Three chain for the first treble, then one chain one treble twenty-nine times, missing one foundation stitch.

2nd Round.—One treble (through the chain of preceding round), two chain, thirty times.

3rd Round.—Five chain one single, through every two chain below. 4th Round.—Six chain one single through the third of the previous five chain.

5th Round.—Like fourth.

6th Round.—Seven chain one single through the third of the six chain.



CROCHET MAT.

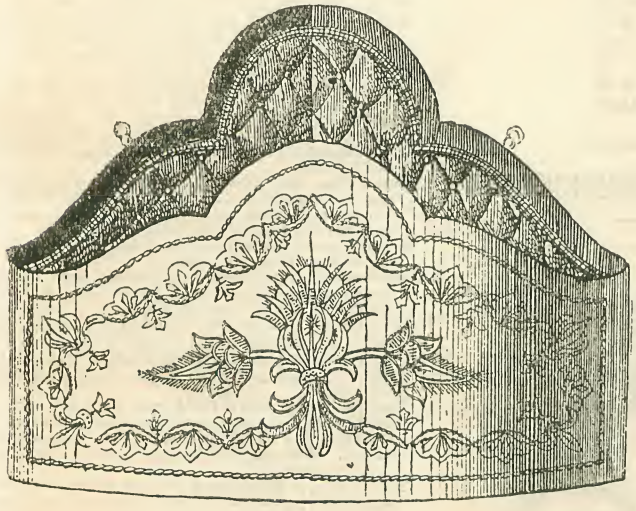
7th Round.—Eight chain one single through the fourth of the seven chain.

8th Round.—Work this round like the seventh, with the addition of increasing at every fifth loop, by putting one single over the second stitch of the eight chain; then eight chain and one single into the sixth stitch. There are thus thirty-six loops instead of thirty, as seen in the illustration, which, being designed for a cap crown, is slightly flattened and narrowed on one side.

9th Round.—Seven chain one single twice; into third loop eleven chain and one single; crochet these three loops eleven times and fasten off.

The raised wheels of the border are worked separately and match the centre one, with the exception that five chain and one single replace the second open round of two chain and one treble. To attach the first wheel, slipstitch one scallop to a loop of eleven chain, and in the next and all subsequent rosaces crochet besides, the eighth, ninth, and tenth loops (counting the slipstitched as one) to corresponding loops in the opposite circle.

This effective design comes out very handsomely when worked with Evans' Maltese Thread; a grey, brown, or other sober tint used for the openwork round, and two or three prettily contrasting hues for the bordering wheels. Wrought with coloured wools, the d'oyley may be utilized also as a charming lamp mat.



HANGING POCKET FOR ODDS AND ENDS.

The pocket is made of cardboard, covered with Java canvas, embroidered in satin stitch and *point lance* with crewels or Berlin wool and silks. A fancy cord is fastened on with invisible stitches round the edge. The pocket is lined with quilted washing satin or sateen.

RINGED VALANCE.

Each vandyke is formed by ten rings, the fourth upper one standing also for the first one of the second vandyke, hence every succeeding point after the first will only require nine wheels. These are worked separately and vary in size according to their place; the centre one, for instance, is bordered by twelve loops, the three lower ones and the two inner ones of the top have eleven loops, while the four outer ones contain only ten.

For the centre ring make a chain of twenty-two, unite into a circle, and through it work one chain for the first double crochet and thirty-five more double crochet, closing them by drawing the first chain through the loop on the needle.

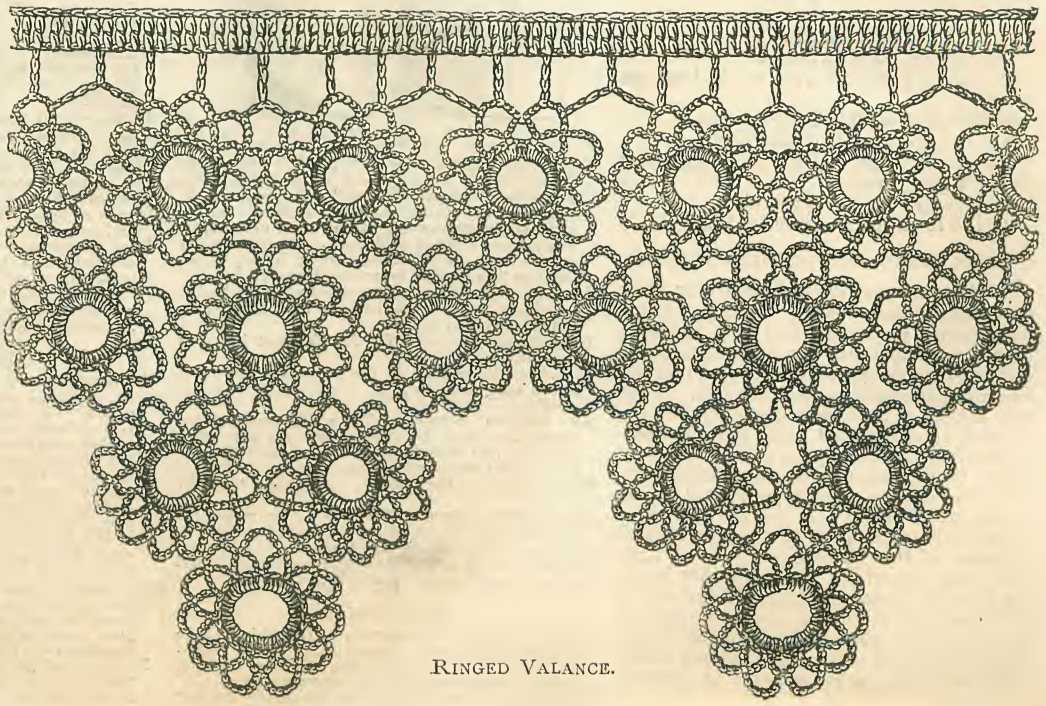
2nd Round.—Seven chain, miss two chain below, one single into the third; repeat eleven times.

3rd Round.—To bring the cotton into the right place, slip stitch to the fourth stitch of the first loop of seven chain, then nine chain, one double crochet through the centre of the next loop; make nine more of these loops and two with ten chain; close by drawing the thread through a stitch at the back.

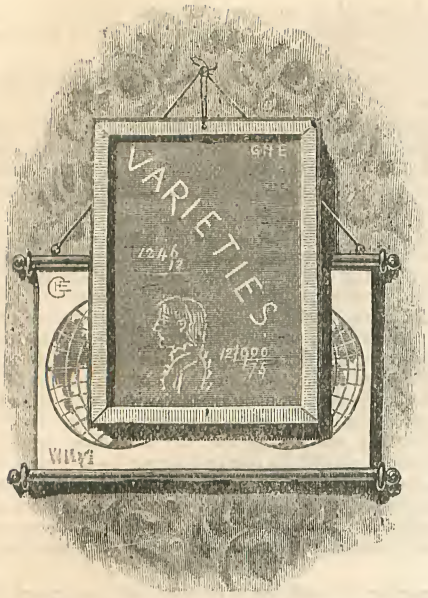
A glance at the illustration shows very clearly the mode of joining. Work the vandyke from the top downwards; prepare one wheel of ten loops, and a second one of eleven loops. Instead of closing the last loop as usual, make four chain, one single into the centre of the loop in the first wheel. Four chain to finish this purl; fasten off. Connect in the same manner one loop of the third wheel with the fifth of the second, counting from the one last caught; join the fourth ring similarly. For the second row, attach one loop or purl of the fifth wheel to the third purl of the first (reckoning from the one already attached), miss one loop of the second wheel, and unite a loop to the next one; continue after the same plan for the remaining wheels. Notice that the centre one is caught to the two above by the purls of ten chain; the eighth and the ninth rings are each fastened to the lower part of this large ring by two purls side by side. The wheel at the point being only connected at the top needs a stronger fastening, therefore one purl on each side is slipstitched in two places to the loops of the upper rings.

When the required number of vandykes is finished, unite every set of four upper ones by eleven loose chain between the first and second and the third and fourth, and by seven chain between the second and third, slipstitching along the loops from place to place. Heading: Seven chain, one long treble (cotton twice over needle) into the third chain of the second loop in the first ring; six chain, one long treble into the third chain of the next loop; seven chain, one ordinary treble into the centre of the bar of eleven chain; seven chain, one long treble into the end of the bar; six chain, one long treble into the third loop of the second wheel; seven chain, one long treble into the centre of the seven loose chain; continue thus to the end, then complete the whole by a line of close trebles.

Numerous are the purposes to which this open pattern can be applied; executed in fine white cotton, it will make pretty necktie ends to be sewn on muslin or silk scarves; in coloured silks it affords a durable ornament for jackets, dresses, satchels, etc., and the appearance could be still enhanced by the use of beads. Worked in lengths the vandykes have a good effect as a mantle valance, border of a gipsy table, etc., the crochet being rendered more substantial by working each wheel over small brass rings of varied sizes. Well gradated silks, wools, or Maltese threads could be employed at will, and the whole set off by a satin or cloth lining in harmony.



RINGED VALANCE.



A GOOD RESOLUTION.—Nothing is so sure as death, and nothing so uncertain as the time. I may be too old to live, I can never be too young to die; I will therefore live every hour as if I might die the next.

SLIGHTED OPPORTUNITIES.—Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit you seldom see them again.

OUR FELLOWS AND OURSELVES.—Mankind has been learning for six thousand years, and yet how few have learned that their fellow-creatures are as good as themselves?

LEARNING TO WRITE IN DAYS OF OLD.—Writing is now such an everyday accomplishment that one can hardly realise the time when even kings could not so much as sign their names. The great Charlemagne tried anxiously to learn to write, but he came poor speed at it, although he used to carry writing materials about with him, and endeavour to trace the written characters even in bed.

BURIED VEGETABLES.

Put them in the pot at once.

O, Caspar, a gust of wind nearly bore me away!

Break a leaf off this bough for me.

Ah, that apple tart I choked over!

The last is a poor combination, I only wish I could hit on a better.

He gets up each morning at eight.

And so to an end I've come at last.

COOLING TREATMENT FOR FIERY TONGUES.

We hope none of our girls will ever grow up to be scolding women. By way of warning, however, we may say that what has been may be again, and that our forefathers had a cool way of punishing those whose hot tempers forgot to put a bridle on their tongues. They were ducked in the nearest convenient stream or pond, a ducking-stool being in many cases thoughtfully provided by the authorities.

One of the latest instances on record in which the ducking-stool is mentioned as an instrument of justice is in the *Evening Post* of the 27th of April, 1745, the year, as you all know, of the Jacobite rebellion. "Last week," says the writer, "a woman that keeps the Queen's Head alehouse, Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair, and ducked in the river Thames, under Kingston Bridge, in the presence of 2,000 or 3,000 people.

THE COMMONEST NAMES IN SCOTLAND.—The most common names in Scotland, taking both town and country, arranged in order, are Smith, Macdonald, Brown, Robinson, Campbell, Thomson, and Stewart. In some country districts the names are few, and in older times the clans and families were little dispursed.

THE UNPUNCTUAL WIFE AND THE INDUSTRIOUS HUSBAND.—The Chancellor d'Aguesseau, a celebrated French advocate, had a wife who invariably kept him waiting for a quarter of an hour after the dinner-bell had rung. Like a prudent man, he resolved to utilise this enforced leisure by writing a law book, and in course of time he produced a treatise in four quarto volumes.

ANSWERS TO BURIED FISH (p. 239).—Herring, salmon, cod, eel, bream, whiting, tench, skate.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 239).—

PHILIPPI
LONDON
ENGLAND
ANJOU
SARACENS
U T
ROGER
ESTERHAZY

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



COOKERY.

CONSTANCE FOSBROOK.—1. The iceing is first laid on thickly with a knife and left till thoroughly dry. Then the "fanciful patterns" are produced by squeezing the iceing through the small end of little cornucopias made out of white note-paper. The process is not at all difficult. See page 506 for pattern for a shawl. Your writing is very good, but your "t's" would be prettier crossed.

POPSY WOPSY.—Whitebait is cooked in a wire-basket in boiling lard. It *can* be done in a frying-pan, but it is never so good.

BUTTERCUP.—See recipe for Scotch short bread at page 223.

A. E. W.—We regret that the recipe you ask for is not in our power to give. Your writing is fairly good.

AN ANXIOUS SERVANT.—When the turnips are mashed, put them back in the dry pan they were boiled in and beat them up with some butter or cream, then re-heat them over the fire.

GEORGIE REGG.—For pudding recipes see "Useful Hints."

SWEET FERN.—See page 399, vol. i., for recipe for sponge cake. Your writing is quite unformed.

LAUREL.—You probably mean some other kind of berries; laurel is considered a poisonous shrub, and even the leaves must be used with caution.

EDUCATIONAL.

L. E. S.—Apply for information on the subject of the Oxford Senior Local Examinations to the Secretary, the Rev. S. Edwardes, Merton College, Oxford. Your writing is neat but not pretty.

AN ASSISTANT AND NESTA.—See answer to "Annis" for all your queries about the Civil Service, page 543, vol. i.

C. W. S.—Your letter is both well written and well expressed. The best method of obtaining such a situation as you require is through the columns of the *Times* and other high-class papers. The requirements are generally stated on application for each situation respectively.

DRUG.—You appear to have got dispensing and medicine "mixed" up in your head. For the first see page 76 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. For the second, we could not possibly tell the amount of training you would require to pass the preliminary examinations in Arts, which take place at the Apothecaries' Hall three times a year, on the last Fridays and Saturdays of January, April, and September. The fee is £1 1s. The subjects are English, arithmetic, elements of algebra and geometry, and Latin, with one other optional subject. Last time there were eight hundred candidates, and the only one in the first division of them all was a girl, who won her honours by her excellent English education.

WORK.

ALICE SMITH.—You will succeed better with your efforts in dress-making if you find a good pattern of a bodice to cut out by. Perhaps you make them too long on the shoulders. It is a good plan to fit with the wrong side out. We do not understand your first question. The last bridge accident was on the Tay Bridge, in Scotland.

E. M.—See page 335, vol. i., for "Rustic Frames."

ROSA.—The skirt of the jersey costume is made in various ways, and now that the jersey is put over, instead of under, the overskirt, it does not need any special scarf to hide the joining.

PROFESSOR.—Take the amber satin off your dress and replace with brocaded velvet or silk. The design for seats for shop-girls is a suggestion merely; they would be made, we suppose, of wood. You might inquire about the cost from a carpenter for yourself.

ADRIENNE.—The sailor cap about which you inquire is cut in a round for the crown, and pleated into a band stiffened with a cardboard. If you have seen one, you will not find it difficult to make.

GINGER TOP.—The description of the Tam o' Shanter cap is given at page 591, vol. i.

JOSEPHINE T.—1. We have found the recipe for dyeing gloves with coffee successful, but we always put on the gloves, dipped them in, left them on the hands for a short time, and carefully taking them off, left them—maintaining still the shape of the hands—to finish drying. 2. Use green plush, or broché, to make up your green and black silk, cutting the skirt short.

DAISY CAMERON.—We thank you much for such a kind letter, and are pleased that through our directions you are trying to become your own dressmaker. We wish you success. Your handwriting is rather pretty.

TOTTIE asks, "What do you think of my writing? Pa thinks it is perfectable horrid." She also says she is going to have "one velvet, if not going out of fashion." She writes a neat little hand for a child, but her language is peculiar, to say the least of it. You may wear velvet, my dear young lady, if your "Pa" will supply you with it, as it will be in use this winter.

LITTLE CHRYSSIE.—We thank you for the pretty seaweed card. If damped at the back of the paper, the seaweed would come off uninjured. We are glad you found our hints on pianoforte playing so useful.

BIRDIE.—Your teacher at school is right in considering Nuttall's a good dictionary. We are glad that you liked our presentation picture so much.

NORMA F.—1. A shilling manual on plain cookery is to be had, but we cannot give addresses. Inquire at any bookseller's. 2. Rub the ivory handles with salts of lemon, and then wash it off with a flannel and soap. Your handwriting is very pretty.

MISS SHERGOLD.—1. See Rule 6. A "proof guinea" of the reign of George III., 1763, in good preservation, would be worth £1 15s. A proof "spade guinea" of 1787, with a plain edge, £1 18s. 2. Pain about the heart and chest is not necessarily an indication of heart disease.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Use white of egg, beaten up, to clean and polish your morocco-covered chairs. Your writing is not good, but your spelling is very faulty at seventeen; you should not spell writing with two "t's," nor write "oblidge."

FOUR SISTERS.—Perhaps by using the American meat in tins for Irish stews and hashes, baking at home, buying bones to make soup, using golden syrup instead of butter, and looking after every penny, you might make 24s. per week do for seven people. Indian meal is also a great help and makes delicious puddings and cakes. Where there is the hearty good will you manifest, we feel sure the blessing of success will come. We admire your determination to hold together as a family, though bereft of both parents. By doing so you will keep your brothers steady and give them the great happiness of a home to go to at night.

LEENA.—Boil the beetroot without breaking the outward skin till tender; cut into slices and pour upon it cold vinegar in which spices have been boiled, to

which you might add an onion or a little garlic if you like the taste and flavour.

A Nautical Housekeeper.—Glass should be cleaned with cold water, soap, and a brush. Glass encrusted with dirt may be cleaned with muriatic acid diluted with water.

E. L. M.—A good polishing with turpentine and beeswax, filling in the worm-eaten holes well with the turpentine first of all by means of a small brush, will probably check any further inroads of the worms, and conceal the old marks.

Portia should not wash decanters, nor any glass articles, with hot water. She should use it cold, and then there will be no accumulation of steam inside.

Psyche.—See page 80 for taking rust from steel. Also see vol. i., pages 74 and 340, with reference to painting on china.

Thrifty.—We conclude that your birch furniture is varnished; in that case, use soap and cold or tepid water with a soft flannel to clean it. Perhaps it needs re-varnishing.

White Violets.—Try washing the inkstand with borax and water, and a little lemon-juice will clean the brass part. The articles on the girl's sitting-room are at pages 42 and 170; on the entrance hall, &c., at page 571, vol. i.

An Ivy Leaf.—To keep a kitchen fender bright, not only brickdust, but paraffin oil mixed in a saucer should be rubbed on it with a flannel. Then finish with dry brickdust and a leather. The same method should be adopted both for copper and brass kettles.

ART.

Wild Kathleen.—You might obtain orders in shops. Your writing is not sloped.

May Bell.—Remove your pictures from their frames, and gently wipe them with a soft silk handkerchief. You should then clean the glasses in the ordinary way. If hung on a damp wall, place them on a dry inner one, and glue four little pieces of cork on the back of each frame, one at each corner, to keep them from touching the wall.

Querist.—Bronze powders are kept ready prepared by colourmen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bizzill tells us that she has "often read of people being well up in the "three R.'s," and wants to know what they are. "Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic." Bizzill's name is as droll as her question. We hope she will not copy the new spelling of the last two words. 2. The 10th of June, 1862, fell on a Tuesday.

Philon has selected quite as inelegant a name as Miss Bizzill. Her use of a lead comb we do not think would do more harm than to soil both head and hair, and her bonnet, too. Her writing is free but much too large.

Little Betty Blue.—We do not think that you would find it a satisfactory plan to make a glass for an over mantel by joining a number of pieces of glass together in a frame, as you say, of all sizes, as they would each reflect your face in different ways, and be quite painful to look at; besides, to have them all silvered at the back and framed would cost more than a new looking-glass ready framed.

Kezia.—Read "Flowers in the House," pages 420, 493, and 499, vol. i.

E. M. J.—We do not know what you mean by "the properties of depilatory." They are supposed to destroy hair, but are not of permanent use.

Rita.—1. Autumn is the time for gathering nuts. They are usually preserved for table use in dry salt. 2. Salts of lemon, or a lemon and a little salt, will remove the stains from knife handles.

Poppie.—The tax on a pony is according to height. We think it would be better to have a boy to attend to the pony. Your writing is shocking.

Corncackle.—Your quotation is from the ballad of "John Gilpin."

Joan.—The cage for white mice should be long enough to be divided into two compartments—one for sleeping in and one for the daytime. Feed with bread, cheese, nuts, &c.

Birdie.—Try a lemon and a little salt to take the stains from ivory. Wearing apparel in Canada is much more expensive than in England, gloves especially, which are from 4s. to 6s. a pair.

In. and B.—Any bookbinder will obtain the cases for binding The Girl's Own Paper for you. The volume ended in September.

Jick.—See "How the Girls arrayed their Sitting-room," vol. i.

Beads.—We think you will find it quite impossible to continue washing your head every morning, nor would it be good for your hair to remain wet. Once a fortnight is quite often enough to wash the head.

Emigrant.—The wisest plan is to consult the Colonial Government agents in London before emigrating to any of the colonies.

Mignonette.—Try benzoin to clean your ribbon instead of washing it, which rarely succeeds with English-made ribbons, though sometimes with French. Wash the feet frequently, and use a little salt in the water sometimes.

Rose des Alpes.—For corns see pages 192 and 592. The top of the Tam o' Shanter appears to be a long round plaited into a band. Your writing is good. There is nothing vulgar about the abbreviation of "and."

Annette de Fitzroy.—Inquire at a fancy wool shop. The head-dresses are crocheted with gold thread, in the manner described. Pray use a dictionary; in writing to us you make nine mistakes in a few lines, spelling present "presеant," opinion, "opion," and flowers "flosrs," besides two "t's" in writing, and several others. Your first duty should be to improve your spelling.

A. Z. and Vera S. H.—1. We advise you to endeavour to subscribe to some governesses' home, when you will be received when unable to work and may get a pension later in life. Write to Hatchard's, Piccadilly, for the "Guide to all the Institutions existing for the Benefit of Women and Children," Part II. 2. Your clergyman might easily give you a recommendation of some poor old person, to whom you might sometimes pay a cheering visit, and give half-an-hour's reading, if desired.

Maud.—The usual pronunciation of the composer's name to whom you refer is Hay-den, the second syllable being clipped after the English peculiarity of pronunciation, just as if it is really spelt "Hayd'n." You write well, but should not separate the letters of single words.

Topsy Caerleon.—We thank you for your competition stockings and kind letter. You write fairly well.

May Queen.—Butter the eggs immediately after they are laid, or dip them in a strong solution of lime, to fill the pores and keep them air-tight. The attainment of the latter object is the true secret of their preservation. You write neatly, but your hand is not yet formed.

Fretter.—The translation of the words you enclose is as follows:—"The Manufacture of Silk Company, Mr. Du Pré, Dupré."

Unwin.—Your quotation is from the "Lord of the Isles," by Sir Walter Scott. Your writing is good and clean.

Queen Elizabeth.—See "Our Novel Christmas-Tree," pages 20 and 38, vol. i. You must, of course, invite your friend, and must leave it to herself to decline or accept.

Lily May.—We sympathise much with you on your afflictions. We think you had better re-commence music, and, if not trying to your eyes, drawing and painting also. You write a good hand, but there is no need of such very long tails to your terminals.

Violet.—To take out grease spots, see pages 64, 80, 319. vol. i.

Old Poz.—Send your beaver hats to a cleaner's.

Wilhelmina.—Try the recipe at page 511, vol. i. You do not say the kind of dye.

Rosa.—Knitting is generally the refuge of the partially blind, and a really good worker can find employment.

Madge F.—You write an excellent hand. Inquire about instruction in bookkeeping at the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, W., where classes are held.

S. A. G.—Furs are usually worn in mourning or out of mourning.

Jessica.—You had better consult an oculist. Your writing is small and sloped the wrong way.

Scholastic.—There is a home for fatherless children at Reedham, near London. Your writing is poor.

Snowdrop.—We do not give addresses.

Lady Jezebel.—Trim your grey cloth mantle with grey plush, instead of the worn-out fur, or else with bands of the new imitation sealskin. Your writing is neat and legible, but your pseudonym is in the worst taste possible.

Una.—If you take the monthly numbers of The Girl's Own Paper, you are equally eligible to compete for the prizes as if you took the weekly ones. Your writing is fairly good.

Hamburgh.—The Girl's Own Paper could be sent to you from the office, commencing with the new volume in October, 1880.

A. T. H.—For making rustic frames see page 335, vol. i.

Minnie.—Write "With Mr. and Mrs. Johns' compliments," not Mr. and Mrs. Johns's. Thank you for your nice letter.

Katherine G.—"Apt alliteration's artful aid," is the correct reading from Churchill's "Prophecy of Famine." "Order is heaven's first law," is from Pope's fourth epistle of the "Essay on Man." Your writing is excellent, and cannot be improved in its good qualities of clearness and neatness.

A Little Friend.—Read "Bright eyes, and teeth like pearls," page 390, vol. i.

Kate.—Brown of various shades is the most fashionable colour this winter. Your writing is good, but your n's, m's, and u's are all turned the same way.

M. A. C.—Brush and shake the fur well. Unless you take it to a furrier there is nothing else to be done.

L. A. C.—Your plant will sprout again. It was probably forced in a hothouse. Let it have air and water.

Allie de Blaina.—Send the grey fur to a furrier.

Mourner.—You have our deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement. The loss of a sister is indeed a heavy sorrow, and for the present we know by sad experience that no consolation is available. Friends can but weep, as our Blessed Lord did with the mourner. We are so glad to hear of your sister's pleasure in our paper and of her love for its pages, and we trust it may continue to visit and cheer you weekly with hopeful words of help and kindness.

Litsey.—Write to the makers of your marking-ink for instructions how to reduce the thickness.

Cremona.—Robin Hood was born, it is recorded, at Locksley, County Nottingham, about the year 1160, and the date of his death is assigned to the November of 1247. He was buried in a spot at the extreme edge of Kirklees Park, not far from Huddersfield, marked by a monument, and having been selected by himself by the shooting of an arrow.

Rosebud's writing is neat and legible.

A Lancashire Conservative.—We thank you for your kind letter of grateful acknowledgment. You employ a pen that requires mending. Read our articles on "Letter-writing and Penmanship." In a forthcoming article some good hands will be illustrated; two small pretty ones have appeared, the notice of which was wrongly numbered. For 6 and 9, read 4 and 11. Your own writing is fairly good.

A. E. Marshall.—"Low Sunday" is so called because it follows after the close of the great Easter festival, and it is of no particular signification or interest by comparison.

Louisa.—1. Plants do not thrive well in painted or hard-baked flower-pots; they ought to be porous. 2. Oatmeal-cloth would be suitable for a sofa cushion to be worked over with crewel-embroidery. A dark colour would wear the best.

Ruby writes rather a pretty hand.

Vixen—*Noblesse oblige* is a French proverb, and means that nobility of blood and high standing in society lay the individual so circumstanced under an obligation to act in a manner becoming to such a position and antecedents. We feel much gratified by your kind letter.

Tiny.—Try flour to clean the plaster of Paris ornaments. You write very well.

Isabel.—1. Use glycerine at night to heal the cracks in the skin, and wear gloves. Diminish the size of your writing, and write copies guided by sloping diagonal lines. 2. See answer to "A. C. A.;" use oatmeal in the hard water; it is not well to wash in quite cold water in winter.

Emily.—You write a pretty hand. If the breathing be very difficult in whooping-cough, apply a hot oatmeal poultice with a little mustard on the chest, and promote vomiting. In any case, a mixture composed of wine of ipecacuanha three drachms, simple syrup three drachms, diluted in six drachms of water, will prove an excellent one, a teaspoonful being administered three times daily during the first ten days.

Cherry Pecksniff.—1. Washington Irving was an American, born at New York in the year 1783, and died in 1859. 2. The "Thirty Years' War" began in Bohemia, between Roman Catholics and Protestants, in 1618, and ended in 1648 with the "Peace of Westphalia." We thank you much for your kind, well-written letter.

Jesmine.—Many girls have written questioning our assertion that the third finger of the right hand is the correct one for the engagement ring. We adhere to our statement as being a right one, and should advise all girls who have used the third finger of the *left hand* for this purpose to reverse the custom at once.

An Old Boy.—Thank you for your kind remarks about our magazine. We will willingly send you the catalogue if you will supply us with your name and address.

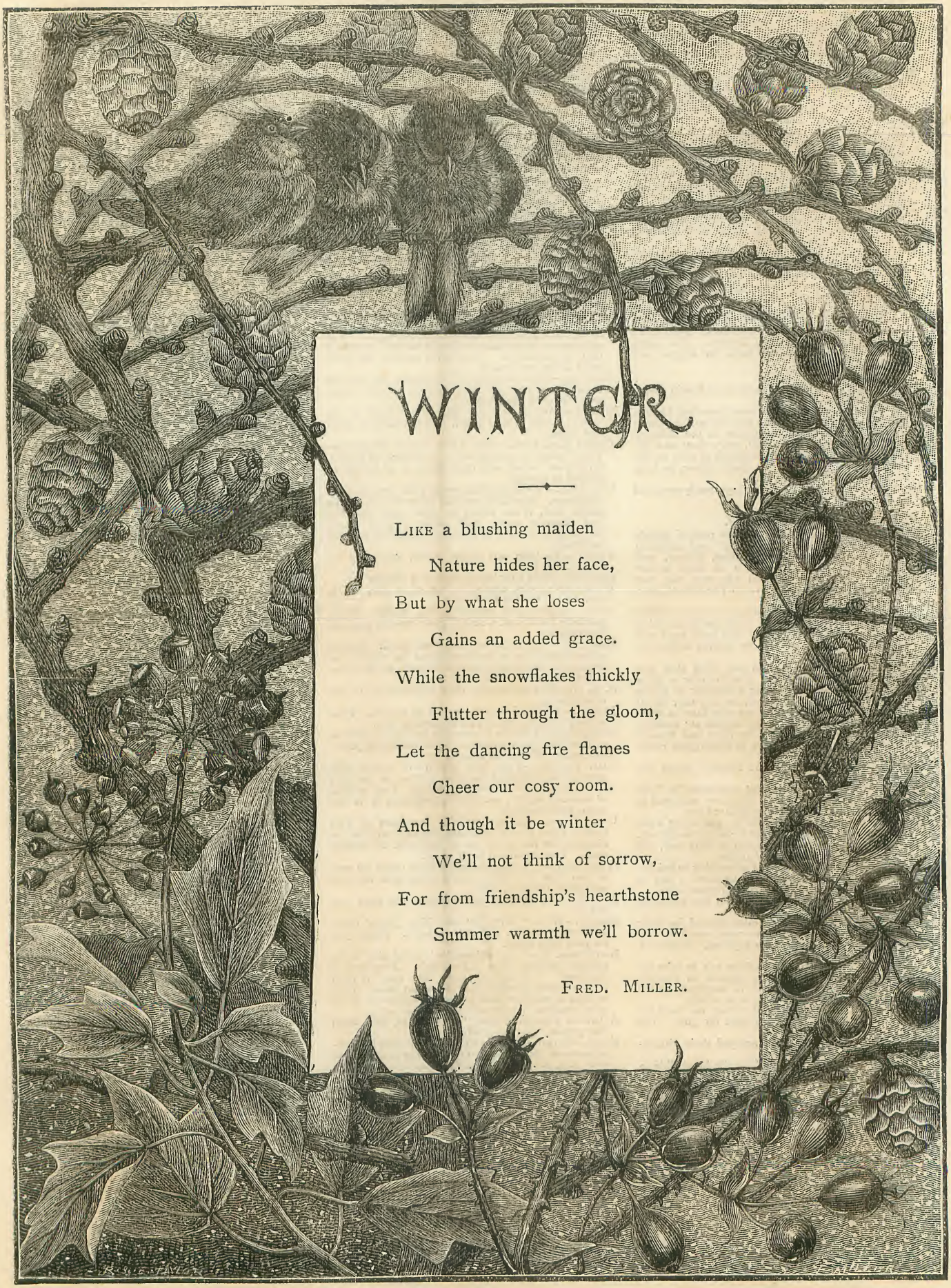
Sweetheart.—Keep up your courage, for your youth is in your favour. Your writing is unformed. Try to improve it, and work hard at your ordinary employment or a new hobby. Occupation is always the best of medicines.

Muriel.—When at the service you should wear white if posible instead of black. The simpler the costume the better, personal mourning being dropped for the occasion. Many dear girls have sent us bright and pretty Christmas and New Year's cards in a black-bordered envelope. This is a mistake. We do not like the suggestion of a shadow thrown across our path. Your handwriting is quite lamentable.

A Young Artist.—You can paint your picture of winter in oils, and so can everybody who does not paint in water-colours.

Janie.—Every girl under twenty-one may try for the crochet-shawl prize.

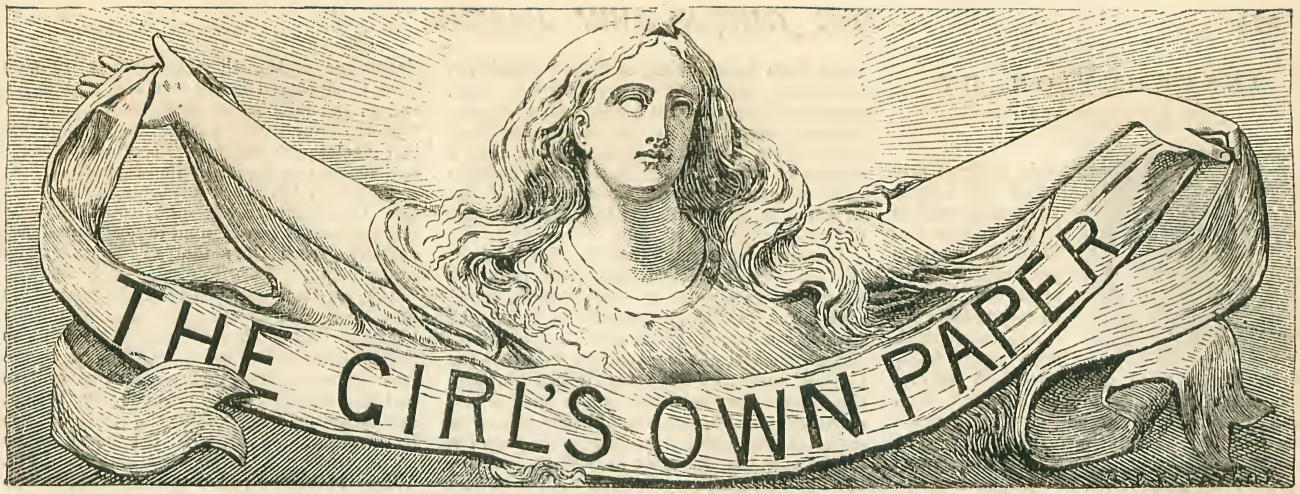
A. M. G.—Your door will, of course, not look so nice as if it were of plate glass; the effect will, we fear, be rather patchy. Choose small varieties of ferns, grass, autumn leaves, and flowers. Of the latter buttercups and other yellow flowers keep their colour best; red and blue answer too; white and purple rarely succeed. To increase and preserve their brilliancy, brush the leaves and flowers over with boiled linseed oil, applied on the outer side with a soft camel's hair brush. Only a thin coating is required, and the surplus should be wiped off with a cloth. When arrange them in small groups on the panes, fixing them temporarily with a morsel of gum on the back of each. When the whole is planned out to your satisfaction, remove them one at a time, and secure each in its place with strong colourless mucilage before removing the next leaf. The wings of butterflies are sometimes added to give colour to the device: the bodies and antennæ should be painted upon the glass with oil paint, and when dry the wings gummed into position.



WINTER

LIKE a blushing maiden
Nature hides her face,
But by what she loses
Gains an added grace.
While the snowflakes thickly
Flutter through the gloom,
Let the dancing fire flames
Cheer our cosy room.
And though it be winter
We'll not think of sorrow,
For from friendship's hearthstone
Summer warmth we'll borrow.

FRED. MILLER.



VOL. II.—NO. 57.] JANUARY 29, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MUSIC.

Of all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found, or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away
As Music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.



[*All rights reserved.*]

INSTRUCTION BY CORRESPONDENCE.



NE is so frequently asked by earnest students as well as by the curious and incredulous, "Do you know anything about teaching by correspondence?" "Are correspondence classes really of any use?" "On what system is instruction by correspondence conducted?" &c., &c., that it has been thought well to say a few words on correspondence teaching. The subject has already become one of general interest, and although a few years since instruction by correspondence would have been looked upon with suspicion and as the Utopian idea of some enthusiast, it has now become a recognised system of education in this country. Every educational paper, either by advertisement or otherwise, brings to the notice of its readers some facts connected with correspondence teaching, and there is scarcely an existing examination for which preparation is not offered by these means.

It must be understood, however, from the first that instruction by correspondence is not suitable to the *very* young; it presupposes a certain amount of knowledge and some power to work alone.

The boys and girls of the present day have much to be thankful for; they have better chances of securing success in life than their parents and grandparents ever had. It is impossible to ignore the advantages to both sexes from the improved methods of education among our great middle classes; but the superior advantage remains with the girls. Boys have always had more or less good chances of being fairly well taught, but it is only of late that girls and women have had any important share in these privileges; hence the enormous disproportion which exists between the cultivated men and the cultivated women of our country.

The object of this article is not, however, to lament over what might have been, or to find fault with our ancestors for not having discovered that girls require as good teaching as boys, but steadily to face an existing evil, and to discover and apply the soundest remedy for it. Few will deny that instruction by correspondence steps in here most opportunely. How many girls there are who, having been provided with the best possible education within their reach during their school days, yet find themselves very badly informed on many subjects with which their younger sisters at school are quite conversant! How many of these would gladly fill up the spare hours of the day, or contrive to arrange some time to work themselves and make up for defective teaching, if they only knew *how* to work, what books to work at, what are the special things to notice, &c., if they could depend upon the guidance, sympathy, and hearty co-operation of a well regulated and cultivated mind! Many a one has given up in despair, and with very much regret, a useful and pleasant study from sheer inability to work entirely alone, and wishing most strongly there were some means of getting help. These thoughts are not always expressed, but many a heart will respond to our suggestion. Happily this cloud is passing away, *the evil* has found a remedy; only, unfortunately, all those who would benefit by it have not yet realised, even if they have heard of, its existence. This article is written with the conviction that correspondence classes are of the utmost value from many points of view, a conviction in which apparently many persons share, otherwise how can one account for their continuous extension, for the recognition they receive from students and teachers of such a variety of subjects, and from their establishment in connection with our universities? Let us examine somewhat the origin and nature of this mode of instruction.

It cannot be doubted that the idea of teaching by correspondence has arisen from the enormous extension of examinations, more especially from the examinations connected with our universities, but outside the universities themselves—those that are known as the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. Candidates for both the junior and senior examinations are generally either at school or under regular home instruction; but then the higher examinations open to both sexes above the age of eighteen years can seldom be said to apply to pupils under regular instruction. As a matter of fact, a large number of candidates presenting themselves for these examinations are either teaching or preparing to become teachers. It is almost an essential now in every good school that the teachers shall give proof of their own culture by the possession of some university degree or certificate.

London, Cambridge, Oxford, St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, and Dublin have each put forth their own schemes for the examination of women; and the certificates of each university have a monetary value, hence the desire to obtain them, and the growing need of preparatory work among those who are no longer schoolgirls.

This will also account for the general close connection between the idea of correspondence classes and examinations. Successful examinations require not only the possession of a certain amount of exact knowledge, but also the power of giving out that information in a definite time and the art of expressing one's self in the most clear and concise manner. *Now* one sees the advantage of regular and methodical work, of forming the habits of writing, in a given time, exact, full, and clearly expressed answers to given questions—a habit which can only be acquired in the majority of cases by continued practice. Let us see what this implies: of course, some general knowledge to begin with; then much attentive reading, some thought, some power to condense, some power to reproduce, &c. Each separate act here means so much time devoted to work, and in the case of those already engaged in teaching this is a great consideration, hence saving of time becomes an important item. Again our correspondence teaching steps in with help. The line of thought is planned for the student, the subject for reading is fixed; it may be sometimes the books, nay the very pages in the book which requires reading may be noted down; the time probably to be devoted to the paper, if not actually spoken of to the student, has been so carefully thought over by the teacher that it fits in with that which will be given at the time of examination, and the questions on the subject of study with which the student is provided are so concise, so searching, so pointed that it is impossible to miss the great points to be remembered. The reading for the paper, the writing the paper, the reading of the paper after the teacher has read it and commented on it, perhaps started subjects for reflection on it, can scarcely have failed to produce even on those of medium attainments some lasting benefit.

Special attention has here been given to this system as a method of preparation for examination, because this really is one of its chief uses in the present day, and in the majority of advertisements in connection with classes one finds such statements as "Pupils have been placed in the 1st and 2nd B.A., and in the honour list of the matriculation," "Most of the students obtained good places in the class-list last year," &c. But examinations are not the end-all and be-all of life; though they have their advantages, they have also their drawbacks; and correspondence teaching must aim at a more liberal and less exclusive work than that of preparing for examinations only.

Let us turn our attention at present to those who, from want of means, delicate health, or other circumstances, are unable to avail themselves of good teaching at classes held at universities, colleges, &c., as well as to those who live in secluded country districts, and are altogether beyond the reach of such lectures. These are the people to whom correspondence teaching supplies a real want. When Mahomet called the mountain to him in vain, his remark to his followers was, "Well, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain." We fancy we hear someone remark, "Well, it does seem extraordinary, but we do see that it is true. We are unable to go to the university for teaching, but the university teaching can come to us." An article in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER spoke of the Cambridge professors who teach by correspondence only a short time since.

Country life, too, gives so much more time than town life for carrying on systematic study, especially during the winter months, and it is generally from October to May that the classes work, corresponding with the University term time. Now there seems to be absolutely no reason why every girl should not follow out during the winter some special study. What benefits to herself would not accrue from the steady, continued study of, say, a period of history, the chief works of some authors, either English or foreign, or a natural science? With the help of questions on prepared work, directions as to books, solutions of difficulties, &c., &c., how pleasant and profitable the study may become! *Exactness* of knowledge, and the power to express one's own thoughts in good language, arec ertainly not the least valuable results arising from such a study.

To those who are not very strong correspondence teaching must be a great boon. One can select one's own time for working—the hours of the day, and days of the week; it seldom happens that papers are sent more frequently than twice in a month, sometimes only once, therefore there need be no pressure or over anxiety.

Then, as to the variety of subjects which may be thoroughly grasped by an industrious and intelligent student; they are so numerous that it would be almost impossible to make an exhaustive list, while of the few subjects for which one feels that other teaching is necessary, so much may be accomplished by correspondence that a few practical lessons from a good teacher will cause difficulties to vanish as by magic.

So far we have dealt chiefly with the practicability and desirability of this method of teaching—a method which we, the most eminently practical people, see to be extending on all sides of us; but to secure success there must be hearty co-operation in the work of teacher and student. Correspondence teachers may be able to do a great deal, may know a great deal, but they cannot work magic, and no student must expect to pass an examination by joining a class a month or two before the examination, or by giving the barest possible answers to the teacher's questions, and expecting knowledge to flow in because a university professor sends questions. Everybody knows that there is no royal road to learning, but whatever is worth

doing at all is worth doing well, and though everything in the beginning is hard, yet patience and perseverance will overcome great difficulties, and no one can fail in any good work who does it heartily. "As much as you can do, as well as you can do it," is the utmost that can be asked of any of us. Now let us try to sum up some good reasons why correspondence teaching may be recommended.

1. Because our education must continue as long as we live, and after a certain period of school life we must teach ourselves for the most part.

2. Because, however much we may desire to teach ourselves, we shall work much better, that is, with more profit to ourselves and with less waste of time, by putting ourselves under the guidance of a good teacher.

3. Because we are not likely to know all the best books on the subject we wish to study, or the special parts of certain books which require the most careful reading.

4. Because we may prepare ourselves for the examinations for women which are held in connection with most universities now, and so obtain certificates which are valuable in every case, but particularly useful if we are teaching or wish to become teachers.

5. Because of the real benefits to be derived from the discipline of a regular and systematic course of study—a far more valuable result even than the getting of a certificate.

6. Because we can work for our correspondence teacher without infringing in the least on our household duties.

7. Because the habit of expressing one's-self in the best and most concise way, though always admired, is not easily acquired without practice.

8. Because though we may be living in a most retired and secluded district, we can by this means avail ourselves of an advantage almost, if not quite, equal to that of being able to attend the university lectures.

Self-improvement then is the great object which correspondence teaching chiefly aims at; let us use it as a stepping-stone to obtain that which is *best*. J. P. M.

WOOL CROCHET.

COTTON crochet answers very well for ornamental purposes, but wool crochet is preferred by the weak-sighted and the real matter-of-fact worker. With wool the steel hook is replaced by a long bone or wooden one, sometimes tipped with a knob, but of that more anon. As to the stitches, we may divide them into two great classes: those similar to the stitches employed in ordinary crochet, and special stitches which vary very much. With the first kind articles are made such as shawls, square and half square, comforters, cuffs, hoods, and dolly's smart dresses, &c. Not very long ago I was surprised, whilst in a large linendraper's, to watch the ready sale of little socks in open square crochet, sold at the trifling price of 5½d. per pair. I at once closed with such a bargain, and handed over my purchase to a poor woman, who has since told me how useful were the new socks to her baby—the very thing for the summer; so light and airy; and the best of all, too, they washed and dried in no time, without shrinking.

However, among all the plain stitches the triangular treble is decidedly the favourite, and with it almost any article can be shaped. To work it, you may either crochet in straight rows, in slanting ones, or in a square, starting from a centre hole and setting the corners by working two groups of trebles into one stitch. In the same way shape also the point of a half square shawl.

The slantwise method being, perhaps, the least familiar, I have chosen this for the first illustration.

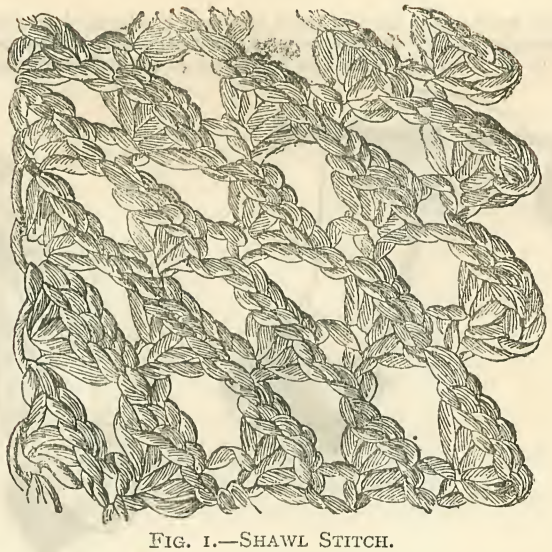


FIG. 1.—SHAWL STITCH.

A glance at it will show you that the triangular stitch is made up of doubles instead of trebles, and that the groups are worked between each other and separated by one chain. Commence by a single group, increase at every row until you have the required width across, then decrease in the same proportion till there is but one group again, thus forming the square. At the end of every row make one chain to serve as the foundation-stitch for the group worked into it above. Continue one chain, three doubles, into the next separating chain beneath; crochet back by a row of single to the point whence you first started, and make one chain to commence the next. This row of single crochet, by doubling the line at the top of the groups, adds great strength to the work, and renders it very suitable for a sofa blanket.

I will now explain to you quite a different mode of making this stitch, which perhaps you will find quicker. Crochet a chain of twenty-five; this will give you the depth of a nice border. 1st Row.—Raise all the loops, as in crochet *tricoté*. 2nd Row.*—Draw the needle through five of the loops at once, make five chain; repeat from * four times. The line finishes by five loops taken together; add five chain to replace the five stitches pulled into one at the commencement. Thus you form the bias. 3rd Row.—Raise twenty-five loops, like in 1st row; repeat 2nd row, and so on.

Another way of reproducing open and dense crochet is shown in fig. 2, where balls alternate with holes, giving the effect of raised square crochet.

To make the balls, proceed thus: crochet a foundation chain with any even number of stitches, turn and, missing four, twist the wool round the needle and pierce it into the fifth; draw the wool through, twist it over, and draw through again; twist and draw through for the third time, leaving seven loops on the needle; bring the wool through all these at once, and set the ball by one chain, another chain to separate the balls, then begin the next one.

Balls are still more effective on opaque surfaces, such as the one given in fig. 3.

For this make one row of double crochet, break off the wool and commence again for the first line; *five double crochet into the sixth; work one treble, three long trebles (winding the wool twice round the needle), one treble; repeat from *. You have now a row of spaced scallops, each separated by five double crochet. Break off the wool again, and in the second row set the scallops into balls thus: make double crochet until the first one is reached, then take the first and last chain of the scallop on the hook, and draw the wool tightly through these as well as the loop on the needle; the scallop then doubles into a clump or ball. Five more double crochet; set the next scallop in the same way, and so on to the end. In the third and every alternate row work a scallop into the centre stitch of the intervening five chain. A closer and richer-raised work is obtained by making balls at every fourth instead of every sixth stitch; this is the kind adopted for reproducing the diamond and other designs on squares or stripes for quilts, sofa and carriage blankets, bassinette covers, borders for vests, hoods, babies' and ladies' boots, &c.

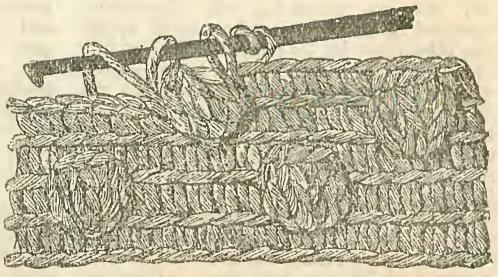


FIG. 3.—SPOTTED CROCHET.

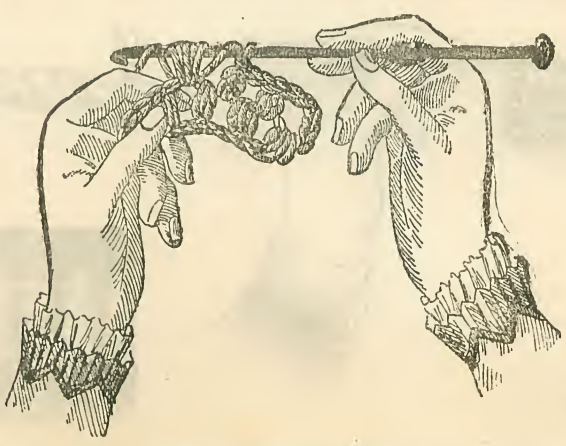


FIG. 2.—BALL CROCHET.

This kind of crochet is sometimes called ribbed crochet, but the real ribbed, or Russian, is more furrowed and alike on both sides. It is worked like double crochet, pricking the hook each time in the back of the chain—*i.e.*, the part which rests on the forefinger of the left hand whilst holding the work. Each row is turned with one chain to avoid losing a stitch, and this change of sides causes a ridge and a hollow at every pair of rows. Indeed, ribbed crochet is a capital stitch for every

sort of woollen boot, and being warm and elastic is highly appreciated, specially by invalids. Before making one it is always wiser to take measures, either on the foot, or, as the case may be, on the boot over which the crochet one has to be slipped. For fidgety people a brown paper pattern is often cut, and the increasings and decreasings managed by it. Some workers begin by the top, others by the toe; the last is certainly the easier plan. I will explain to you a boot made in this manner, which buttons on the instep to allow of its being readily put on or taken off. Commence at the toe by nine, eleven, or thirteen stitches, according to the thickness of wool and required size. Crochet backwards and forwards for twenty-three rows, shaping the piece in the centre by working three stitches into one, like for shawls. Be careful to preserve an unbroken line. There will, of course, be fifty-five, fifty-seven, or fifty-nine stitches to correspond with the number you started with. So much for the front. To begin the left side piece crochet as usual until the twenty-third stitch — *i.e.*, the one before the centre, then extend it by a chain of fourteen. Work back upon these and continue along the ribbed part; repeat backwards and forwards for about thirty-six rows, which will give eighteen ribs; the number naturally depends upon the intended height of the boot. Break off the wool and proceed exactly in the same manner for the opposite side, still leaving untouched the middle stitch. Then sow or, still better, crochet the two edges of the boot together at the back. Evidently, if preferred, you can soon impart a curve to the heel by contracting the stitches in sewing or by slightly decreasing the crochet. At the front opening sew buttons on one side, and along the other work fourteen long trebles, four of which will serve as buttonholes.

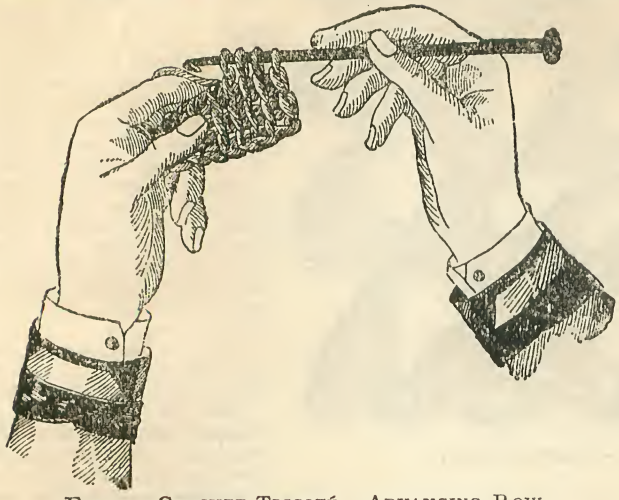


FIG. 4.—CROCHET TRICOTÉ. ADVANCING ROW.

Now make the sole, also in ribbed crochet, beginning from the toe with the same number of chain as for the boot; widen and narrow it by degrees, taking a felt sole as a guide, which, like the ribbed one, may be sewn to the boot. Many workers, however, merely work a narrow straight strip, then the boot shapes itself to the foot somewhat like a stocking. To complete the boot, crochet and sew round the top a lace or a band of the above-mentioned balls.

Before leaving the subject of balls, I may mention another way of making them for very twisted cotton. In this kind balls are made at every row, so that the work cannot be done backwards and forwards, but only on one side —as in circular d'oyleys, or squares wrought from a centre hole. For the first row, work one treble into the first stitch of the foundation chain, and into the second a scallop of one treble, three long trebles, one treble, five in all; one treble into the third chain, one scallop into the fourth; repeat these alternately. In the next row crochet a scallop into the first intervening treble of the line below, then make one treble above its scallop, at the same time drawing it into a ball by taking the first and last chain on the hook, and pulling the cotton tightly through these two at once, then finish the stitch in the ordinary manner.

We have now come to the famous crochet *tunisien* or crochet *tricoté*. This stitch is quite distinct from the former ones, and is worked with a regular *tricot* needle, finished off at the end by a knob, to prevent the stitches from dropping off, for in crochet *tunisien* each stitch of the advancing rows is successively taken, and kept on the needle just as in knitting. Proceed in this wise: Make a chain, as a foundation to a stripe or square; miss the end chain stitch, prick the hook into the next, draw the wool through, and leave the loop thus formed on the needle; repeat to the end of the row, when you will have a row of loops corresponding to the number of chain. (See fig. 4.)

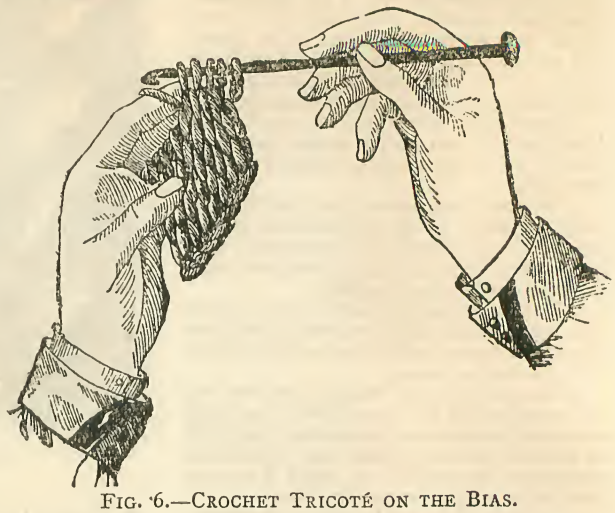


FIG. 6.—CROCHET TRICOTÉ ON THE BIAS.

In the returning row, twist the wool round the needle, and draw it rather loosely through the first loop, wool over again, and draw it through the chain on the needle and the next loop at the same time; continue thus to work off every loop.

Look now at the row you have just made; it forms a series of loop bars, with a chain running between them along the top. This open line will be rendered more opaque by making the third row; use the chain on the needle for the first loop, or a stitch will be lost; then, holding the needle horizontally, slip it through the front strand of the nearest loop below (fig. 4), draw the wool through, keep the loop on the needle. When all are picked up, return as in the second row. Crochet *tricoté* forms a close handsome stitch for petticoats, jackets, pelerines, and also for any kind of wrappers. When employed as covers or *couvrepieds*, it is usually wrought in strips or squares of well harmonising colours, enhanced by clumps in relief, or by charming

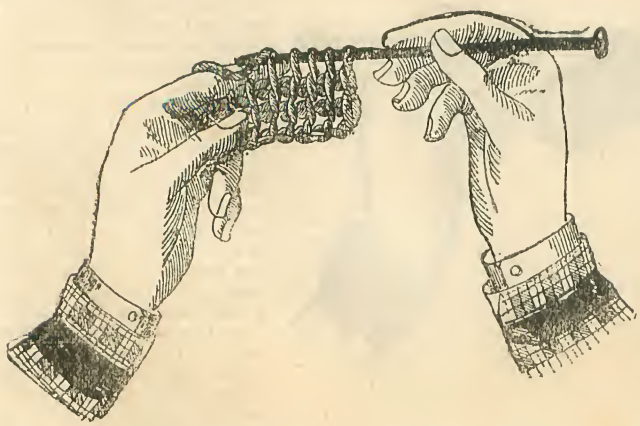


FIG. 5.—CROCHET TRICOTÉ. RETURNING ROW.

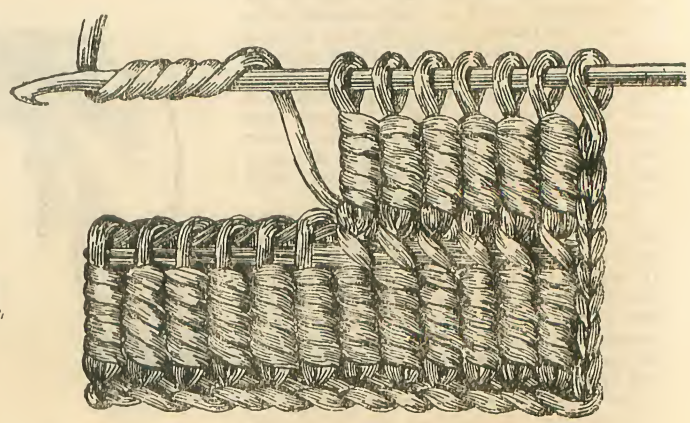


FIG. 7.—THE COILED TREBLE.

designs in *passé* embroidery, cross and long stitches.

Fig. 6 shows the crochet *tricoté* worked on the bias; instead of taking up merely the *front* strand of the loop, take up with it the back one also.

The stitch, though in itself rather pretty, cannot, from its slantwise direction, be adapted to many purposes, except diamonds, squares, and wide bands.

With the smooth *tricoté* bands are often effectively combined strips in a raised stitch, which I will call the coiled treble.

Make a foundation line of crochet *tricoté*, then three chain to turn, * wind the wool five times over the hook, pierce it through the perpendicular stitch of the line beneath, draw the wool through all at once except the first chain, which leave on the needle, repeat from *, and at the end of the row return by pulling the wool through one loop at a time. For small things any ordinary woollen hook will do, but for wide strips, &c., where the stitches almost cover the needle, it is safer to use one tipped with a ball; some of the newest ones are made in gutta-percha, and are sold at 3d. each. The various sizes required may be ascertained with the bell gauge, also used for knitting needles; sixpenny ones answer the purpose very well.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEREDITH AND MAY.

ALMOST at break of day May went down to the pit. There were not many people about it, and most of the men seemed to be below. But she gathered at once that the passage had been sufficiently cleared to admit of individuals creeping through the mass on hands and knees, and she learnt that Uncle Laban had gone in with some others. She stood awhile, with clasped hands and dilated eyes, gazing down into the terrible abyss. Mr. Richards and Dr. George arrived while she was so standing, and the latter said that she would be better at home and in bed.

"I know—I know; but I cannot rest while they are in there," she replied.

The work of clearance was still going on, and the corves were continually ascending and descending. Mr. Richards himself went down. Shortly after, Miss Edith appeared, and May ran to her as to a friend and protectress. More people assembled by degrees, and once more the scene was alive with anxious faces and suppressed voices.

Suddenly, a shout was heard from below. The crowd fell back as if it had been an earthquake, then pressed forward to gaze down into the pit.

"They are found! They are saved!" cried May to Edith.

"We must not be too hopeful," replied the latter.

The silence that ensued was awful. The spectators scarcely breathed in their intensity of expectation. They discovered, however, that the shout arose when a huge mass of obstructive matter had given way and afforded free ingress to the mine. In course of time men came up with the news that they had heard voices, in some distant part, singing hymns, and a burst of thanksgiving welcomed the intelligence.

"They are ready for the worst, then," whispered May.

"They always support one another by singing," responded Edith.

These young girls were so excited and harrowed by expectation that they could not leave the spot, and May, for once, forgot the anxious friends at home. At last the echo of another shout reached them, and May nearly fell to the ground with the emotion it caused, but Edith supported her. Living beings had been found. Shortly afterwards a corf appeared, mounting steadily the gloomy shaft, out of which stepped strong men supporting, or even carrying, their weaker and exhausted brothers. Every one pressed round them, and they were received with cries of joy by those to



"GAZING DOWN INTO THE TERRIBLE ABYSS."

whom they belonged. But no Meredith was there. Here a wife wept over a husband, there a mother over a son; but they were weakened by long abstinence, and bruised and burnt, so that Dr. George had to see to them at once.

"Some are alive, some are dead," were the words that reached May.

At last she turned so sick and faint, that Edith insisted on taking her back to Tygwyn. They had scarcely related what they had seen and heard, when there was a sound as of many voices outside in the ravine.

May rushed to the door. She saw a crowd approaching, and, in another moment, Laban appeared, staggering as he walked. He passed into the house with the words, "Don't be frightened; he is not dead only—only—hurt;" and then he sank down, covered his face, and began to cry like a child.

Wife, father, mother surrounded him, but May remained to watch the procession that followed. Colliers were bearing some sort of stretcher, and, as she ran forward to meet it, she perceived that Meredith was laid upon it. She screamed involuntarily, but was partly relieved by the sound of his dear voice—

"I am all right, cousin May," he said, hearing her shriek.

They carried him into the house and laid him on his bed; then all, save Dr. George who was with him, hastened back to the pit. Laban was too exhausted to speak, and May almost feared that he would die, there and then.

"Get me the cordial from the cupboard. Boil up the kettle," came from an unexpected voice.

It was 'Lizbeth, roused to exertion and self-reliance by sights that would have cowed stronger women. Edith helped May to do what she ordered, while Evan and Peggy prevailed on Laban to go to bed. Father and son were equally incapable, and they had been rendered so by their self-devotion to others. Dr. George went from one to the other, so did 'Lizbeth; but May knew that she was best away trying to comfort her grandparents.

"What is it?" she asked of Dr. George.

"I scarce know yet," was the vague reply, "but many are worse off than we are. It is awful at the pit, and I must go back, though Dr. Lewis, and Jones, the Myntai, have arrived. Some have been brought up dead, others dying, all more or less hurt. The explosion must have been dreadful, and they couldn't have held out much longer."

"What of Twm?" asked Evan.

"Dead, I am afraid, grandfather!"

"What will become of Leah and the children?" cried May.

"I will go to them at once, and bring word how she is," said Miss Edith, her face almost as pale and horror-stricken as May's.

Soon after Edith was gone, Mr. Richards appeared, accompanied by his friend, Dr. Lewis, an experienced physician. While the doctor was with Meredith, Mr. Richards told Evan that he understood Meredith had, in some way as yet unknown, saved many lives —all, indeed, that were saved—and there were not so many killed as Dr. George had said: but Leah's husband was amongst them.

"And he was the head of the threatened strike," he added, while poor Evan groaned aloud.

By degrees, however, some sort of calm succeeded the storm, and it was found necessary to keep the house perfectly quiet, because Laban was exhausted by long labour and want of sleep, while Meredith was not only seriously scorched, but, the doctors feared, had fever from the strain and excitement he had passed through, the extent of which was not known until afterwards. Still, they did not apprehend danger.

"We are only in the way, mother; let us be going. The child is of use, and can stop," said Evan to Peggy. "Now that 'Lizbeth is roused up, they won't want for nursing."

"We have never before been parted," cried May, clinging to her grandfather. "What will you do without me?"

"We shall muddle along somehow, and be glad to have thee back, please God," replied Evan, as he and Peggy left Tygwyn with many a tear and many a prayer.

"The child," as Evan still loved to call May, was, indeed, of use. She had long found her vocation in her loving care of her grandparents; she now found it as a nurse. Laban was ill, Meredith seriously injured, and she had ample opportunity of showing her gratitude to them for their kindness to her. Not that she thought of gratitude; her feelings were all love and tender pity. 'Lizbeth's powers varied, for unnatural energy will not last for ever. Still she was roused to more exertion than she had shown since the loss of two sons by a mining accident. But it was a pitiful state of things. All she had in the world was at stake — husband, son, daughter, all down at once. As to Leah, her life was despaired of. When it was made known to her that her husband was amongst those brought up dead from the mine, she had brain fever. Of course, Rachel could not leave her for long together, and was only able to see her father and brother for a few minutes at a time, and at long intervals.

Journals contain frequent accounts of coal-mine accidents, but outsiders do not realise what they are. This at Derwen cast many families into despair, while it served to bring out the good in all. Less than a dozen men and boys were actually killed, but many were injured. Amongst the killed was little Davy's father, and he, poor lad, was orphaned. May's compassionate heart felt for him—for all; and when Edith, or one of her sisters came from time to time to see after the family at Tygwyn, they harrowed her with details. Indeed, all the neighbours seemed, to her sensitive mind, almost to take a pleasure in recounting their own or their friends' miseries.

She was truly thankful that, when the day of the funerals of those killed arrived, she was unable to attend. But 'Lizbeth went, and Laban insisted on rising from his bed to accompany her. Indeed, he was by that time sufficiently recovered. The Welsh are very strict in their observance of all ceremonies, whether gay or sad. Marriages and burials are equally numerously attended. Thus, when Laban and 'Lizbeth left the house in their respectable mourning, they were joined by many friends, who accompanied them to poor Leah's desolate abode.

May was left alone with Meredith, and very sad and solemn were her thoughts on that melancholy day. Not a sound was heard in the house, save the ticking of the clock and rippling of the brook without; for Meredith was to be kept free from all excitement. His face was swathed in linen, having been much burnt; and as May sat quietly by his side, she did not know if he were awake or asleep. She had not yet heard the details of the explosion, for the inquests had only been held the previous day, and many inquiries were still pending.

Suddenly she started, for she heard singing in the ravine, and was afraid of its effect on Meredith. She realized that the funeral procession was about to pass before the curtained windows, and that they were singing hymns as they bore the mortal remains of more than one relative or friend to their last home. She involuntarily put her fingers in her ears and suppressed a cry.

"Read me the funeral service, May," came from her cousin, as he lay apparently passive.

"I am afraid. You must be quiet, dear cousin," she replied.

"You need not fear, it will soothe me. But for the mercy of God I should be there."

May shuddered, but she fetched a Prayer-book from the shelf in the living-room, and did as Meredith wished. The wailing hymn died away as she began to read, and she felt as if voice and strength had departed from her. But they came back by degrees, and she selected portions from the solemn and beautiful service, which she read as well as her tears would let her. This lasted some time, but was ended at last.

"Now play and sing me some hymns," said Meredith.

"Dear cousin, it will excite you," pleaded May.

"No; it will soothe me as the service has done," he replied. "I was excited before, now I am calm."

His room was on the ground floor, and opened into the kitchen; so she went to the harmonium, leaving the door ajar. She played and sang as softly as she could, and surely such sounds could only soothe the soul, for they were so sweet as to resemble angel music.

"Go on, dear May, go on," he would say, when she paused; and she sang hymn after hymn, chant after chant, going to and fro to him between.

"Now play me something of Handel's," he whispered.

And her tremulous fingers played over the chords.

When she went to him again he was asleep, and she remembered how he had once sung to her when she was ill, and she asked God to bless the voice He had given her for her cousin's good. As she

sat by his bedside she laid her head against his pillow, and, wearied out by the excitement and wretchedness of the previous days, she too slumbered.

She was aroused by her cousin's voice, and hastened to bring him some nourishment, which was simmering by the fire. She was obliged to put it to his lips, for his bandages prevented his seeing.

"Thank you, dear," he said. "I feel much better. Now let me tell you how it all happened."

"You must not, cousin Meredith," cried she, alarmed. "I am to keep you quite quiet."

"Only a few sentences, but I must tell you myself. There, hold my hand, and I shall be quite calm. When I went into the mine I found them talking and whispering in knots. I knew something was wrong, but dared not interfere. They worked sulkily and avoided me, giving me to understand I had raised myself to oppress them. Poor Twm, and David, the Mill, were the worst. At last I told them that the master was going to give them musical instruments and a trained instructor in the mines, and that he thought of our competing for the prizes at the Crystal Palace next year.

"'Tis more money not more music we want," said some; but the rest gathered round me, while I said all I could think of against a strike, and for obedience to law and order. We were standing in an out-of-the-way part, as one may say; the few discontented slunk off from us. In a moment we heard a terrific noise, and the explosion took place. Though we were knocked down we were miraculously preserved, but we heard the screams of the others, and as soon as we recovered our senses tried to make our way to them. We were scorched and hurt but not destroyed. But oh! the agony of that day and night. We who were saved did what we could to find the others, but it was pitch dark, for all our lamps had gone out. You know the rest. Father found us first; then the other good friends came and released us, thank God!"

"Then it was those who were true to their duty who were saved?" asked May.

"I scarcely know. But those who were for the strike were killed. It was horrible."

"Then that is what great grandfather meant when he said it was 'the judgment of the Lord.' Now you must not talk any more. I think it is all over at the church by this time, and uncle and aunt will soon be back. Miss Edith told me that Mr. Richards was going to take great grandfather and grandmother with him in the carriage."

"Has Miss Edith been here to-day, cousin May?"

"Not since yesterday; they are all going to attend the funerals. How sad—how very sad it seems!"

"Poor Leah! God help her!" ejaculated Meredith. "I would give much to have saved Twm."

"Try not to think of it, cousin; try to sleep," said May, while tears were streaming down her own cheeks. "I must have the tea ready against they come back. Aunt 'Lizbeth will want it. How strange and sad it is!"

"Leave the door open that I may hear you," said Meredith, "silence is so melancholy."

And thus May went quietly about her work, drawing back the blinds and making all look cheerful, while her heart was sorrowful. And Meredith listened.

"I hope they are all in heaven," she said to herself, thinking that the time was very long, and wishing for Uncle Laban's return.

(*To be continued.*)

ON SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

IV.

WHEN at length you can make a satisfactory drawing of the forms (outlines), and of the shades or tones of any easy landscape scene in black and white, you may proceed to the attempt to reproduce the colours of the objects before you. But, first of all, there are new materials to be procured; new tools, with the handling of which you must become familiar, and some preliminary instructions to be laid to heart.

The requisites for water-colour painting, reduced to their simplest elements, may be classed together under three heads:—A plane surface to paint on, brushes to paint with, and pigments to supply the colouring matter. Of these last a perfect red, a perfect yellow, and a perfect blue are, in theory, all-sufficient; but, inasmuch as these perfect colours are not attainable by any known means, the fact will not affect your practice materially. You may as well note and remember it, however. It may be made to afford you some guidance by-and-bye.

Of these three elementary requisites it is the merest affectation not to choose and to use the best upon which you can lay hands, and I shall endeavour to aid your judgment in selecting the best of each sort, but do not make too much account of your materials.

You will recognise in good time that in comparison to deftness and ability and resource in their management the quality of your materials is insignificant. I think it was Sir Edwin Landseer who painted a picture (in oils) on a sheet of the *Times* newspaper. Turner rubbed in shadows with his forefinger and scratched out lights with his thumb-nail; and Mr. Ruskin, in one of his most striking passages, says:—"Give me some mud off a city crossing, some ochre out of a gravel pit, a little whitening and some coal dust, and I will paint you a luminous picture, if you give me time to gradate my mud and subdue my dust: but though you had the red of the ruby, the blue of the gentian, snow for the light, and amber for the gold, you cannot paint a luminous picture, if you keep the masses of those colours unbroken in purity and unvarying in depth."

Bear all this in mind and do not miss the chance of noting down a beautiful and transient effect of colour to the best of your power, because you have only the inside of an envelope to paint upon and because that peculiarly luminous yellow which you ordered from your colourman has not yet arrived. But bear also in mind that a sharp knife is a better eraser than the thumb-nail, if the same skill and judgment guide each and that raw umber under the same conditions is certainly preferable to mud. The point to be observed is this: that the materials with which you work, good or bad, are only means to an end; the result is all in all.

Inasmuch, however, as the good workman, though he may be able to produce excellent work with indifferent tools will ever prefer the best for the purpose which lie at his disposal, I will now endeavour to guide you rightly in the choice and preparation of these elementary requisites for water-colour painting mentioned above, taking them in the order in which they are there set down.

First, with respect to the plane surface on which you are to paint.

I believe that for this purpose nothing, upon the whole, more satisfactory can be chosen than Whatman's hand-made drawing-paper of medium texture and of a good thickness, strained, as I shall presently show you how, upon a common deal clamped drawing-board.

This paper is manufactured of three textures, which are technically distinguished by the terms "rough," "not," and "hot-pressed."

The sort called "rough" is, as its name implies, covered with little knots and depressions, while the "hot-pressed" is passed, at a certain stage of its manufacture, between heated rollers to give its surface a smoothness and gloss. The "not" paper is a medium between these two. It has the grain of the "rough," but is finer in texture, and it avoids the satiny surface of the "hot-pressed" which is too polished to "take" the washes of colour kindly. For all ordinary landscape work the "not" is to be preferred. The others are useful, perhaps indispensable for certain sorts of work, but for your purposes at present nothing can excel the "not."

Besides the surface of your paper, the substance should also engage your attention. It should not be too flimsy, but it need not be too stout. That which weighs 90 or 100 lbs. to the ream will serve admirably. I need not trouble you about the sizing of the paper. It is, indeed, a point of paramount importance, but if you get Whatman's hand-made paper, and get it from a respectable artist's-colourman, you may for the present, I think, make your mind pretty easy upon this point.

In the best papers flaws will sometimes occur, and you should never fail to examine each sheet that you buy, so that you may reject at once such as are imperfect. To do this hold the sheet, face downwards, above the level of your eyes with the outer edge, sloped upwards towards the light, and look up at the inverted surface. If any spots appear upon it brighter or duller than the general tone (they will usually be duller), reject it at once; but if the whole surface, as you turn it about to let the light strike downwards from every part, seems perfect and unsullied, then you may select it with good confidence.



It will sometimes, but not often, happen that, in spite of your most careful examination, flaws will show themselves when you come to paint upon your paper; the colour will perhaps sink in at a certain spot, which

will show up darker than the rest, and this flaw will become more and more prominent as you proceed with your painting. You need not mind the fault if it be not very glaring; I will tell you presently how you may overcome it. If, however, on damping your paper with clear water it presents a mottled appearance, as it will do at times, although in its dry state it appears perfect, then take it back to the person from whom you bought it and get another piece in its place, for it is of no use to you.

Be sure that you paint on the right side of your paper. The reverse cannot be depended upon, and it is often difficult to tell at a glance the face from the back. The right, or working side, is that on which, when you hold up the sheet between your eye and the light, you can read the maker's name in the watermark, with the letters running in their natural order from left to right. Mark this side on each margin with a pencil, so that you may know it again.

Now when you have chosen your paper, it remains so to fix it that it shall preserve a plane—that is, an even—surface when it comes to be wetted with clear water, or with broad washes of colour.

The most effectual and, I believe, the best mode of securing this flatness, and preserving it through the whole progress of the painting, is to strain the paper in the manner I am about to describe on an ordinary clamped or panelled drawing-board of a convenient size. You may indeed buy "blocked sketch-books," which will save you this trouble, but they do not, in my experience, keep a flat surface when wetted; and often when the drawing is carried to the full extent of the paper, the moisture dissolves the cement with which the leaves are fastened together, and the result is then a very billowy and unsatisfactory surface, which never comes quite flat again.

These blocks provide, however, so ready and economical a surface for sketching upon, that the disadvantages which attend their use may be overlooked in view of their many counterbalancing advantages; and, if you can afford it, it will be as well for you to possess one or two of different sizes. They will serve excellently at any rate for your slighter work.



For the drawings which you intend to execute with some amount of finish and to submit to those processes of sponging, washing, &c, which become necessary in more ambitious efforts, it is best to proceed as follows. Get a drawing-board of deal as above mentioned; (the size known as "4to imperial" is very useful), and a piece of carefully selected paper cut to such a size as to project about an inch and a half on every side of your drawing board. Lay the paper face downwards on a clean table or on a larger drawing-board, and place the board on the middle of it as in fig. 1 (p. 283). Now take a sharp pointed knife and cut away the corners as shown in fig. 2 (p. 283), then remove the drawing-board. Provide a clean towel or cloth, a soft sponge, some clean water, and some stiff paste; rice paste is said to be the best, but common paste made of flour and water serves every purpose. Spread the towel smoothly on the table, and perform the succeeding operations on it. I will tell you why presently.

Lay the paper upon the towel and with the sponge full of water damp both sides thoroughly and leave it for some ten minutes to absorb the moisture. Then, looking carefully to see that the face of the paper lies *downwards* next to the cloth, replace the drawing-board on the paper in the position it occupied when you cut away the corners and with your paste brush paste the strip A of the paper, and also about an inch in width of the back of the drawing-board, where the edge A will lie when it is folded over. Now fold the pasted strip over the back of the board, being specially careful not to allow any movement of the board. To this end press heavily with the left hand on the centre of the drawing-board, while with the right you pull and pat and smooth the strip of paper firmly, and cause it to adhere tightly to the back of the board. Proceed in the same way with B, C, and D, in their turn, and you may then take up the board with its strained paper and set it aside with its face to the wall to dry.

It is here that you will find the advantage of having a cloth underneath, for if these operations had been carried on upon the flat bare table, the exclusion of air during the pressure applied in the process of pasting would have caused the wet paper to adhere to the table, just as the toy called a sucker adheres to a flat stone; and the force needful to raise the board might probably have loosened the paper and spoilt the result of all your pains.

Before the paper is ready for painting on it must be allowed to become quite dry; and here I will give you two warnings: do not on any account rub, nor, if you can help it, touch the face of the paper while it is wet; and do not force or hasten the drying of the paper. If you are in a great hurry and are tempted to bring it near the fire, place it with its back towards the fire, and not very close, not within four or five feet, so that the paste may set before the face contracts, but you will do very much better to leave it in a dry atmosphere without having recourse to artificial heat.

Framed drawing-boards are sold, in which the moistened paper is held in its place by the pressure of a movable panel. These do, no doubt, economise time and trouble to some extent, but I have never found them quite satisfactory, and no time or trouble need be counted lost which gives you, in the result, a good and comfortable surface to paint upon.

So much for the drawing-paper. Your next care must be to procure proper brushes. Of these the most generally useful are those made of brown sable hair. The red sable brushes are stronger and stiffer, and these qualities give them a value in working foregrounds and other portions of a landscape where the colour is used in a less fluid state, and for these parts even the hog-hair brushes used by painters in oil are sometimes very serviceable. To begin with, however, three round brown sable brushes of the sizes usually marked, when made with metal ferules, 2, 4, and 7, respectively, and one flat sky or wash-brush of Siberian hair, for very broad, smooth washes, will suffice.

(*Continued on page* 282.)

MISTEEN.

A TRUE STORY THAT MAY BE TRUER.

It was no good! Uncle Joss either *could* not tell or *would* not tell. When we held him tight by his two most willing hands, and declared he should not go until he had told us, he only wrinkled up his eyes in a comical manner, and said, "Ask papa." Then, as if to add to our perplexity, Uncle Joss whispered, "But I'll tell you *this much*, girls—if it had not been for this same Misteen you might have had a different mamma."

"Another mamma!" we all shrieked, and then subsided into horrified silence, which was at last broken by Agnes, the stately one of our party, who exclaimed, with a quiet dignity of her own "That could not be. There are ten thousands of mammas in the world, but there is but *one* '*our* mamma,' there never *has been* such another, there never *can be* such another, and there never——"

"Come now, my pet. I hope you are not going to add, 'and there never *shall* be such another!'" laughed our dear, good-tempered uncle, "for that would make but a poor look-out for the next generation, for whom I hope there may be many such in store." Agnes looked thoughtful for a minute, then all her ruffled dignity settled down into an expression of gentle seriousness, as, fixing her large grey eyes on Uncle Joss, she said earnestly,

"Dear! What foolish things one may say by speaking hastily! Whatever can silly girls do who have not got a kind, wise Uncle Joss to set them right when they say such nonsense?"

"Ah, if they have not *Uncle Josses*, they may have a Misteen mother, and that is a hundred per cent. better!"

"There you are again, uncle, *on* about that mysterious Misteen!" cried several of us; but Agnes walked straight over to him, and, laying both hands on his shoulders (which was a tiptoe height for her), said, mock authoritatively, "Now, Uncle Joss, I tell you solemnly, I think it is *due* to us that you should tell us *who*, or at any rate *what*, Misteen is; and I shall look at you till you do—here—just like *this*."



And Agnes opened her eyes very wide beneath their delicately-arched brows, and fixed them full on her uncle's face, in order to *siren* him into obedience, as she would sometimes call that peculiar look of hers; but, to our surprise, Uncle Joss did not laugh, or return her

stare in wolf-fashion, as was his wont on these occasions. He merely raised her upturned face still higher, and regarding it almost respectfully, said, affectionately, "Observe, my child, I did not say *another* mamma, but a *different* one. Uncle Joss's most earnestly prayerful hope for his sweet Agnes is, that she may prove herself as *true* a Misteen as her dear mother was before her!"

At these serious words any demonstration of curiosity on our part was hushed into one prolonged "Oh-h-h-h!" We felt, rather than saw, that the curtain was now about to be raised and Misteen herself appear! Nor were we disappointed. All unawares Agnes had brought Uncle Joss up to telling point; and he himself perceiving that the right moment had arrived for introducing his heroine proceeded to do so forthwith, after duly clearing his voice to give full effect to his true story of Misteen the *First*. He laid a strong emphasis on this last word, turning a sly look towards Agnes as he spoke. On which, after blushing furiously, she faintly articulated, "I am quite willing to be Misteen the Second, if she is anything *nice*, dear uncle."

"A *true* story which may be *truer*," recommenced Uncle Joss. "A few years ago—I will not say how many—a sweet young creature, just passing from childhood to girlhood, was in great trouble of mind. Hers was not a trouble that one could lay hold of exactly, for it was in the form of a fear. She was dreading to-morrow, as a day on which she must put away childish things—and childish things she dearly loved—amongst them a charming little kitten, of which, on this particular occasion, she would not lose sight for a single moment, but would constantly say to it—'We must make *much* of each other to-day, Kitty, for it's the last day I must nurse you like this. *To-day* I am only twelve years and three hundred and sixty-four days old, but to-morrow I shall be thirteen and everyone will call me "Miss-in-her-teens," and I don't know what sort of difference that may make to us both."

"Why, that is just like Agnes; she will be thirteen next week," cried Rose with great glee. "Will *she* be 'Miss-in-her-teens' too? How delightful, uncle!"

"I hope she will be something *more* than that," he replied.

"Don't you mean something *less* than that, uncle?" said Agnes, archly.

Uncle nodded a little quick, pleased nod, as he always did when we caught his meaning without explanation.

"And I think I see through *Misteen*, uncle. Is it not a contraction of 'Miss in her teens'?"

Contraction! That was so like Agnes. Young as she was, she always said the right word. I have since thought that perhaps that was because she always thought the right thing.

"Quite correct, darling," said Uncle Joss. "And this contraction, that commenced with a baby's inability to speak the whole word, soon became a word as full of tender meaning as a rose is full of scent; and to the present day it remains as a pleasant recollection of the past. But to go on with Misteen. She was thus lamenting over Kitty, when her brother came bounding over the lawn with 'I say, Sis, won't it be jolly to-morrow? we shall be thirteen!' (they were twins, I must tell you).

"'It may be jolly for *you*, for you are a boy; but I shall be "Miss-in-her-teens," and I dread it.'

"'Humbug! Why?' said the lad, brusquely.

"'Because I'm not sure what it means, or what I shall *have* to do, or *not* have to do.'

"'Oh, I don't know anything about what you *won't* have to do; but I know what you *will* have to do.'

"'What?' Sis eagerly asked.

"'Why, you will have to sew on a fellow's buttons stronger, for one thing; the one you put on my jacket to-day is off already. Then you'll have to clap a sort of general *er* on all you do——'

"'A general *er!* What, do you mean Joss?'"

"*Was the brother called Joss?*" cried Rosa.

Uncle Joss got very red, but only answered, "Never interrupt the speaker, my love. I've lost my place. Where was I? Oh! about the *ers*. "What do I mean by clapping on an *er*. Why, that if you are *bet* to-day you must *better* when you are Miss-in-her-teens! And if you are jolly now, you must be jollier then, and so on till you are of age, which is the *est* time. Why you'll just be stunning by that!'

"'But suppose I am just the reverse?' said Sis, trying to smile.

'Can't be, if you turn over a new leaf whilst it's fresh and crisp. That's another thing you will have to do.'

"Poor Sis! How the cloud of responsibility seemed to thicken! She wished she could put back the hands of her young life-clock to ten. Tears gathered freely, and to hide them she stooped down and buried her face in Kitty's soft fur, for it still snoozelled in her arms. 'Goodbye little sweetie Kitty,' she faltered in a tell-tale voice.

"'Goodbye! Why what's up? Is Kit going to be sent to Coventry, or elsewhere?'

"'*No*, but kittens are very childish things.'

"'Well, what of that?'

"'I shall have to put away childish things when I am thirteen. Miss-in-her-teens has always got to.'

"'Miss-in-her-rubbish, you mean!'

"'You are a very rude boy to speak so!' cried Sis, firing up as she sometimes did.

"'Come now, that flaring-up is another thing you must say good bye to. It's an *er* turned the wrong way. Really, though Sis, are you so slow as to think such rubbish about Kitty? My idea is, that if you like it a *bit* to-day, you must like it a *bouncing piece* to-morrow. Thirteen ought to be kinder than twelve. Don't you think so, old Sis?'

"A ray of hope gladdened her face, but she did not speak.

"'Peter the Great didn't put away kittens* I promise you! What is the use of getting older *one* way if we don't grow at the other too? We should only become a sort of hugger-mugger dwarfs, like the three crumps one reads of, if we only grew on one side.' And, imitating one of these goblins, the lad wriggled himself off, leaving Sis greatly relieved as to Kitty, but sorely oppressed by the thought of the duties of teenship, now so close upon her.

"'Well, perhaps, they may not look so formidable to-morrow, when they will come ushered in by all the loving gifts and wishes that affection can devise. Perhaps, after all, mamma will not require so *very* much of me, and as for sewing on the buttons, I can easily take stronger thread, or, rather, take *thread* instead of *cotton*.'

"'Ah, Sis, it is not what your kind, thoughtful mother will require of you that will make the difference; but what your *own heart* will demand—what all the little numberless duties of this life will look up to you for, when true girlhood commences; what your companions will expect from you, and what your little brothers and sisters will expect from you as the outcome of sisterly beauty in you.' It was with some such thoughts as these that Sis fell asleep on this last night of her twelfth year, and if they returned to her mind when she awoke on the eventful first morning of Miss-in-her-teenship, they were all tinged with that rosy tint which lends brightness to life, and imparts its pure colouring to fresh young spirits. The *duties* of thirteen seemed so exactly the right thing, that the joy of being called to them was very great in Sis's heart. And *very early* was she called to them; for before she was dressed, on this her thirteenth birthday, she was aroused by a joyous shout outside her room.

"'Misteen! Misteen! where am 'ou?—tum out and let us see 'ou.' Then from another voice—

"'Mate haste! do; we're all longing to kiss our real Misteen.'

"Sis threw open her door, and in a trice was surrounded by four children, who varied in ages from eight to two. They capered about her with the eager clamour of little ones examining a new possession; but at last the youngest looked up in wonder and lisped—

"'Is 'ou our Misteen?'

"'Sissy is anything her pet likes,' said Sis, catching up the child, and covering her with kisses.

"The child heaved a long sigh of satisfaction, and smoothing her sister's yet undone hair, whispered, mysteriously, '*Nice, dood* Misteen!'

"'What does baby mean, Nursey?' she asked of the nurse, who had followed the children into the room.

"'Oh, only some of Master Joss's nonsense, miss. For days he has been trying to teach her to say Miss-in-her-teens, to surprise you to-day; and he's been telling them all such rubbish about your never being cross again, or the like of that—that they are all expecting great things of to-day and Miss-in-her-teens.'

"'Miss—teen,' whispered baby, in a sweet, coaxing voice, 'Misteen.'

"And Sis accepted her new name, and henceforth, kept it too, until——"

Here Uncle John stopped abruptly.

"Till *when*, Uncle Joss? You tell the story so well that I think you must have learnt it by heart," said Agnes.

"So I have, my pet, and I have set my heart on something else, too."

Agnes looked.

"That you shall grow up like my sweet sister, your mother, *for she is Sis!*"

"I guessed it all along; but was *sure* when you said, 'Joss.' But you haven't told us when Misteen gave up that name?"

"Why, when she changed it for *Mrs.*, to be sure, silly child!" and one of Uncle Joss's loud refreshing laughs echoed through the room. Then, sobering down, he said to us all, "But mind, children, what I said to your mother once I say to you again, 'Turn over the new leaf whilst it is fresh and crisp!'"

* It is recorded of Peter the Great that he used to have several kittens frequently playing before him for his amusement.

ON SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

IV.

(*Continued from page* 280.)

The other sorts may be procured as the need for them makes itself felt, or as curiosity prompts you to make the trial.

You must learn early to choose your brushes judiciously, for they are expensive; and although a good and well-made brush, if it is treated with the consideration it deserves, will last long and improve with use, an indifferent brush will rapidly deteriorate and soon become hopelessly bad.

In choosing a brush pass it once or twice, while it is dry, across a piece of paper, or across the back of your hand, to separate the hairs thoroughly; then hold it upright between your eye and the light, and cause it to revolve slowly between your thumb and finger, in order to observe whether the hairs spring out symmetrically and taper evenly towards the

point. If there are any straggling or uneven hairs, or if the tips of any of the hairs appear to have been cut off, it is a bad brush, and may be thrown aside at once. When you

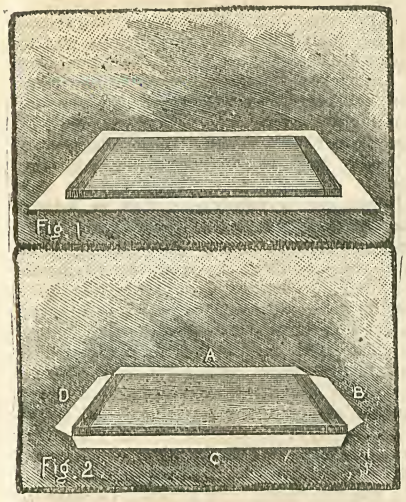
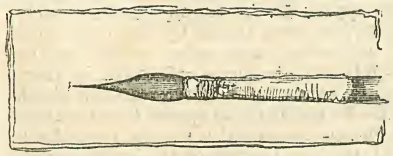


Fig. 2

have found several to pass the preliminary examination, ask for some water, and, having wetted one thoroughly, draw it firmly and rapidly once or twice across the edge of the glass in the direction from root to point to remove superfluous water; then examine it closely to see if it shows any tendency to divide into two or more points, in which case it would be useless. If it shows one smooth, round, unbroken surface, tapering to a good point, try it further by painting with the clear water on a piece of paper, and observe if, after pressing it on the paper, it springs back swiftly and unfailingly to its normal shape. If it does (and you must not cease your quest until you find one that passes all these tests) then you may hope that you have a good and serviceable tool which will repay all the care you can expend upon it.

Never let the paint dry in it. If you let Chinese white dry in it only two or three times it will appreciably injure it. Never let the hairs be rubbed the wrong way while it is drying, but wash it thoroughly and smooth it tenderly to a point each time when you have finished with it, and leave it in some secure place until you require its services again.

Do not think all this advice fidgetty and superfluous, the first paragraph of this paper notwithstanding. If it is the bad workman who quarrels with his tools, it is also the good workman who cherishes and loves them.



I had almost forgotten to tell you never to choose a brush with too weak, that is, too tapering and prolonged a point, however good the brush may seem to be in other respects. With such brushes it is impossible to get a single satisfactory stroke. The representations of the sizes of brushes above will give you an idea of a fairly well-shaped point; in the margin I give you the caricature of a weak and thready point as a warning.

Our third requisite is colour. Colours are now prepared in three forms—in cakes; in pans, when the colour is so tempered by the addition of some slowly-drying medium or vehicle, as it is technically called, as to remain moist for a long time; and in collapsible tubes, whence a small quantity of the still more fluid pigment may be squeezed as it is wanted. Of these three forms I believe the first—the hard cake colours—to be the absolute best. If you use these you should grind a sufficient quantity of the colours you need round the margin of a china palette before commencing your work. The second form is decidedly the most convenient and ready, though not so cleanly as the first, and the pans may be arranged in a japanned tin colour box, with palette and wells attached, which are all that need be desired for out-of-door work. The tube colours are only suitable for works of large dimensions where a considerable quantity of colour is required in a very accessible form; for sketchers and amateurs the tubes would probably be very wasteful.

With regard to the colours themselves, the following list embraces the majority of those in *common* use for landscape. There are many others, of course, and a list of all those which are made may be procured without cost from any artist's colourman; but from those enumerated below a choice may be made which will be quite sufficient for your present needs:—

YELLOW.—Aureolin, Cadmium, Lemon Yellow, Yellow Ochre, Raw Sienna, Indian Yellow, Gamboge.

ORANGE.—Burnt Sienna, Orange Vermilion.

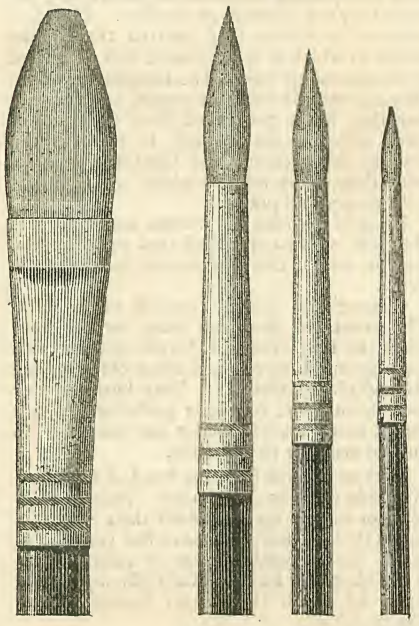
RED.—Light Red, Indian Red, Madder Lake.

GREEN.—Olive Green, Emerald Green.

BLUE.—Antwerp Blue, Indigo, Cobalt, French Ultramarine.

NEUTRALS (from warm to cold).—Madder Brown, Raw Umber, Burnt Umber, Vandyke Brown, Sepia, Payne's Grey, Blue Black, Chinese White.

I append a few remarks upon the qualities of these pigments, but your most valuable



BRUSHES.

knowledge of such matters must be drawn from active experience.

Aureolin.—A very pure yellow, bright without crudity, transparent, useful for evening skies, for pure greens, &c., and said to be quite permanent. Half pans, 1s. 6d. each.

Cadmium.—A very brilliant and intense mineral colour, washes well, and is permanent; very useful for glowing skies, as also for mixed greens. Semi-transparent. Half pans, 1s. 6d. each.

Lemon Yellow.—A pure pale yellow, permanent, nearly opaque. With a slight admixture of emerald green it gives a peculiarly pure sunny green, and used thickly is very useful for brilliant pale golden lights. Half pans, 1s. 6d. each.

Yellow Ochre.—A dull golden yellow, extremely useful. It is almost opaque, and has a tendency towards orange. It is quite permanent. Mixed with the brighter blues it gives a scale of sober greens most useful in landscapes; and its combinations with cobalt and light red, either or both, in varied proportions are unsurpassed for the distances and middle distances of a wooded landscape. Whole pans, 1s. each.

Raw Sienna.—A richer gold than the last, and transparent; is best used in rather thin washes and for glazing, that is, for passing over other tints to give warmth and a sunny effect. Used pure it is good for autumnal tints and in mixture with the blues gives very clear greens. Half pans, 6d.

Indian Yellow.—A very fine rich yellow, excellent for mixed greens. It is opaque, and is valuable from that fact. It can be used thickly with good effect. Permanent. Half pans, 9d. each.

Gamboge.—A very transparent yellow gum. Like raw sienna it should be used thinly, as it has a tendency to a brown opacity. In combination with the blues it gives fine bright greens, with sepia a useful olive, and with madder lake a rich colour, quite transparent, for glazing over autumnal tints. Half pans, 6d.

Burnt Sienna.—A very beautiful transparent orange, tending towards brown. Its clear washes give fine sunny tints, very useful in foliage, buildings, animals, and, indeed, throughout a landscape. Quite permanent. Half pans, 6d.

Orange Vermilion has much less transparency than the above. Is a useful colour in landscape, especially for skies and grounds. Half pans, 1s.

Light Red.—A transparent, but not powerful nor bright red earth, very useful in combinations with the blues for producing grey cloud tints and for giving warmth and neutrality to the greyish and purplish greens of distance. Permanent. Half-pans, 6d.

Indian Red.—A deeper, stronger red than the last and inclining more to the purplish scale, very useful for greys. Half pans, 6d.

Madder Lake.—A beautiful rosy red, not very intense, but permanent. With indigo it produces beautiful greys for shadows. It possesses a wide sphere of usefulness in its combinations with other colours, though not much used in purity; may be used with great richness of effect as a glazing for gorgeous evening skies, &c. Half pans, 1s. 6d.

Olive Green.—A useful mixed green; it may be altered, cooled, or warmed by the addition of other colours, but if used in too great depth it has a tendency to blackness. Permanent. Half pans, 6d.

Emerald Green.—A very peculiar brilliant opaque green. As it cannot be produced by any mixture of blue and yellow, it is almost a necessity in the colour-box, though it is not very often required. Half pans, 6d.

Antwerp Blue.—A deep transparent mineral blue, inclining towards green. With the pure yellows it gives very bright greens, too crude, however, for general use, but with the oranges it makes fine broken greens, and with Vandyke brown a beautiful olive. With the reds, especially Indian red, it gives fine strong greys. Half pans, 6d.

Indigo.—A deep, clear, but not bright blue. Very useful when used sparingly, but heavy and black when used in excess. Particularly useful when used with Indian red for purplish shadow tones, as these two colours may be washed over without washing up. Half pans, 6d.

Cobalt.—A bright semi-transparent clear blue, not very dark in its deepest tones. The most widely useful colour in the box. With light red it gives a series of greys for sky and cloud, mountain and distance, and these two

with yellow ochre added are capable, when mixed in varying proportions, of giving almost all the tones and colours required in distant field and foliage. With aureolin, or gamboge, it gives beautiful bright greens, and with the reds the purest and most permanent greys. Half pans 1s.

French Ultramarine.—A deeper blue than the last, and with a tendency towards purple, which renders it useful in the composition of very pure purples. It is sometimes required in skies, and for certain greens. Half pans, 1s. 6d.

Madder Brown.—A rich reddish brown, very deep and very transparent, excellent for deep warm shadows and pale glazings. It makes very fine greys with French ultramarine or cobalt. Half pans 9d.

Raw Umber.—A sober brown; very useful in buildings and roads, &c. Semi-transparent. Permanent. Half pans, 6d.

Burnt Umber.—A deeper, warmer brown than the above; good for shadows and in buildings. Permanent. Half pans, 6d.

Vandyke Brown.—Very rich and transparent; warm in its deepest tones, and widely useful. With the strong blues it gives excellent neutral greyish greens, which may be rendered more positive by the addition of yellow. Half pans, 6d.

Sepia.—A very strong, cold brown. This gives cool greys by admixture with blue. With gamboge it will give a neutral green; washes of pure sepia are very clear and stand well. Permanent. Half pans, 9d.

Payne's Grey.—A neutral grey, tending towards violet. When mixed with orange or a warm neutral it gives good shadow tints. Half pans, 6d.

Blue Black.—This may be used to break the extreme brilliancy or crudity of the strong colours. With white, or used in thin washes it gives quite neutral grays. It is permanent. Half pans, 6d.

Chinese White.—This is a very perfect white of extreme density and quite permanent. It forms an indispensable adjunct to the colour-box. It should be procured in bottles, as it is then easy to keep it moist by the addition from time to time of a few drops of water or of ammonia or, better still, of a mixture of one part of glycerine to two parts of water. You must, however, be sparing of the glycerine, or the white will dry with great difficulty. This white is used for points of high light and for mixing with the colours to make them paler and to give a solidity of appearance and a dull flatness of quality often very desirable. Bottles, 1s. each.

Although these are but one-third of the colours now manufactured, they are yet many more than will be needed for any one landscape painting. They will all be useful if you can afford to get them all, but if not you must make a selection. I myself find it convenient to possess a good choice of yellows, and to be more sparing in my adoption of other colours, especially of mixed colours, but I am diffident of offering advice in this matter as my judgment is still suspended on some points. The following selection has been recommended, and I think it is well chosen: Aureolin, cadmium, yellow ochre, gamboge, burnt sienna, orange vermilion, light red, Indian red, madder lake, cobalt, indigo, Vandyke brown; twelve colours in all. To these must be added a bottle of Chinese white.

Water you must of course have and you may carry it in any wide-mouthed bottle fitted with a good cork that will hold from a quarter to half a pint. You will also find it very convenient to provide yourself with a few sheets of blotting paper, a small piece of sponge about half the size of your fist—Turkey sponge is best, and a light folding stool to sit upon. A knife for erasing you already possess, and pencil, chalk or charcoal for the preliminary outline.

EVE AND EDEN.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.



N this age of fierce competition and of overcrowded marts of industry and emporiums of commerce, where every means for money-getting and worldly advancement is overdrawn, and all the guilds for art and literature are, like the Pool of Bethesda, thronged by anxious waiting ones, all eager to "get in first," how strange it is to go back in thought to the first ages of the world! To remember that even on this teeming planet there was a time when speech was unwritten, when music froze not into stone, and fluent fancies did not crystallise into poetry; when there were no nodding towers, no stern warrior keeps, no cathedral aisle, save that of the forest sanctuary! And, such as this world was, that a man and woman should have had it all to themselves! A man and woman who might seek to guess the future, but knew not of the past; whom neither parent nor teacher had ever instructed in: he mysteries of the caves and mines, nor had sown the seed from which was to spring this flower or that grain, or how the furrow was to be made and the vine trained.

No childhood had this man and woman known, save the spiritual childhood of innocence; yet were they not infantile in intellect. They had minds of a stature that befitted the godlike shrine in which it dwelt, and it was nourished at the purest springs. The beings with whom they communed were the angels, and the only law they knew proceeded from the voice of God, which spoke lovingly to them in the cool of the evening, and filled the stillness with that sweet rapture which to them was both prayer and praise.

Because this man and woman were innocents they had no fear either of God or of angels, for the fear of the supernatural has its origin in sin.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all." The events of their day hung on the hour when the Lord God would walk and talk with them among the perfumed alleys of the garden He had placed them in. Very beautiful they must have been, having a perfection of face and of form that no painter has been able to limn or sculptor to enmarble.

They were fresh from the hand of God, and He made them in His image. Neither sickness nor sorrow had impaired their strength, nor fretted the fair outlines of the garment of flesh. No unseemly temper or marring trait in the character had set a Cain-like mark upon them, by which the "easily besetting sin" was readable.

So we cannot allow that any Apollo or Balder or Adonis was worthy to compare with the man whom God had formed; nor was e'er so sweet a Venus swept from the face of Helen of Troy as that which looked from Eve's bright, questioning eyes, "Pure wells of undefiled thought," and slept in every line of her perfectly-moulded, rarely-expressive countenance. She was not only beautiful, but grandly beautiful. As Adam's counterpart we cannot attribute to her a mere sylph-like loveliness. Neither was the "mother of all living" the elegant pussy or the pretty wax-doll style of woman.

In her was the germ of all that we, her daughters, possess. The life that she was to nurse was to part into many different streams, which should widen into that vast ocean of humanity which now but ebbs upon the shores of Time, to flow outwards into God's Eternity. So something of the bounteousness of our mother Nature found its expression in her.

Cramped hands and feet, a waist compressed as if the ideal of womanly proportions was to be seen in the configuration of the wasp, were not among the fine points of the lady of Eden, whatever they may be in the belle of the modern drawing-room. And, as she was innocent, her mien mingled the artlessness of the child with the serene majesty of the woman.

She was not so purely a creation as Adam, being bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Some of the old writers have indulged in quaint conceits about the mode by which she was called into being. Not taken, like him, from the rude, red earth, but of its substance, as refined in him, she was of a softer, more ethereal mould. And here is another parable. The fabled Minerva sprang full armed from the head of Jove, but woman was not taken from man's nobler part lest she should think she had a right to domineer over him; she was not taken from his feet, lest through all time he should suppose her place was under foot; she was taken from his side, because to be beside him was her natural place, and there she was best fitted for a companion and a helpmeet.

With all this we have little to do. Our object is to consider the nature of the temptation by which Eve fell and, making Adam partaker of her guilt,

"Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden."

And, first, let me remark, the temptation was an intellectual one. It was not childish; it did not hinge on the eating of the forbidden fruit. Eve was tempted on the higher side of her nature, and it was on that she fell. People who want to hold up the Scriptural account of the Fall of Man to contempt always assume that it was on the lower. The temptation was that the fruit would make her wiser than God had made her. It would impart to her knowledge that He as yet had withheld; it would lift her up to a higher plane of being, where, instead of being a little lower than the angels, she would be their equal.

"Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Eve could not resist that. Ambition took possession of her, overmastering her sense of allegiance to her Maker and the fear of death.

Never having seen death she could but dimly apprehend its meaning, and her subtle tempter, knowing the sin by which the angels fell, suggested not only proud, aspiring thoughts, but the means of gratifying them, assuring her at the same time that she should not die by making it to appear that the threat was an idle one, and that she was forbidden to eat of the tree because of the enlightenment and elevation it would bestow on her.

This inspired jealousy. A suspicion crept into her mind that the beneficent Being who had given her so many things richly to enjoy, had denied her the fruits of this one, with intent to humble and to keep her inferior to His angels. Then, as she looked at the fruit, the lust of the eye gave force to the desire of the mind. She ceased to waver. She took it, and did eat, and we know, to our cost, what followed.

How humiliating was that fall! The Creator gainsaid by a creature! A libel on the Deity, hissed out by a reptile whom man might have crushed beneath his feet. She knew not that the Father of lies tarried in his shape; but she knew God, and yet she did not reject the libel.

To a certain extent the serpent had spoken truly. Her eyes were opened to know good and evil. So were Adam's, who had taken the fruit from her hand. But did the increased knowledge bring her the elevation and enlightenment she thought it would?

Alas, no! She and Adam had never felt so little like gods during their short, happy Eden life as they did in that fatal hour. Ashamed, condemned, confounded utterly, they tried to substitute the lost robe of innocence with fig-leaves, and when the evening came they hid themselves from the presence of the Lord. This fear, and the reason Adam gave for it, convicted them. Adam is immediately asked if he has eaten of the tree of which he was commanded not to eat, and in confessing his sin seeks to extenuate it by urging that God's own gift to him has been the cause of his betrayal.

How quickly did that initial sin of disobedience bring others in its train! Eve had only the poor defence that the serpent beguiled her. Now that her eyes are opened she sees how miserably she has been beguiled, and the loss of Eden would be her first sharp experience of the misery her sin had wrought. And while Adam learns that the ground he has so loved to till is cursed for his sake, and that labour in the sweat of his brow must be one of the hard conditions of his lot, Eve, as being first in the transgression, is punished more severely still. Weaker than the man, she is morally subjected to him, and the sweet joys of parental love are to be for her connected with much care and sorrow.

Yet even in this dark hour when woman's curse is pronounced on her offending head, God does not leave her comfortless, or cast Adam forth from Eden without hope.

He humbles the wily, glittering serpent, which is the type of sin and temptation, to the dust, and the promise, whose fulfilment was through long ages to await the fulness of the times, is now made, that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. A mystic word that to Eve, but fraught with some kind of consolation to her suffering heart.

We who ponder the story to-day see how it was to be accomplished. We know that Christ was the woman's conquering seed, and that He has bruised the serpent of sin by making those who believe on Him victors over it. "Dead indeed unto sin," the Apostle says, and "alive unto righteousness."

In these times, "when falsehood walks abroad as truth," and fears no bold censure for throwing doubt on the simple teachings of God's Word, it may happen to some of our young readers to hear the Biblical record of the fall of man much called into question. For their sakes we will consider some of the objections that are raised.

In the first place, Why should a sin so trifling, a transgression so childish, entail so fearful a punishment?

In childhood the first duty is obedience, the first fault disobedience. The earliest lesson in the Bible bears upon the earliest duty of each life, attention to which brings good, and neglect of which brings evil. The test of obedience was simple, undoubtedly, but the temptation, as I have shown you, was an exceeding subtle one. God had a right to obedience, and He had a right to test that obedience in any way that seemed to Him good.

But why should their punishment be visited upon us, as if we were individually responsible? We were not there; we had no say in the matter?

In a sense we all were there. All the human race, with their capacities for good or evil, joy or sorrow, worship or unbelief, love or hate, were in this first representative man and woman. It is of God's ordering that human qualities are inherited. We are seeing continually how the sins of the father are visited upon the children, and how certain conspicuous virtues may be so transmitted as to be associated with the names at first made honourable by them. The wild Arab of to-day has the spirit of Ishmael in him, and the believing Jew bears a family likeness to his father Abraham.

In a town in Spain one morning a deadly sickness raged. Into every street, into every house, had been carried by some mysterious means death, or almost mortal sickness. What was the meaning of it? Whatever could be the matter, for the sickness was not like fever or the plague? It was discovered that the water supply of that city had been poisoned at the spring, so that the poison had been carried into every tank and reservoir, through every pipe and channel of communication.

That was the secret.

And in like manner the human race, having been corrupted at its source, not one member of it has escaped the poison. What more appropriate then, what more merciful then, that a second Adam should come on the earth to heal the disease inherited from the first? But how great the love that gave this second Adam in the person of God's only Son, when, to be our surety, He must bear our chastisement!

"As in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive."

It is by this means God can be "just and yet a justifier." Never let us lay aside our faith in substitution or atonement, for if we do we may as well let the Bible go. All through its sacred pages we find it. From Abel's "more acceptable sacrifice" to the offering of the Lamb of God Himself, the doctrine of atonement runs, it has been said, like a scarlet thread, leading us everywhere into the historical evidences that "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."

We do not find that objectors to that way can point us to another, a holier and a better, or even to one possible to poor erring men and women, if without holiness they cannot see the Lord.

Then why, since all things are possible with God, did He not make man perfect and entire in his obedience? Why did not He raise him above the possibility of falling?

Because then his obedience, not being voluntary, would have had no value. There can be no conquest where there is no strife. The love and fear of God, submission to His will, if it were with us an absolute, unalterable condition, could not be the free will offering that God loves. It would have no more moral value than the lark's clear song or the eagle's keen vision. We only know of two orders of intelligences whom God has made and endowed with immortality—men and angels. Both have been put on probation, so we may presume that all loving and intellectual adoration of Him has known its trial.

But would not a great deal of sin and suffering and sorrow have been spared if God had literally fulfilled his threat to Adam and Eve, and they had died on this day that they eat of the fruit?

Yes; but God *so* loved the world, not the earthly ball, you know, but the world of men and women whose existence he foresaw, and of which we form a part, He couldn't refuse life to beings so dear to Him in view of the glorious immortality He had destined them for; so He gave His only begotten Son that whoso believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

If there is sin, there is a Saviour; if there is grief, there is consolation; if there is death, it is "swallowed up of life."

The sufferings "of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed," and our subjection to them cannot reflect upon the love of God when we remember that the worst consequences of the Fall were endured by God's own Son during the thirty-three years that He sojourned upon earth.

(*To be concluded.*)



THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PRINCIPAL'S PERPLEXITIES.

As Helen laughed she folded and laid by Josephine's gift, to be bestowed at some convenient moment upon the birds, and then, having washed her hands, she resumed her task upon the doll's frock with all possible haste, for, to tell the truth, it was by no means as far advanced as might have been expected from the long undisturbed afternoon she had been at liberty to bestow upon it.

The fact was that for more than an hour after Miss Rowe had locked the door upon her Helen had neglected the doll millinery altogether, and devoted her clever, nimble fingers to the manufacture of instruments of revenge upon her enemy. But with these the reader will meet in due time. Nothing more need be said about them at present but that they proved eminently satisfactory to their maker, and that they were carefully packed in a paper box and hidden away at the very bottom of a drawer for future purposes.

"Good - night," whispered Rose, through the keyhole at eight o'clock, as she passed the door on her way to her own room.

"Good - night," answered Helen, cheerfully. "You shall see something so pretty in my drawer to - morrow, Rosie. Pleasant dreams to you."

And the child did have pleasant dreams, for she could not help beginning

to have a little faint suspicion in her mind that the bright ribbons in Helen's drawer might have something to do with her. She had wished one day that the brown ribbons on her white muslin evening pinafores were a prettier colour. Perhaps Helen was going to change for her to-morrow, had changed one already perhaps, for her to wear on her birthday. Or perhaps she had made her a pretty white pocket-handkerchief-case, tied across with blue ribbons like her own?

Rose thought of a dozen possible things, but she never came, even in her sleep, near what she would have supposed the quite impossible vision of beauty now lying fully dressed in Helen Edison's middle drawer.

All the neat little garments were made to take off, and even lace-trimmed handkerchiefs and white kid shoes, made out of a white kid glove, and trimmed with blue rosettes, had not been forgotten; whilst the dainty muslin frock, with the broad piece of lace over blue silk down the front, and slashed sleeves over blue, was decidedly tasteful enough to justify Helen's touch of vanity as she looked at it in the fading light.

When it grew dark no candle was brought her, and so, with one sigh over the lesson books and girls downstairs, she shut the doll's drawer, undressed, and went to bed, where she very soon fell fast asleep, and dreamt that Miss Rowe had got the doll out of its resting place, had torn all its clothes to rags, and was now smashing its arms and legs, with Rose standing by crying bitterly at the destruction.

"How can you be so mean, so barbarously cruel!" exclaimed Helen, starting forward to snatch her doll; but someone gently put her back, saying—"Hush, dear! The tyrant is not here. Don't be frightened. Go to sleep again." And then she was kissed by a pair of soft, clinging lips.

Whether all this also was part of her dream Helen never knew; but the next morning she looked curiously at grave, self-contained Clara Boswell, wondering whether she had very soft lips, and whether, perhaps, under certain circumstances she could speak in a very tender, caressing voice. If she had been able to ask a little blind sister whom Miss Boswell had at home she would have received a "yes" to both her questions; but she could not, and so her doubts were never solved.

But we are getting on too fast, and must go back a little. When Miss Crofton came home at night in time for the family prayers, as was her invariable custom during the term time, Miss Rowe heard her ring, and at once hastened to her to give her version of the afternoon's disturbance before anyone else should have a chance of relating it in a way that should help to turn the balance of forgiveness in the pupil's favour instead of in her own.

As the English governess put the case it certainly looked very black against the pupil. She had remained up in the bedroom a very long time, contrary to rules; she had not condescended to give any reason, or, for a long time, to confess that she had leave. When she was sent for she had insolently taken her time before coming down, and when at length she had come down she had used the most impertinent and insulting language to Miss Rowe before the whole school, finally defying her to keep her downstairs, as she chose to be up, and then ending by fastening her door against her.

"When things came to that pass I locked her in," said Miss Rowe, "and there she is now."

"Locked her in?" repeated Miss Crofton, questioningly. "But, pray, how could you lock her in? There are no keys in the young ladies' doors."

The governess clasped her hands rather tightly as she replied, quickly—

"No; but I fetched the key from my own door, and fortunately that fitted."

"And so, Miss Rowe, you set the example to my servants and pupils of trying locks and fitting wrong keys into doors," said the Principal, coldly. "You have been guilty of a bitter want of prudence, if of nothing worse. But it is time for prayers. You had better return to the class-room; I will follow you in a few moments."

And with scowling brow and lowering face the governess went out, and left the harassed schoolmistress alone to think over this latest subject of annoyance. Poor thing! It did seem hard that whilst paying three resident governesses, all of them as old as she was when she began schoolkeeping, she could yet never venture to allow herself a little relaxation during the term without feeling almost certain to have to pay dearly for it by learning of some mischance when she returned home that had occurred during her absence.

The last time she spent an evening out that delicate girl, Lucy Wenckworth, had been allowed to laugh and cry herself into hysterics because a mischievous companion had hidden a toad in her desk. The time before that poor Josephine had been left so long alone in the little class-room poring over her books that she had fallen asleep with the candle before her, and only woke up when a great lock of her hair was burnt off one side of her head, making her look a perfect sight for months to come.

"Yes," thought the hard-worked schoolkeeper, "it certainly does seem to be the fact that, excepting during the month at Christmas and the six weeks at summer, I ought never to leave the house. For if I only go for a walk I generally find that the servants have got into some mischief, half-cut their fingers off, or broken all the plates, or cracked a dozen of the tumblers, or dropped a spoon down the well, or quarrelled, so that they are determined not to stop in the house with each other, or something. There's sure to be something; and now there is this! Oh! dear."

That sigh came from the very depths of a sorely-oppressed heart. People said that Miss Crofton was making money, and so she was. She had need make money, for she had taken upon herself to support the three orphan children of a dead brother and their invalid mother. And if her school income failed her they must all be reduced to beggary. But she sometimes felt as though picking oakum, without cares, in the workhouse would be preferable to this life of ceaseless harass and anxiety.

And how little anyone sympathised with her. If she were weary, or quiet, or dull at meals, or in the drawing-room in the evening, her pupils considered her cross and disagreeable, and were secretly conscious that she was not doing her duty by them. If she forced pleasant looks upstairs and vented some of her troubled feelings downstairs in sterner inspection or sharper orders than usual, there were barely smothered growls as to people being sugar in sitting-rooms and vinegar in the kitchen; and if she had occasion to complain of the way in which classes were held or any other duties performed by her masters or governesses, faces said as plainly as tongues could have done that it was all very fine to be in command, and have the liberty of finding fault; that was easy work, it was a pity that the tables could not have been turned sometimes.

The Principal of Crofton House most earnestly wished, as she sat there cogitating in her private sitting-room over the tale she had just been told, that she could change places for twenty-four hours with either the pupil or the governess, who had brought this present coil upon her. But those kind of transformations unfortunately *only* occur in dreams, and so rising somewhat wearily from her seat, she went into prayers, and for her own private prayer prayed that she might be helped through the difficulties brought upon her by the quarrels of these two undisciplined spirits.

Prayers ended, the Principal and her English governess accompanied the two girls who shared Helen Edison's room upstairs. Miss Crofton determined to make an effort to get the affair settled at once. Perhaps, tired out by her loneliness and the extra lateness of the hour, the stubborn pupil might be more easily won to gain speedy rest and quietness by begging pardon for her impertinence than at another time. At any rate it was worth the trial.

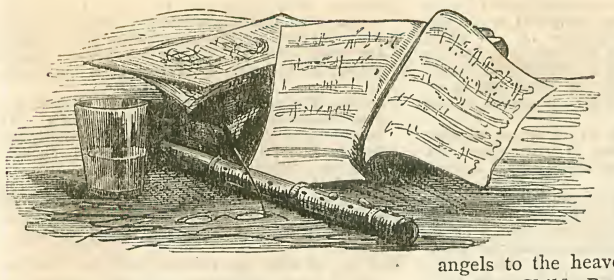
But, worth or not, it was not made. When the door was softly unlocked by Miss Rowe, out of no regard to the prisoner, but following her natural instincts as a spy, for some moments everyone stared blankly at each other, thinking the bird was flown.

The Principal moved the lamp she held, and raised it above her head as she looked round the room, and suddenly its light flashed on to a little white hand lying on a counterpane.

"Why! she is in bed, and—asleep," said Clara Boswell, in low tones, as she ran softly across the room.

"Yes, she is asleep," repeated Miss Crofton, bending over her refractory pupil with a strangely tender smile, and then, kissing the lovely forehead, she turned away, and bidding the other girls to be kindly quiet in getting to bed, she signed to the English governess to follow her, and left.

(*To be continued.*)



NEW MUSIC.

So many of our readers write to us to advise them in the purchase of new music that we find it impossible to answer them individually in our "Answers to Correspondents." We therefore intend to give each month a list of new music, with short descriptions of their character, which will enable the girls to make a wise selection for themselves. No new song or composition which evinces bad taste or poor music will be inserted in the list, as our space and time are limited.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO. :—

Changes.—Words by Adelaide Proctor; music by Alfred Scott Gatty. A charming song, easy to sing and to play, and one that requires little dramatic expression.

Again to Meet.—Words by Helen Cresswell; music by Emilio Pieraccini. A song of human love lasting "to all eternity":

"Tell me not that thou art mine
Only while life shall last."

The words of this song do not deal with the subject exhaustively. Human love may remain with us after this life, but love for our Divine Master only can bring any of us happily together again. Bearing this in mind, our girls may safely and thoroughly enjoy the singing of this beautiful melody, the accompaniment to which is one of the loveliest that we ever remember to have played, and one, too, which will help to educate the young performer to that "correct musical taste" of which Professor Macfarren wrote in a recent article in this magazine.

You shall Steer!—Words by T. Ashe; music by Ciro Pinsuti. A bright, melodious song. The singer, who is supposed to be a man, is floating down the river facing a fair steerer, and waxing eloquent on the charms of his lady-love, closing with the climax, "I'll wed you, sweet, and you shall steer my craft for aye." This song deserves to become very popular.

The Unforgotten Song.—Words by Ada Leslie; music by Odoardo Barri. Some people might like this song, which endeavours to effect a sentiment on the theme of "Home Sweet Home." By-the-bye, it is not generally known that the author of "Home, Sweet Home" (J. Howard Payne) never had a home of his own. Before he died he said—

"How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread. My only wish is to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity."

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO :—

Palaces in Air.—Words by C. A. Beck, M.A.; music by George Garrett. This truly beautiful and scholarly song is especially recommended to all cultivated musicians.

O Mother Dear, Good Night (C to F).—Words from the German; music by Berthold Tours. Another song by a superior and far-famed musician. Words would fail to express the delicate and beautiful nature of the words and music. It is a simple song of a dying child beckoned by angels to the heavenly home.

Pray, Child, Pray.—Song of the Sailor's Wife. Words by John Oxenford; music by Professor Macfarren. This song is taken from the cantata, "Outward Bound," and is very suitable for separate use.

Mr. J. MORLEY, junr :—

The Road to Slumberland.—By S. J. Reilly. A simple but effective melody in a very moderate compass. It is not suitable for public performance, but just the thing for a girl to sing when she is rocking her little sister off to sleep.

Spinning at the Wheel.—By Joseph P. Knight. A pretty piece of melody with a simple and effective accompaniment.

I Wonder.—By F. E. Weatherly and F. A. Cowen. A bewitching little song, suitable only for a polished soprano voice.

The Song for Me.—Words by John Enderson; music by Michael Watson. An ingenious and melodic composition. The words portray a man asking "the maid he prized so well" to sing. She responds by warbling a song of "La belle France," a "Song of lordly Spain," and "A Lay of Germany," but they were not the songs for him. "But at last she sang me" (and here the music of this song also graduates into the well-known old English melody) "Home, Sweet Home," and that was "the song for me." The song, we think, would be considerably improved by the omission of the second part of the prelude.

BOOSEY AND CO. :—

The Baby and the Fly.—Words by Theodore Tilton; music by J. L. Molloy. A pretty little song. Very clever, as are all the simple songs of this talented composer.

The Stream of Life (D to G), Love's Barcarolle.—Words and music by Cotsford Dick. A song with a sweetly-flowing melody. May the lives of all our readers flow on as sweetly, and at the end may they be able to say, in Mr. Cotsford Dick's words,

"We have steered through fair and wintry weather—
Swift ebbs the tide, the rapids all are past,
Floating down the stream of life together,
Love will guide us safely home at last."

A Summer Shower.—A song for a soprano. (D to F). Words and music by Theo. Marzials. A charming and original song, such as only the composer of "Twickenham Ferry" and "Timothy's Welcome" can write.

LAMBORN COCK :—

The Unfinished Song.—Words by Helen Marion Burnside; music by Ciro Pinsuti. A grand song. Every girl should know it. The subject is somewhat similar to that of "The Lost Chord;" but we do not complain of it on that account. We cannot always be singing Sullivan's beautiful song, and the subject of both is one that bears dwelling upon. An additional harmonium accompaniment improves the performance considerably, especially towards the end, where the words run :—

"But I know in the far hereafter
I shall hear the angelic throng
In the golden streets of heaven
Continue that grand, sweet song;
For all that on earth is holy
And all that is great and fair
Grows into diviner fulness
Of perfected beauty there!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

DAN.—Spread the fan out carefully on the drawing-board and fasten down a portion of it with drawing pins; when finished, lay down another part of the pattern; there is no difficulty. To make an aquarium cement, take one gill plaster of Paris, one gill of litharge, one gill of fine white sand, one-third of a gill of finely-powdered resin, mix well and bottle and cork till wanted; then mix with boiled oil and dryers till as thick as putty; use in small quantities, as it dries quickly.

ADA.—Use moist water-colours for colouring photographs. The process requires more experience and dexterity than anything else, and a good eye for colouring.

WORK.

LILY RICHARDSON.—Inquire at a fancy shop for Miss Ryder's cards for knitting. Your writing is very pretty.

JULIA.—Point lace is never old-fashioned. It is not necessary to dress much on such an occasion.

AMANDA.—We do not give addresses.

DOT.—The competitions were closed on September 29th.

CORA BEAUFORT.—We think the instructions given in "How to Embroider in Crewels" will afford you as much assistance as can be given in print.

BLACKBERRY.—You may restore the pile of the velvet by steaming it over boiling water, taking it off the hat. Your writing is clear and spelling correct.

ISMAY.—Add some plush trimmings of the same colour to your violet silk, or wear a white muslin and lace fichu on the occasion. Consult a doctor.

MURIEL.—Many of the new skirts of thick material have tucks, either real or simulated, instead of kilted flounces. Your writing is very neat indeed.

QUEENIE.—Consult "My Work Basket." We think nearly everyone must know the Royal Family by sight in these days of widespread photographs.

KATE.—There is a society for the sale of work in London called the "Institute of Art," at 9, Conduit-street, W., but we recommend your making all inquiries for yourself. Your writing is legible.

A YORKSHIRE LASS.—See "My Work Basket," and "Crochet," pages 442, 506, and 596, vol. i. Your writing is neat.

S. A. T.—For the jacket pattern see "My Work Basket," page 149, vol. i. Your writing is excellent for your age.

IRIS.—1. Read the article on "Patchwork," at page 206, vol. i. The patterns in the border will help you to find a finish for your centre. Why not keep to the sexagons throughout? 2. Your writing would be prettier if you made *some* light lines, not all dark.

AMELIA will not find it difficult to procure any paper pattern she needs; there are many depôts for their disposal. Her writing is very poor.

FAIRY and DAN and MUMPY.—Read the articles by Madame Karger on "Crochet," pages 442, 506, and 596, vol. i., and choose the stitch for your petticoat; stripes downward are the prettiest.

PUSSY.—See "My Work Basket."

CORA FORREST.—Read the "Tam o' Shanter Cap" description at page 591, vol. i. You should have written a note of thanks. Your writing is very clear and neat.

RUBY.—A fine serge flannel or woollen oatmeal cloth is suitable for a child's winter dress. Your writing is very pretty.

MARY CECILIA.—For washing crewels see page 140, vol. i. You appear to use a hard pen, which spoils your writing,

UNE PETITE FEMME.—Take off the feather trimming, brush your matelasse mantle well, and where it is short in the back, put in a square deep black satin kilting, so as to make the back as deep as the front. Then add a small satin-pointed hood at the back, and satin cuffs. You may then add bands of fur or replace the feather trimming. If you have been a pupil teacher already we should advise your studying for a higher step in advance, and endeavouring to make teaching your profession, if you prefer it as you say to anything else.

EDITH.—Your suggestion about advice on "making-over" dresses for children is a good one, and will be considered. We are glad you find our paper useful.

POLYPODY.—A series of articles on work for invalids, especially for those living in a recumbent position, are about to be given in this paper. Your kind letter is very gratifying to us.

E. A. F.—Ulsters are quite suitable for any lady to wear. The covers and index for our first volume can be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, price 9d., by post 11d. Your hand is rather pretty.



FORGET-ME-NOT.—Arrasene work is not the same as crewel; the material is a kind of woollen chenille. Of course you should remove your gloves as soon as you sit down to dinner. Your writing is bad.

COOKERY.

AMBER AND BLACK.—For a recipe for apple jelly see page 176, vol. i. P.P.C. is the usual way to write it on your card.

BELLE.—For water and cream ices see page 561, vol. i. Your writing is legible, but not pretty.

CORA.—Purchase camphor balls at any chemist's.

A. STEPHENSON.—For ginger-beer see pages 511 and 607, vol. i.

A CONSTANT READER.—Do not boil the toffee so long, and it will not harden.

MEMPS.—For Scotch short cake see page 223, vol. i. Your writing is unformed.

URSULA MARCH.—Use sweet almonds for your jam. Your writing is very good for your age.

E. M. G. and MISS INQUISITIVE.—To ice a cake see page 399, vol. ii. For almond icing blanch half a pound of sweet almonds and an ounce of bitter, pound them in a mortar, adding a little rose water as you go on to prevent oiling. When reduced to a fine paste add an equal weight of sifted sugar. If too dry for spreading over the cake, add a little white of egg. Allow it to become firm before putting on the sugar icing.

F. D. T.—The lentil soup needs plenty of water added after the lentils have soaked for twelve hours.

EDUCATIONAL.

ZENOBIA.—The Reverend Frederick Arnold's "History of Greece" can be much recommended; published at 56, Paternoster-row. Also Milner's "History of England," at the same office. Try to form your letters more of a uniform size, and in more even lines

EDITH JERSEY.—"The History of England," by Milner, published at 56, Paternoster-row, would suit you well. Also at the same office you can procure Dawson's work on Geology. We thank you for your kind letter.

A. B. K. S.—We advise your writing to consult the secretary of the "Training College and School for the Deaf," at the Elms, Castlebar-hill, Ealing, W., directing your letter to 1, Nottingham place, Regent's Park, W. When able to carry out the German system of "lip-reading," you may be qualified to teach, though deaf yourself.

MARY S. B.—See "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus (56, Paternoster-row).

MARJORY.—You should apply to the secretary of the School of Art, South Kensington, for a copy of the rules that obtain in reference to any degree of proficiency in drawing being required previous to entrance as a student. We believe that the art is taught there from its very commencement. Your letter is nice, but your hand is unformed and too angular.

D. H. V.—See page 543, vol. i., for information on Post Office appointments, and write and make inquiries.

CALABASH.—There is no real "above and beneath" the earth; but some of the celestial bodies are, of course, in the heavens of our antipodes, if you like to call the latter-named portion of the globe "beneath" you. The laws of gravitation, holding you closely to the ground on which you stand, are so ordered as to allow of your feeling no inconvenience from the rotary movement of the earth.

L. G.—It is impossible for us to know whether you are capable of learning to write shorthand without any teaching. Your hand is good but too large.

TOOTSY.—If your education has been "limited" you have managed to learn to write an excellent, legible hand, and a charming ladylike note. You will find Angus's "Handbook of English Literature," price 5s., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., an excellent assistant to you in finding out the right books to read and the right opinions to form. A genuine desire to please and forgetfulness of self will ensure your success in your wish.

BUTTERCUP.—We should recommend your studying Freeman's lectures on "The Growth of the English Constitution," where you will find all you need in the way of information.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SQUEAKER.—We think you made some mistake in using the recipe. When you have made the cold starch, take a piece of soap and proceed to make a good lather with it in the starch, as if you were washing your hands. This will probably aid you in retaining the stiffness, and making the shiny effect on your collars.

EDITH.—Clean the gloves with pipe-clay.

MOSS BRIDGE.—We do not quite understand your query. A gipsy kettle is hung in the centre of three sticks tied together at the top.

TRUSTY.—It would be better to take a lawyer's opinion on the subject.

NELL GREY.—Eighteen or nineteen is usually considered the time for girls to leave school. Your writing is very unformed and poor.

L. H. A. and ALEXINA.—For "Weak Eyes" see pages 176, 288, and 592, vol. i. We do not give addresses.

SPES.—We should think that having passed both the senior and junior Cambridge, you ought to obtain at least £40 per annum, but there can be no rule as to salaries. We should think your writing might be improved by writing copies.

ADELAIDE.—Write to 56, Paternoster-row, for the index, frontispieces, and cover. Do not waste your time on writing poetry, read some good history or poetry by some of the great masters in the art, instead; by so doing you will cultivate a much more healthy state of mind.

ISOLINA M.—We regret we cannot give you any assistance in the sale of your work. Your writing is indifferent.

BERTIE AND ETHEL.—We are very sorry for your troubles, but we think they might be overcome by a little patience and forbearance on both sides. We think your own conduct has given very grave grounds of offence, as you had no right to make your family affairs public in the unseemly manner you did. Your stepmother, as your father's wife, has the strongest claims on your respect and affection, and you must remember that, unless you "give to all their due" — "honour to whom honour" — you cannot expect to receive the kindness and affection which belongs to you of right.

AN ONLY CHILD.—We think it would be wise to return to school, as you are very young to leave it yet.

YOLANDE AND E. B.—We do not give addresses.

AVALANCHE.—Words in italics in the Holy Scriptures are those which have been supplied by the translators to make sense of the text.

NEST HERBERT.—A "Sciolist" means one who is a pretender to knowledge — superficial knowledge only.

CROSHIE.—For the ladies' classes of the St. John's Ambulance Association address Mrs. A. E. Ross, 2, Chester-place, Hyde Park-square, W. 2. See "Food for Invalids," page 611, vol. i., for a book recommended on the subject.

NELLIE GRAHAM.—Your writing is very good for your age.

NUNQUAM INFIDELIS.—We sympathise with you in your anxieties and sorrow, but we know you have taken the best means of help. Our Blessed Lord lays down for us the right rule for our prayers, "If it be possible," "If thou be willing," "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done" (St. Luke xxii. 42). We pray like children crying in the dark, and cannot see the true way or the solution of our difficulties, but we know that "He heareth us always," and that is comfort of itself.

RECHA.—Thank you most heartily for your affectionate letter. As we have said before, we do not at present feel disposed to print our portrait in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, although you offer to pay more for the number containing it. Wait until you have known us for a few years, and then perhaps long-established friendship will leave us no ground for continued refusal! Your letter is nicely written, but not so your verses. You are a good girl for writing us such a cheering letter, and sending us such a pretty New Year's card.

HELOISE.—We thank you for your letter. Your writing would be improved by a little reduction in size, and drawing the words rather closer together.

LAMP-POST.—We fail to see anything "fast" in crimping the hair. Your writing is unformed as yet.

BIRDIE.—You can order any books published at 56, Paternoster-row, of any other bookseller's. Your hand is scarcely formed, and you apparently use a pen insufficiently divided at the nib. It should be split up a little further.

FROM A. C. A.—Put some bran or oatmeal in the water to soften it. Paraffin oil is petroleum refined a little. We are glad that you have succeeded in making a dress for yourself since reading our paper.

BARTIE.—If while on a visit to a friend the ladies' maid should assist in dressing you, some acknowledgment will be expected by her. Otherwise, a lady, or two ladies together, visiting at a house unaccompanied by a gentleman, have only to fee the housemaid, not the men-servants. But if driven to a station by their coachman, unaccompanied by any of the family, you might give him, say, a couple of shillings (not if one of the family drives with you), and a shilling to any under-servant who carried your trunk up and down stairs. We are writing under the supposition that "Bartie" is not a rich woman, but merely of moderate means.

MINNIE.—We thank you for your verses. The feeling they express is good, but the composition is not correct.

MRS. TYLER.—Your request that we should recommend you the use of some drug to stop the growth of your daughter, and even, as you express it, to "shorten her," is a disgrace to you. Thank God, on the contrary, that He has given you a fine child, who grows well, and seems to thrive in spite of your very unnatural wishes to stunt her growth. It could not be done; and any attempt to do it would destroy her health. She writes fairly well for her age.

GIRL FROM A SOUTHERN ISLE.—The late Duke of Wellington was born in 1769, and died at Walmer Castle, Deal, one of his official residences, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in 1852. For ordinary furniture the best polish is a mixture of oil and vinegar. We thank you for your commendation of our articles on dressmaking and cookery.

ANNIE.—Your writing is tolerably good, and your letter very kind.

SLIEVE DONARD.—We do not think there is any market in England for such small quantities of silk cocoons as are raised here. Neither specimen of writing is good. We thank you for your letter.

FERN LEAF.—Your writing might do for "law-copying," but we fear you will not obtain any.

HILDA NASON'S writing is legible, but not sufficiently round.

NELLIE W.—Your letter has gratified us much. We are thankful that our paper is so much valued by yourself and your pupils. To clean rust from steel see recipe on page 80, vol. i.

PUCK.—The arm that a gentleman gives to a lady is not invariably the same; it depends on circumstances of position. We write for girls, not men, and you are too young to think of such things. Correct your writing by reference to the article we have given on penmanship.

META.—Some girls walk awkwardly from carelessness, others from not being straight in the limbs. In America sand-bags are placed on their heads, so as to make them walk both upright and steadily. It should be practised daily by any girl who is deficient in her style of carriage and movement. 2. Beaver hats will be worn this winter.

AGNUS.—See "Our Aquarium at the Seaside," page 531, vol. 1; also see Rule 6. Your writing is not sufficiently regular.

C. C. GRAY.—You have our best thanks for your grateful letter. Your writing is too angular and wants freedom. See our articles on penmanship and letter-writing, and practise making graceful artistic flourishes, holding the pen at a distance.

MABEL BOLTON.—We advise you not to waste time and "fancy" on attempting to write verses. Those sent are very incorrect in composition.

A. M. P.—Your goldfinch has been fed so long upon the hemp seed that we fear the heart is injured irremediably. Give it plenty of road gravel in its cage and feed on canary seed, mixed with linseed, rape, and a little maw seed. Keep it warm and dry, and while letting it have fresh air, beware of fogs and damp. You can really do little else.

DAY-DREAM.—We are sorry to hear that you, a peer's daughter, are a perfect fright to look at with your red nose and fearful complexion! Your skin is naturally tender, and you have been using a too rough towel. Until that great entertainment at which you say you are to "come out," you should bathe the face morning and night in cold rain water, to which a little toilet vinegar has been added, and use cold cream at night. Your writing is good, but no better than it should be, for, with the advantages of having a governess to yourself, you *ought* to be a superior girl in everything. That you have yet to learn English is shown by your writing, "Will you please give a pattern of how to make a *woollen man's* glove in your paper?" We are not so well acquainted with the requirements of woollen men as we are with those of careless and boasting girls.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 58. FEBRUARY 5, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FOR SELF, OR FOR OTHERS?

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Author of "God's Providence House," "More than Coronets," &c.

"OF all dull places in mid-winter, a country mansion is the dullest, if it be not well filled with good cheer and pleasant guests," was the oft-repeated dictum of Squire Repton. Consequently the Christmas of 1806, like many of its predecessors, saw the large, picturesque but incongruous Manor House, on which successive generations had left their marks in brick or stone, filled to repletion with his specific for dreariness.

And truly the specific was needed, for though Repton Manor House was surrounded by a well wooded park, and gave its name to a straggling hamlet, it lay in a wild and desolate region, the nearest church or neighbour being miles away.

There, then, were Squire Repton's married sons and daughters, with their sons and daughters; there were old friends and new—not many of the latter—and as the chief of these brought servants in their train, it may well be supposed that from every turret, peak, and gable, where was space for a room or a shake-down, every window sent forth a cheerful ray into the night as a testimony to the Squire's hospitality.

So whether small or large, transome or oriel, bare or curtained, the unwinking glassy eyes of the big house welcomed the coming of Sir Clement Ducie, of Ducie West, the friend of Paul Repton's youth, who had spent the best years of his life in India, having gone there plain Clement Ducie, burthened with no superfluous cash, to return a baronet, with an accumulation of gold in his coffers far outvaluing his ancient patrimony.



[*All rights reserved.*]

"LED IT FORWARD."

That, he said, was for his daughter if she married to his liking; title and estate must go with the entail to his nephew, but with his guineas he could do what he pleased—and to prevent mistake he intimated to his nephew, Sylvester Ducie, and to his daughter, Dorinda, that marrying to his liking meant marrying the money to the title and estates. His Indian training had not taught him to consult the wishes of others, or to imagine that the young people might differ in opinion on the wisdom of this arrangement.

Sir Clement, verging upon sixty, had borne the wear and heat of India well. The sons and daughters born to him there had one by one fallen victims to the climate; and to avoid another catastrophe he had sent his fading wife back to England in the care of a friend before Corinda was born, and shortly after his succession to the title.

Lady Ducie had been dead some years, and it was in the grim parlour of a fashionable boarding-school near Bath, in the presence of a pair of globes and a bust of Minerva, that he first embraced their child Dorinda, a slim, pale, sensitive girl of fifteen in a white muslin frock, fluttering sash and pink shoes, and claimed her devotion and obedience.

Three more years had flown when Sir Clement's carriage drove up to Repton Manor House shortly after dusk on New Years' eve; and then there was no pallor on the lovely cheeks of the young lady presented as "my daughter Dorinda" to their welcoming host and hostess under the very "mistletoe bough" in the spacious evergreen-hung entrance hall.

She was still slight, and might be fragile, but her colour came and went; she was graceful and lithe as a willow wand, her eyes were the hue of forget-me-nots, the tresses waving below her hat were richest flaxen, and as she curtsied to Mrs. Repton and the Squire with the respectful formality of the period, the many graces of her form and manner broke down the hush of ceremony, and a fatherly kiss accompanied the hearty hand-shake, and "Proud to see you, my dear," of the Squire, his good wife having set the example, to be followed with interest by Lucy Repton, the only unmarried daughter of the house, Dorinda's schoolfellow in Bath.

Sylvester Ducie—no stranger to Repton Manor—was there also to receive them, but there was more of the cousin than the lover in his greeting of Dorinda, and in the "Humph!" with which he received the Squire's congratulations on his choice, and if his eyes followed her up the wide oaken staircase, lit by candles in ivy-wreathed candelabra, it seemed to stray to that other girlish figure by Dorinda's side, as if contrasting the two.

With the last wave of their vanishing skirts, he remembered his uncle, who, occupied with sharp commands for his valet and the rest of the retinue, without which he never travelled, had not overheard the slighting "humph!" or he might have proved Clement only in name.

He turned; a pair of keen eyes set in bronze were upon him.

"So, Sylvester, you can look after Dorinda now she is here. You had pretty near lost the chance. But for disappointing our old friends, I should have left her behind to teach you better manners than to keep us waiting a week, and leave us to travel so far unattended! Ah, Sylvester, the beaux of *my* time were more gallant."

The breadth of a county lay between Ducie West and Repton, and by so much was Repton the nearer London.

"My dear uncle," he apologised, "official duties detained me to the last moment. I came post from town, expecting to find you here. Your letter said that you should not wait."

"I said that I *should* wait."

"I'm sure I read the reverse, sir. I am sorry if I made a mistake. But I was afraid I should miss you if I went round by Ducie West."

If this was fable Sir Clement, conscious he wrote a most execrable hand, was not prepared to say, and the excuse passed muster.

Rest, a change of garments, the warmth of welcome, soothed any irritation the elder Ducie might feel. And when, after formal introduction to every individual guest in the drawing-room, the late arrival—gorgeous in a richly-embroidered satin vest, a wide-sleeved, wide-tailed coat of lilac kerseymere, velvet breeches of a darker tint, white silk stockings, with resplendent diamond buckles glittering at his knees and on his shoes, his hair freshly powdered and tied behind—took his seat, he tapped the lid of his jewelled snuff-box with much content.

Seated on a straight-backed embroidered settee, with a crimson-velvet curtain for background, the light of a mirror and candelabra shimmering on hair too pale a tinge for gold, was his darling Dorinda, as lovely as a sea-nymph, in her short-waisted frock of sea-green satin, over which floated a lighter one of gauze, her only adornment a triple necklace of pearls an Indian princess had worn, and a small ivory fan it had taken a patient Chinaman years to carve Almost nestling to her side was Lucy Repton, with a glow on her darker cheek, a gloss on her black hair, and a robe of soft pale pink; handsome, but not comparable to his Dorinda. It was clear the two girls loved each other well and rejoiced in their reunion; they sat so close and seemed so happy.

Sir Clement, gossiping with his host over old times, kept his eye on them, and on the two young men bending before them in animated conversation — the one attired apparently in a professional suit of black; the other, Sylvester, as fashionable a beau, in as closely-fitting a suit of plum colour, bright gold buttons, brilliantly embroidered vest, and richly-clocked silk stockings as Bond-street could turn out. It pleased him to see his attractive nephew doing duty to Dorinda so gallantly. As for the other fellow, whose name he had lost in the confusion of introduction, and whose curly head and whiskers were as black as his coat, *he* must be attracted to Miss Lucy.

Dinner was announced. Sir Clement took in his hostess. Looking far down the long table, loaded with the delicacies and substantials of the season, he observed the four grouped together at the extreme end, still chatting merrily; and, his own man having dressed up some fiery dishes to suit his Indianized palate, he directed his attention to the feast, well satisfied that all was going well.

Going well! If he could only have known!

That being New Year's Eve, the unmarried men "left the old fogies to their jokes and their jollity," and were off to "have a game with the children" in the great hall, where the oak panels and hunting trophies were half hidden by holly and ivy, and a huge mistletoe-bough swung in the midst over the polished oaken floor.

There was warmth and light, and mirth and music; the unstudied laughter of children, the fainter ripple of blooming maidens. There were games, such as hunt the slipper and turn the trencher, all of which involved fun and forfeits, and in all of which the elder misses were persuaded by brothers and cousins, nothing loth, to join. All this tended, whether well or ill, to break down the barriers of formal restraint, and wherever there was an affinity between two young people to bring them closer together. At all events Lucy and Sylvester seemed to have a mutual attraction, and Dorinda and black-whiskered Dr. Oliver were thrown together most unaccountably; but I rather think Mrs. Repton and her eldest daughter were answerable for this, and much which boded ill for the bronzed East Indiaman's arrangement.

So far as Dorinda was concerned there was nothing intentional in this, nor did any idea of thwarting her father's intentions cross her mind. Her assent to his scheme had never been invited. She liked her cousin as a cousin; but a vague something in her breast said she did not care to be his wife. She knew him to be selfish, and she suspected him of being untruthful. Neither were recommendations to her favour. Still she had not dreamed of disobeying her indulgent but terribly hot-tempered father.

As that was a momentous night for Dorinda, and for more than Dorinda, it may be as well to say that Oliver Ransome was no stranger to her. As assistant to an eminent surgeon in Bath he had felt her pulse, examined her tongue, and dosed her with physic in common with Lucy and the other school-girls, and she was by no means the only one who preferred the curly-headed assistant to his somewhat pompous senior.

Lucy's announcement that Dr. Ransome was spending Christmas at Repton had prepared Dorinda to meet him, but not for the change time had wrought in both, or for the influence his dark eyes and the intonation of his voice, as "he hoped he saw her well," had upon her.

He had remembered *her*, and she had remembered *him* well.

After that, Sylvester's chance was small, though not even Dorinda knew it.

Would it be saying too much to hint that Sylvester and Lucy had pre-arranged it, or that Lucy's mother had come to "dear Sylvester's" rescue?

Lucy and Sylvester had been promised to each other, with Mrs. Repton's sanction, before Sir Clement had shown his bronzed face at Ducie West, and issued his imperial edict.

Tea was being handed decorously round when the Squire and Sir Clement, arm in arm, came into the great hall brimming over with good-humoured cordiality, ready to join in the games, like the old children they were. And soon the great clock in the hall struck twelve, and as the hammer beat upon the bell hands clasped hands and good wishes were uttered for the New Year, which had more than ordinary significance to one or two. Sir Clement saw in this only old custom and a revival of his own youth, and beamed a blessing on Dorinda and his nephew as he wished them a "Happy New Year."

What are two or three miles on a frosty morning to the young.

All the company attended church on the following Sunday; and only the young ones knew if blushes were attributable to that brisk walk through the keen air.

Did Dorinda think how dangerous it was to lean on the arm of Oliver Ransome and listen to him whilst he talked of familiar things in Bath, or of his dead father, or of his good mother, or of his hopes and aspirations in his profession, or of the sermon they had heard.

What harm could there be whilst he said nothing more?

Sunday passed, and Monday, and then came preparations for Twelfth Night festivities, bringing near the period of separation yet tightening bonds of unrevealed affection never to be loosened.

After Twelfth Night the party was to break up, Sir Clement and Dorinda alone remaining. The programme was reversed. Constant association had made Sylvester and Lucy either careless or desirous to bring matters to an issue, and yet it is more likely Mrs. Repton,

in her desire to mate her daughter with the future baronet was the mainspring, and it was her object, as well as that of Sylvester, to entangle Dorinda in a love match with Oliver Ransome, hoping in Sir Clement's exasperation a moiety at least of his countless guineas might be flung to his disobedient nephew, himself left free to marry Lucy Repton.

They thought they had succeeded. They saw that Dorinda and Oliver were hopelessly in love with each other; but, however deeply attached was the young doctor, his sense of honour forbade him to overstep the line of duty, and every night saw him resolved to depart, but every morning chained him closer to her chair, yet he kept a curb upon his lips, resolving to tear himself away. He was too poor to mate with Sir Clement's heiress.

He had a tempter at his elbow in Sir Clement's nephew.

Sylvester Ducie laughed at his scruples. "I might say I was too poor to mate with Lucy Repton. Courage, man! Has not Sir Clement gold enough for both? If it were my case I should carry the girl off to Gretna. Uncle would be sure to come round after a bit of bluster."

Oliver shook his head. From a covert in the shrubbery Sir Clement's valet overheard this advice. In the darkness he did not see the movement of dissent. He sought out his master, laid bare what he called "a plot," and left Sir Clement to act on his information.

"Have everything packed and ready to depart in an hour; and on your life be secret!" said the baronet, white with wrath.

It was Twelfth Night. Mrs. Repton had one of the old-fashioned cooks, great in decorative table-confectionery. The great Twelfth Night cake—white as Mont Blanc or the snow-covered lawn, adorned with sugar devices and figures—was a triumph. There was a clapping of little hands as Mrs. Repton took knife in hand for the division of the mystical cake; and surely it was by some legerdemain between the cook and the cutter that the bean and pea were found in the rich slices selected by Oliver and Dorinda.

It would be hazardous to say whether he or she blushed the most on being hailed King and Queen, led with ceremony to their raised throne at the end of the hall, invited to nominate their Court, and to direct the amusements of the evening. It was a trying position for both.

"Didn't mamma manage it cleverly, Sylvester, dear?" said Lucy, as she stood with him in close proximity to a curtained window.

"Admirably! She is a wonderful diplomatist, my love. She has done the business to-night."

"Done *your* business, you rascal!" thundered a voice in their ears; and Sir Clement, purple with passion, flung aside the curtains, dashed from his hiding-place, caught Dorinda by the wrist, and dragged her in unresisting amazement towards the door, denouncing the whole family of the Reptons as plotters and schemers, and Dr. Ransome as an adventurer they had put forward to clear the way for their Lucy to become Lady Ducie at his death. He would not remain another minute under the roof. He called for his carriage, not for one instant loosing his hold of Dorinda or listening to a word of explanation; and, almost as he called, the carriage was at the door. In he thrust his frightened daughter, on whose uncovered head someone kindly placed a hat; and, taking his seat beside her, roared to Sylvester to follow, or dread the consequences.

In vain Squire Repton, approaching the carriage door, sought to pacify his irate friend and convince him of his error; whilst Sylvester, slowly adjusting a cloak to his shoulders, seemed irresolute whether to obey the imperious mandate or to brave the matter out. A word or two of consolation to Lucy, and he too was in the carriage. Oliver Ransome alone, after his first indignant defence of Dorinda, looked on in silence, too proud to say one word in self-justification.

In the midst of the confusion the valet handed in his master's three-cornered hat, the door was closed, the windows dashed up from within, the coachman urged the horses forward, and they were off, leaving tracks in the snow soon to be effaced, and memories in human hearts never to be effaced.

There was confusion and commotion in the Manor House, Lucy, in tears, declaring that she and Sylvester were "engaged" when that horrid old man came from India, and that "he never said he wanted Syl to marry Dorinda till last summer." And if the latter statement was not quite true, the fault was none of Lucy's. She was not aware how Sylvester had temporised and dallied in the hope Dorinda, by some fortunate chance, should be the first to break the ice.

The Squire called wife and daughters to book for their share in what he, too, designated "a plot to circumvent an old friend." But Mrs. Repton maintained that Sir Clement was no old friend of *hers*. She had Lucy's happiness at heart, and that selfish savage would sacrifice both daughter and nephew for a mere idea. It spoke well for Sylvester that he was not to be bribed by the Indian gold. Oliver Ransome was as good as Dorinda; the young man had acted nobly, and in the midst of this controversy another day dawned on Repton Manor.

In Sir Clement's carriage silence, unbroken silence, prevailed.

Dorinda, with nothing round her but a light scarf she had worn that evening, shrank into a corner, chilled and affrighted. She had learned more of her own heart in that angry hubbub than she knew before. She knew now how to weigh the language of Dr. Ransome's eyes against the ordinary utterance of his tongue. There was joy in the discovery and dread. If her father could coerce Sylvester to desert Lucy, how was she to oppose him? Yet to marry him *now* would be to destroy the happiness of her dearest friend; and—and Oliver Ransome, too, she was afraid. Of the blight on her own life she shuddered to think, but disobedience was a crime, and she ended in prayer to God for guidance and strength.

Sylvester sat there sullenly, conscious of temporary defeat, but determined to win in the long run.

The baronet, seething and bubbling over with wrath when he entered the carriage, sat nursing his temper and his intentions at a white heat, too full for further utterance. Too hot in his resentment to think of minor matters, he and his hurried valet had alike forgotten his fur-lined cloak.

As the carriage rolled on through a thick fleece of falling snow, with here a jolt and there a bump on the uneven road, the chill night air penetrating cooled his blood somewhat. He grumbled at his valet for neglect, thought himself wofully ill-used, but in the darkness overlooked the fact that Dorinda was in a worse plight than himself, and that Sylvester was snug and warm and fast asleep.

Morning found them thus, after an hour's plunging through the thickening snow. With the dawn came a lull, but also doubt lest the coachman had lost his way in the dark and was off the high road.

Presently there was a plunge, a lurch, a shock, as a wheel struck a snow-hid mass; a spring broke, the carriage tilted; the silence was broken by a girl's scream and men's shouts.

Out they scrambled. No one knew where they were. Not a house or a landmark was visible.

"A pretty pickle this for New Year's week," ejaculated Sylvester as Dorinda, silent as the snow, and as white, shivered in the keen air.

A lad came up whistling as the horses were unyoked.

Aye, they were off the road—out of it; going back, in fact. There was no house nigher than Mrs. Dalrymple's, half a mile ahead. The smithy was a mile or more beyond. Aye, for half-a-crown he'd show the road an' help wi' the luggage too; and he was up at once, hauling down portmanteaux. Dorinda was placed on one of the horses by the repentant valet, whilst Sir Clement, not caring to trust his portly person on a bare-backed steed, ordered another man off to the blacksmith in all haste.

Sylvester, who had never lent a hand to unbuckle a strap, waded off through the foot-deep snow with head down and teeth set. They were going back, said the lad; aye, and he meant to go back. Sir Clement might keep both his daughter and his gold for him.

"Here you, sir!" his uncle roared after him; "strip that fine cloak of yours to cover this shivering girl."

"Strip the cloak from him who made the mischief," retorted Sylvester Ducie, without turning or stopping.

The valet had his cape off and round his young mistress ere he was told, and still holding and soothing the beast, uneasy under its strange burden, led it forward in the direction the lad indicated.

A picturesque black and white wood and rubble house in a hollow shut in by some clustering trees, now white with snow, was that of Mrs. Dalrymple.

The maid who answered the knocking at the gate answered also for the hospitality of her mistress.

Dorinda, half dead with cold, was shown into a room where a newly lighted fire was bursting into flame. She was followed by Sir Clement, not only frozen, but wet with wading through the snow. Sylvester had resolutely passed the gate.

Presently a lady of refined manners, whose silky white hair was banded under a widow's cap, came into the room, apologising for keeping them waiting, and also for the absence of her son, who would have been pleased to be of service.

Never did accident lodge travellers in more comfortable quarters. Sir Clement soon stood on his feet dry and warm, ready for a good English breakfast and a new year's welcome.

But neither fires nor breakfast could ward off the effects of that unadvised journey without wrappers to keep out the cold.

Mrs. Dalrymple advised bed for both travellers, pending the repair of the carriage, which promised to be a long process, seeing that the smith was away from his forge jollifying, and not to be found.

Dorinda accepted the offer gratefully, benumbed as she was alike with cold and repressed emotion. Sir Clement stuck out gallantly.

But certain twinges in his toes made him succumb later in the day.

The carriage was repaired and the horses were refreshed, but neither Sir Clement nor Dorinda left that hospitable house for some weeks. Gout held him fast in its clutches. Inflammation laid a hand on poor Dorinda's chest.

Mrs. Dalrymple, with two sick strangers thrown upon her hands and a man servant who taxed the resources of her modest establishment with consummate coolness, was anxious for the return of her son and for his advice. He was a doctor, the only one in a wide district.

She was thankful when he came, though

he had ridden miles through a thick snow storm to be there.

Imagine her surprise to be asked, "Are they still here! Is all well?" And imagine the surprise of Dorinda when the doctor brought to the side of her couch looked at her out of Oliver Ransome's eyes, spoke to her with Oliver Ransome's voice.

Fancy, too, the consternation of Perks to be told that roads were impassable, mails stopped, and no other doctor to be had.

"Master'll never see you, sir, I know he won't. He's that obstinate he'd die first. If he knew this was your house, sir, he'd have himself carried out if he died in the road."

He was willing to see the old country doctor whose hat was tied on with a handkerchief over his scratch wig, and who looked at his furred tongue through clumsy horn spectacles, though he groaned in spirit when told in a day or two that Dorinda was no longer able to sit by his pillow, needed the best attention and advice, and that the fellow in the wig and spectacles was the only doctor within reach, always except Dr. Ransome, who lived near.

There was a tremulous quaver in the old doctor's voice when he spoke of his grave fears for Sir Clement's daughter. Her system had received a severe shock, he said, and he had fears lest she might not rally. He wished from his heart there was some physician at hand to consult.

The red-hot pincers of the gout are nothing to the pincers of remorse. In his impetuosity he had brought all this agony on himself—this danger to his darling. He had insulted the only man there was at hand with ability to save her; and for what? For a graceless nephew, who had not even had the decency to offer his cloak to his cousin, or to inquire whether they were dead or alive.

He did Sylvester injustice. He was back at Repton, and the Manor House was snowed up.

A day went by. The old surgeon's spectacles were dim when he spoke of Miss Ducie with a mournful shake of his bewigged head.

"Then send for Dr. Ransome," burst from the father's lips in fear and anguish.

"Dr. Ransome can do no more for her than I have done," was the mournful rejoinder; and as Sir Clement denounced his doctor "a conceited quack," spectacles and wig were slowly removed, and Oliver Ransome himself made confession that Miss Ducie was in so critical a state he would be glad of another opinion, if obtainable for love or money. "At the same time, Sir Clement, be assured nothing will be wanting either Mrs. Dalrymple or myself can do for her. I would give my life to save Miss Ducie's."

Sir Clement was confounded. Was this trickery or truth? He insisted on being carried into his daughter's chamber.

There was no trickery. Dorinda was indeed in a perilous state, and Mrs. Dalrymple herself was doing duty as her nurse.

Thanks to a thaw, in three more days a messenger on horseback reached London, and in less than an hour an eminent physician was on the road.

By that time, however, the crisis was past, the grateful blue eyes had hope in them, and the physician pocketed his hundred guineas for simply saying the patient had been skilfully treated, and was in a fair way to recover—with care.

She did recover; and then Sir Clement, in his gratitude, would have loaded Mrs. Dalrymple and Dr. Ransome with favours.

But nothing would either accept.

"My mother and myself are amply repaid in Miss Ducie's restoration," said Oliver.

"Dalrymple—Ransome! I don't understand."

"My mother has been married twice. Sir Clement, my father, was Colonel Ransome, of the —— Hussars."

"You don't say so! He took charge of Lady Ducie on her tedious passage from India, before Dorinda was born. The kindest of kind friends!"

Not one word of love or marriage did Dorinda hear either from Oliver Ransome or her father under that roof.

But Dr. Ransome and Mrs. Dalrymple were invited to spend a month at Ducie West in the spring, and whether Sir Clement spoke first to the young man, or he to the young lady, it is certain that when the news of Sylvester Ducie's marriage to Lucy Repton reached them, they were far gone in preparations for a bridal. And years afterwards Dorinda Ransome said she never regretted that cold ride in the New Year's snow, since it led her to the safe shelter of a true heart, and enabled her father to distinguish between the crooked policy which was all for self, and the nobler nature which overmastered self in consideration for others.

THE QUEEN'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

By Ardern Holt.

I.



It is only in modern days that, with the pomp and ceremony which of necessity surround royalty, we have also learned to associate a love of domestic life. Lord Beaconsfield speaks of the Queen as one who "has elected, amid all the splendour of empire, to establish her life on the principle of domestic love," and the insight which Her Majesty has permitted her loyal subjects of her daily existence, has shown how, even to one so exalted, a happy home is "world wide enough." I quote her own words: "We must all have trials and visitations, but if one's home is happy, the rest is comparatively nothing." And again and again she herself testifies to the happiness of that home which has always been a pattern of what a home should be—a pure moral atmosphere, distinguished by refined and simple tastes, and warm family affections. Here all the graces were cultivated; all the charities fostered; it was "the seat of conscious unremitting work, which had for its object the protection and promotion of the country's welfare."

The Queen's marriage was one of pure affection—a "marriage of true minds." The Prince Consort, possessed of a noble nature and clear sound intellect, entirely forgot his own individuality in his devotion to her. He was her lover from first to last. "Very few can say with me," writes his wife, "that their husband at the end of twenty-one years is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage." And in addition he was her helpmate in very deed, the "ocean to the river of her thoughts," the natural head of the family, her private secretary, and the only recipient of her confidence in matters relating to state affairs. He spared no pains in acquiring accurate knowledge on all topics, and his systematic labours gave him a great power of mastering details. The perfect union of mind, interests, and tastes between the husband and wife shows itself in a hundred little touches. The Prince was an early riser, and even in winter was up by seven in his study, reading, writing, and preparing documents for the Queen, who by-and-bye would join him at her writing table beside his own. By half-past nine breakfast and the family prayers with the household in the chapel would be over, and in the earlier days of their marriage the husband and wife would stroll in the grounds together, but as the demands on their time grew greater this was discontinued, or came later in the day. The Prince never went out without an equerry, and the visits he paid in London were not to individuals, but to studios or charitable institutions. But wherever he went he returned always to the Queen to tell her about it, a loving smile on his handsome face. As time went on, and their children were born, he proved himself a most tender and precious nurse, always at hand to do anything for the Queen's comfort, sitting in her darkened room reading and writing for her, and no one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to the sofa.

The husband and wife delighted in the companionship of each other. Besides a community of interests, they had the same tastes. Baron Stockmar, one of the Queen's oldest and most valued friends, who had known the Prince and herself from childhood, and as Lord Palmerston—a not too favourable critic—said, the only thoroughly disinterested person he had ever known, describes Her Majesty as quick and acute in her perceptions, straightforward, and of singular purity of heart, without a trace of vanity or pretension. Others who knew her when she ascended the throne testify to her intelligence, the acuteness of her judgments, then mature beyond her years. She never forgets a name or a countenance, and this royal faculty has been a continual source of pleasure to those among her subjects, who have been honoured with interviews, in which she invariably shows a minute knowledge of events interesting to them. All this was fostered by her husband. He was of opinion that the sovereign should be the best-informed person in her dominion as to the progress of political events, and those who now transact business with the Queen are astonished at her thorough knowledge, not only of political and social questions, but of the necessary etiquette and forms of procedure.

The Prince Consort was a clever artist, a good musician, and no mean composer. Many a happy leisure hour they spent together, etching, sketching, and playing, he composing many a chansonnette, which she helped him to put on paper. The Prince specially delighted in the organ; to it he spoke out his whole heart, without fear of being misunderstood, and his wife was his most appreciative listener. In the "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," "The Early Days of the Prince Consort," and the five subsequent volumes of "The Life of the Prince Consort," the Queen has been brought very near to the hearts of her people, who have thereby learned to realise how warm her interest is in all that concerns them, how large her heart for family affection, how good a daughter, how devoted a wife she has proved herself. But it is as a mother, perhaps, that we realise best that "one touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."

No parents could have been more self-sacrificing or have shown more wisdom in the education of their offspring. The prevailing idea was that the children were to be brought up as simply and as domestically as possible.

They were to be as much with their parents as their lessons and public duties permitted, and they were to learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things. The head was to be well provided for, but the heart was to be the primary consideration. Religious training, according to the Queen's opinion, was best learnt at the mother's knee, and she grieved sadly that her many occupations prevented her being present when the Princess Royal as a child said her prayers, though she found time occasionally to hear her lessons.

There could hardly have been a happier family circle than the highest in the land when the Sovereign's children were growing up around her. You gather somewhat of the mother's affectionate solicitude, when you read how, in 1845, on the morning of their parents' visit to Germany, the young princes and princesses were with them at breakfast, and with what a heavy heart the adieux were made, and how lonely and deserted Buckingham Palace seemed that night when the Queen writes, "I miss the poor children so much." It made the delight of the return the greater when the four little ones welcome them, looking "like roses, so well and so fat!" As they grew in years the young people showed themselves worthy of the love and care lavished on them. On birthdays, and other pleasurable anniversaries, many are the surprises planned to delight the Prince and Queen. Sometimes it is the acquiring of some fresh knowledge, sometimes it is a gift secretly prepared. On one occasion they arrange a masque of the seasons. Princess Alice represents Spring; Princess Royal, Summer; Prince Alfred (Alfie), Autumn; the Prince of Wales (Bertie), Winter; the Princess Helen Leuchen, as she is called by them all (for pet names are common in the royal circle), pronouncing a blessing on the Prince Consort and the Queen by way of conclusion. The Princess Royal during babyhood rejoiced in the name of Pussy, and the Queen herself draws a charming family picture when she tells us how a few days after her eldest son was born, her father brings in the little Princess "in such a smart white merino dress trimmed with blue which mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seating

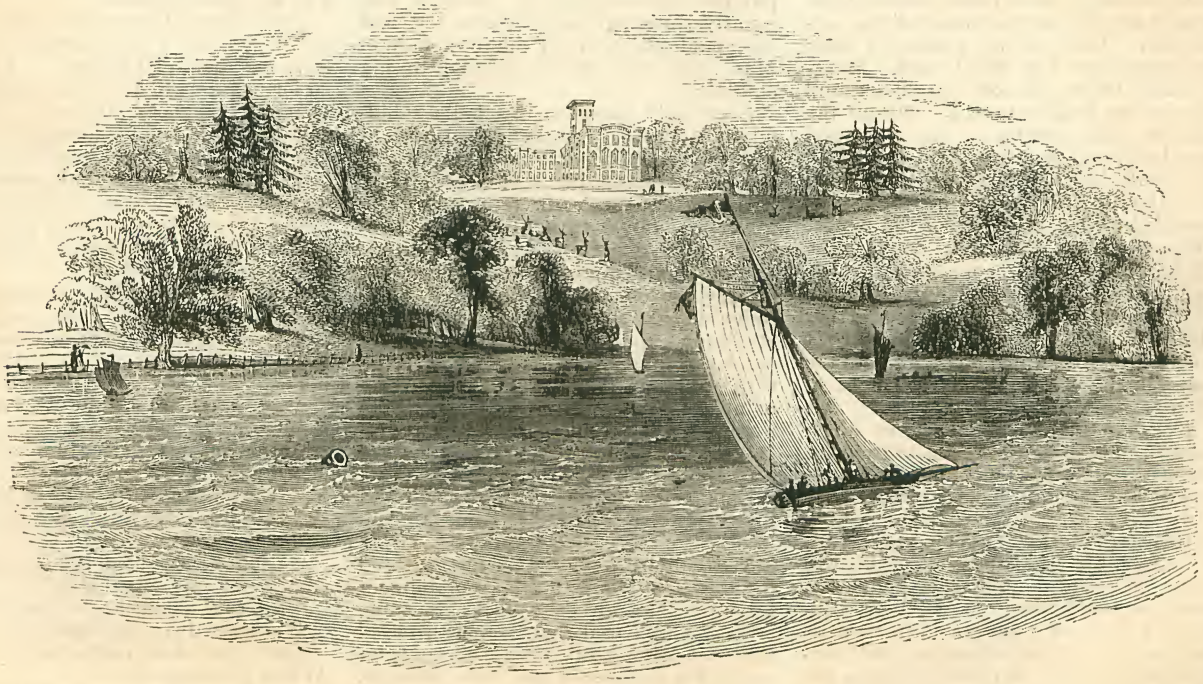


BALMORAL.

himself next to her; and she was very dear and good; and as my precious invaluable Albert sat there and our little love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God." The years as they rolled on brought changes. The Queen deplored that the state of her health prevented her being with her elder children on the occasion of their first public appearance in the City in 1847, and three years before she lives her own life over again in her eldest daughter, and can hardly believe that it can be her own child that is travelling with them to Dundee, "it puts me so in mind of myself when I was 'the little Princess.'" But in 1855 her thoughts are full of the coming marriage of this same Princess, little no longer; and a few years later another love story has to be told. Prince Louis of Hesse wins the heart of the Princess Alice, and the two are as happy and as lover-like as any middle class couple. He is dear to the Queen's heart. Also, writing of the engagement, she says, "Louis has a warm and noble heart. We embraced our dear Alice and praised her much to him; he pressed and kissed my hand, and I embraced him. After talking a little we parted, a most touching and to me most sacred time."

Young as the Prince Consort died, he was a happy grandfather, another and deep source of happiness. In her diary the Queen writes: "Soon after we sat down to breakfast came a telegram from Fritz; Vicky had got a daughter at 8.10, both well. What joy! children jumping about, everyone delighted. So thankful, so relieved." A very merry as well as very intellectual and virtuous family circle the Queen enjoyed throughout her married life.

The Prince Consort was particularly notable for cheerfulness, which neither hard work nor close application to affairs of state at all diminished. During dinner, breakfast, and luncheon, he had always a store of amusing stories to tell, and, blessed with a good memory, he had also the knack of seeing the comical side of everything. The Queen now, and during her husband's lifetime, has ever



OSBORNE.

been a diligent reader of the leading newspapers, which find a place daily in the breakfast-room. The Prince examined them attentively during and after breakfast, reading any particular items of news aloud.

All the work regarding public affairs, which the Prince did for her, the Queen now does for herself, and a certain number of hours are set aside daily for writing, for Her Majesty has an unusually large correspondence with friends and relatives, and gives up one day in the week entirely to this letter-writing. Those who have perused her printed letters to her sister, the Princess Hohenlohe, and other relatives, will recognise that she has a special faculty for expressing herself clearly, and putting her very soul into the loving words of sympathy and interest prompted by a warm heart, brimful of tender thought for others. Her Majesty's letters do not go through the ordinary post; they are placed in special letter-bags and despatched from Whitehall by Queen's messengers; letters to and from foreign potentates reaching her through the several embassies. When the bags arrive at the palace where the Queen is, they are sorted, and family letters left unopened. The rest are prepared for her perusal, and when ready she spends many hours, with the help of her private secretary and minister in attendance, transacting the necessary business, which involves so much knowledge, care, and concentration, the power of mental concentration being one of Her Majesty's strong points. The demands made by matters of state on her time will be best realised if I tell you that as many as fifty telegrams reach her daily, and that when far away in Scotland it is the duty of the Vice-Chamberlain to telegraph nightly all the doings in Parliament.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WEDDINGS.

MANY changes took place amongst our friends which were the result of the explosion. Leah slowly recovered from her illness, but her infant died. Meredith also recovered from the shock and injuries he had sustained. During the ensuing few months it was arranged that Leah and her two children should live with her father and mother, and that Meredith should occupy the house provided for the manager of the mines. This was much insisted on by Mr. Richards, who had conceived a high opinion of Meredith's fidelity, zeal, and shrewdness. Indeed, he considered that the submission of the men who had resolved to strike was due as much to the young man's reasoning, as to horror at the explosion.

Evan and Peggy had been so much distressed by the grief of Little Davy at his father's funeral that they had actually taken the lad home with them to Derwen Fach. May was much delighted at this, though they scarcely knew what to do with him, and found it difficult to make him a temporary shakedown amongst the cheeses in the loft. But in the course of time Meredith came to the rescue. He asked and received permission from Mr. Richards to take the poor boy into his office as a sort of clerk, volunteering to teach him what was necessary; and thus Davy found a protector and Meredith a devoted friend.

As Mr. Richards was compelled to be a good deal absent from home, much responsibility fell upon Meredith. The name of his house was Penpant, or the Head of the Brook, and it was some distance from Derwen Fach, being near a more important mineral district. Laban still continued overman, or gaffer, as it is familiarly called, of the old pit, while his son was more especially overseer of the new—was, as the word imports, manager of all the works in the district. As father and son went hand in hand, affairs gradually resumed their old aspect, and school and institute were well attended.

While these events took place May was diligently pursuing her organ studies. She had a lesson once a week at Derwen Church, and went there to practise as often as she could. Her master was much struck with her musical genius, as well as with her voice, and urged her devoting herself to music as a profession. But she had always in her mind the thought "They cannot do without me." Indeed, she would have been loth to be away from home so much for her lessons and practise, had not Mally been secretly hired by Meredith to remain all, and every, day at Derwen Fach. Thus the young, as is meet, laboured for the old.

During the autumn Rachel was married, and May was bridesmaid, Meredith being best man, or "Tailor," as the Welsh call it. There was a grand "bidding" at Tygwyn, and it seemed strange to May to remember melancholy funerals in the spring, and to look at the widowed Leah and her orphan children, while all was mirth and gaiety on Rachel's account. But she had been a good daughter, and now that Leah had taken her place, could marry without feeling that her parents were neglected. Sorrow had greatly softened Leah's character, and she could now scarcely make enough of May, who was much devoted to her children.

Everybody came to Rachel's "bidding," and May, who had never been at a wedding before, felt important when she presented a piece of rosemary to each of the guests, in return for such gifts or loans as they brought with them. The church was crowded, and it was quite an imposing ceremony; but, in May's eyes, no one looked so handsome as her "Fairy Prince." Mrs. Richards and her daughters were amongst those who came to Tygwyn with wedding presents after the ceremony, and May thought that she had never seen so nice a young lady as Miss Edith. She said so to Meredith, and was almost surprised at his emphatic, "Yes; there is no one so good and pretty—except, perhaps, you, Cousin May."

We cannot wonder if colour mounted to May's fair face at this compliment from one she loved so well. But she fancied and feared that Meredith cared more for Miss Edith than was good for one in his position of life. She thought she had never been so merry as she was on that wedding day, and she found herself asking her grandmother if her mother's wedding had been so bright and cheerful. Peggy shook her head and replied that it could not be so, because Evan had disapproved of the match, and would not sanction it.

"She was married from Tygwyn, you know, and I only saw the wedding by the sly," said old Peggy. "But it was pretty enough, and your father was a good-looking man, with a smart coat and a lot of long, dark hair. Not like yours, child. They said that was how those painting people wore their hair. Pity he should ever have seen our Mary, for we never heard a word about her till that letter came from Mr. Everton. She was pretty! why, you can't light a candle to her."

"Oh, no, grandmother," sighed May. "I suppose she had never such funny hair as mine."

"Smooth as a golden pippin, child," replied Peggy.

The day after the wedding, May went to Derwen for her lesson. When she was leaving the church she was met by the vicar, and, to her joy and surprise, Mr. Everton.

"Oh, dear, sir! I am so glad!" she exclaimed, as he took both her small hands in his.

"How much you are grown!" he said, looking at her kindly. "I have been listening to your lesson, and wonder still more at your growth in music. I have my holiday late this year, and have run down to see you—and—your kind friends. I will walk with you to Derwen Fawr."

They set out side by side, no longer hand in hand.

"I suppose I am too old," sighed May to herself. "I wish I could be always young." She was not yet sixteen!

"Have you found Mrs. Pope, sir?" was her first question.

"No, May; I have quite lost sight of her. Indeed, I have myself removed from that part of London. I have been so fortunate as to have a living presented to me at Norwood, and——. How are Mr. Richards and his family?"

"Quite well, thank you, sir; and so are great grandfather and grandmother, considering their age. We have all recovered from the explosion that I wrote to you about, and cousin Rachel was married yesterday."

"But for you, May, I should never have known all these good people, seen this lovely country, or heard from—your kind friend, Miss Edith. Is she at home?"

May looked up at Mr. Everton as she replied in the affirmative. There was a vibration in his voice that touched a chord in her heart.

"It is long since you were here last, sir. I think Miss Edith has been sorry, and so have I."

"What reason have you for supposing your friend was sorry, May?"

"Because she looked so sad when she said she liked you very much."

They walked on a little way in silence. At last he resumed—

"Perhaps I may be grateful to you all my life for bringing me to these parts.

You shall know to-morrow morning, when I will come and see you and your friends. I am now going by invitation to Derwen Fawr. I wrote to say I was once more in the neighbourhood."

"But you are *my* friend, sir. *I* knew you first," returned May, with a sort of reproach in her voice.

"I hope we are friends for life, dear child," he rejoined, as he remarked the grieved expression of her face.

They reached the institute, and he asked if he might go in and see what had been done since he was there last on the opening day. They entered, and there, busily arranging books and papers, was Miss Edith.

"Are you not glad that he has come again?" whispered May, when a somewhat confused greeting had passed.

But Edith did not answer. Instead she spoke of May, and told Mr. Everton how that she would soon be organist, and that she was already the chief accompanist in the choir practices.

"For we mean to compete for the prize at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Everton," put in May; "and I shall go to London once more."

"Then you will not be far from my new home at Norwood," returned Mr. Everton, glancing at Edith, not May.

"The institute is empty now, but it will be full to-night," said Edith, blushing. "You will come to luncheon, Mr. Everton?"

All three involuntarily recalled a similar invitation near the spot where they were standing some eight years before. They left the room together, and when they reached the path to Derwen Fach they separated, May wending her way thoughtfully homewards, the others walking very slowly towards the awaiting luncheon.

Why were May's thoughts troubled? and why were they much divided between Mr. Everton, cousin Meredith, and Miss Edith? She could scarcely tell; but she felt half disposed to repine as she gradually realised that she had been perhaps only the stepping-stone to the happiness of others. Should she lose those she loved so well? she asked herself. And would Meredith be content to work on when Miss Edith was gone? Life seemed a strange problem to her youthful mind, and she could not quite understand why Mr. Everton, who was her friend first, should forsake her for another, and be a guest where she was only admitted as, at best, a poor little scholar.

"Wool-gathering again, child?" cried old Peggy, as she walked slowly up the garden with her head down. "We've been waiting this half-hour, and grandfather won't go to dinner without you."

She quickened her steps, and a bright smile replaced the temporary gravity as she joined Peggy, standing with her arms akimbo.

"Thou art late, child. I am fearing that this music will make too much of a lady of thee for our poor ways," said Evan, as she entered the house.

"Why, great-grandfather? Cousin Meredith says it only makes the miners better and more contented. You know it has charmed stones and trees; and I think that pretty story of the lady who, by music, came back to this world from somewhere below it, is just like our miners, who are singing in the mine, singing all the way up, and then singing at night at the institute."

"You're all music-mad, child!" exclaimed Peggy, emptying a saucepan of steaming potatoes into a dish. "I wonder any of you are eating at all. Nothing will be serving us now but 'the Crystal Palace,' and competing for this cup and that, and a gold cup, they are saying. Why, there's nothing so clean as well washen ware, to my thinking; so why should you be travelling all the way up to London to try for what isn't so good as what you've got at home?"

"Oh, grandmother, it is the hope, the practise, the anxiety! It is something to look forward to. Only fancy! five hundred of us meeting from all the mines, and going up to London, to sing before the Queen perhaps. And we shall not be nervous, because we are so many."

"Eat your dinner, child, and try to be content with your present lot. One state of life is just so good as another, if we can but think so. Thou hast no appetite with all this excitement."

"Yes, great-grandfather, thank you. I am very hungry indeed. The more I sing the more I eat, like the old fairies, you know."

"Haw! haw! haw! You are a queer one," laughed Peggy.

Then May told them about Mr. Everton, and before they had finished dinner was reconciled to her lot in life, and ready to help in the household work.

But the following morning her grandmother again accused her of wool-gathering, for she was thinking of Mr. Everton, and looking for him. He came, in fact, at mid-day, and she ran down to the gate to meet him. Evan was afield harvesting, and Peggy in the dairy, so they had the kitchen to themselves. Mr. Everton sat down on the settle, May on her favourite low stool near it. It would almost seem as if she knew how pretty she looked in that spot, with the firelight gleaming through her hair's golden threads. The cat jumped instantaneously on her lap, and she put her elbow on one knee, and, leaning her fair cheek on her hand, looked up into the face of her earliest living friend. She had never seen that generally grave face so bright before.

"May, I have good news to tell you," he began at once. "Your kind friend, Edith, has consented to be my wife, with the approval of her parents. But for you I should never have seen her, and you are the first to whom I bring the 'happy tidings.'"

"Oh, sir, I am so glad—and—so sorry," she said, hesitating a little.

"Sorry, May? I thought you would rejoice with us, your friends."

"I do, dear sir, I do. Only now I shall lose you both."

Involuntary tears came into her sweet eyes, but she brushed them quickly away, and replaced them by a smile.

"I understand you, May. We have both loved Edith ever since we knew her; but you will lose what I shall gain."

"Yes, dear sir. But I am glad for you and her."

She held out her hand spontaneously, and there was nothing selfish in the pang that pierced her heart. It was for Meredith, because she feared he, too, cared for Miss Edith as one in his position should not have cared.

Peggy came in and interrupted an interview that was almost painful to May, strive as she would to think it pleasant. Mr. Everton did not remain long; he was in a hurry to return to his betrothed.

"Can I tell them, dear sir?" she whispered.

"Yes. There is no longer any secret, May."

So when her grandfather came in she told the news.

"Just like Richards, Derwen Fawr," laughed old Peggy. "He do know where to find butter for his bread. So long as the parson was a curate so long he mustn't marry Miss Edith; but when he is the vicar he do get his consent."

"Oh, grandmother!" exclaimed May, scandalised.

"The way of the world, child," remarked Evan.

"But they are very happy, great-grandfather, and I am very glad," returned May, striving to feel as she spoke.

But that evening she was sorry again, for Meredith came, and no sooner was he seated than his grandmother told the news. None but May understood his change of colour; only she knew that there was bitter disappointment in the young man's cup.

"Just as well not have come!" cried old Peggy, when he suddenly jumped up and wished them a hasty good night.

May followed him, and he beckoned her down the garden into the moonlit lane. They stood there a few minutes together in silence, then he said, huskily—

"Grandfather *is right*, May; ambition is destruction. Mr. Everton has kept in his place, and has got all he wished. I have risen above mine, and lost all I strove to rise for."

"Dear cousin Meredith, you are beloved and esteemed by everyone. You will be a great man some day; you are my fairy prince," replied May.

"Dear May, you do not know—you cannot tell," sighed Meredith. "I wanted yonder moon, and it was above me. I have been very foolish; but no one guesses at my folly save my little cousin, who is best and dearest of all. You will be true to me, May? You will not marry some foreigner and leave us?"

"No chance, for I am wanted here. They cannot do without me," answered May, cheerfully. "Will you not come back and stay with us? You come so seldom, and they looked so sad and disappointed when you went away."

Meredith hesitated a moment, then, with decisive step and masterful resolution, returned with her to his grandfather's humble fireside.

(*To be continued.*)

EVE AND EDEN.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

PART II.



S surely as through all the roll of the lives the sweat of brow or work of brain has been man's portion, so surely has woman had to endure the punishment pronounced on her. When Charles Kingsley says that "Men must work and women must weep," we feel that he marks off woman's lot too sharply. Women, as the great sympathising man well knew, have to work and weep too.

"A man's work is from sun to sun,
But a woman's work is never done."

And the cares, tears, and crosses that affection brings are pre-eminently her portion.

"'Tis woman's lot silent tears to weep,
And sunless riches from Affection's deep
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower;
And to make idols and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship,"

sings sweet Felicia Hemans.

If this were all, it were unspeakably sad, but happily it is not all. It is the presentation of a half truth, not the whole. Let a woman's lot be what it may, she cannot travel from the cradle to the grave without enduring in some form or other a sorrow that is peculiarly her own.

To the high-bred child of refinement and civilisation it comes, perhaps, with a more exquisite pang than to her tawny-hued sister, who bears her lord's burden while he walks free by her side, and keeps her mother's watch beneath the stars while he hunts buffaloes in the land of dreams. It cannot be denied that for woman the "deepest notes of woe" are evoked from the "chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure."

She has in so many ways to suffer through the affections that are her world. Home is her kingdom, yet sin and sorrow may enter it till the crown of her empire is a crown of thorns.

A moral safeguard is the sensitiveness of her self-respect and of her pride; yet correspondingly bitter are the humiliations these have to endure.

Not so large hearted as man, she is more concentrated and intense. Her very life is bound up in those she loves, and when death or distance takes them from her, or worse still a moral gulf intervenes with the shock of earthquake, such a wrench is endured in parting as is like the dividing of body and soul.

Then, called as she often is to battle with the stern realities of life, how hard does her timidity make the encounter; with what fear she enters on the strife! how her weak frame aches and quivers, and ages prematurely beneath the burden and heat of the day!

"Oh, God was cruel when He made women," says one of the late George Eliot's characters, but this is the language of a wrung heart. We would not have given our young readers a glimpse of the inevitable sadness if the medal had not its bright reverse.

Let us consider, then, what woman owes to Christianity. If in heathen lands her subjection has been carried to the point of degradation, how beautiful where the banner of the second Adam has been upreared has her weakness been made her shield! What opportunity has been given for the development of her intellectual powers, what free scope for the fine endowments of her nature!

If authority is not her birthright—and according to our sense of the fitness of things we had rather see the crown where God placed it in the beginning—yet how potential as well as subtle is the great gift of influence God has bestowed upon her! If the first woman employed it so mischievously as to lead the first man wrong, how many men in the world's history, how many at the present day are kept right by the power to "loose and bind" which a good mother, a loving sister, a pure-hearted unselfish wife has over them!

A good influence! What a beautiful thing it is for any woman to cultivate!

It is like a bank of violets filling the gloom of the shade with sweetness.

"It is like a 'harp unseen,'
Making 'melody between.'"

When it is religiously consecrated it is like the box of Eastern balms broken over the Saviour's feet that filled the house with its perfume. We have faith to believe that such perfumes never will be lost. They will be treasured in God's "golden vials," with those rare odours that are the prayers of saints.

While we are on this subject we must indicate that Eve's punishment shows the high displeasure with which God regards perverted influence. The Bible furnishes more than one illustration of this. The weakness of her who leads a stronger one astray does not exempt her from having to endure the sharper chastisement. Miriam, by infecting Aaron with her own spirit of discontent, led him to speak against Moses, and it was on her that the white robe of the foulest form of leprosy fell. How terrible also was the fate of that king's daughter who stirred up her husband to deeds of oppression and of wrong! By such instances as these let us be warned in our lesser degree to use for God and good the influence that we possess. It is greater than we know, sometimes the greatest when it is most unconscious. "A savour of life unto life, or of death unto death," that we carry about with us with too little thought. There is solemn warning also in the form in which temptation came to Eve—the longing for forbidden knowledge.

It becomes us to ponder this well. A nobly enquiring mind if it succumbs to that temptation may become ignobly curious. The mind is not in all its stages fit for all kinds of food.

Even in religion there is milk for babes and strong meat for the adult. If Eve could but have resisted the serpent's wiles, God would in time have brought her into all the knowledge that was necessary for her, and she would have known no confusion.

Imperfect knowledge seems to be one of the conditions of our earthly state. The greatest minds only know in part. The sweet words our Saviour said to His disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now," are fraught with a wonderful meaning. They are said to all of us, and one of our anticipations of the glad new life beyond is the hearing from Him these many things that now we cannot bear.

Then if so much higher knowledge is withheld from the greatest and holiest men, should not the young submit themselves in all humility, when parents and teachers keep back from them an earthly knowledge that they cannot bear?

But, oh! this knowledge of good and evil, what a hankering there is for it, and when a wilful hand makes spoil of any of the fruit, what a mischievous anxiety there is to distinguish it!

Parents have a reason for withholding things safe to them from the ignitible imaginations of their children, and sin cannot revive at their command, and the heart and the conscience remain unsullied. A young and thoughtful girl once took up a pile of pamphlets which her father had laid down upon the table.

"No, my dear," said her father, who was a clergyman, "that is not fit reading for you. These are infidel pamphlets circulating among the young men of this parish, and I am reading them to answer them."

The girl refrained at the time, but her mind went after the pamphlets.

She burned to know what was in them. Why shouldn't she see the other side of the argument? It could do her no harm. She was so thoroughly sure of the ground she stood upon.

As soon as she could find an opportunity she eagerly seized her Eve's apples. And what was the consequence? Doubt infused which she had not yet the knowledge and judgment to answer, with a period of mental confusion and unrest she dared not confess to because of her disobedience. This girl is like many others who have possessed themselves of a kind of knowledge they were not able to bear. A few years growth in knowledge, with the added strength of character well spent years must bring, might have given her the ability to meet much that in early youth was dangerous to her.

Seeking, too, gipsies, astrologers, and other people who profess to read the future is another way of eating Eve's apples, and such apples, like the apples that grow by the Dead Sea, are apt to turn to dust, and leave a very bitter taste in the mouth.

As we ponder these things let us be instructed by them.

Our first mother's fall teaches us the duty of obedience to the voice of conscience, which is God's voice in the soul. It teaches us also the importance of guarding the inquiring tendencies of our mind lest they become demoralised—the purity of the springs of thought and feeling, and the sacred gift of influence that we all possess in varying degrees. In the sorrows of our woman's lot we may be comforted by the thought of the deliverance God wrought for our race through a Saviour that was born of us, and by the peculiar sympathy that Jesus in His life on earth showed to the women who came to him and the warm instincts of our hearts to love and cherish. Let us find objects for them, and cultivate them with untiring devotion.

So we may answer Felicia Hemans' mournful plaint with Elizabeth Barrett Browning's words of strength:—

"But go to: Thy love shall chant its own beatitude
After thy own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad,
An old man helped by thee shall make thee strong,
A poor man helped by thee shall make thee rich;
Thou shalt be served thyself in every servic which thou renderest."

So much for the culture of the heart. And for that of the head: can any counsel be sweeter, fuller, more comprehensive than this, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."



Here and Hereafter.

By the Dowager Lady Barrow.

Now the days of thy youth are the brightest and best,
And gaiety round thee is flowing;
Remember, dear sister, that country of Rest,
Where better enjoyments are glowing.

Though this world's allurements encircle thy way.
And tempt thy young footstep to wander,
They cannot compare with one heavenly ray,
From the regions of blessedness yonder!

For a moment's uncertain and transient delight,
Forego not whole ages of pleasure!
Not here, but above, in the mansions of light,
Is the only endurable treasure.

Then now, while thy days are the brightest and best,
Let thy heart to thy Saviour be given,
And He will bestow a sweet foretaste of rest,
And perfect enjoyment in Heaven!

A WORD WITH THE NERVOUS.

By Medicus.

I will not waste time or space in attempting to account for the fact, patent to every practitioner of any standing, that the disease called nervousness is much more common among people, and especially young people, nowadays than it was in former years. I really believe that our great grandmothers knew not the meaning of the word "nerves," nor that they possessed a nervous system. Little bits of fits of hysterics, or "the vapours" as they were called, they used to have, and used occasionally to faint for fashion's sake, especially when they knew that the fall would be both a safe and a soft one. But things have altered a good deal since their time, and nervousness is now looked upon as a real and often a very serious ailment.

Nor have we got very far to seek, for the reason of this want of sympathy towards the nervous. It has its origin in ignorance—I have no other name for it, and I do not mean to mince matters. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," but in this case ignorance is not bliss, but quite the reverse. Everybody knows that such a thing as a brain exists in the head of the human being: the brain is looked upon as matter, as something real, something substantial, and if you talk about inflammation of that organ you are to a certain extent understood, as much so as if you talked about inflammation of the wrist joint or the throat. But nine out of every ten people, if told that Miss So-and-So was suffering from nervousness, would make some such interesting remark as, "Oh, indeed! poor thing!" feeling at the same time in their own minds, that poor Miss So-and-So deserved to be punished more than pitied.

Well, I say that nine out of ten people have not a notion what nervousness really means, and it is to the nine that I shall speak, leaving number ten, the odd one, out of the lecture. Nerves, then, are a system of prolongations or cords leading from the brain and spinal marrow, just as the veins and arteries lead to or from the heart. They are white in colour, of somewhat the same composition as the brain itself. They divide and re-divide into millions and millions of branchlets, more numerous than the blood-vessels themselves, and are distributed to every part and portion of the human frame, even to the most minute and the most remote. So numerous are they that you cannot even prick your finger without piercing quite a number of them. Physiology is a dry subject, and I'm sure I do not wish my girl readers to study it; I only want them to believe in the reality of the nervous system, in order to get them to look upon nervousness as not a mere imaginary illness, but one which is just as actual as an inflammation of any part of the body visible to the eye. You will take my word for it, will you? Thank you, for I assure you if you didn't, or if I thought you didn't, I would go on talking about the nervous system, about the nerves of *animal* life and the nerves of *organic* life, and nerve knots, and nerve filaments, till you would be fain to stop your ears and cry out, "Oh! don't, don't, you terrible dry-as-dust Girl's Own Medicus."

But one thing you must please remember, and it will help you to understand the rationale of my plan of curing nervousness—viz., that every one of the nerves in the body is nourished by the blood that proceeds from the heart. If then that blood be healthy and pure, the nerves will be just the same, healthy and strong, and the person who possesses such well-nourished nerves will feel hale in body and happy in mind. This, you will readily perceive, is only another way of saying that one great cause of nervousness, and all the misery entailed by that complaint, is impure or impoverished blood.

On the other hand, a weak heart would be unable to send sufficient blood to the nerves to nourish them, and the heart is weakened by anything that affects in a direct way the nerves themselves. This at once points to another great cause of the complaint I am speaking of—namely, mental anxiety; and bodily fatigue has the same adverse action on the nerves, so has want of sleep, overmuch brain work, &c., &c.

Now, then, what are the symptoms of nervousness? How can one tell when one is nervously ill? I cannot give you all nor even a tithe of the symptoms, they are in a great measure different in each individual; but I can tell you some of the commonest of these.

The first thing then that attracts the attention of the nervous person herself is this, she does not feel quite so well as she used to be, and yet she probably complains of no real ache or pain, and could not really say what ailed her or how she really felt, if asked. Very likely she is averse to confessing to anyone that there is anything the matter with her. But she cannot so easily deceive herself. She is more pensive and moody, and less bright and gay than before. Little things worry her; she is peevish, often angry without sufficient cause, and angry with herself for being angry. She has altogether less pleasure in life, she is more listless and easily tired; her spirits are low or fitful in their brightness. She is easily startled, easily frightened, and easily confused, and it may be has frequent flushings of the face, without apparent or sufficient cause.

Sleep at night is perturbed after a time, and often the girl wakes up of a morning feeling only half refreshed. The appetite suffers, or is very capricious, and the system generally feels out of order and below par.

These are the usual symptoms of a deranged condition of the nervous system, but they are not the only ones, neither are they the most distressing, for pains in the back and excessive weariness are often present, and headache as well—either a dull, throbbing, stupefying headache, or simply a feeling of fulness of blood on the brain, with heat of the brow or crown of the head, and throbbing of the temples.

Toothache and tic-douloureux are occasionally present, two other ailments for which, agonising though they be, people get but little sympathy, on the plea that they are not deadly.

Now these symptoms one and all, and a hundred more that I have no time to notice, point to a state of matters that cannot be too soon seen to and altered. And the very first thing to think about is how they are caused; for until the cause of nervousness be ascertained, and, to some extent at all events, removed, medicines can do a girl very little good.

The question then to consider is this: is the cause a direct one or an indirect one? Is the condition of the nerves caused by worry of mind, or overwork, or both, or is it owing to impurity of the blood, or owing to the blood being deficient in nourishing power? People who are ill of nervousness are very apt to take a very desponding view of their state. They should not do this, for, admitting that when, from whatever cause, the nervous system is enfeebled the body is less able to present a shield and buckler against the innumerable darts of disease and death, that are for ever flying around us, still, when once a young person makes a start upon the road to renewed health, hope at once begins to shine upon her upward path, and kind nature steps in herself to help her, and the cure is often as speedy as it was unlooked for.

If, then, gentle readers, your troubles are caused by overwork, and the worry and anxiety that overwork entails, you must rest. I say *must*—no other word will suit—for if you do not do so of your own accord, circumstances may compel you; serious illness may lay you low, and even if you recover therefrom it may be with a constitution irretrievably ruined. Change of place and change of work have often a marvellous effect in curing the kind of nervousness from which young girls suffer. Many of my readers I know have to work, and hard enough too, to obtain a respectable livelihood, but they should not have to work and suffer both. In many cases the work is really too hard, the position to be maintained while at it too fatiguing, the confinement too great, the hours too long, and the want of fresh air and cheerful exercise too trying for the system. Well, my advice is this, seek a change. Do not bother your little heads thinking about this during the day; wait till you get home to the quiet of your own room, or even to bed, when your body will be at rest and your nerves still; then ask yourself this serious and important question: Is there other work in the world that I am fitted for, and which may be less trying to my body and nerves? Argue this question with yourself, think it well out both *pro* and *con*, and when you do make up your mind—act. Do not forget either that change of air often does good, infinite good, even when there is no change in the kind of work.

Some might say that I am trying to invoke a spirit of restlessness among my girl readers. Indeed I am not. I have been a hard and earnest student of, and writer upon everything connected with the health of the people, for too many years to be likely to advise what is wrong to young or to old. "Let well alone" is a good old maxim, the value of which I fully appreciate, therefore I say to any weakly or nervous working girl who may read these lines, "When there is no *well* to let alone, or when well is but bad at the best, then try the effects of change. The world is wide enough for us all, and human beings are not like trees, born to abide for ever in the same spot."

Having as far as you can removed the cause, the next thing to do is to endeavour to improve the state of the general health, and enrich the blood, so that the nerves being better nourished may regain tone.

Late hours ought to be avoided. Early to bed and early to rise is a good motto for the nervous; eight hours sleep is quite enough for any young girl. The bed itself should not be a soft one, but, on the contrary, moderately hard. A glass of cold spring water before going to bed will often tend to make the sleep more refreshing. Supper should be a moderate meal, and partaken of two hours at least before going to rest. All hurry at meals should be avoided, and so should intemperance in eating, or taking anything between meals. Beer and stimulants of all kinds should be given up entirely by the nervous, and coffee is better than tea.

Pleasant exercise should be taken in the open air, and cheerful society sought after. A course of drill often does the nervous a great deal of good. The cold or tepid bath should be used every day.

You will naturally ask me if there is no medicine for the cure of nervousness. There are several, *but* you must live as I have told you or you will not give the medicine a chance. I do but name the medicines; any respectable middle-aged chemist will tell you the dose, which must bear relation to your years. Cod-liver oil, then, is a very excellent nerve tonic; so is pancreatic emulsion and Parrish's chemical food. With these you must take either zinc or iron, in pills or in drops, and a simple antibilious pill about once in ten days.

In conclusion, I have only a few words to add—"Trust in God, and do the right."



AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

COUNTRY LIFE.

When sitting at the fire one winter's night,
And dreaming in the soft and waning light,
My thoughts flew back to four short months ago,
When summer was, instead of ice and snow;
And, as I dreamt, I fancied that I saw
Again what I had done those months before.

The house we stayed in was a red brick one,
With rows of windows sparkling in the sun;
The rooms were small, in number but a few,
But they were clean, and all of brightest hue.
The garden that we played in was a treat
To look at; verdant lawns that would be mete
For princes' children, stretched before our sight,
And made us bound and sing with mere delight.
What flowers there were! and many grand old trees,
That swung and tossed their branches in the breeze;
And in one tree, the noblest of them all,
There was a swing, hung from its branches tall.
What varied colours did those trees display,
From darkest green to brightest of the gay!
The fir, the chestnut, and the beauteous beech,
Stretched far around, as far as eye could reach.
What pleasure could we have more great than this?
To be in such a place was perfect bliss.
What fun we had, those bright long summer days,
When all we did seemed but one glorious maze
Of pleasure. On one splendid day we went
To see a mountain. Oh! that air, which sent
The bright red colour tingling to our cheek,
And made him strong who just before was weak!
And then what heather on the hillside lay!
Oh! for the power its colours to pourtray.
Hush! hear the wind, with mighty rushing sound,
Awake the slumbering echoes far around.
Hark! now 'tis loud, with fitful cadence grand,
And now 'tis soft, ruled by the Almighty hand.
What lines of beauty see we all around,
In rocky gorge and undulating ground!
How sweet the ripple of the streams which flow
O'er pebbly beds, where bright green mosses grow,
And lend a softness to the weird scene,
Such as without it might have never been!
Such sights as these will always serve to bind
Our lives with nature firmly in my mind.
What views we saw, what country sounds we heard!
The bleat of sheep, the lowing of the herd,
The cluck of hens, who tend their little brood,
And, guarding them, provide them with their food.
One hen I saw, in charge of ducklings five,
Who in the water clear did splash and dive,
Leaving their foster-mother in a fright
Upon the bank to keep them in her sight,
And tremble for their safety. But at last
Their gambols ended; out they came, as fast
As they could swim, and to their mother ran
To comfort her for sorrow she endured,
When they were happy, by the stream allured.
So it seemed to me, whilst on the bank I stood,
And watched the gambols of this funny brood,
I saw the birds all flying to and fro,
Now in the air, now skimming down below,
To dart and catch some poor misguided fly,
Then soar, and join their comrades in the sky,
I saw sweet nature, smiling all around,
In wooded dale, or softly sloping ground,
In rustling trees, in banks with beech-nuts strewn,
By light of day, or by the harvest moon.

But what is this? Can I have seen aright?
My summer day is quickly changed to night;
The sun to firelight, lighting up a room,
Where chairs instead of trees do dimly loom
In sight. Then with surprise and pain I seem
To wake, and find it but a short bright dream.

LUCY VIOLET ELLEN OAKLEY (15).

THE SEASONS.

As the seasons come in turn—
Slowly, one by one—
Let us fancy that a life
Takes a year to run.

Spring awakes the early flowers
Sleeping in the dales,
Lets the brooklets flow again
Through the sunny vales.

Life's Springtime is childhood sweet,
Happy, careless, free,
Tender-hearted, innocent,
Always full of glee.

Summer is a full-blown Spring,
Crowned with loveliest flowers,
Glorious days and starry nights
Fly on golden hours.

The Summer-time of life is, too,
The bud of Spring full-blown,
The height of beauty, pleasure, grace,
In the maiden shown.

Autumn makes the Summer's joys
Rich, yet more subdued,
Purple grapes and apples red,
Leaves all crimson-hued.

So the Autumn-time of life
Shows the mind matured,
Beauty worn with graver grace
Tells of trials endured.

Last, not least, old Winter comes,
Snowy, and so cold;
Yet he brings to rich and poor
Christmas joys untold.

So the Wintertime of life,
Though frosty, kindly seems,
If memories of seasons past.
Cheer us with their beams.

JEANIE MCKAY (17).

NOTE.

THERE are few habits so conducive to a well-regulated mind as the careful writing down of one's thoughts and sentiments in black and white, and our God-given power of influencing others for good is extended, if we are able to express ourselves clearly and correctly. These amateur compositions are inserted with a view to encouraging our girls in the practice of committing their thoughts and experiences to paper for the benefit of their sisters. Nothing thus printed is to be looked upon as perfect in composition, and the Editor wishes it to be understood that he will print only such verses or papers as shall be written in correct taste, interesting in subject to the general reader, and shall contain the age of the writer, and be certified as her *bona fide* work by a parent, minister, or teacher.





THE DEAD HEART.

Music by GORDON SAUNDERS, D. Mus., Oxon.

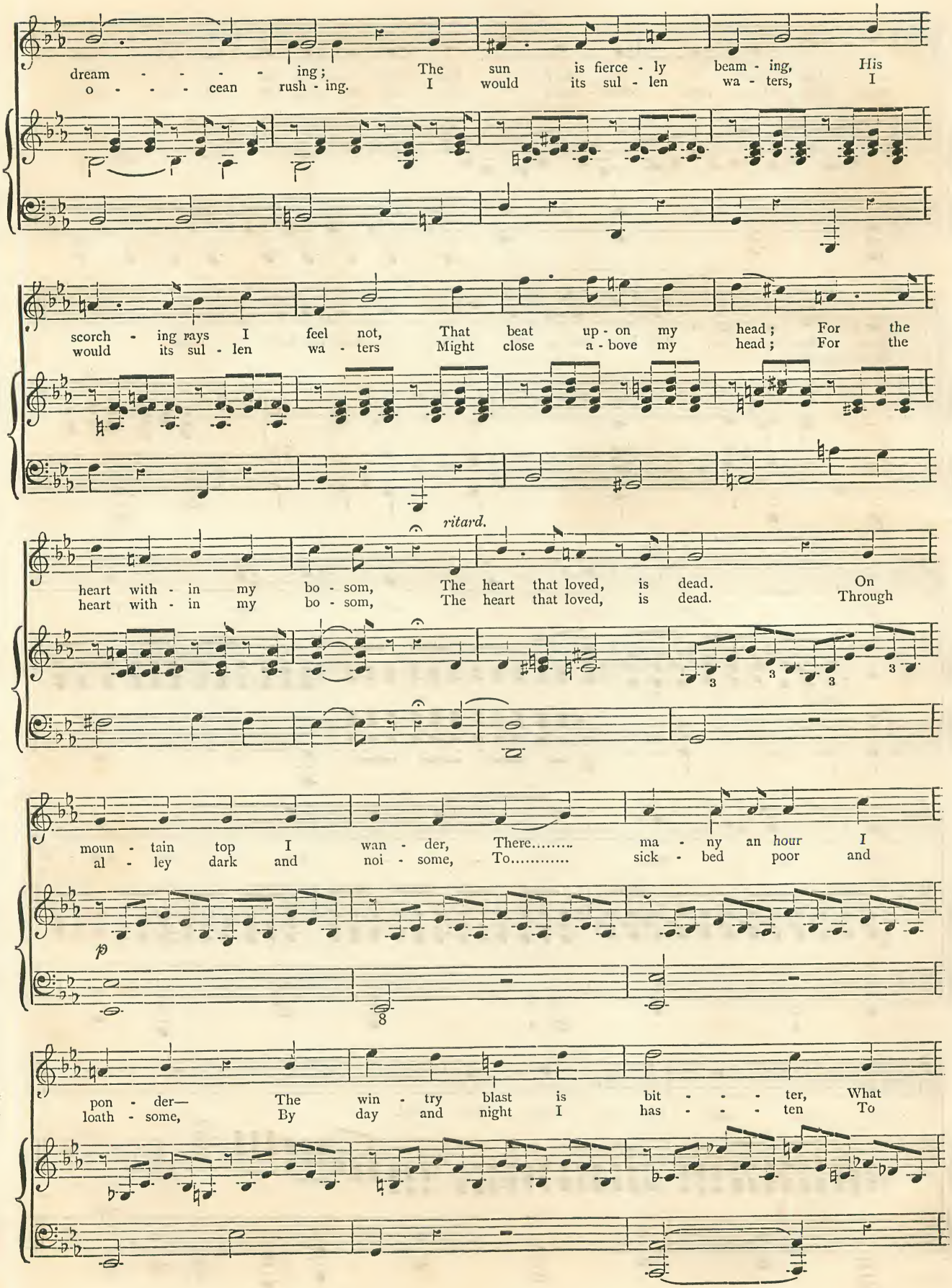
Andante.

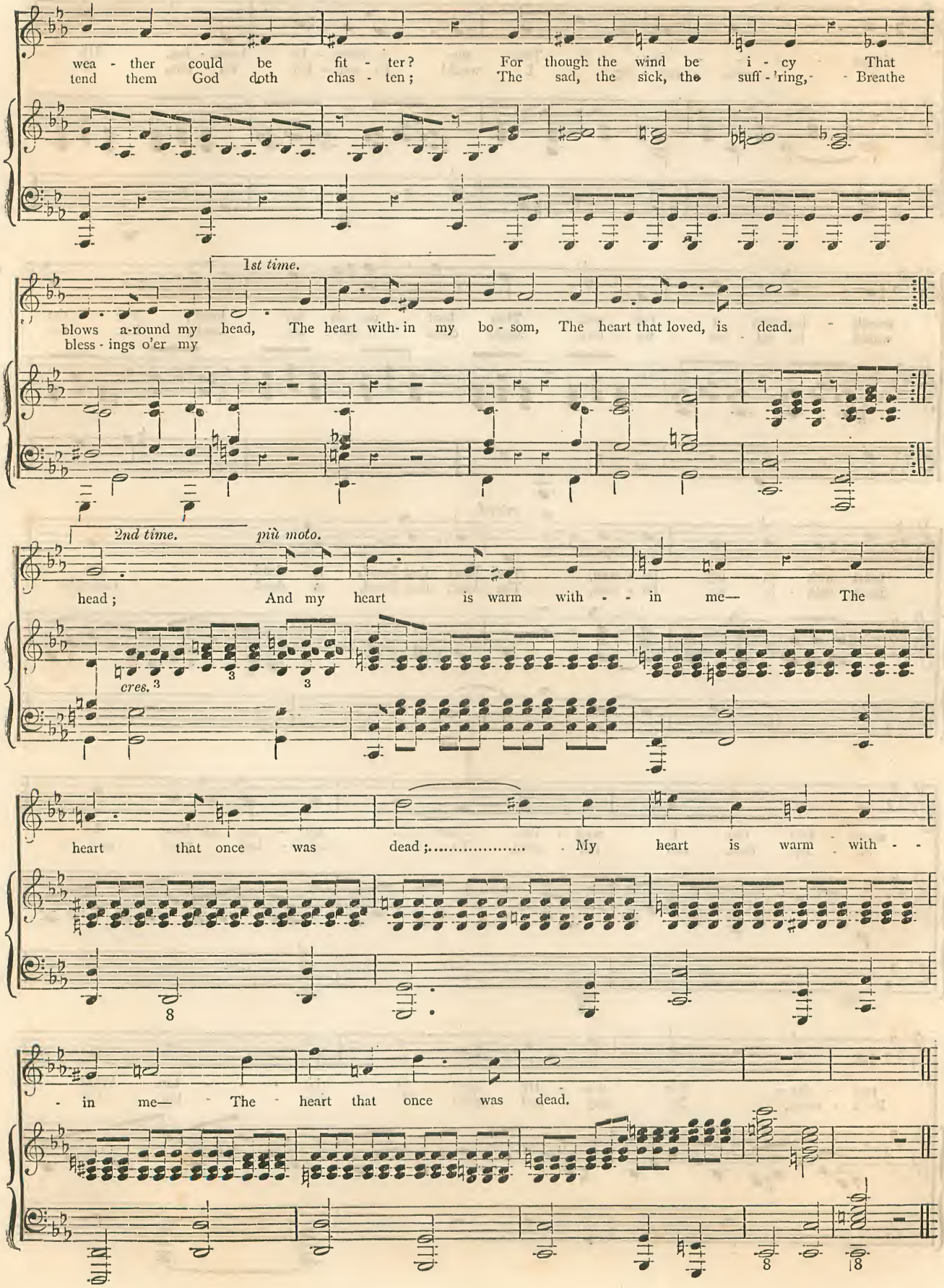
VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Up - on the moor - land drea - - - ry My
2. Be - side the gloom - y ri - - - ver I

limbs, so weak and wea - - - ry, I lin - ger sad - ly dream - ing, sad - ly
stand, but do not shi - - - ver; I hear its cease - less gush - ing T'wards the


dream - - - - - ing; The sun is fierce - ly beam - ing, His
o - - - - cean rush - ing. I would its sul - len wa - ters, I
scorch - ing rays I feel not, That beat up - on my head; For the
would its sul - len wa - ters Might close a - bove my head; For the
ritard.
heart with - in my bo - som, The heart that loved, is dead. On
heart with - in my bo - som, The heart that loved, is dead. Through
moun - tain top I wan - der, There..... ma - ny an hour I
al - ley dark and noi - some, To..... sick - bed poor and
p
pon - der— The win - try blast is bit - - - ter, What
loath - some, By day and night I has - - - ten To


wea - ther could be fit - ter? For though the wind be i - cy That
tend them God doth chas - ten; The sad, the sick, the suff - 'ring, - Breathe
1st time.
blows a-round my head, The heart with-in my bo - som, The heart that loved, is dead.
bless - ings o'er my
2nd time.
più moto.
head; And my heart is warm with - - in me— The
cres.
heart that once was dead;..... My heart is warm with - -
- in me— The heart that once was dead.

USEFUL HINTS.

POTATO CHEESE CAKES.—Take one pound of mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, ditto of sugar and butter, and four eggs. Mix well together, and bake in patty-pans lined with puff paste.

PICKLED EGGS.—Boil the eggs for ten minutes and remove the shells. When quite cold place in a jar. Boil some vinegar with ginger-root and spices, as for ordinary pickling; cover the eggs completely with it, tie down the jar with a bladder, and keep till they begin to change colour.

TO RESTORE FADED UPHOLSTERY—Beat the dust out of the hangings, and brush them afterwards; then with a hard brush apply a strong lather of Castile soap; wash off the lather with clean water, and then wash them with alum water. Should the colours be much faded, touch up with water-colours mixed with gum-water.

QUEEN CAKES.—Take one pound of sifted sugar, one pound of flour, one pound of butter, eight eggs, half a pound of currants (washed and picked), flavour with nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon (as preferred), beat the whites of the eggs for twenty minutes, work the butter to a cream, add the sugar, and mix all. Then beat the yolks for half an hour, and put them to the butter. Beat all together, and then add the currants, flour, and spices. Sprinkle with sugar when placed in the little tin pans for baking.

TO RESTORE RUSTY BLACK LACE.—Half cup rain water, one teaspoonful borax, one teaspoonful alcohol; squeeze the lace through this four times; then rinse in a cup of hot water in which a black kid glove has been boiled. Pull out the edges of lace till almost dry, then press for two days between the leaves of a heavy book.

PUFF PASTE.—The butter and flour should be weighed in equal proportions, the former being cut into thin slices, each slice being separately rolled with a little flour into flakes. Then gather all together into a heap, sprinkle them with cold water; for one pound of paste about a gill and a half is required. Make all into a smooth paste by hand, and then roll out till reduced to the thickness of half an inch. A pound of paste should be divided into four portions, and rolled out, on a floured board, till as thin as a wafer, then folded over some four or five times; and then used as required. Good lard may be substituted for butter, for a meat pie; three quarters of a pound being sufficient for one pound of flour.

SHORT PASTE.—To ten ounces of flour and half a pound of butter add one tablespoonful of sifted sugar. Mix. Beat up the yolk of one egg in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and roll out the paste once.

VARIETIES.

HOW TO CONQUER EVIL.—Evil is a nightmare; the instant you begin to strive with it, to bestir yourself, it has already ended.—*Richter.*

CALAMITIES SEEN IN TWO LIGHTS.—"I never knew a man," says an old writer, "who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian." Yes, girls, this is the way of the world. There are too many like the old lady who thought every calamity that happened to herself a *trial*, but every one that happened to her friends a *judgment*.

TAKING TIME TO THINK.—The world would be much better off and happier if people took more time to think. There would be fewer law-suits and fewer quarrels if men and women cultivated the habit of reflecting and of taking time to reflect. Think before you act, and you will seldom have cause for remorse after acting.

WHAT IT COSTS TO GRATIFY PRIDE.—Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals give the names of a celebrated admiral and composer:—A delicious fruit. Not transparent. A rare animal. A bottomless depth. A term used in arithmetic. A number.

A CURIOSITY.

Mr. Robert Hunter, in his "Encyclopædic Dictionary," recently published, shows the following magical collocation of the letters of the word Abracadabra, the name of the Syrian deity:—

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

It will be observed, says Mr. Hunter, that the name Abracadabra can be read not only on the uppermost horizontal line, but on any of the lines below it, with a continuation, slantingly upwards, on the right-hand side of the triangle. So can it also on that right-hand line, or any one parallel to it, the continuation in the latter case being on the uppermost line towards the right hand. A paper inscribed in such a fashion, and hung around the neck, was supposed to be a tacit invocation of the Syrian deity mentioned above, and was recommended by the sapient Serenus Saronicus as an antidote against fever and other diseases. Shortly before A.D. 1588 a quack doctor, who charged £15 for his prescription, made a patient suffering from ague much worse by inducing him to eat the charm instead of wearing it round his neck.

BURIED ANIMALS.

He came late one evening.
Impossible! O, pardon me, by no means.
Well I only got terrified out of my wits (2).
The lamb is one of my pets.
At last a girl moved.
He made errors on purpose.
I must give it up I grieve to say.

WHEN ONE SHOULD BE A LION.—One may be a lamb in private wrongs, and it is to be hoped every one of us is; but in bearing general affronts to goodness they are asses who are not lions.

A BRAVE REVENGE.—Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. She is below herself that is not above an injury.—*Quarles.*

LABOUR HERE AND REST HEREAFTER.—There should be no rest, my friends, from labour on earth. We are born to work, and must work while it is day. "Have I not," said a great thinker, "an eternity to rest in."

WHAT TEA ONCE COST.—"The man at the Poultry," writes Mrs. Delany, in 1728, "has tea of all prices—Bohea from thirteen to twenty shillings, and green from twelve to thirty."

ANSWERS TO BURIED VEGETABLES (p. 270).—Potato, asparagus, kale, artichoke, onion, pea, endive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TOWYN.—Give your order to your bookseller. There are many books published in Welsh at 56, Paternoster-row. You might select from the list given in the catalogue of publications in foreign languages.

S. T. A. R.—W. Martin's "History of Quadrupeds" is an illustrated work, to be had at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. We think that your writing promises to make a very nice hand if you take pains with it.

LOUIE.—As your acquaintance with German is deficient compared with your knowledge of French, a school in Hanover would serve your purpose better than one in France. 2. No uniform rules.

B. L. F.—An answer to your query about the College of Preceptors was given on page 607, vol. i. Write for papers.

LEONIE FARQUHAR.—The requirements of both are about the same, so far as we know. You write an excellent and legible hand for fifteen, quite worthy of a much older person.

BERTIE MARSTON.—We imagine that Germany is within the Postal Union, and you can therefore use the money order offices for the transmission of money.

JEANIE DEANS.—We should recommend your studying elementary drawing, model drawing, freehand, and perspective, with a view to designing; also any books on the art of weaving, dyeing, and colours you can obtain to study.

ANXIOUS BOOKWORM.—Read Hallam's "Middle Ages," Robertson's "Charles V.," and Alison's "History of Europe."

A WHITE MOSS ROSE writes a legible hand, and to keep it ladylike she must beware of flourishes.

SARNIA.—We are much obliged for your kind offer, but our list of contributors is full.

BETSY PRIG.—We see no reason why you should not learn perspective from the works written upon it. We do not publish any manual on the subject, but, as you attend a drawing class at the School of Art, you have those around you who could recommend one. Your writing is of the right size and promises well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BESSIE.—October 15, 1860, was a Monday.

A. X. G.—The 4th March, 1863, was a Wednesday. You can wear real flowers at any time.

A JOLLY MORNING.—Clytie was the daughter of Oceanus, and was beloved by Apollo, who deserted her, on which she pined away, and was changed into the Heliotrope (the sunflower), which always follows the sun in its course, turning its head as he runs his course.

AMBER QUEEN. Plait your hair neatly at the back, and tie it with a ribbon. Fifteen is not too young for singing lessons.

IRENEE.—Cross the "t's" in the ordinary way. It is never wrong to study the Bible, and the prophecies in it, because we are expressly told to do so.

UNA.—The meaning of Eureka is, "I have found it," and of *Ecce Homo*, "Behold the Man."

META.—No satisfactory explanation of table-turning has yet been found, we believe. See "Useful Hints" for your pudding.

A BIG GIRL.—No one wears long dresses now, but yours should reach the ankles. You should write copies to improve your writing, and never mind if people do think you "ugly." Do you remember the story of the "Ugly Duckling?"

L. O. M.—There could be no "breach of etiquette in rising to shake hands with a friend." The "law of kindness" must govern you always. Your writing is legible.

MORLEENA.—You will obtain German books from any foreign library in London. See the Directory. Your writing is very good.

MARIE.—We fear we cannot advise you as to the disposal of your things. They should be first valued by a good connoisseur, and perhaps the authorities of the South Kensington Museum might look at them, with a view to purchase if valuable.

LILLIAN.—A little pomade would keep your hair smooth. To take out grease spots see pages 64, 96, and 319, vol. i.

A. P. S.—Keep the berries in a box of dry salt. The leaves may be kept in a book or any dry place, and may be arranged in vases with dried grasses if you wish.

MAY QUEEN.—We thank you very much for your long interesting letter, and the account of your journey. Your writing is beautifully neat, but rather fine for reading. Could you not enlarge it? "The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee" is the most recent book on the subject. Everything connected with the Reformation in Holland would be very interesting to you, as you are going to travel there.

WHITE LILY.—The words of "The Bridge" are by Longfellow.

PHOTO.—You had better make inquiries of some photographer. Your writing is neat.

MARION G.—We are at a loss to know what you mean. "As a follower of Our Lord" you may read such a vast amount of books with advantage—history, biography, travels, and so forth. If you wish for religious books you would find the "Bible Cyclopædia," by Eadie, and "Biblical Geography and Antiquities," by the Rev. E. P. Barrows, D.D., most interesting and useful, and suitable for Sundays as well as other days. They are published at 56, Paternoster-row.

E. M. M.—You could knit ends of wool into strips and sew them together into a quilt. We feel much for all your afflictions.

JET.—The duties of a companion to a lady have already been enumerated in reply to another correspondent; see page 592, vol. i.

MABEL LYNCOMBE.—We shall have a series of articles on trades that may be carried on at home; perhaps one of these might suit you. Not knowing any of your personal and family circumstances, it is impossible to specify any as suitable for you. You write a pretty hand.

LADY LONG.—A woman has no right, even by payment, to use a crest. She may only use a lozenge; that is, the family coat of arms in a lozenge, instead of on a shield, but then she must pay tax for using it. She may adopt any fancy motto or device she pleases without tax. Your hand is exceedingly *pretty*.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—See vol. i., pages 192 and 529, for recipes for corns. Your writing slopes the wrong way.

NUMISMATALOGIST.—It is impossible to say the value of a George II. sixpence without a full description. Charles II. silver pennies are worth 1s. apiece.

X.—We do not think you would find making white shirts a paying business, but anyone who can do plain needlework well will soon form a connection. Inquire for it and make it known; you will find ladies only too glad to give it to you. We do not know of any book that would suit you just now, but we will bear your suggestion in mind. Many thanks for the beautiful heath.

F. E. C.—We like the sentiments expressed in your paper, but we regret to say that you have passed the age when we could insert it in the "Girl's Own Page," and it is not quite up to the mark of the other pages of the magazine. We cannot recommend a depilatory, as they are of little use, we think.

GLORIANNA.—The French story books by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian are very good. The initials "M or N" have been variously explained. It is probable, however, that as we derive much from the Roman Breviary, they mean "Mary and Nicholas," the patron saints of girls and boys. Your writing is very bad indeed.

GOGGLES.—Bind up your wrist; write careful copies of a good copper-plate hand daily, and look out the word "dispare" in your dictionary.

LOUGHBORO' PARK.—*It* is absurd to expect us to inform you of the amount of rent you would have to pay for "a small shop," and how much money would stock it! Your account of the whole matter is far too vague. Consult some small shopkeeper on the spot.

KIT.—1. Perhaps rubbing with flour would clean your white rabbits that made an eccentric excursion up a chimney. 2. See "Dress of the Month."

CHIMBORAZO.—Whatever the origin of the rhyme may be, the name "Taffy" as applied to Welshmen has no disparaging meaning, being the familiar form of David Davy, which in Welsh becomes Taffid Taffy.

SYLVIE.—When the clergyman enters the room stand up, and come forward with a smile of greeting, and shake hands. It would be your mother's part to say what was needful.

GRAPE VINE.—See vol. i., page 390, for an article on the teeth. We are much obliged for your kind wish to have our picture as a frontispiece, and also for your idea that our readers would not mind paying extra for it.

MURIEL HALIFAX.—To clean white Shetland shawls, see page 511, vol. i.

FRIZZY HEAD.—We think, if not obliged to go out into the world, we should advise your trying to be useful at home. You might still proceed with your education, which is evidently not too far advanced.

JUNO.—Bandaging, poulticing, rest, and wearing well-fitting, well-shaped boots, are recommended in your case. Perhaps a surgeon would give you some further advice.

IVY.—The Italian poet Dante was born at Florence, May 27th, 1265. The "Inferno and Paradiso" is his principal (not "principle") work. Beatrice Portinari was only eight years old when he first saw her, but his spiritual love for her—pure and tender—has glorified her name for ever. She married, and died young, in 1290. Throughout the work the spirit of Beatrice is made to represent divine revelation, and that of Virgil, human reason.

G. E. M.—"Beltenebros" is the Spanish for "the lovely dark," *bel* meaning beautiful, and *tenebroso* dark. This name was given to Amadis de Gaul, a chivalrous and distinguished knight, on account of his remarkable personal beauty. It has been adopted in a feminine form by Whyte Melville, in the name "Beltembrosa." Judge of the defects of your writing by our articles on "Handwriting."

STEPHANOTIS.—Pronounce Beethoven as if written "Bet-hoven;" Steibelt, as "Stibelt," Clementi as "Cle-men-ti," (the stress on the "n") Mozart as written, Dussek as "Doo-sek." Your writing shows a good foundation for a running hand.

L'ETOILE.—Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," pages 259, 400, and 416, vol. i. Your hand is free and well formed, but rather too large.

PERSEPHONE.—We strongly advise your not going to France for an engagement as governess, unless under the patronage and direction of Miss Leigh. But she appears to hold out no prospect of success to any new applicant, as her hands are so full (in Paris). Your hand is scarcely yet formed, and your composition is not correct. Is there no other occupation than that of a governess for which you are better suited? We thank you for your kind letter.



SCENE IN EDITOR'S OFFICE ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1880.
OFFICE BOY BRINGING IN ANOTHER BASKET OF CHRISTMAS CARDS.

M. S.—Your quotation is by Kingsley. The book in question is by Arthur Helps.

ANEMONE.—Try glycerine for your sister's head. If too strong, mix with water; it will probably do good. Your writing is very neat.

DRUDGE.—The holidays of a nursery governess are usual y a matter of arrangement. There is no fixed rule.

FANNY FERN.—A lemon and a little salt will sometimes make ivory look cleaner and whiter. Your writing is scratchy, and lacks firmness.

EVE.—Perhaps a little saffron in the water might aid you in giving the right colour to the lace. The new jackets are of the coat shape, but those of last year are not unfashionable.

CLOVER.—Read "How to Look My Best," page 180, vol. i. Your writing promises well for the future, and your composition is good.

KITTY.—"They also serve who only stand and wai" is by Milton, "On His Blindness." Your writing needs much improvement.

CLOTHILDE.—During the rivalry between England and Holland, the word Dutch became the synonym for everything that was false and hateful. Thus "Dutch courage" is no courage; "Dutch auctions" are swindles; and "I'm a Dutchman if I do" is the strongest term of refusal.

UNDINE.—American Bay Rum in America has a high reputation as a hair wash. We do not know whether it be the same thing here. Your writing is legible, not pretty.

CROCUS.—Brush well, and keep smooth with a little glycerine and water.

LUCINDA.—Use salts of lemon to take the stains out of your handkerchiefs. Your handwriting is very good for your age.

A READING SUBSCRIBER.—To remove ironmould see pages 511 and 127, vol. i.

VIOLET VAUGHAN.—Wear lace frills, wash the hair every fortnight. We are so glad you are trying to improve your writing.

RIGOLETTO.—1. Certainly, if a clergyman and his wife should call upon you, their visit should be returned if your positions in life are equal. 2. If the word "time" begin a sentence give it a capital letter. We thank you for your kind letter, but your hand is wanting in roundness and the "s" is only half formed.

GIGLAMPS.—1. We agree in thinking that the German task set you is a difficult one, but we do not see of what benefit our opinion can be to you, under the circumstances. We cannot exempt you from the obligations of your school. 2. There is no harm in your driving in a cab with another lady.

WYCH HAZEL.—Tannin lozenges may be of use to you, and the gargling you suggest, like wise, with alum and water.

BRIGGS.—Add some new red plush to your hat, and take away the mauve entirely. Your writing is legible, but not at all graceful. We could not give advice without knowing the facts.

JUDY.—Certainly you should study your subject before writing upon it; but no copying is allowed in preparing a prize essay. Certain masters permit the use of the thumb on a black note; but until quite lately the practice was universally condemned; and even now is of most exceptional adoption.

CHATTERBOX.—1. You form your letters fairly well, but the several words are too widely separated. 2. There is scarcely any difference now made between a hat and a bonnet.

A GOOD TEMPLAR forms her letters well with the exception of the "k."

M. E. H. can easily procure the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from any bookseller, or direct from 56, Paternoster-row. 1. Jewellers' diamond cement would serve to mend white coral. 2. St Christopher was a martyr of the third century.

A WELSH LASSIE.—We do not know where you reside, nor what school may be within your reach, nor your means. But your writing and style of expressing yourself especially at the age of sixteen is such that we do not think you would be at all likely to qualify yourself efficiently under any circumstances for a teacher of others. 2. We do not know whether we shall have a marking competition.

A GUERNSEY GIRL.—The tops of nearly all your letters are too straight, they should be rounded. The "m's" and "n's" remind one of Stonehenge!

A JERSEY GIRL may take a hint from our observations on "A Guernsey Girl's" writing. But she has made a good beginning on which to form a running hand.

POOR and HUMBLE J. S.—1. The name Sophia is of Greek origin, and means wisdom. In that language it is spelt "Sofia." 2. The 12th of September, 1859, was a Monday.

ELIZABETH.—It is not now usual for a bride to supply the household linen. Your hand is good.

GRACE SYLVIA.—"Infelice" means unhappy; it is Italian, and pronounced "In-fe-leeche. See Rule VI. Inquire at a bookseller's.

ITALIAN MAID.—Your grateful letter is acknowledged with our best thanks. A stranger in our land must always have an especial claim on our consideration. You make but few mistakes in English.

B. POLE.—If you refer again to the passages you have quoted, you will see that no name has been supplied for David's mother. There was no "misprint," we meant what we said; but thank you for your kind letter.

MADGIE writes a good free hand, and a very graciously expressed letter.

NINA.—We regret that we are unable to aid you in selling your tiles and cards. Perhaps you could procure orders in some shop.

LOTTIE.—There is a Governesses' Institution in Harley-street, to which a subscription may be paid, insuring a temporary home when out of a situation, and assistance or a home in old age. You write a pretty hand.

SELBY.—1. Your question relates to an anonymous epitaph. 2. The superstition of which you speak had its origin in the last Feast of the Passover observed by our Lord, when thirteen sat down to partake of it together.

KALINKA.—See "The Girl's Own Entrance Hall and Staircase," page 571, vol. i. You write prettily.

AMBITION.—We see more reason than rhyme in your verses; which is, at least, "saying something" for them. At the same time we sympathise with you in your religious feelings most sincerely, and wish you well.

A LITTLE NIPPER asks:—"Can you tell me the name of any poem where the conceit of men is *particually* named?" No, we cannot; but we know a paper in which is portrayed the conceit of girls—and that is the far-famed GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



VOL. II.—NO. 59. FEBRUARY 12, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE INVALID.

DEAR gracious Lord, if that thy pain
Doth make me well, if I have strayed
Past mercy, let my hands be laid
One in the other; not in vain
Would I be dressed, Lord, in the beauteous clay
Which thou didst put away.

But if thou yet canst find in me
A vine, though trailing on the ground,
That might be straightened up, and bound
To any good, so let it be;
And haply, at the last, some tendril-ring
Unto thy hand shall cling.

I have been too much used, I know,
To tell my needs in fretful words.
The clamouring of the silly birds,
Impatient for their wings to grow,
Has thy forgiveness; O, my blessed Lord,
The like to me accord.



[*All rights reserved.*]

A PLEASANT CHAT.

Of grace, as much as will complete
Thy will in me, I pray thee for;
Even as a rose shut in a drawer,
That maketh all about it sweet,
I would be, rather than the cedar fine;
Help me, thou Power divine.

Fill thou my heart with love as full
As any lily with the rain;
Unteach me ever to complain,
And make my scarlet sins as wool;
Yea, wash me, even with sorrows, clean and fair,
As light'nings do the air.

ALICE CARY.

CLASPED HANDS.

A SCOTTISH STORY OF THE PAST GENERATION.

CHAPTER I.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder litter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own—
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly.
Oh, one after one they flew away,
Far up to the heavenly blue—
To the better country, the upper day,
And I wish I was going too.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE summers of my early days were all sunshine, and flowers, and joy; my winters were full of comfort and gladness.

We lived in a large, old-fashioned house that had been added to at all possible points, until it looked quaint and picturesque without; within, it had all sorts of odd passages in unexpected places, and little incidental staircases that led to rooms one had no idea existed; and when you explored them you never could find the corresponding rooms in the under story. How pleasant all these nooks and corners were!

It had the most delightful arrangements for children. There was a whole suite of chambers in the roof devoted to the nursery. Descending from thence by a private staircase we got into what was called the play-room. It was very large and beautifully painted, designed by some former occupant as a music-room. The high, arched roof had a gorgeous cornice, where cupids were for ever trailing wreaths behind them, and infant bacchante holding bunches of grapes in chubby fingers. The windows overlooked the flower garden, and in the distance we could see a lovely mountain stream dashing over boulders and leaping in tiny waterfalls.

Here we played and romped to our heart's desire, without any vexations from the admonitory "Hush!" for the room under was seldom used, and the thick old gable wall separated us from the original dwelling-house.

I wonder if there ever could be a happier spot than the old music-room, or a more joy-giving possession than a happy childhood? The laughter and sunshine of these early years has echoed all through my life.

My mother's whole life breathed Solomon's ideal, "In her tongue was the law of kindness"; but, alas! she became a confirmed invalid, and the real presiding spirit of the house was our nurse—on state occasions Mrs. Grace Mitchell, but for every-day life the homely name "Girzie" was preferred by her.

Dear old nurse! how much of the happiness of my life I owe to her strong, shrewd mind! She would have stared aghast at the now-a-day nursemaid, with her wing of a butterfly cap, her flimsy gown, her month-by-month engagement, or, at the longest, looming always in the distance, the six months' term, a haunting dread to her unfortunate mistress, for has she not then humbly to ask "if nurse is going to stay?"

Girzie's idea was if you took in hand the nursing of children you bound yourself to bring them up. The responsibility of a nursery was not to be lightly assumed, and never, except under most urgent circumstances, to be relinquished. Indeed, she looked upon a household as a partnership in which the nurse had no mean share. Hers we were, and never were children committed to kinder or more faithful hands.

Duty was her watchword, and in her mind it covered all care, both for the body and the soul. The enlightened hygienist of the present would acknowledge the wisdom of her rules. What a blessing to little ones, that would extend all through life, if everyone who has the care of a nursery received training for it. We cry out for training in all departments—schools, hospitals, convalescent homes—but we do not think of training nursemaids for the helpless little ones, who cannot protest or tell their griefs.

A mother gets by instinct that watchful, guardian spirit,—a mother's love; but that does not give knowledge sufficient for the sudden emergencies of a nursery. A trained nurse would be as valuable in a household as in a hospital. Surely here women of high principle could find congenial work.

How many faults are begun in childhood! How much of the sickness of mature life would be avoided if the nurses of our infants were trained, intelligent women.

My first conscious act of imagination was over a seal graven with the well-known device, two hands clasping. It was about half an inch square, red cornelian, mounted heavily in very red gold. This quaint old seal was brought out only at times when the feelings of our nurse were peculiarly tender, especially when her heart went up in gratitude because the shadow of death had passed away from some little one, and all anxiety was stayed.

"Something to play with!" would be answered by Girzie producing a curious round box of foreign workmanship, the lid ornamented with fine quills, dyed in bright colours, and inserted in a zigzag pattern. From this box she took the old seal, and, as a very particular favour, would put it into the tiny white fingers of the little invalid, with many injunctions "not to lose it," and "not to sit up and catch cold."

Once, while slowly drifting back to health, I was privileged to get the red seal. How cool it felt! and how delightful, on a piece of wax moistened with spirits of wine, to make impressions of clasped hands!

Impression after impression I made; and then what amusement to fill up the personality of each hand! Now it was Wellington and Blucher, and a warlike dialogue would follow; then it was Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday, and all the talk was of cannibals and canoes; often it was our worthy minister and my father. Old Girzie sat by me at her knitting, listening to my soliloquies, and ever and anon looking at me over her spectacles.

My stock of characters got exhausted, and I turned to Girzie with the question—

"Oh, Girzie, tell me whose were the *real, real* hands?"

"That one is mine; the other one has changed several times. First it was my father's, then Willie's, then John Huxton's. It is his still."

"When will you see him, Girzie?"

"When the Lord wills."

"Tell me about Willie."

I thought his would be the best story.

Then Girzie told me about the dear young brother, and what he did when he was a little boy; how he made long strings of beautiful little eggs and twined them over her dressing-glass, and sat on winter evenings shaping boats—stories so charming that I at once determined to know Willie.

But the joy faded from the tale as I was told he was laid to rest under far-off trees, and foreign flowers were blooming over his grave.

The tears rolled softly over my face.

"Girzie, that makes me cry; do *you* not cry for him?"

"No, bairn, no; my tears are all used up."

"But, Girzie, you cried when little Charlie died?"

"Those were your mamma's tears, not mine."

From that day Girzie had a new interest for me, and I loved her with a far fonder affection than before.

Years after the old nurse told me her story, and I shall give it in her own words.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO RECITE A POEM.

By the Rev. Canon FLEMING, B.D., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen.

OUR girls are frequently taught how to sing a song. We cannot all sing, but we can all recite, if not faultlessly, yet pleasingly; for God has given to most of us Voice and Mind, and by the application of these we are enabled ourselves to have mental enjoyment, and also to impart that enjoyment to others, which in most cases doubles our own. The voice is the legitimate source of a speaker's fascination. A musical voice can carry its persuasive eloquence to the heart, and there is no greater spell than the silver tones of the human voice, pouring into our delighted ear the notes of our own language. Yet few voices unaided by labour will ever arrest the attention of listeners. If it is necessary for the voice to undergo daily practice in order to sing a song, do not let our young friends suppose that no practice is needed to recite a poem. Daily practice alone developes the memory, strengthens the voice, making it liquid and pliable, and gives command of the breath, which is quite as indispensable to a speaker as to a singer. You will not, therefore, learn to recite a poem in a day or a week. Like every creation of art, it is the fruit of persevering labor.

I. *Choice of Subject.*—The first thing to be thought of for a recitation is the choice of a subject, and this should be made with discriminating care. Your range of choice from grave to gay is almost limitless, so rich is the field of literature opened up to us all now. There can be no objection to innocent humor which elicits a hearty laugh, for "To everything there is a season—a time to weep and a time to laugh." (Ecclesiastes iii. 4.) But remember that your object is to elevate rather than to amuse. Anyone can amuse; few can instruct. Seek always to lead your hearers up to the thoughts of the good and great. Do not stoop to that which is merely frivolous, nor insult them with that which is childish. Choose your subject thoughtfully and well.

II. *Memory.*—Next to the choice of a subject comes memory. This is a thing of primary importance. Memory is the faculty which God has given to most of us in full share, by which we are capable of learning: retaining what we learn: and reproducing what we retain. Memory is therefore a wondrous power.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many an hidden chain:
Awake but one, and lo! a myriad rise!
Each stamps its image as the other dies."

Sometimes our girls are discouraged by feeling or imagining they have a bad memory. But for our comfort memory operates in obedience to established and permanent law, and if it be only properly trained and strengthened by *constant* exercise in youth it becomes a retentive and reproductive power, by which we pass from thought to thought, word to word, and sentence to sentence, like the connecting links of a chain, with rapidity, precision, and certainty. The many instances of remarkable memory that have been recorded are an instructive commentary upon the power of this faculty. The chess-player, for example, who, without seeing the board, can play several games with different opponents at the same time, keeping in his mind's eye the exact position of every piece in each game, exhibits a grasp of memory perfectly astonishing. Yet this difficult art is the result, not only of a retentive memory, but of great practice. Themistocles, we are told, could call by name the twenty thousand citizens of Athens; Cyrus, it is said, knew the name of every soldier in his army; Seneca could repeat two thousand names in the order in which they were spoken; Dr. Kidston affirms that if the Bible were lost Professor Lawson could restore the whole of it from memory. It is said of Pascal that "he forgot nothing of what he had read, heard, or seen." Such remarkable memories excite our surprise; yet it is well for our young friends to remember that they are not miraculous, but show in an extraordinary manner what may be done by the use and exercise of the established laws that preside over memory. If this be true, our young readers possess a large, unexpended reserve of memory, which they have not yet called into action.

Having then selected a subject which combines strength of thought with smoothness of style, let the student *learn it by heart perfectly*. Without this you will never do any justice to your subject or to yourself. You must know your subject so perfectly that you may have nothing to think of but its delivery, and may feel free to attend to other points, such as expression, emphasis, and tone. Half the mistakes people make and half the nervousness they feel arises from not *thoroughly* knowing their subject.

III. *Delivery.*—From this we pass on to the last point, Delivery. Thucydides, when asked the three requisites of oratory, is said to have replied, "The first is delivery, the second delivery, and the third delivery." Our young friends cannot pay too much attention to this point.

Let the body and head be kept erect and free, but not constrained. I purposely abstain from entering on the subject of gesture, not because it is of no importance, but because it would occupy too much space. Deliver your recitation without swaying the body to and fro; stand still, and move only the head when you have occasion to introduce a second or third character. Use your hands sparingly but gracefully, to illustrate your subject as you go along.

Open the teeth in speaking, and take especial care to pronounce each word distinctly, so that your words shall fall like new coins from the mint, each with its own clear ring; every *final* consonant uttered, and each word receiving its true but natural emphasis.

Emphasis is of such vital importance that almost everything in reading or reciting may be said to hinge on it. On this point, I always tell students they must "think for themselves." First make sure of the meaning of your author, then convey that meaning to your hearers. You must yourself understand and feel before you can throw intelligence and deep feeling into every word you utter; and you will recite well just in proportion as you *feel* what you recite. Emphasis, true and just, may be called the "faithful rendering" of language. To attempt to convey the meaning of emphasis, I will take an example from the best book of illustration in the world, the Bible. "And there came a traveller unto the rich man and he spared to take of his own flock, and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come unto him." (2 Sam. xii. 4.) A careful student will at once mark the *obviously* emphatic words, viz., "traveller," "rich," "spared," "own" (twice), "poor," and "lamb"; but unless she is very careful she may overlook "*it*," which is the most important word in the whole verse. In the matter of emphasis, expression, and intonation, oral teaching is needful when it can be had, and the opportunity of following, though not with servile imitation, the best models you can hear.

If on these three points—(*a*) Choice of Subject, (*b*) Memory, (*c*) Delivery—I have said enough to induce our readers to take up the delightful art of recitation, my object in writing this paper will be answered. Human accomplishments must not be over-valued or misplaced. Yet we urge girls to cultivate every talent, and stir up every gift that is in them, that you may use them for God and for good.

I should be grieved if I have said a word to set any young student on the wrong course, or helped to make any who reads this paper stilted or unnatural. Avoid all "tricks of speech"; avoid "mannerism." Get some one at home to be your audience, and to act both as critic and friend, pointing out to you whatever in your recitation seems to be either strange or unnatural; and have the good sense to take the hints given you, and try to correct your faults. Be natural; be yourself. Cultivate your own powers, gathering help from every good source within your reach. But never try to be other than yourself. "The highest art is to conceal art." Speak so naturally that your words may go from the heart to the heart.

Archbishop Tillotson, who has left imperishable memorials of his excellence as a preacher, as well as traditional reports of his voice and delivery as a speaker, regarded it as the highest compliment ever paid him when, on descending from the pulpit, he overheard a countryman, who had come to London to hear him, ask his friend, with evident surprise, "Is that your great Archbishop? Why, he talks just like one of ourselves!"

POINT LACE WORK.



THERE appears to be no limit to the display of taste and ingenuity in the art of needlework, and as a graceful occupation for young girls and women, either as a source of mere amusement or profitable employment, point-lace work must be hailed with pleasure.

The antiquity of fancy needlework has been often quoted and proved, and when we remember the difficulties under which our ancestors laboured, we cannot but wonder and admire the skill and perseverance we discover in the works of art now so often to be seen in our exhibitions. If we remember that before 1545 needles were obliged to be procured from abroad, and that the first manufactory in England was established in 1566, we shall not be surprised to hear that the loss of one of these useful little articles—then in a very different form to our present fine and varied needles—was looked upon as a real misfortune.

How little do our careless needlewomen, young and old, who so constantly cry, "Oh, there! I have lost my needle," and as heedlessly turn to their housewives, so as not to lose time, as they say, in searching for the missing piece of steel, and so encourage a species of waste and extravagance—how little, I say, do they consider the advantages they derive from the wonderful progress of needlework arising from the manufacture of the needle, threads, silks of all kinds, as well as the material on which their embroidery may be displayed, nor the great assistance our artists are giving in their beautiful and clear designs! If the use of the needle has lost much of its "cunning," since it was the fashion for ladies to sit with their maidens for hours at their embroidery frames, the advance in the designs and truthful delineation of flower and figure has wonderfully progressed, and in this particular alone much aid has been given to the careful worker.

The present fashion for point lace in all its varieties offers a splendid opportunity for the display of taste and beauty, either in its finer forms for ornaments on dress, or in the coarser qualities, as decorations in almost endless ways.

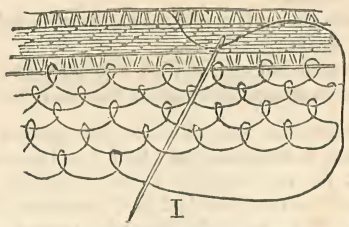
The work is so pleasant when once mastered that we are sure our young friends will thank us if we can give them some simple rules concerning it.

In the first place we would advise the procuring a piece of dark blue or green firm cotton (not glazed), to form a sampler for the patterns of the different stitches. It should be about a quarter of a yard square, or a narrower and longer piece, hemmed all round. This is to be covered with a Honiton braid, with open edge, in squares of about an inch and a-half or two inches; care must be taken to fix the braid firmly, to keep it from stretching. The better plan is to darn the cotton up and down the centre of the braid in vandykes. The size of the lace, needles, and Mecklenburg thread will depend on the quality of the work in hand.

For working patterns a medium-size thread should be used, as the stitches can be more easily shown and copied when not very fine.

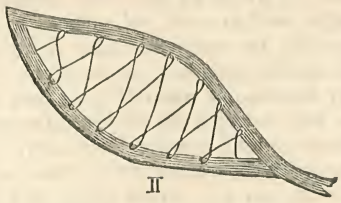
The designs which we give have been carefully drawn from actual work; we therefore hope that they will be found very useful as a beginning to the learner; and empty spaces on the "sampler" can be filled in, as from time to time other patterns are given. The groundwork or first and most simple stitch in "point lace" is the *point de Bruxelles*, and is formed by a succession of stitches passing the needle through one of the *picots*, or open edge, with the thread held down as for a button-hole stitch, and leaving a small loop between each stitch.

Of course, the beauty of the work greatly depends upon the evenness with which the stitches are made.



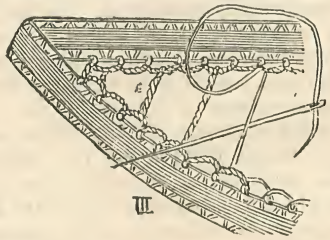
I

No. 1 will show the method of working this stitch. The work is commenced from left to right, and then backward and forward.



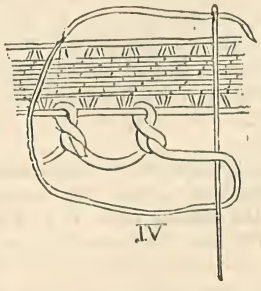
II

No. 2 is used for veins in leaves, or narrow openings. The thread is simply carried along in herring-bone stitch, if the space is small.



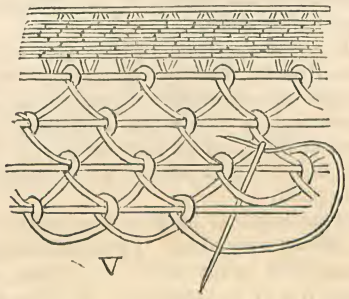
III

No. 3 is a larger description of leaf or space, and is first worked down one side in simple *point de Bruxelles*, and after turning the corner the thread is taken to the opposite side, and worked round three or four times, forming a cable or firm bar.



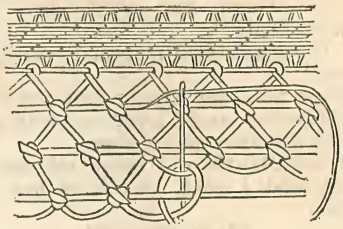
IV

No. 4 is called the knotted stitch. The illustration clearly indicates the manner of working it. The thread, when turned round the needle, is held close by the thumb on the left hand before drawing the needle through.



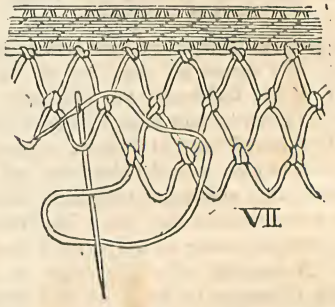
V

No. 5 is the *point barré* stitch. It is worked from the left to the right side in *point de Bruxelles*, and then the thread carried back beneath the first row, and worked in with every stitch on the next row.



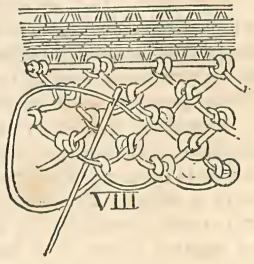
VI

No. 6. Commence the same as No. 5, forming the knot or cross-stitch. The need[illegible] is passed through the loop and under the ba[illegible], as shown in illustration.



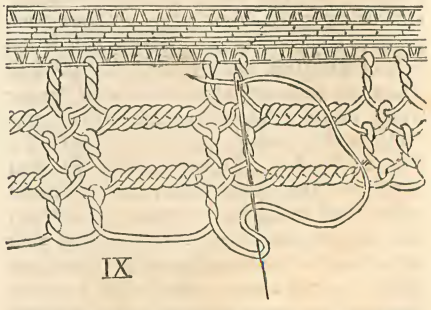
VII

No. 7, *point filet*. Put the needle through a *picot*, and pass the thread once round the needle before drawing it through; return in same manner.



VIII

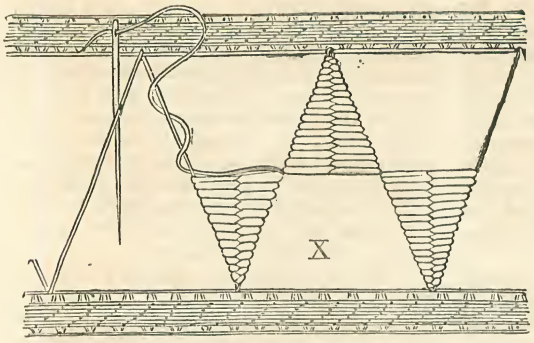
No. 8. *Point dentelle* is worked the same as *point de Bruxelles*, excepting that a second stitch is placed in each loop.



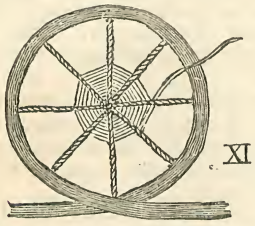
IX

No. 9. This pattern is made with loose loops of different sizes, and twisting the thread twice round the needle. The second row is worked with one *point de Bruxelles* between the narrow space, and several button-hole stitches over the longer space. The first row is worked from right to left.

No. 10. Alternate cones. Take the thread across in vandykes at equal distances; then [illegible]ommence at one point to pass the needle



over one and under the other thread of the vandyke a sufficient number of times to reach midway, keeping the lines very close together; then carry the thread round the upper part of the foundation, and fasten it to the braid, working downwards for the upper cone.



No. 11 is the "wheel" pattern, a very useful stitch for filling in round spaces. Make a line across in a straight direction and work back to centre by twisting the thread several times round the bar, then form the other seven bars in the same manner: finish them with a stitch in the centre. The close spider web in the middle is made by passing the needle over and under each bar until the width required is worked.

This lace is specially suitable for the large collars and cuffs worn with velveteen costumes at the present time; broad and narrow laces for trimmings, for coverings for mantle shelf hangings, and bands over some bright coloured lining for the edges of fancy table-covers are among the many uses to which this elegant work can be applied.

We hope to give patterns for the different styles in some future number of "Our Work Basket."

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

At a Wedding in High Life.



The young Colin, Earl of Balcarres, had won for his bride a charming Dutch lady, Mauritia de Nassau. The wedding day arrived, a noble party were assembled at the church, and the bride was waiting for the bridegroom; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared.

Colin, who was a volatile youth, had quite forgotten the day of his marriage, and was discovered at home in his dressing-gown and slippers, quietly eating his breakfast.

Thus far the tale is comical enough, but many a tear has been shed at its conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing-case. A friend in the company gave him one, the ceremony went on, and without looking at it he placed the ring on the finger of his fair young bride. It was a mourning ring, with a death's head and cross-bones.

On perceiving it at the close of the ceremony the bride fainted away, and the evil omen made such an impression on her mind that on recovering she declared she should die within the year, and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled.

The Lost Ring.

Of all extraordinary stories regarding the loss and recovery of rings—and there *are* some extraordinary ones, and well authenticated too—the following is the strangest we have ever met with:—

A servant boy was once sent into a country town with a valuable ring. He took it out of its box to admire it, and in passing over a plank bridge let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it, he ran away, took to sea, finally settled in a colony, made a large fortune, came back after many years, and bought the estate on which he had been servant.

One day, while walking over his land with a friend, he came to the plank bridge, and there told his friend the story.

"Why, friend," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "this is the very spot on which the ring dropped."

When the stick came back the ring was on the end of it.

An Affair of the Heart.

When Theodore Hook was once travelling by coach there were but two inside passengers—a very pretty but very delicate-looking young lady, attended by a homely-looking maid.

The coach stopped for twenty minutes to allow of dinner. Hook returned first to his place; the maid next. During the absence of her young mistress Hook said to her in a tone of great sympathy—

"Your young lady seems very unwell?"

"Yes, sir, she suffers sadly."

"Consumption, I should fear?"

"No, sir, I am sorry to say it is the heart."

"Dear me! Aneurism?"

"Oh, no, sir! it is only a lieutenant in the navy."

It was an illness from which she would probably recover.

The King of the Cats.

Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story about a guidman who was returning to his cottage one night, when, in a lonely, out-of-the-way place, he met with a funeral procession of cats, all in mourning, bearing one of their race to the grave, in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall.

The worthy man, astonished and half frightened at so strange a pageant, hastened home, and told his wife and children what he had seen, when a great black cat that sat beside the fire raised himself up, exclaiming, "Then am *I* king of the cats!" and vanished up the chimney.

The funeral seen by the guidman was that of one of the cat dynasty.

"On that account," Sir Walter would add, "I am inclined to treat my cat with great respect, from the idea that he may be a prince *incog.*, and may some day or other fall heir to the throne."

The Valiant Knight and the Sleep-Walking Lady.

In the olden time a knight who loved a lady at Greystoke, on the Lake of Ulleswater, went forth to win renown. He succeeded in making himself famous, but he was so long of returning, and the lady heard so much of his deeds in behalf of distressed damsels, that doubts at length stole into her heart as to whether he still loved her.

These doubts disturbed her mind and she began to walk in her sleep, directing her steps towards a waterfall where she and the knight used to meet. Under a holly-tree beside the fall they had plighted their vows. This was the limit of her dreaming walks.

The knight at last returned to claim her. Arriving in the night, he went to the ravine to rest under the holly, until morning should permit him to knock at the gate of the tower; but he saw a gliding white figure among the trees, and this figure reached the holly before him, and plucked twigs from the tree and threw them into the stream. Was it the ghost of his lady-love or was it herself?

She stood in a dangerous place. He put out his hand to save her, as he thought, from falling. The touch awakened her. In her terror and confusion she slipped from his grasp into the torrent, and was carried down the ravine. He followed and rescued her, but she died upon the bank, not, however, without having fully understood that her lover was true, and had come to claim her.

The knight devoted the rest of his days to mourning his lost love; he built a cell upon the spot, and became a recluse for her sake.

Betwixt the Cup and the Lip.

There is a well-known proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." This proverb comes to us from the Greek, and has a very striking story connected with it.

A man had a number of slaves, who were occupied in planting and otherwise laying out a vineyard for him, and he treated them with extreme cruelty. At last one of them, the most ill-used, prophesied that for his severity he should never drink of its wine.

When the first vintage was completed, the master bade this slave fill a goblet for him, and taunted him with the non-fulfilment of his prophecy.

The other replied with the words which have since become proverbial. As he spoke, tidings were hastily brought of a huge wild boar that was wasting the vineyard. Putting down the cup, the master went out to meet the wild boar, and was slain in the encounter. Thus the proverb arose.

The Secret of Perfection.

All *our* girls are striving after perfection, each in her separate calling, so here is a short story for every one to lay to heart.

A friend once called on Michael Angelo, one of the greatest geniuses Italy has ever produced, and found him finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed—

"You have been very idle since I saw you last."

"By no means," replied Michael Angelo. "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out that muscle; I have given greater expression to the lip and more energy to that limb."

"Well, well," said his friend, "but these are trifles."

"It may be so," answered Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."



THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XIX.

MENDELSSOHN'S WEDDING MARCH.



THE first time that May played the organ on a public occasion in Derwen church was on Mr. Everton and Edith's wedding-day. It was the bride's fancy that she should do so. Accordingly she sat trembling in the organ loft while the ceremony was performed that united the two friends who had first become acquainted through her innocent instrumentality. Her heart beat very quickly as she knelt upon the seat and looked between the curtains at the wedding party. She watched the children of the Derwen schools line the aisles with flowers in their hands, and the church gradually fill; the arrival of Mr. Everton and his friends; and, finally, Miss Edith, led by her father, and followed by her sisters as bridesmaids. She wished she had been among the young girls who cast flowers on the bride's path, and felt so excited as she saw her and Mr. Everton kneel before the Holy Table that she fancied her heart must burst. She listened to the solemn service with clasped hands and tearful eyes, wondering almost that anyone could be found to make such serious promises, but wondering still more that some should be found to break them.

The service was in no wise choral, therefore May was able to watch and listen. She would have been alone in the organ gallery but for little Davy, who was a watcher like herself, and awaiting the moment when he should be needed to blow the bellows for his friend May. How often they had rehearsed the little ceremonial together who shall say? Everyone else either had, or fancied they had, something to do with the actual wedding, and left her to play her part in it unaided. Meredith had so managed as to be engaged elsewhere, and so to avoid the ceremony. This was a great sorrow to her, though she knew its real source. It was very sad, she thought, that what made two people happy should make a third unhappy; but such, she had been told, was life: an April day—showers here, sunshine there. She thought she had never seen anyone look so good and sweet as Miss Edith, or so joyous as Mr. Everton. For a little moment she lamented that they would now be lost to her, but anon she rejoiced in their felicity.

"Now, Davy!" said May, just before the ceremony was over.

She left her post of observation, and seated herself before the organ. The vicar's voice was audible, even to the last word, and no sooner was that word uttered than May struck the first chords of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." It was an ordeal for her as great as the first performance of many a more ambitious artiste; but she had nerved her small fingers and fragile frame for this, her *début* as organist, and she played a triumphant *finale* to the service. All her friends were there to hear; even her grandfather was in his accustomed seat, having come more for her sake than Edith's, and she divided the general attention with the bride; and the celebrated march was never more enthusiastically played, for it seemed to the youthful musician that she was expressing not only joy, but gratitude.

And while she played the church gradually emptied, and the wedding party drove off amid the cheers and good wishes of the congregation. Only she, Davy, and her aged grandfather were left within the sacred building. She tried hard to suppress her tears when she realised that the church was empty, and those she loved gone. She had wished the bride and bridegroom goodbye, at their own request, the previous day, and had no desire to see them drive off from the church door; she had given them her little wedding present, in the shape of the small white figure, in valuable Swansea china, of a dancing child strewing flowers. This had belonged to her grandmother, and had been readily transferred to her when she expressed a modest wish that her friends might possess it to recall to them the small dancing-child they had befriended and taught. None of them knew how rare was the specimen, though all acknowledged its beauty. More than this, she had offered for them her heartfelt prayers to the Most High.

When the last chord of the glorious march was played, and she heard the shouts of the people outside, she roused herself to tell Davy to leave the organ and join the spectators. She herself crept quietly down to Evan's seat in the aisle.

"God bless thee, child! Thou hast played well, and stirred up my old blood, so that I thought to march myself," he said.

"Did I seem to tremble very much, great-grandfather?"

"Thou wast firm as a rock, and wilt make a prime organist; so everybody whispered to me as they passed me by. I am glad I let thee learn."

May was satisfied. This approval was more to her than would be that of the public—if, indeed, a congregation of friends and acquaintances could be called "the public." Still, she had her ovation. When Evan and she at last left the church together the people who had been seeing the last of the wedding-party gathered round them.

"Well, you did play grand! Better than Jones, the schoolmaster," said one, patting May on the shoulder.

"There's proud you are now, Evan! 'Tis next to having a parson in one's family," remarked another.

"No wonder she can play for the choir, and she managing two rows of keys! Yet she is but a little one!" put in a third.

And so May was comforted for the loss of her friends.

Many were the festivities in honour of the wedding. The colliers had a dinner, the school children a tea. Uncle Laban was much occupied all day, and Meredith would be obliged to appear at the dinner; but Evan excused himself from sharing in the demonstrations upon the plea of age and infirmities, and he and May walked slowly—very slowly—home. They stood a moment to admire the pretty floral arch over the church gate, and May gathered up two roses from the path in remembrance of the day.

"Thou art thinking of thy pretty crown, child," said Evan.

"Oh no, great-grandfather; I have quite forgotten it."

Peggy was standing at the door awaiting them when they reached home. There had been only room for one in the wagonette that had conveyed Evan.

"'Twas lucky I did stop at home! Look you here, May," she exclaimed as they went in.

A wonderful surprise awaited May. There, underneath the window, stood a small new harmonium. She stood looking at it for some time in speechless wonder.

"Dost think it is a corpse-candle, child?" laughed old Peggy. "Two men did bring him in a cart from the railway, but were not knowing who was sending him."

"It is cousin Meredith," cried May, approaching the harmonium on tip-toe with a sort of awe.

She opened it, and a card with the word "May" thereon fell out.

"Play you for me what you have been playing for Miss Edith. Then I shall feel as if I had been at the wedding too," cried Peggy, looking on, her arms akimbo, and laughing as heartily as she did when May herself first came to Derwen Fach.

May sat down with as much trepidation as at the organ previously, and once more played through Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." It set old Peggy fairly going, and she could no more help moving with the triumphant harmonies than she could help quavering with the glorious melody. She stood behind the performer swaying and singing, while Evan folded his hands over his stick and watched and listened.

She had also another admiring and astonished auditor in Hedfa. He planted himself by her side, and looked inquiringly from her to the instrument. At last he laid his paw on her arm, which called forth a "Down, Hedfa!" from Evan, which was instantly obeyed.

"He doesn't understand it, great-grandfather," remonstrated May.

"I'll warrant me Terps does," said Peggy, pointing to the becloaked and behatted Terpsichore, who sat on the window-sill observant, with wide-opened eyes.

There was not a happier trio in all Derwen that evening than May and her grandparents. She played and they all sang until the very birds must have heard them, and it would have been impossible to remember the times that she repeated the words, "How kind of cousin Meredith! how very, very kind!"

As days and months passed on not only that kitchen but the institute, the cottages, the church, and the mines resounded with music. Meredith knew

that his gift would be welcome, for it would not only enable his cousin to practise at home herself, but to help others equally devoted to the divine art. It would also give Evan and Peggy the pleasure of listening to the practice without the fatigue of leaving their own fireside.

Such was the enthusiasm for music that children of all ages were taught to sing and compete for prizes at the national institutions called Eisteddfodan. May sometimes felt aggrieved that she had never attended one of these festivals, either as performer or auditor; while Leah's little daughter had actually won a prize for singing the Old Hundredth correctly at three years of age, held in her father's arms. Since the tonic sol-fa system had been introduced amongst the colliers these prizes for children under seven had been given. May scarcely thought the plan a wise one, remembering what had been her own experience of public performances; but she frequently heard how one child of four had cried because another of five had won the guerdon, and thought they might have both been better at home. Miss Richards now conducted her class on the tonic sol-fa system, and its members did credit both to it and her.

The approaching choral competition at the Crystal Palace served to give increased impetus to this inborn genius for music. Mr. Richards not only procured a trained master for his men, but gave them a bandmaster as well, so that the strike was literally swamped, for the time at least, in the overpowering tide of harmony. The choirmaster found both an apt scholar and indefatigable aid in May. It was he who had previously given her lessons on the organ, so that they were already friends, and he looked to her to assist in making the Derwen contingent equal to the other members of the great South Wales choir.

While the institute was full to overflowing night after night with eager men and women, the mines also resounded with music, and Bach, Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn echoed through the gloomy chambers of the underground township, as well as through the sunlit cottages, hills, and woods of the more romantic hamlets above.

Laban was rarely absent from the practice, and Meredith joined it whenever time permitted. But what he liked best was to sing and play with May at their own harmonium, their grandparents listening. He had grown much more humble since his first disappointment, and, although no one save May had even guessed at it, he was always fancying that everyone knew how that he had secretly entertained hopes of aspiring to the hand of his master's daughter. Of course Miss Richards still presided at the harmonium of the institute, though she frequently yielded her seat to May on one pretence or another; for she was well aware that May surpassed her as an accompanist. But she was also needed as leader of the *soprani*, and she became a person of so much consequence that had she been *prima donna* at some grand concert she could scarcely have been more in request.

"Thy head will be turned, child," said her grandfather. "I little thought when I saw thee first there was so much in it."

"Plenty o' wool, I'm thinking," laughed Peggy. "She'll be having no head at all if they are going on at this rate. Why, 'tis 'May!' here, 'May!' there. 'Where's May?' She's wanted at the church, she's wanted at the institute, she's wanted at Richards's, Derwen Fawr, and she's wanted at Morrison's, Derwen Fach! Ha! ha! a bit of a girl like that, with a head like a big sunflower."

"Oh, grandmother! indeed you are mistaken," urged May, quite abashed. "I will never go again if you dislike it."

"Go you, child; I am only joking. I am glad that they are liking you and your bit of a voice," replied Peggy, with a side wink at Evan.

As Christmas came on May's responsibilities increased. The vicar äs well as she was anxious that the service on Christmas Day should be as perfect as poor mortals could make it. He was an exception himself to the rule at Derwen, for he was not musical; still he troubled May greatly by his anxiety about what he did not understand.

"I will do my very best, sir," she said, in reply to certain misgivings as to her capability of leading the singing on Christmas morning, when all were sure to sing their very loudest, which was, indeed, just what he liked. "Miss Richards, and Uncle Laban, and cousin Meredith will all be in the choir, and will help me," she added, humbly.

The vicar need not have been afraid. When May took her seat she was quite prepared. Just above the organ was the word "Hallelujah," prettily lettered in holly berries, and surrounded by prickly leaves. Her heart rose higher still, and she longed to unite with the heavenly host in singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men." She did not think of herself, and no one in the church thought of her as her clear voice penetrated above the others in "Hark! the herald angels sing," and various joyous Christmas hymns. Hands and voice went in unison as she played and sang the praises of the Messiah.

And in the afternoon when the anthem was sung both choir and congregation joined, either in heart or voice, or both. Here and there perhaps a critic wondered to hear a village congregation sing, from Handel's *Messiah*, "Unto us a Child is born," but there was no astonishment elsewhere. Youthful organist and devotional people rejoiced in the music of the great master, and had studied it, and finally sang it to the glory of Him who inspired the composition, and to whom is all the praise.

(*To be continued.*)

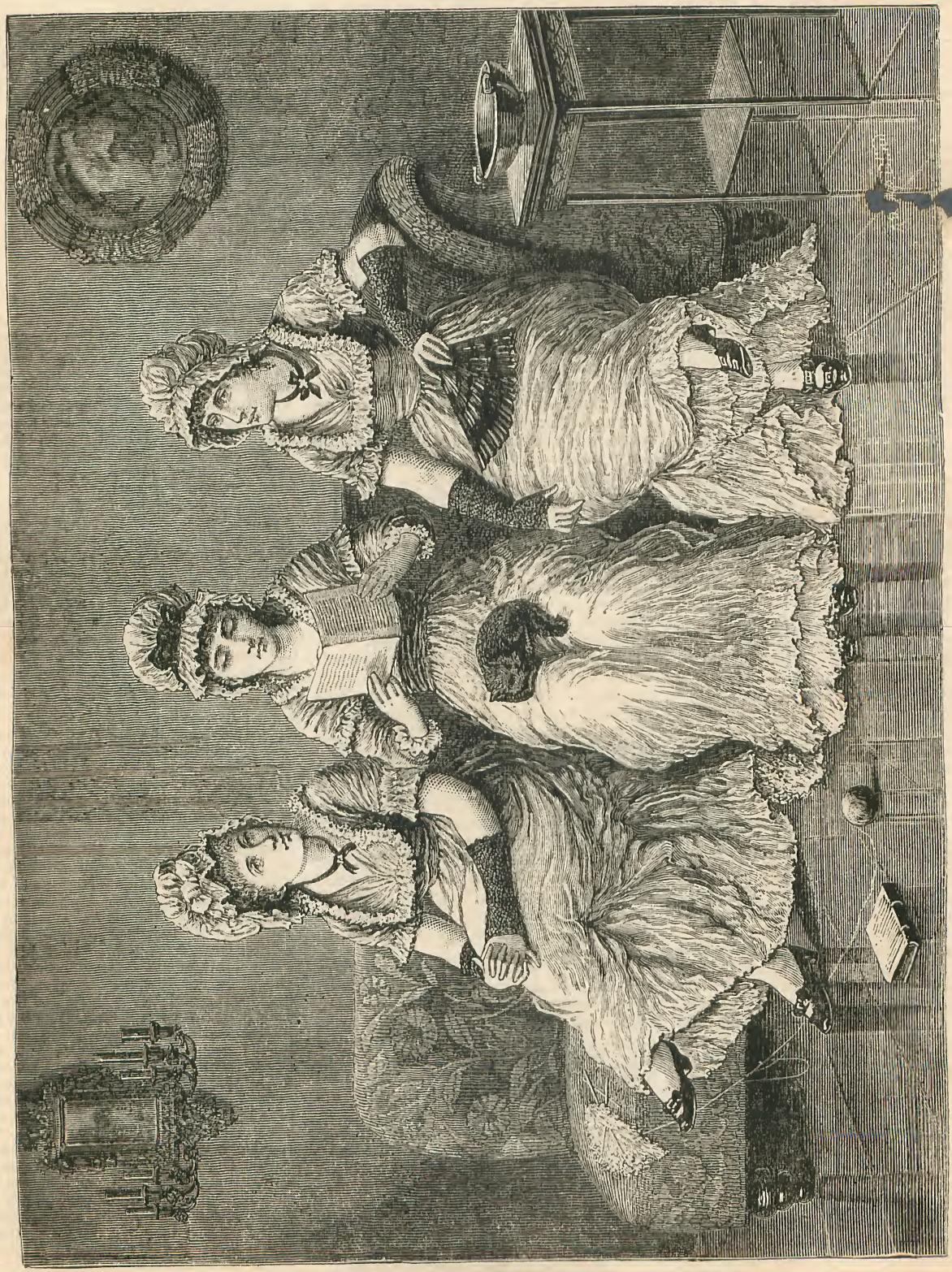


BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

POLLY'S FAREWELL.—When visiting in the neighbourhood of London some time ago, I used to be very much amused by observing the parting scene between a gentleman and his parrot when the former went to business in the morning. The gentleman would bring the bird to the door on his finger, and, after many caresses, place her on the step, whence she would patter into the house again. Sometimes, however, he would tease Polly by placing her on the ground without a word or caresses and then walk quickly away. The bird would immediately rush after him, fluttering and screaming, "Master, kiss Polly, kiss Polly," when he would return and go through the usual farewell. Many of the neighbours used to watch for this amusing little parting scene between man and parrot.

REVENGEFUL CHARACTER OF PARROTS.—My own father brought several green parrots from South America. One of three which came together was a very amusing creature. She would imitate the various notes of poultry till you might have imagined yourself in a farmyard. Then she would mock an old woman with a cold, and cough, wheeze, and moan in pitiful fashion. She could so exactly imitate my father's voice, that on the way home she caused the steward many a fruitless journey into the cabin by calling his name. On one occasion the steward was so angry that he struck the bird—an injury Polly did not forget. At the time she only fluttered away screaming lustily; but she had her revenge at the first opportunity, and when my father was near to protect her. It was on the voyage, and as they were in a warm climate, the men often went about without shoes or stockings. The steward was leaning over the vessel side, and the parrot catching sight of her old enemy, stole behind him, made her hooked bill meet through his bare heel, and then with an exultant screech took refuge on my father's shoulder.

MEMORY AND LONGEVITY OF PARROTS.—We had two of our parrots for many years. One died at twenty-five years old, the other after being forty-seven years in the possession of our family in England. He was supposed to be a young bird when purchased at Valparaiso, but that we could not be certain about, as he looked sprightly, handsome, and in full plumage to the day of his death, and is now one of the stuffed occupants of a glass case. A young lady friend used to tease this bird by poking her umbrella or any other article she could lay hold of close to the bars of his cage. Tom, as we called him, would make frantic efforts to reach her, and his eyes almost seemed to flash fire when she came near. The girl left school, and for three years had no opportunity of teasing the parrot. At the end of that time, being on a visit in the neighbourhood, she called at our house. The moment Tom heard her voice in the hall, and before she entered the room, he became greatly excited, and when she approached the cage was in a perfect fury of passion. "What, Tom," said she, "is it possible you remember my old tricks and cannot forgive me yet?" At the moment she foolishly put her fingers near the wires, and Tom promptly revenged himself by a cruel bite, which gave her a practical lesson as to the inexpediency of teasing a captive bird with such a memory and such a powerful beak. The same bird recognised my voice after an absence of ten years, and would not be satisfied until I took him on my finger and petted and caressed him, as I had been accustomed to do when he and I dwelt under the same roof.



"RACHEL SAT IN THE MIDDLE."

A LECTURE ON A MOB CAP.

By the Author of "The Troubles of Chatty and Molly," "The Bridge Between," &c.

It was quite a surprise to Alice and Emily and Rachel Edwards when they came up from Warwickshire to stay with their aunt, Mrs. Weir, to find that she was not prim and stiff and grave—that she did not live in an ugly, old-fashioned house, where the chairs were covered with horsehair, and the carpets had large patterns and covered the floors, and the ornaments consisted of waxwork flowers and coloured glass lustres. This was what they had expected; but instead they discovered a refined and charming old lady, living in a well-appointed house, furnished simply, but in excellent taste. The floors were polished (Mrs. Weir had lived much abroad), and the curtains were not half a yard on the ground, appropriating to themselves most of the dust that came near them. The girls were delighted with their aunt, and with her simple, dignified manner, and sweet, old-fashioned face; and Mrs. Weir, on her side, was charmed with her nieces. She had not seen them since they were children, and their father not being too well off, and their lives having been spent in a country town, she had half feared they might have developed into awkward, gawky, unformed country girls. But nevertheless three pretty, dainty-looking damsels, arrived, well dressed and well mannered, and undeniably pretty.

"They are really charming," she said to herself, as she entered the drawing-room the evening after their arrival and found them seated on the comfortable sofa at the end of the room. They were dressed ready for their aunt's simple dinner, and wore the prettiest of dresses, made in the latest of fashions. There were mob caps on their pretty heads and bows on their fashionable shoes. Rachel sat in the middle, reading a letter from home aloud to her sisters; on her lap the black kitten had made itself comfortable. Alice had thrown down her knitting, and Emily had ceased playing with her fan while the news from home was listened to and commented on. "And they are dear, good girls, too," she thought; "evidently glad of news from their parents; and clever girls, too—able to use their pretty fingers to some purpose, or they would not be able to dress so well on the little their father must be able to allow them." She had entered softly, and stood watching them for a moment unobserved. Alice, looking up, was the first to see her, and springing forward she put her aunt's chair a little nearer the fire, and then they waited till the gong should summon them to the table.

"My dears, those caps are charming; I must get you to make me some while you are here," she said. "I am sure they would do for me with the shape a bit altered and some soft lace for strings."

"We did not make these, auntie," Alice said. "We are not at all clever at them; a friend of ours did these for us."

"I suppose you never wore them before?"

"Oh yes, we always do; they are so becoming," Rachel said. "But they are a world of trouble; what with getting them made, and getting the shape right, and getting the stuff just what we want it to be, they are the plague of our lives."

"Then, I am sure I would not wear them. The prettiest thing you can wear is your own hair, my dears; it is folly to take trouble and spend money to hide it."

"But they are pretty," Alice said.

"What do they cost?"

"Oh, not much; never more than eighteenpence. You see we are very careful; to be sure they don't last long."

"Eighteen-pence, and three of you! Four-and-sixpence! And for four-and-sixpence you can buy and make an excellent flannel petticoat, that will keep a poor woman warm all the winter, perhaps prevent her from catching her death of cold."

"Auntie!" Rachel exclaimed, while her sisters coloured; they did not like this kind of reasoning.

"Quite true, my dear, that kind of thing does not strike one on seeing any necessary garment, even if it is a little piece of finery into the bargain; and pretty girls like pretty things we all know," she said, as she put her hand affectionately on her niece's, and led her into dinner. "It doesn't strike one even, or not so much, when the daughters of rich men wear all manner of extravagant trifles, for we know they can afford to give away as many petticoats as they please; but when the girls of a man only fairly well off wear quite unnecessary things, it does strike one. And then you say you always wear them; if they had been put on out of compliment to me, or for a special occasion, we would say nothing; but always hiding your beauty and the symbol of your youth, and spending hard-earned money, for what?—for nothing at all. Dear child, be natural; nature has been kind to you; don't cover up one of her most precious gifts—one meant to be displayed."

"You see, auntie," Emily urged, coming to the rescue, "we do like to look nice, and papa does like to see us at our best."

"Quite right, my dears, and always look your best, always look your very best; it gives pleasure to those who love you, and helps to keep their love warm. I abominate women who do not care about looking nice. Always look nice, dears, whether it is for mother or father, or friends, or the merest most unnoticing of human beings, or even for your own reflection only seen in a stream in the desert. But these caps, pretty enough though they are, do not help you."

Then she laughed cheerily.

"But I am sure we have said enough about them," she added; and then she gracefully turned the subject, and dinner was eaten in excellent spirits, despite that the old lady laughed and called her ways disagreeable.

"But you have set me off," she said, merrily, when they had returned to the drawing-room; "and I want to know something about yourselves, and what you can do. Tell me, do you make your own dresses?"

"No, aunt, not quite, but we help. We have a woman in by the day for all but our best dresses, and we do the easy parts ourselves," Emily said, triumphantly.

"How many servants have you at home?"

"Two."

"I am sure they can't do everything. Do any of you help?"

"No, auntie," reluctantly answered Rachel. "You see," she said, explaining, "mother likes doing everything in the house herself."

"And what do you do all day, my dears?"

"Oh, we read and play and go out, and—oh, I don't know. I am sure we'd do anything needed. There is always something going on, you know, or someone coming, and then, of course, we look after our clothes, though we don't make them."

"My dear girls, your father has between six and seven hundred a year, and that dies with him, or at most he can only leave enough to keep your mother in bread and cheese, for from that income—keeping two servants and providing for three grown-up daughters—there can be little saved. Now if he dies, what will become of you?"

"I don't know, aunt," Alice said, aghast; "we never think of these things."

"Can any of you get your own living? Do any of you know a profession or trade of any kind?"

"No; but we might do something—we might be governesses, for instance."

"Do you think you are sufficiently educated for that? that in these days of trained teachers and accomplished women you would be likely to earn enough money to keep you by teaching?"

"We might do something else."

"What? Can you cook or do domestic work? Could you go to service?"

"Why no, auntie," indignantly from all three.

"Every lady should be able to cook or do domestic work. But again, dears, if your father died, what would you do?"

"But he is not likely to die, I'm thankful to say!" Alice said, lovingly, thinking of her absent father.

"And then you know, auntie," Rachel said, struck by a really brilliant idea, "we may get married. I don't think I shall, you know," she added, modestly, "but the other girls may."

"And for what do you suppose a man would be likely to marry them?" Mrs. Weir asked.

"For love, of course," still triumphantly.

"Yes, dear, of course he would for love. And for love he would work hard—unless he happened to be rich and idle—all his life to keep her and provide her with all that is wanted; and what would she do in return?"

"Why, love him too, auntie." But she was less sure this time.

"And that also is right; but she must do more than show her love in words or looks. A woman, married or single, has her part to do in life; if the former, she has her husband's home to look after and her children to take care of. She should know how everything should be done, and be able to do it herself if necessary. Many a good husband is made harsh, or cold, or miserable, or is ruined by a wife who is useless and incapable, just because she has never learnt as a girl the duties that womanhood brings. It is no use to think one finds out how to do things when the time comes. Many a young married couple are wretched because the wife's hand is a 'prentice one, and she cannot weather the storm her own carelessness has helped to bring about. There are some things all girls can learn if they choose, and if they have homes and mothers; and home duties are the most important of all. How to cook and clean and sew all women should know, and how to nurse in sickness, and this, too, can be learnt in youth if one chooses; the sick and poor are always near, and our hands and hearts can always minister to them if we will it so. I think a knowledge of sick nursing should be one of the first positive duties of girls. Many a life is lost from unskilful home nursing, and even if we can afford professional nursing, no paid hands, however tender, can be the same as the hands of those we love."

"You are quite right, dear auntie," Emily said; "we ought all to learn these things, and I wish we knew them."

"Ah, that was a right-minded girl who spoke. Set about learning all you can, dear; useless women, just as much as useless men, sow the seeds of the pauperism or the crime of the future. Avoid uselessness, dears, as you'd avoid the plague."

"We'll set about learning everything," Rachel and Alice said.

"Not everything, one thing at a time. Begin by helping your mother in turn till in time you release her of all household cares. She has done her share of work. And get a knowledge of practical things first, and then set about learning one thing thoroughly, so that some day, if necessary, you may get your living at it. No matter whether you are married or single, or rich or poor, you cannot help having duties towards your fellow-creatures, and especially towards those near you, and one of these, first of all, is not to be ignorant, if you can help it, of those common things which by knowing you can help them."

"Dear auntie, we'll do our best," and they got up and kissed her, and she thought what sweet-tempered girls they were, "and we'll burn our caps."

"Pray don't," she laughed. "They are much too pretty; show your tresses while you can, but in case you do feel inclined to hide them sometimes, I shall buy you some muslin and ribbon to-morrow, and we'll all set to work and find out how to make them, and you shall each have new ones. I am sure I can manage them, and when you wear them you will think of your old aunt, dears, and the lecture she read you, with a mob cap for a subject."

DINNERS IN SOCIETY.



PERPETUAL solicitations on the part of the correspondents of this magazine to be further instructed in the usages of "polite society" must plead my excuse for the revival of a subject so trite and uninteresting to those no longer "girls."

Without further introduction, I will suppose that you are engaged to dine out, to meet a considerable assemblage of friends. Commence your preparations in good time, and let your dressing be completed a few minutes before the carriage is announced. To keep your elders waiting is most disrespectful; they have to choose between leaving you behind, or keeping your hosts and others waiting—spoiling their dinner, and perhaps of giving the horses cold also.

On being announced by one of the men-servants at the door of the vestibule or anti-room, you will find that your hostess awaits you, close at hand, within. Look at no one else, supposing that she had moved further into the drawing-room to lead some guest to a seat. Make a very slight curtsey as you give her your hand, a little act of politeness always observed in the upper ranks of society on formal occasions, and which needs to be practised, as it should be naturally and gracefully done. If not directed to a place, select one as little conspicuous as possible; not on a sofa, nor a large arm chair, unless desired to do so.

In ordinary society the ten minutes preceding the announcement of dinner are found to hang somewhat heavily on hand. Hungry, chilly, and possibly shy, or else naturally dull and uninteresting, people often appear to have nothing to say. I am, however, only writing for girls, who are not the proper leaders of general conversation. But they may speak to a next young neighbour without an introduction. After dinner you may assist your hostess in entertaining fellow-guests, though careful not to put yourself forward ostentatiously, so as to attract notice. Nothing could be in worse taste than to appear as if "doing the honours" (as people call it) of another person's house; instead of merely acting as a helper to her. Offer your small services, and follow her directions. I have seen young girls running about all over the room in a most forward and unseemly manner, taking the entire direction of the entertainment without the excuse of being daughters of the house.

But much may be gracefully and effectually done in a gentle, quiet way. Collect your thoughts before any kind of reunion, and be prepared with any little subjects of interest to form topics of pleasant conversation. Neither receive visitors at home, nor accept the hospitality of others, without making it a point of duty to return their kindness by making yourself agreeable. Do not sit silently scanning the dress of your neighbours, and saying nothing; nor answer in mere monosyllables, nor start when some one addresses you, as if you had just wakened up out of a nap. This is apt to occur in the case of young people who have few opportunities of mixing in society. Keep your hands still; do not move uneasily in your chair when first addressed, nor fiddle with the buttons of your gloves. Buttoned once they do not require to be touched again. Apart from any other objections to tricks like these, your awkward shyness presents a painful spectacle.

The dinner is now announced, and as the lady of the house has already signified to each of the gentlemen to whom he should offer his escort, and introduced to each other the pairs hitherto unacquainted, they all proceed to the dining-room according to the order of their respective precedence. With this matter—if ever a hostess yourself—you will have to make yourself thoroughly acquainted. Where there is no rank of birth nor professional position, age will always be your guide, which should never be overlooked.

I may here observe that "the girls" seem strangely solicitous about "which arm" a gentleman should present to the lady whom he conducts to the dining-room. Why they should feel so distracted about it I am at a loss to divine. One rule is enough for you,—whichever arm your cavalier presents, accept it. Circumstances must guide him. Englishmen generally give the right, and foreigners the left. Where large entertainments are given the stairs are broad, as in our old country seats and stately town mansions. But in the humble dwellings of poor gentlemen and professionals, the narrow stairs have often an awkward turning at a sharp angle, leaving scarcely a ledge whereon to place the foot. Let the young man having a lady under his charge take due note of the stairs, and act accordingly.

You are now seated at table. Immediately after "grace" has been said, unfold your dinner-napkin, lay it across your lap, and remove both your gloves. Put the latter in your pocket, because if they fell from your lap under the table, your companion would have to dive under it to recover them on your rising to leave the room.

If you take soup do not crumble nor break your bread into it, except in the privacy of home, where a small dinner might be thus supplemented. Fried toast will be served with it if suitable. Take the soup from the side of the spoon—do not turn round the point to your mouth; make no noise in drawing in the liquid, nor in the act of swallowing it. If this offer you any difficulty practise the art at home. Lastly, do not hold up the plate on one side, nor make a scraping with the spoon; you can finish the soup easily without raising the plate.

Fish will next be handed round. Be careful in removing the bones with your fish-knife and fork, because a choking fit at dinner would not be an agreeable diversion to your neighbours; and to remove anything objectionable from your mouth at any time, whether of bone or gristle, is by no means a pretty exhibition. So put nothing in that is to come out, however cleverly and privately contrived. At small dinners given by persons of limited means, who may have no silver fish knives, you must only take your fork in your right hand and a small wedge-like crust of bread in the left, with which to assist the fork. Again, I must impress on you the impropriety of making a noise when eating, showing what is in your mouth by keeping your lips apart; and drinking before you have swallowed what you have been eating, or without wiping your mouth both before and afterwards.

Various courses follow that of the fish. Should curry chance to be one of the dishes, use both fork and spoon, but not your knife; and if helped to a tart containing stone fruit, remove the stones neatly from the plums with your fork. It is quite unnecessary to perform that operation in your mouth.

Possibly, at a private dinner, a hostess may press a guest to try some viand which she does not like. Of course the obligations on a hostess are even more strict than those on a guest, simply because the latter is dependent on her wishes; and so long as she remains under her roof, her comfort and feelings, in every way, should be consulted. Thus, to press her to eat or drink after she has declined, is an act of ill-breeding. At the same time it would be gross rudeness to show a distaste for any dish laid before you, or to persist in refusing it, were it pressed upon you. Self-denial is a Christian grace. Amongst half-civilised nations it is a mark of distinction conferred on any guest for a chief to roll up some morsel of food in his hands, and insert the greasy pellet with his own unassisted fingers into the mouth of the visitor. To decline it—because by no means an appetising morsel—would be a reflection on the good taste of the host, and an evidence of ingratitude for the distinction intended. Moreover, your rejection of the *bonne bouche* might cost you your head, or purchase the novelty of a javelin through your heart!

Apropos of controlling your fancies at table or elsewhere, rather than cast a reflection on one who wishes to please you, I will mention a little incident told me long ago by one to whom I owe much of my own early training in the usages of society. Now a very aged and venerable man, his parents had lived much about the Court of the old King George III., having been honoured with his personal inti-

macy. He himself had lived and visited amongst the grandees of the Court of the Prince, as Regent and King, and was regarded as a man of most accomplished manners. Thus, I have no hesitation in giving my young readers advice derived from such competent authority.

The Prince Regent was styled "the first gentleman in England," for, like our own Prince of Wales, few had so keen an intuitive perception of the principles that govern all rules of good breeding. On one occasion he had indulged in taking snuff, and turning to a lady beside him, he presented his open box and invited her to take a pinch likewise. Alas! the good woman was not equal to the occasion; she was not in the habit of taking snuff—perhaps she disliked it; in fact, she had not learnt her lesson in good manners. So she thanked him and declined. Of course he felt as if charged with an indiscretion; but, always self-possessed and dignified, he simply turned to another lady and made her the same offer. This time he had met with a woman who was not out of her place in a palace. She thanked him graciously for so distinguishing her, and took the snuff, just sufficient of course to smell, but not to produce a sneeze. Her act justified that of the Prince, who was only testing her good manners, and he showed his recognition of her conduct by presenting her with the beautiful jewelled box, as a memento of the occasion.

Again I must conduct you back to the dining-room. Observe how highly-bred people eat asparagus. They feel with the knife where the soft part ends, and dividing the stems, they eat with the fork. It is a disgusting spectacle to see people draw out a mangled end from their mouths reduced to a ragged fringe. Never eat peas with a spoon. You may change the fork into your right hand and use it as one, or you may press the peas with it—still in the right hand—making them adhere conveniently together. Excepting at a private dinner, where little variety, if any, is provided, never ask for a second help from the same dish.

Take care to keep your hands off the table. Never fiddle with the salt, nor the spoon, knife and fork, and make no crumbs with your bread. Avoid coughing, and the use of your handkerchief; having a cold you should remain at home. If disposed to sneeze, from pepper or mustard, contrive to hold your nose with your handkerchief for a moment, to stop it in time, but do so unobserved if possible. After the game, cheese is carried round, and its usual accompaniments of butter and biscuits, &c. If you take butter, do not scrape off a piece against the rim of your plate, turning the face of the knife downwards, as if you were cleaning a putty-knife on the edge of a piece of glass. Contrive to loosen the butter, so as to place it fairly in the plate at one side. Should you also take cheese, butter a small piece of bread or biscuit, place a piece of cheese upon it, and convey it to your mouth in this way. To do so with the blade of a knife is highly objectionable, and contrary to all rules that obtain in the upper ranks of society, though many, otherwise well-bred people, may be seen careless in this respect in private, and elderly people also allow themselves much license in trifling matters, which they do not mean to form an example to younger people. Such little infringements of the orthodox rules should not be criticised by young people. Advancing life sometimes brings lassitude and indifference about them; and, moreover, what would evidence much selfishness and greediness in youth, is only to be regarded as the consent of an infirm person, with a poor appetite, to be suitably nursed and provided for.

Dessert is now served, and the finger-glasses and d'oyleys are removed from all the plates by their respective owners. Fruit often presents difficulties to the consumers; what with the stones, skins, shells, or rind, it is not always easy to eat in a delicate and refined manner. Half-bred people may be seen inserting pieces of orange into their mouths and drawing out the peel again, showing the remains of the pulp on their plates. Pomegranates present some difficulty amongst other fruits. They are full of juice, and equally so of stones, too large to be swallowed wholesale. Cut one in two, and with the spoon press the stones within, as in a cup, extracting and taking up the juice with it.

Having taken what fruit they require, each lady dips her fingers in the finger-glass, and touches her lips also with the water, dries them, and puts on her gloves. She then lays the napkin on the seat of her chair. The lady of the house watches to attract the notice of the chief guest, seated at her husband's right hand, and smiles and bows to her, and they rise simultaneously, followed by all. The host opens the door, the chief lady walks out first, the rest according to their respective precedence, and the gentlemen stand until all have retired to the drawing-room.

In conclusion, I have a word of advice to offer on the subject of dinners at home, or after a homely fashion. Observe what dishes are being used, and those on which there appears to be a kind of "run," and never ask for that of which there is little, to the deprivation of any one yet unhelped. When there is a tart or a pie uncut, there being sufficient of some other dish, show some little consideration for your hostess. The expenses and difficulties of housekeeping in families of small means are great. Keep your eyes about you. Remember the invalids, or those advanced in years. Some small delicacy at the table may perhaps have been prepared for them. Try also to supplement the efforts of your hostess. However hospitable, and ready to give you anything you would like, she would appreciate a thoughtfulness on your part, that would leave something nice for one who is always last helped, or would spare an unbroken dish for the following day, without making the reason too apparent. Would you wish her to replace a sort of wreckage of all in her small larder, in return for her kindness to you?

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

HOW TO REAR FOWLS.

POULTRY-keeping is both an interesting and profitable occupation. If girls only knew what pleasure it would give them, more would pursue it. Remember, however, that it is not a thing to be done by fits and starts. Poultry requires constant care; no arduous work, but regular daily thought and attention. My present paper shall only treat the subject as applicable to the keeping of a limited number of fowls, as can be practically done by any young lady.

Poultry-farming becomes, of course, a matter of capital and interest; while prize poultry-keeping is generally a hobby, very often lucrative, but depending very much on the success your fowls have at shows. It is not by any means to be discouraged, only fowls intended for exhibition require different treatment from those kept merely for household use. If you are successful in taking prizes, and can command a high price for setting eggs—for instance, from ten shillings to a guinea a dozen—it is a very good thing. Before, however, you can expect to succeed with prize poultry it is necessary to obtain a correct knowledge of the management of ordinary fowls.

Proper housing, feeding, and early hatching are the three great requisites to *profitable* poultry-keeping, and I purpose now to say a little on each subject.

1ST. THE HEN-HOUSE.

Cleanliness, dryness, warmth, and ventilation, without draughts, are the principal essentials to the health of the fowls. A proper hen-house need not be an expensive affair. Of course, if you have ample means at your command, and wish for ornamental houses, you can have them in endless variety, but please don't consider that as part of the expense of poultry-keeping. My own houses cost a mere trifle. If there is any stone or brick outhouse which can be converted into a hen-house, nothing is better. If it is necessary to build a new one, wood is the cheapest and best material to be employed. We cannot expect all girls to become carpenters, but often they have a brother willing to help them, who would delight in a little joiner work. A house five or six feet square is quite large enough for a cock and six hens; if larger, it only increases their liability to cold in winter. The roof must be made sloping, and either covered with felt or tarred. It must be perfectly water-tight.

It is an advantage if the house can be built against a wall, especially if it be a stable wall or at the back of the kitchen fire-place. A stove inside the hen-house is not generally considered a good thing, because the fowls get heated and then when they go out are very apt to catch cold.

The roof of the hen-house may be carried on a little longer than the house, so as to form a shed under which the fowls can shelter. If, however, the house be raised from the ground about two feet, the shed can be dispensed with and the fowls shelter under the house. If space be an object, the latter plan will be found an advantage. A slide for the fowls to go in and out by must be made near the ground. A window is absolutely necessary; one part of it can be covered with perforated zinc for ventilation, as pure air must be had without draughts. For the floor, Roman cement or concrete is best, but any hard substance that can be easily brushed will do. For perches, nothing answers better than a fir pole. Be particular in having them placed away from the nests. For the larger breeds, such as Brahmas, Cochins, &c., it should not be more than a foot from the ground. Indeed, these birds very often prefer to roost on the ground on nice, clean straw. Brahmas and Cochins are so liable to foot disease owing to their heavy bodies, and this liability is often increased by their having unsuitable perches. For the lighter breeds the perches can be placed higher, but not too high, as is frequently the case.

Boxes or little round hampers, without lids, answer capitally for nests. Hens seem to prefer laying on the ground. They must be furnished with clean straw or hay; three bricks laid at the wall, with straw between, make very good nests. Use china or chalk nest-eggs and gather the eggs every evening.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of cleanliness. The hen-house must be whitewashed with lime at least once a year. It must be thoroughly cleaned out twice a week or oftener, and the floor sprinkled with dry sand. It is a good plan to have a board placed under the perches to catch the droppings. It is so easily cleaned, and keeps the manure free from sand, &c. The manure must be carefully preserved, as it is one of the profits of poultry-keeping. For garden purposes it is equal to guano, especially for strawberries. If quite pure, the tanner gives a good price for it. In hot weather use powdered sulphur for sprinkling over the floor, nests, &c. This kills the vermin. It should also be used freely for sitting hens, but that belongs to the treatment of hatching.

The larger your run is the better; grass is preferable, but unless it can be kept very fresh and clean, it is better dispensed with, and good gravel substituted. It is excellent if the runs can be made to open into a grass park, for then the different lots of fowls can be let out by turns, but not everyone can have that advantage. Of course, if the runs be only of gravel, green food has to be supplied.

For enclosing the yards, the best thing is galvanized wire netting. Stabs must be driven into the ground at equal distances; each stab should have a spike at the top to prevent the hens alighting on them. The wire is fastened to these stabs with staples made for the purpose. Better than stabs are iron stanchions, but of course much more expensive. The more liberty fowls have the better; they can pick up so much for themselves, and as a rule are healthier. Very few persons have this accommodation, though we meet with very successful poultry-keeping in very small space. It requires all the more care and very strict attention to cleanliness, but if well looked after will do very well.

The number of houses required depends of course on the number of fowls kept. A house could be built longer and then divided, a wire division being between each run, or a number of separate houses may be found most convenient.

The Birds.

Having built your house, the next thing is to stock it, and that depends very much on the taste of the owner, and also on the nature of climate and soil. A young-hen wife should begin cautiously. Many go and buy expensive fowls and set to work with no knowledge or experience (and in poultry-keeping nothing but experience answers), and then say "poultry does not pay." No wonder; the whole thing is mismanaged; therefore, learn by experience, and, to use an old Scotch proverb, "Creep before you gang." Pure breeds are, of course, most to be admired, but many crosses lay very well. A cross between a Dorking cock and Brahma hens makes a famous table fowl. Dorkings are capital for the table, but I do not consider them good layers; the chickens are troublesome to rear, and do not thrive well on a clay soil. Brahmas (light and dark) are good table birds, and lay well when not broody. They make excellent mothers. Cochins are very good, too, but their flesh is yellower and their bones larger.

Spanish and Hamburgs lay splendidly, the former very large eggs. Houdens, Leghorns, Crêvecœurs, Polish, Game, Andalusians, and others give plenty of choice. The Scotch Grey is considered a strong, useful bird. Bantams may be kept for amusement; they are too small for the table, and though they lay well, their eggs are very small. Unless in a very large poultry establishment, it is better not to keep many different kinds. For beginners a very good plan is to buy some common hens, which can be had from two shillings to half-a-crown each, and buy some settings of whatever kind may be preferred.



"HAVE I BEEN GIVING THOSE DEAR LITTLE CHICKENS PROPER FOOD?"

Feeding.

The feeding of poultry is of the utmost importance. If in confinement they require three meals a day, and in winter, although at liberty, should have them. The first meal, to be given at daybreak in winter, and about six o'clock in summer, should consist of soft food —small potatoes, potato and turnip peelings,

apples, cabbage leaves, or any refusé of vegetables, &c., boiled till very soft, and mixed into a stiff paste with thirds or barley meal, and a handful of Indian meal. This last is very fattening, and should be used sparingly for laying hens. Oatmeal makes the best feeding of all, but is generally too dear. The food should be mixed in a pail overnight, covered with a lid or cloth, and allowed to stand beside the kitchen fire, and given hot in the morning. A little pepper mixed in it in very cold weather is a good thing.

Generally the cook gives the first meal, but girls should see that it is properly done; the rest of the feeding they will do themselves. The mid-day meal may consist of waste bread, steeped in water, or, better still, skimmed milk, scraps of meat from the kitchen, or a little grain. In summer they do not require much; the last meal, given shortly before they go to roost, *must* be grain of some sort. The reason is that the fowls require some support during the long hours of night; grain gives them that, and so produces more eggs; soft food is more easily and more quickly digested, and hence is best in the morning. It is a great mistake to give grain as constant feeding, and fowls will never pay if fed entirely on it. Good oats, barley, and wheat, with buckwheat in winter, should be used; light wheat will do for a change in summer; Indian corn is too fattening. Their food is best to be varied. Old ship biscuits, which may be bought at ten shillings a hundredweight, if steeped all night in boiling water, form an excellent change. A "buff," purchased for threepence or fourpence from the butcher is also a nice variety, and in winter should be got frequently, as animal food encourages laying.

Lime must be supplied, and if in confinement, green food given daily. As there is generally a garden where fowls are kept, this is a very easy matter. Weeds, especially groundsel, do as well as anything; cabbage-leaves, lettuce, or even grass.

Lastly, but of primary importance, is a plentiful supply of good water. This is often neglected, and hence very often disease ensues. In winter it is important that it is kept free of snow or ice. Give fresh water daily, and in hot weather oftener, as it dries up so quickly. If a cow is kept, the hens will likely get skim or butter milk.

There are several varieties of drinking-fountains made, but a common delf trough or a large flower-pot saucer, serves as well as anything. As regards the quantity of food to be given, no very definite rule can be laid down; each must use their own judgment. Hens will not lay well if over-fed. Generally about a handful of grain for each fowl will be the right thing to give at night. Some kinds of fowls require, of course, more feeding than others.

Again, all poultry should be more highly fed during moulting, and on wet or cold days should also get rather more. The soft food is often given too soft; it should be of the consistence of dough. No more should be given than can be consumed at one meal; *no food should be left lying over.* Do not use a feeding dish, but give the food on the ground; the fowls require the sand that gets mixed with it for digestion. There is no economy in buying cheap grain, and the size and quality of the egg depend very much on the feeding.

It has been often calculated that the cost of feeding each hen is about five shillings a year. This is, of course, lessened if there be much waste from the house that can be used. These directions refer only to adult fowls; the treatment of chickens is different, and belongs to the subject of hatching.

P. A. L. M.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOSEPHINE HOLDS THE SCALES.

ON leaving the sleeping Helen Edison the Principal of Crofton Hall turned to her young governess, saying, rather sternly, "We must wait until to-morrow, Miss Rowe, to administer any reprimands, and I cannot help hoping that by that time you, as the elder and wiser, will be willing to pave the way for Miss Edison's apologies by telling her that you do not mind confessing in your turn that you were rather needlessly hasty and harsh with her."

"*That* I shall never do!" said the English governess in a low, fierce tone, that quite startled her companion, and the two separated without even exchanging good nights.

And here we must go back a little to explain how matters had come to this present terrible pass.

It must be confessed that the state of feeling between pupil and teacher had been increasingly embittered by Helen's sympathies for poor Josephine, which had been still further outraged by a needless display of what looked very much like petty spite on the part of Miss Rowe but a few days before this last and worst quarrel.

Helen had secured her favourite seat at the evening meal between Josephine Bell and Milly Wilmot, and after studying Josephine's face for a few moments, she said, with a little air of loving triumph:—

"Now confess the truth, Josephine; don't you feel ever so much better for having been out of doors this afternoon, instead of poring over your books all the while?"

Josephine was eating bread and butter with far more appetite than she had shown for it lately. But at her companion's question her face grew overcast, and she murmured—

"But I haven't a quarter done my French, and I haven't looked at any spelling, and just now Miss——"

Josephine suddenly checked herself, and tried to check Milly also, who was proceeding to finish her sentence for her. But Helen's "Tell me Mill," was stronger than Josephine's—"Please don't," and so Milly told how Miss Rowe had stopped Josephine five minutes ago, as they were coming in to tea together, to say that for the future she should be obliged to hear her repeat that lesson with Rose, as she had not time to hear her separately."

"She is a regular inquisition wretch," muttered Helen fiercely. "What a queer expression," said Milly, laughing, "and was spelling one of the tortures of the Inquisition?"

"Hurting people's feelings out of spite was," retorted Helen.

"I don't really believe that this time she had anything to do with spite at all," said Josephine, in a low tone. "It was not spoken as though she were cross at all, but more as if she were really anxious to save a few minutes. And you remember it has been her own leisure in a sort of way that she has given up to me."

"Oh, there, do leave off," interrupted Helen, irritably. "It makes me in a worse rage than ever to hear you always making excuses for her, when she has nothing but hardness and disagreeableness for you. And, besides, I can't help feeling as if you were something of a hyprocite, for you may try to persuade me as much as you like, but I can't believe a bit the more that any but very old people, or people just going to die, ever manage to fancy they like those who are horrid to them."

"*Fancying* it wouldn't be much use," murmured Josephine.

No, of course not. So it is much better to be honest, and let it alone altogether. If people slap me on one cheek there is certainly a second slap to follow, but it's not on *my* cheek, and if you would be guided by me it would not be for you to have the two either."

"In this matter I have a wiser guide than you," said Josephine, in a tone of unaccustomed firmness, and then the bell rang as the signal for rising from tea, and Helen hastened away to pass the fifteen minutes' interval before preparation time in proving to Milly and half-a-dozen other sceptical companions that her leap over the two back-to-back chairs was not to be an exceptional achievement.

Josephine went off to the little study to learn her spelling, but when she had found the book she held it upside down, and gazed at it with unseeing eyes. She was thinking of her brilliant, talented schoolfellow. Hitherto she had thought of her with unmixed admiration and fondness, with just a faint tinge added of almost irrepressible envy for her talents, courage, and confidence. But as the poor, contemptuously-pitied, lustreless pupil sat in the darkening, dull little room alone, with her upside-down spelling-book in her hand, she was not envying her companion, she was not admiring her. She was pitying her. Strange and impossible as Helen would have supposed it, she was being pitied by "poor Josephine." Beauty, talent, strength, chivalry, high-spirited generosity, were all very fair things in the sight of Josephine, but they were as nothing to her if they were to be weighed in the balance with that most wonderful assurance—"Ye are my friends." Dead leaves beside pearls. Josephine had the pearls. Not for all the splendour of the world, not for all the genius of men, would Josephine have given up that Friend, the Friend who says to those who love him,—"As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you."

CHAPTER XIX.

MISS ROWE CHOOSES A CONFIDANTE.

HALF-AN-HOUR later Josephine Bell was sitting with her hand up to a miserably puzzled head, between Helen Edison and Milly Wilmot in the large classroom, and trying to master her French exercise. Helen and Milly had secretly

despatched little Rosie to beg her to leave her solitude, and join them.

"Even if the lynx won't let us help her," Helen had said, "it will at any rate be much better for her not to be so much alone."

With this assertion Milly had heartily agreed by the quotation—"'Them's my sentiments,'" and then Rosie had been despatched on her errand, and returned triumphantly with her sister. But so far, any benefit Josephine might have reaped from the change was certainly restricted to that which she considered the questionable one of companionship, for "the lynx," otherwise Miss Rowe, had kept a close watch upon the trio of friends ever since she had been surprised by the entrance of the two sisters.

"Go to Miss Rowe, and make her have the trouble of helping you, herself," whispered Helen once, "as she won't let us."

"But I can never understand her explanations; they are too quick," sighed Josephine. Nevertheless, she rose, and carried her book to the end of the room, only to come back five minutes after feeling that the difficulties were even more complicated than she had before thought them, and Helen looked at her as she sat with her tired, troubled head on her hand, and as she looked her thoughts gradually faded away from her lessons, and passed back to the strange expression of rapt sweetness which she had seen earlier in the day on that plain, weary face. At last she muttered, in a tone inaudible even to Rose Trew, her neighbour on the other side—

"Josie—I cannot understand you. If you really meant what you said this afternoon about the happiness of that other learning, how can you bother yourself so dreadfully about this, which, from your point of view, must seem nothing but so much rubbish?"

For some moments Josephine made no answer. Then she murmured, "'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' And while I am here it is my duty to do what my father has placed me here to do."

A minute later she added, "Besides, I don't think any of God's gifts rubbish. Some are greater and grander than others, but all are fair and good, and one of the choicest of earthly gifts, I think, is that of learning."

Unconsciously Josephine pronounced the last words in her natural tone, and a painful flush mounted to her temples as a mocking laugh from the end of the room accompanied the words—

"You are no doubt aware, Miss Bell, that there is a fine for speaking in this room during the preparation hours, but you spoke so like a book that I must really let you off. I should never have imagined that you held learning in such high esteem. It is a pity that you do not contrive to appropriate a little more of the gift to yourself."

"I do try," was the simple answer. But there was such a ring of sadness in the words that even Miss Rowe was touched by their patient humility. A tinge of compunction came into her own cheeks, and she bent her head quickly over her needlework. Helen Edison glanced at her curiously, and the thought crept into her mind that Josephine's learning had given her a power which she, with all her cleverness, did not possess. It was true that she would have made Miss Rowe flame out into furious looks and sinfully angry words, but she could not do as Josephine had done, make her bend her head in penitence.

After a lapse of two or three minutes, Miss Rowe rose and came round to where the poor, over-anxious student sat vainly trying to master her task. Helen scarcely recognised the governess's voice as she said, quietly—

"You have not got on very far, I see. I am afraid you did not understand my explanation much better than that of the book."

"I am so sorry," said Josephine, earnestly; "I wish I gave you less trouble."

"I shall not so much mind the trouble in the future, if you really mean you do care to get on," half muttered the young governess, as though she were ashamed of her own unusual graciousness. In a few moments she added, but rather in excuse for the present than the past, "I thought you looked upon learning as disagreeable, useless drudgery, only to be got through because you could not help yourself. Since you really recognise its value, I shall be far more willing to give you aid. Carry your books over there to the desk, and I will join you in a minute."

The minute's interval which Miss Rowe claimed was devoted to snatching up Helen Edison's exercise book, and sharply tearing two of its pages, across which Helen had just profusely adorned with climbing monkeys, fighting cats, snakes, worms, and snails.

"It is better to have no talents than to pervert them," she said, in her most dictatorial tone. "Miss Boswell, you will see that Miss Edison pays a fine for a babyish waste of preparation time."

"It was no waste at all," retorted Helen; "I have done all my lessons, and I will ask the principal if, under those circumstances, it is wrong to practise my drawing. To-morrow I will fill a page with spiteful toads; I shall not have far to search for a model."

A flash darted from Miss Rowe's eyes, and she raised her hand. Happily on that occasion she restrained herself in time, and vouchsafing no answer to the impertinent speech, she marched off to Josephine, not certainly in such an amiable mood as when she proffered her assistance, but still disposed enough to render it for her promise' sake, and for yet another reason also. The young governess was sorely in need of a confidant to whom she might pour out the tale of a sudden grief that had fallen upon her, and during the last few minutes she had felt that the despised, dim-eyed, ignorant pupil was just exactly the sort of confidant that she should choose—humble, gentle-hearted, unobtrusive, easily put aside again.

In any and every possible trouble that could have affected herself alone Miss Rowe would have stood apart, if her heart had broken in so doing. But the trouble that had now fallen upon her, since that morning's post came in, was not one that she could, in her pride, claim to bear alone, and from its very nature it had a softening influence upon her in some measure, at any rate at first, and her soul cried out for sympathy. She had no Heavenly Father to go to, no comforter, no all-powerful Friend, and so she turned to Josephine.

The preparation hour came to an end before Josephine's exercise was finished, and all her companions dispersed, Milly whispering as they went off—

"Miss Rowe really is taking pains to make things clear to poor Josephine now."

"Why couldn't she do so before?" growled Helen; but even she half forgave her own torn exercise book, as she glanced at Miss Bell's relieved expression of countenance and heard the patient tones in which the English governess was giving explanations about a lesson with which there was no real need that she should concern herself at all.

"Isn't Miss Rowe kind to-night?" murmured little Rose, clasping her hands fondly round the arm of her very dear, new friend.

"Humph. Not quite such a snarling hyena as usual," asserted Miss Nellie, and then she let herself be pulled off by little Rose to a special favourite bench in a deep recess in the wide hall, and prepared obediently to finish a fairy tale, of a particularly weird description, begun the previous day.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

GIACINTA.—A black beaver hat can be changed in shape by a hatter, who can block it as you please. You write freely, and the letters are well-formed, but too large.

MISS PRATTLE.—Inquire at a good wool and fancy-work shop. We do not give addresses.

FLIBBERTY GIBBET.—Use white washing net.

EMILIE.—Use black fur to replace the braid on your last winter's jacket, carefully brushing the jacket before re-trimming it.

EDYTHE.—The baskets are such as are generally supplied by florists, filled with flowers.

CROCHET NEEDLE.—The easiest way to make the jersey for your brother is to work two straight pieces in either ribbed or *tunisien* crochet. The latter kind is the most solid; but, of course, takes more wool. The ribbed crochet has also the advantage of being more elastic. Take the width of your brother's chest, and the required length; now make a chain to correspond with this length, and on it work the number of rows necessary for the width, and break off the wool. Work a second strip exactly similar; afterwards sew both together at the sides, leaving towards the top so many inches open for the armholes. Divide the top into quarters, allowing two for the opening of the neck, and sew or crochet together the quarter at each end, to form the shoulders. For the sleeve measure the length of the arm on the outer side, taking care to have the elbow slightly bent; measure also the inner side, and take the width. Make a chain to extend over the outside length from this chain, which marks the centre; work half of the sleeve in long rows, gradually decreasing on the armhole edge to reduce the length to that of the inner seam. Break off the wool and start again on the opposite side of the foundation chain, following the same rule as for the first half. Join the sleeve on the wrong side, turn it out, and set it into the armhole. For the wristband rib a strip, wide enough to be turned over, and work it in a pretty pattern finished by an open edging, in keeping with the one round the neck, through which a ribbon is passed. On the same principle are executed all kinds of vests, knitted, &c., where much shaping is not needed.

COOKERY AND HOUSEKEEPING.

MASTIFF.—To cook tomatoes, see page 48, vol. i., also "Tomatoes with Rice," page 615, vol. i. Your writing needs to to be sloped properly; it is not at all pretty or ladylike as it is, and could easily be made so.

AGATHA.—See page 80, vol. i. You had better write to the makers, Messrs. Minton, respecting the state of your tiles in the entrance hall.

TANTALUS.—A recipe for scones will be found on pages 367 and 431, vol. i.

LILY.—Recipes for cakes and jelly made of corn-flour are printed on all the paper covers of this flour.

EDUCATION.

LILLIAN, MABEL, and EVELYN.—We sympathise with you in the unsuccessful trial that you have made so far of "Vaseline," but no one prescription ever suits all alike. Your writing is legible, but not pretty. Why do you write every second or third word with a capital letter?

MIMOSA.—Procure a good book on arithmetic. We do not advertise books. Many of your "m's" and "n's" are very misshapen. We greatly admire the specimen of writing numbered "3."

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. F.—There is in all probability a worm at the root of your musk plant, which causes the lower leaves to die. Your writing promises well.

G. P. M.—As a general rule we should advise any young girl, tried and perplexed as you are, to consult her mother. In your especial case we do not recommend your informing her of any particular act of rudeness to you, but state your difficulties in general terms, and act towards your brothers and sister according to her counsel. Your writing is fairly good.

CLEMENTINE.—Try a little iodine brushed, once only, on the gum round the tooth; or hold some eau de cologne and water in your mouth; either may relieve you temporarily, but there is one cure that will not fail, extraction. You can procure tinted cards for painting upon. Note paper would not be very suitable.

LIZZIE R.—We cannot aid you in selling your pictures. offer them at some shop. They might be placed on view in the window.

KATIE.—We thank you for your very nice and well written letter. We see no errors to point out in it.

ALICE.—Pronounce Euridyce as if written "You-rid-disy." Your writing is regular, but too angular.

MARY E. H.—We advise you to have the long iron projection at the toe of the skate cut off to a third of its present length and rounded. Read our articles on "Skating and Skates," pages 27 and 48, vol. i.; also for dress appropriate for it at page 64, vol. i.

LILY.—Try washing your black silk stockings in cold water, and rinse them in a solution of borax.

AN IRISH GIRL.—1. Probably you are in the habit of wetting your lips. It could not be the cod-liver oil, nor the other beverage that is to blame for their sore state. Use lip salve every night, and on going out on a cold day. 2. Your mother should be consulted in reference to the introduction you wish to make. If she approve, your course is clear; but you must confide all you know to her respecting your acquaintance before you act upon any permission you may obtain. Your writing is fairly good.

FLEDA.—We thank you for all the encouraging information you give respecting the popularity of our paper. Slope your writing a little more and it will be improved, You write very well for one so young.

HENY.—1. Send for Dr. Rothe's work on Ling's System of Calisthenics. Any bookseller will procure it for you. The latter is a Swede, and they are famous for their method of drilling. 2. Inquire of a dyer whether the velveteen skirt is worth re-dipping; we could not advise you better, not having seen it. Your hand is legible, but not very pretty.

MINNEHAHA. — The quotation you make is from Roger's poem "To a Tear.' We acknowledge your most kind and grateful letter with sincere pleasure. Your hand is very fairly good.

A LOVER OF PEACE wishes us to give her advice, but states her case in rather a mystifying way. "What remedy would you prescribe for a sister to take to prevent her brother teazing her?" We think it seems as if the brother should have the remedy prescribed for him, instead of the sister, but doubt whether the mischievous little tormentor would take it. We should recommend the sister to assume an appearance of perfect indifference to any annoyance intended.

LITTLE IMP.—1. Your question about learning to sing has been answered several times. 2. Of course, it is very ill-bred to laugh and joke about anything in the presence of a third party quite unacquainted with the subject of your merriment. Equally so to whisper, so that they cannot hear what you are saying.

TENDER TOES.—Many suffer as you do, when obliged to wear leather boots. The fault is not in the slippers of cashmere. If you wore cashmere boots too, whenever possible, and with square toes, and roomy altogether, perhaps you would suffer less.

MOUSE.—In a case such as you describe your parents would be your best advisers. We think that a little extra cordiality of manner is expected on a first meeting, after some years of absence; but rather more reserve had better be shown afterwards, and if reproached for it, playfully, yet decidedly maintained, and excused in a kindly way, on account of being "now no longer in the schoolroom."

SWEETBRIAR IVANHOE.—Such a very graciously expressed and grateful letter as yours should have the cordial thanks of the Editor and his assistants. We are very glad that our answers to our correspondents are so much appreciated. The chief defect in your good legible hand is in the "m's" and "n's," that are made like "u's." Your letters will always be welcome.

MUSKOKA.—As a rule, threshing is rather slowly than quickly performed, and as more than one man wields a flail, the party contrives to beat a kind of tune with their implements, changing the measure to break the monotony, yet keeping perfect time. Like bell-ringing, it is an art in its way, and needs practice. We are obliged by your kind commendation of our paper, and especially of the articles on needlework and art. You write a nice hand.

MOTHER'S "RIGHT HAND."—Your grateful letter is much appreciated. Your writing will make a good foundation for a "running hand," when older. Wear gloves whenever you can.

POMONA.—*Noblesse oblige* is a French proverb, and means that those nobly born and reared should act consistently with their high position and training. Sir Galahad was one of the "Knights of the Round Table," and is a character introduced in Tennyson's "Holy Grail." We are glad that you liked our articles on singing.

SUSIE.—Your writing is not sufficiently flowing and free, and your pen appears to be too hard.

MARKA.—You write fairly well, though rather carelessly, but we thank you for the kind words you have written. We do not know to what negro slave you refer.

JENNY.—A series of articles suggesting varieties of work for invalids, bedridden or otherwise, is just about to be given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We feel great sympathy with you and hope sincerely that you may obtain some assistance from the suggestions to be given. "Islam" means "resignation," or "submission to God's will." If you send your address, we shall be better able to advise you as to the assistance you require and sign yourself, "Jenny Islam."

BONNE BOUCHE.—Certainly, disorder of the nerves will affect the sight, and induce temporary blindness. Disorder of the digestive organs will affect it likewise. It is essential that the seat of the complaint be well determined upon, before any means be adopted in reference to the eyes. 2. We have given the answer respecting "Clytie." "Aphrodite" was the Greek Venus, so called because she sprang from the "sea-foam."

POMMES-DE-TERRE. — We believe that the author respecting whom you inquire is still living; but we have no desire to "shed some light on his ancestors," to which proceeding we entertain *grave* objections. The story of "The Golden Fleece," belongs to the mythological period of ancient Greece. Ino is said to have persuaded her husband Athamas that his son Phryxos was the cause of the famine then prevailing, and ordered him to be sacrificed. But the innocent son escaped over the sea to Colchis on a ram's back, which had a golden fleece. This creature he sacrificed to Zeus, giving the fleece to King Æetes, who hung it upon a sacred oak, whence it was stolen by Jason.

ALONE.—The duties of a nursery governess vary according to the requirements and circumstances of the family requiring one. Sometimes no nurse is kept, and thus a maid's work will, more or less, devolve on her. All should be made a matter of distinct agreement before the situation is taken; and likewise an arrangement respecting the holidays at Christmas and Easter, so that the governess may not be obliged to go to a lodging, at least, at her own expense, should she have neither home nor friends to receive her. In reference to a situation as lady help apply for information at Mrs. Crawshay's Office, 163, Oxford-street.

R. R.—In reply to your kind letter—for which you have our thanks—we greatly admire the writing which speaks of "George" and the "chaffing" folks at Hammersmith. But the writing of "L. C." is exceedingly bad—the "r, d, a, m, n, h, u, s," and sometimes the final "g," are all quite misshapen. Besides this, the size is coarse. The looping of the letter "p" has nothing objectionable in it, as it does not render it illegible nor confound it with any other letter, and is not vulgar or inartistic in its effect.

PATIENCE.—At any chemist's you may obtain a 6d. box of sponge-powder, with which to cleanse, and restore the spring in your sponges. Your nails will recover if carefully cut in half-moons.

E. H.—Have your black velvetine re-dyed black. For "Black Reviver" see page 96, vol. i.

GERTRUDE.—Warm the edges of the wax, and then unite them. We are glad you were successful in following the directions given in "My Work Basket."

VIOLET SHAW.—Our prizes have hitherto been in money.

LUCY MABEL R.—With a little care you will write well. But do not let the last letter of one word touch the first of the next.

FATHER'S LASSIE.—You have our warm acknowledgments for your kind letter. Three months will suffice for the mourning to which you refer. It would be rude to refuse the gift of a photograph from any friend of your own or of your family.

FLEDA promises to write a pretty hand, but her "t's" need improvement, and in the majority of instances the "s" is a poor specimen of that letter. She should form each letter with equal care.

BERT.—Inquire at a shoe-shop. A sponge dipped in milk will serve to clean patent or kid-leather boots. Your hand would be good if properly sloped.

ROSIE.—The wearing of orange blossoms as part of the bridal costume has been a custom in Europe—this country included—ever since the time of the Crusades, when it was borrowed from the Saracens. To wash shawls, see page 511, vol. i.

TISIPHONE.—You write a pretty hand, although not consistently forming every letter, at all times, equally well. We are glad that you find our papers on needlework of use to you.

E. G. W.—1. Your orange trees will not be large enough for grafting for a very long time. 2. Read the articles by "Medicus," and do not slope some of your letters one way and some another, as they look like old tombstones. Your hand might be made a good one with a little care.

A. T. G. and G. B.—1. We do not think your moist colours can be restored as they were before. 2. If your acquaintances should see you when near enough to bow, of course you should recognise them politely wherever you may be, in a carriage or on foot. See our articles on letter-writing and penmanship.

VALERIA.—If not allowed to heat your room by means of any kind of stove, and you have no chimney nor fireplace, we recommend you to supply yourself with a large tin, or stone-jar to be replenished from time to time with hot water.

OUR MARY.—We have been greatly interested in your letter, which does you the greatest credit, both as to the good feeling which it evinces and the style of expression. Not only so, but the very fair hand which you have learnt to write untaught, and the good spelling. We have given some specimens of nice writing, by studying any of which you might still further improve your own. Our magazine is meant for all alike—rich and poor. Accept our best thanks for your kind wishes.

TOPSY.—Butter-milk is to be had at any dairy. You do not round your letters sufficiently.

SUNFLOWER.—Either write for the numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, enclosing the stamps to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., or else order them through a bookseller or newsagent. You say that your "canpain" wishes to ask "if is too young to comane singing; she can't go hight, she would like to be a teather of a sing school and a police." If unable to write, spell, and express herself better than you do at fourteen, we doubt her ever being competent to act as a teacher of anything.

ROBERT H. W.—What do you mean by sending us your amateur verses? Try the *Boy's Own Paper*.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—The spirit of your acrostical verse on Christmas is good, though the subject is now unseasonable. Your handwriting is extremely nice.

FLORENCE GREAVES.—British wines, as also cider and perry, all contain alcohol, and are certainty not allowed to teetotallers. There are now so many pleasant drinks which are free from spirit, such as Zoedone, Sparkling Hygeia, Ginger Ale, &c., that there need be no difficulty in providing for those who desire a little variety on festive occasions. Handwriting too spidery: study some good model which has some character in it.

PRIMROSE.—This second volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER commenced with the November part. All back numbers will be posted to you by the Publishers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., if you send them stamps to cover the price of the numbers specified and the postage; money-orders should be made payable to Joseph Tarn. Your handwriting is weak and laboured-looking.

MEG MERRILIES.—Fur capes will be worn this winter much as they were last.

LEO.—Read "Flowers in the House," pages 420 and 499, and "On Watering Flowers," page 493, vol. i. Your writing is excellent.

M. H. C.—We think you have made a mistake in the name. Your writing is very legible and pretty. We hope the character you give yourself is not true, and that if it is, you will set about improving yourself at once.

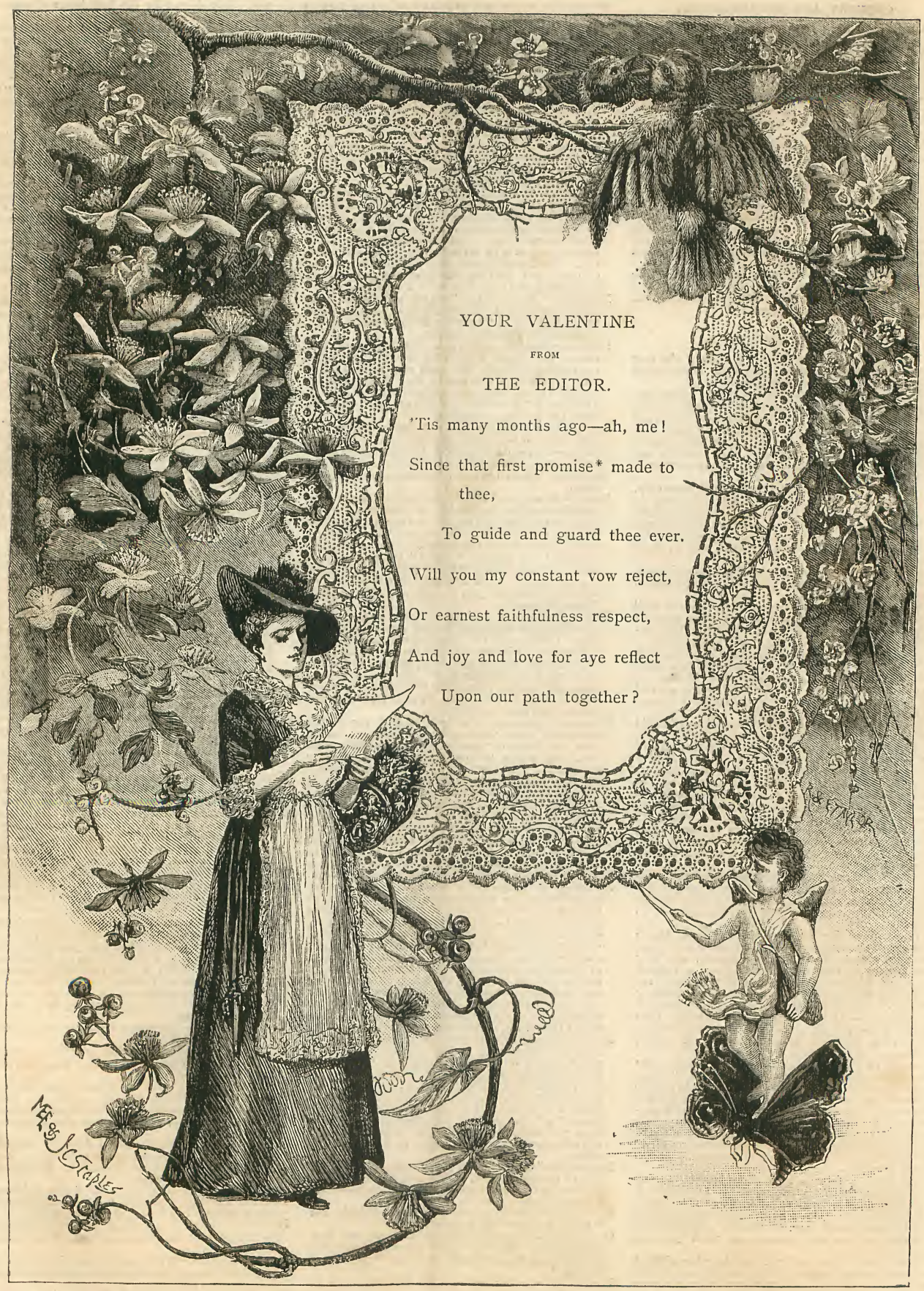
WHITE ROSE AND NYMPH.—We think £25 would be a sufficient allowance for you to dress upon. Read "Seasonable Dress" for this month. Seventeen is very young to leave school.

BLUE AND BROWN EYES.—We think you had better consult a doctor. Skating is an excellent recreation for girls. See article at page 27, vol. i.

IVY LEAF.—Wash the stockings as you are directed every time that they need washing. Your writing is very irregular.

MURIEL WINTLE.—We do not see anything to prevent your contributing to a charitable object because the promoter is a gentleman.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—A lump of alum is said to prevent gum turning sour. Your writing is large and stiff.



* On the first issue of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER the Editor's prospectus contained these words:—"This magazine will aim at being to the girls a Counsellor, Playmate, Guardian, Instructor, Companion, and Friend. It will help to train them in moral and domestic virtues, preparing them for the responsibilities of womanhood and for a heavenly home."



VOL. II.—No. 60.] FEBRUARY 19, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEASONABLE DRESS, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

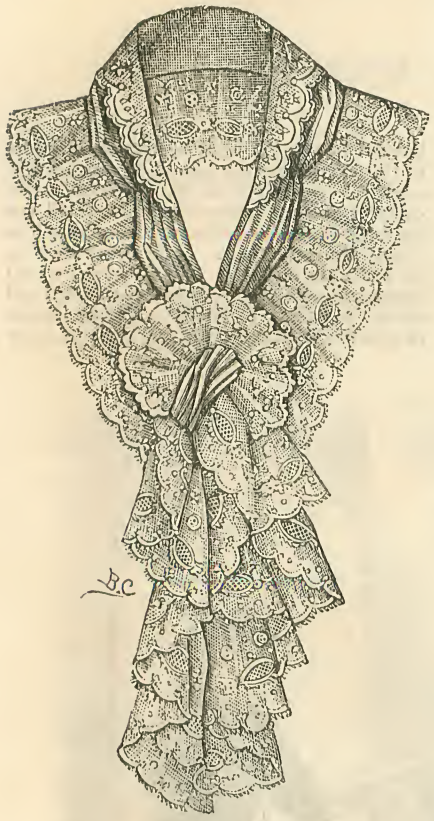
A FEW seasons ago the backs of our dress bodices were ornamented, or, perhaps, rather disfigured, by either six or seven seams, two or even three side forms, and a back seam being the ordinary number. Now we have once again reverted to the old style of one centre seam, as, although three joins are allowed, the best cut dresses show only the centre one, the others being brought so far under the arm as to be practically invisible. This change will be a great comfort to the amateur dressmaker, and will be an encouragement to those of "Our girls" who aspire to make their dresses at home. In fact, if the promised change should be brought about, of having no seams under the arms at all, the work of manufacturing a bodice will be quite reduced to half the usual amount. The spring models seem to portend a reduction in the seams of our sleeves as well, for some of them have no join on the outside, from the shoulder to the elbow, the top and under parts of the sleeve, so far, being cut in one piece. Of course, below the elbow the shape could not be retained if there were not a seam both at the back and the front. The sleeve is set as high into the bodice as ever, as everyone still appears to wish to look square-shouldered and narrow-backed. Of course, a certain amount of adherence to the prevailing fashions, so as



[*All rights reserved.*] AFTERNOON TEA.

to avoid attracting attention, is desirable, but we trust that all our young readers will avoid extremes in this, as in all other matters connected with dress. Of course, the natural place for the seam is at the point of the shoulder, and there is no doubt that our dear Princess of Wales recognised this fact when she insisted on having her dress shoulder-seams cut like the Prince's coats; and banished all long and ill-fitting shoulders from her wardrobe.

The prettiest shape of the season for bonnets is, perhaps, the very sensible and moderate-sized "Granny bonnet," which has sometimes a round front, and at other times one bent down in the centre, after the fashion of the well-known "Marie Stuart Head-dress." We saw a perfectly plain velvet one, the other day, edged with a row of medium-sized black beads all round it, and no other trimming save two silk *pompons*, and a cord of black chenille. This form is very suitable for the mantles, as they are now worn, as they prevent the head from assuming that pin-head



A FICHU.

shape, so often found fault with when the very small Princess-shaped bonnet is worn with a large cloak. We think these "Granny bonnets" will probably be great favourites all through the summer, and they can be manufactured at home by a clever girl. They require to be seen, however, and the shape is easily obtained. They are all of one material—velvet, plush, or satin; or the crown may be lighter than the front. The sole trimmings often consist of the satin ribbon strings, which are placed along the joining of the crown to the front, where they are tied in drooping bows on the top.

A young lady's small-sized bonnet is shown on page 321, beginning from the left side in our monthly illustration. The bonnet itself is of brown straw, with brown velvet trimmings and strings, and a wreath of autumn leaves in brown, red and yellow. The dress is a brown Vicuna, made with a long over-jacket of the same, which is edged with a brown fur trimming; a small cape of the same completes the costume. The front of the tunic is pointed, and the back of it is seen on the next figure. The skirt is of silk, satin, or other material, the small hemmed flounces being placed on a stout foundation of alpaca. We have before now pointed out the economical nature of these tiny flounces, and how easily an old dress may be made into an excellent skirt with their help, the foundations only being new.

Fig. 2 wears one of the new jacket-mantles, which, having been so lately introduced, will be much in use for the early spring; they are a most useful form of out-door covering. The jacket has loose fronts with pockets, the back being plain at the top, and the plaited portion added on to it to bring it even in length with the front. The material is a black and white checked tweed; the round cape is similar in shape to those worn some years ago and called "Inverness." The hood is of tweed, lined with striped silk.

Fig. 3 is a simple walking dress, of blue serge, or cloth. The skirt being kilted, with a shawl drapery as an over-skirt, the bodice is a woven "Jersey" of a colour to match the skirt; the cuffs and capes are of blue velveteen. This dress requires no trimming, and is easily made up at home.



A CAP FOR MY MOTHER.

Fig. 4 is a pretty at-home evening dress. The skirt and pointed bodice are made of velveteen, the under bodice and pointed tunic of some thin material, such as striped grenadine, Indian silk, or plain white cashmere. The pointed cuffs are also of velveteen, and the neck is finished by a ruching of lace and a black velvet band. There are lace frillings at the wrist.

The fifth figure is intended to be a representation of one of the much talked of æsthetic dresses. Perhaps the more proper name for them would really be "pictorial," for they generally may be found to be adaptations from a famous portrait of some historic beauty of past centuries. Any endeavour to improve dress in this way is much to be desired, as such fashions are not changeable and foolish as many of the ephemeral styles of of the present day, and may be worn always, without fear of the beholder's fault-finding. The skirt has three flounces. The polonaise is plainly cut and slightly draped; the sleeves have two puffs above the elbow, and the square cut neck has a gathered top inserted into it, and a stand-up, wired, velvet collar, with a lace frill inside it. The small velvet bag at the side has the wearer's initials on it, or an embroidered spray of flowers if preferred. The pattern would be easily cut out in paper, and the bag could be made by anyone, with little trouble. The "Queen Anne" table is illustrated in deference to the wishes of many of our correspondents who have made inquiries as to the method of making and covering them. The legs, as well as the table and shelf are all covered with plush, which is likely to sit best if sewn on with needle and thread. The fringe may be made at home, if there be anyone who understands the netting of fringes.

Bodices entirely in longitudinal puffs are amongst the new spring introductions. They are very becoming to the slight figures of young girls, and hide their extreme thinness, which is very painful at times to themselves and those who see them. Some little care is needed to shape them well, but otherwise they can be made over the plain pattern usually worn, the material being first cut in a square piece, then gathered, and lastly tacked on the shaped lining, and cut to the form of it.

For serge, Vicuna, and cloth dresses the narrow silver and gold braids arranged in several rows, form a very pretty and simple trimming round the jacket and overskirt. They also are excellent to brighten up an old dress, in which category plaids must be also mentioned, and we have no doubt, as the spring proceeds, that many girls will be looking about anxiously for some simple and inexpensive way of making up their winter dresses again. The plaids are put on in flat bands, and the effect would be much heightened if they were edged by a cording of the brightest colour composing the bright lines in the pattern of the plaid. The material may be very inexpensive of which they are made, the effect being the same as if it cost a great deal.

Much use is made of the inexpensive brightly coloured French merinos or cashmeres, which can be obtained as low in price as 1s. 8d. per yard, yard wide. We were shown a wonderful dress the other day made up by a young lady of very limited means, for house and evening wear at home. The short kilted skirt of black cashmere was made up from an old long dress, and the black "Jersey" had cost her 8s. 9d. The ornamental additions consisted of two yards of deep red cashmere, at 1s. 8d. per yard, from which she had made a prettily draped scarf, placed round the top of the skirt, over the edge of the "Jersey," and also a collar and cuffs, which she had embroidered in black silk, with a pattern of ivy leaves. The small lace frill at the neck finished as pretty a little costume as could be desired, at very little expense. On account of their great usefulness, we think that "Jerseys" will continue to be worn by young girls for some time, but for older people they have very decidedly gone out of date. They were very trying to bad figures, and not generally graceful. Very pretty little necklaces of plush leaves, green or variegated, are now manufactured by young ladies for evening wear. They are made up on a wire foundation.

The next illustrations consist of a pretty

cap and a *fichu*. The border of the cap consists of a closely-gathered lace, or net, with an embroidered edge, which is laid in a series of shells. We have lately given two illustrations of caps, as so many of our girls make those of their mothers; and we much desire to encourage them in their useful and kindly work and to induce others to follow their example also. We likewise give designs for those most useful aids to economical dressing, *fichus*, as we notice that they are used more and more each month, and serve to turn a morning dress into a useful and becoming one for evening wear without much expense and with very little trouble. There are so many pretty laces just now, and though called imitation, they really should be properly named "machine," in contra-distinction to "hand-made" laces. We use so many things now that are manufactured by machine which used to be made by hand that it seems an injustice to call lace, over which the same change in its working has come, "imitation." The lace used for the neck is now laid in flat box-plaitings, or else side-plaitings, and two rows are preferable to one. The most lady-like hue is a deep cream colour, the very yellow and the very brown laces having both rather gone out of fashion, which was rather a pity, as they kept much cleaner in this island of damp and this smoke-curtained city, with its incalculable number of coal fires.



CLASPED HANDS.

A SCOTTISH STORY OF THE PAST GENERATION.

CHAPTER II.

GIRZIE'S STORY.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
  Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till, a dancing mote,
  She faded out on the river's foam,
  And I stayed behind in the dear loved
    home;
And my thoughts all day were about the
    boat,
  And my dreams upon my pillow.
Jean Ingelow.

Where the severing sea with its restless
    tide
Shall never hinder and never divide.
F. R. Havergal.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
  For it is but short;
You will never find a fairer afloat
  In river or port.
Long, long I looked out for the lad that
    she bore
  Far over the desolate sea,
But I think he has sailed to the heavenly
    shore,
  For he came not back to me—
Ah me!

"I HAD no brothers or sisters; my mother died when I was thirteen years of age. I was quite tall and strong, could do all kinds of farm work, make butter, attend to the cows and sheep—indeed, I thought myself much wiser at that time than ever I have done since.

"We had a cottar's farm far up in the moorlands. My father grazed sheep for the cattle market, so he had often journeys to neighbouring towns, and sometimes to the city of Glasgow.

"I was but a wilful lassie, but one thing I did—I kept my father trig and comfortable.

"On Sabbath mornings, when I walked to church beside him, with his grey hair, white neckcloth, and black suit, I used to think he looked as well put on as the minister.

"Of course I had always my mother's sister to help me in spring, at the cleaning time, and my father's sister in autumn would come to us for a few weeks to look after our making and mending, so that we were comfortable, and, oh, so happy!

"One night I shall never forget: it was in November. My father had gone to Glasgow. He had been three times there during six weeks—most unusual for him to go so often. I was expecting his return, and in great glee was hurrying to make all things right before his arrival. It was a moist, warm night; I looked out over the moor—everything was still, the moon just rose. I could see clearly against the moonlit sky the bare branches of the only tree visible for miles. The soft shrubs were wet with the mist, and now I can remember the moonlight softly silvered them till they looked like the most delicate frosted silver that ever human artificer graved. The little pools of water near shimmered in the soft light; far off I heard the rumbling of the cart. In I dashed to give the last handful of hay to my favourite cow. The cart came sooner than I thought. I heard my father's voice shouting—

"'Girzie, lass, the lantern.'

"In a moment I was out of the cow-shed. A cloud was shrouding the moon, all the silver-work was gone; I only could see the old horse fairly smoking in the misty air. Against the sky I saw a figure in the cart, and my father at the horse's head guiding it towards the door.

"'Hey! Girzie, lass, bring out a chair.'

"'My aunt has come,' thought I, as gaily I rushed out with a chair, set it by the cart, and ran to the other side to bring the lantern. Then, with all the courtliness of a king, my father helped out of the cart a woman, evidently young. I pressed forward, and in the misty gloom my father put a soft hand into mine, saying—

"'There, Girzie; I've made her my wife!'

"A momentary pain contracted my heart. I flung the soft little hand away, and rushed into the house carrying the lantern, thus leaving them in the dark.

"'Girzie!' called my father, in a tone that I knew meant obedience.

"Reluctantly I went out, rudely brushing up against the figure wrapped in my father's shepherd's plaid.

"'Leave the lantern till I put up the beast, and take her to the fire, and be good to her, for she's seen sair sorrow.'

"'Come away!' I said, in a hard voice.

"Into the kitchen she followed me, and in the firelight, when she threw off the heavy tartan plaid, I saw standing before me a young girl with ebon black hair, large, lustrous black eyes, a pale, beautiful face, and small white hands, hanging listlessly over her heavy black gown.

"What a strange, weird bride she looked!

"I stepped about the kitchen as if I was walking on clouds. The sanded floor seemed slipping away from my feet, as it took hold of me, that this was my father's wife, my stepmother, and my heart turned to stone.

"I went to and fro, pouring out the porridge, replenishing the fire, heedless of the sad eyes that followed mine so pleadingly.

"I heard my father's step, and, turning hurriedly to my unwelcome guest, said—

"'Sit down.'

"I pushed her into my father's arm-chair.

"Instinctively I guessed at the whole. This could be no one else but Duncan MacDiarmid's daughter, Elsie.

"Duncan MacDiarmid had been a schoolfellow with my father. Afterwards he had studied at Glasgow College, been a 'stirkit minister,' became a tutor in a nobleman's family, married the governess. After many weary years of poverty his wife died, leaving Duncan with one daughter. I knew she was five years my senior, but I could have carried her all round the farm, so slight and fragile she looked.

"During the summer Duncan MacDiarmid had died in a close little street in Gorbals. On his death-bed I knew he had been comforted by my father's promise to protect Elsie, and this was the way he had taken to fulfil his vow.

"I knew it all by the preternatural quickness that comes at any great crisis of our being.

"My father was stern and cold—not a man to be questioned or caressed. My reverence for him was mixed with fear. His whole face seemed to have undergone a transformation. I had never seen it look tender as it did when he bent over her, and asked if she was a 'wee warmer.' The poor thing was shivering all over.

"I put the supper on the table and prepared to leave.

"'Girzie, lass, where are you going?'

"'To look at the horse.'

"'Hoot, toot, lass! come to thy supper.'

"Obedience was instinctive, and then I found myself sitting on my round buffet-stool at the table.

"No one had ever sat in my dead mother's seat at the end of the kitchen table opposite my father. With burning heart I had laid the extra spoon at the side opposite my own. As in a dream I saw my father lift the horn spoon, place a chair at the top of the table, and hand the stranger to the, to me, sacred seat.

"How Satan then entered my heart I

dare not tell. I heard no word of my father's thanksgiving; wild rage, demon-like fury surged through my veins—a blind hatred to the gentle woman and a deep anger at my father, after all I had done for him.

"It would have been wiser if he had taken me into his confidence, but stern and cold Scottish fathers of that time were. 'Children, obey your parents' was unsoftened by 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.'

"What a tempest of rage that night passed over my soul! During the first hour I sat in my little attic-room; then I resolved to go off for ever from my father's house. My few clothes I tied in two bundles, and about midnight I crept noiselessly down the ladder that was the only mode of reaching my room. At the foot I stumbled over something. Immediately a warm breath was on my face, and our great dog, Jasper, was licking my face and hands. I threw my arms round his neck, and then the great tear-drops came. Seated on the last step of the ladder I wept long and sorely. The mute sympathy of the dog was a comfort. I had not sense then to think of it, but now I know it was a real sympathy with my distress that brought Jasper to the ladder's foot. He always slept in front of the fire, as near the turf embers as he could without burning his coat. What could induce him to lie down in the cold passage? I did not think of it then; I only felt the better for the touch of sympathy of one of God's creatures. Back to my attic I carried the bundles that had rolled from my grasp when I fell over the dog. I returned; Jasper could not mount the ladder.

"I dragged him up as best I could, How heavy he was! but somehow we staggered up.

"I lay down on my bed with Jasper close beside me. Drowsiness crept over me and I slept, and dreamt such kindly dreams. I was a little child again, my father carrying me about on his shoulder and singing to me—

'Who'll buy Sybas?
Who'll buy leeks?
Who'll buy a bonnie lassie with red cheeks?'

Then the dream changed. I was at my mother's knee repeating 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'

"My heart felt comforted when I woke at my usual time, slipped into the kitchen, and carried out a red peat to blow up so that I could light my lantern.

"'Never,' thought I, 'the dumb creatures welcomed me before.' Never had I felt that they had power to comfort.

"The morning broke soft and fair. What a wondrous beauty lay on the whole moor, as the autumn sun glinted over it! The pools of water in the distance shone like molten silver. Everything around made me more tender. I was simply sullen when I at length went to prepare the morning meal.

"I seemed to have the strength of a giant as I dashed to and fro over my work. Great was my triumph when a few days proved that I was as important as I had been before my stepmother arrived.

"Never did a woman enter a household bearing more of the attributes of an angel than did my poor unfortunate stepmother. I felt this, and all the more I shrank from her. She was delicate and ethereal; so loving, so kind, so gentle, so forgiving.

"It must have been a great trial for her to receive my coarse and unkind treatment. Never for a whole year did I speak to her, except when the fear of my father's presence constrained me. Yet she never said an unkind word, or complained to my father of my undutifulness.

"Her tenderness often melted me, and in my own room I have felt my eyes fill with tears, when I saw some thoughtful act she had done for me.

"Into my life she brought refinements that my father could not have dreamt of. She induced him to send me to an evening class, where I learnt to write and to sing. Also she sent me to our dear old minister's class; his teachings will remain with me for ever. She remodelled my mother's garments for me, and the softness that she threw into my life made me more lovable. Yet to all this kindness I gave no answering look of even common gratitude.

"Then came a little brother, our Willie, and on him I lavished every love and care. How grateful his mother seemed when, merely to please myself, I carried him about. But so harsh was I that I did not see how fast she was fading.

"One autumn evening we sat by the fire, I spinning from a distaff and, as usual, with my back turned to Elsie. My father was at market, and for a long time the only sound heard was the tic-toc, tic-toc, of the great clock in its oaken case.

"Suddenly Elsie laid her hand on my shoulder. I started up; it felt so much like the touch of my own dead mother. Something in her look awed me. An unearthly loveliness seemed spreading over her face.

"'Girzie,' she said, 'I am going to leave Willie to you. I am going to Jesus.'

"I looked into her eyes, and read the truth. In a moment remorse rolled over my soul, and, throwing my distaff on the floor, with choking sobs I hid my face in her lap.

"Then her hands went softly over my hair, and her voice—it was as if an angel spoke to me. No sound of reproach, but every gentle word to comfort me. The God that I feared was shown to me as a God to be loved. The eye that was continually upon me, and that I so much dreaded, was shown to me as the eye of a tender Heavenly Father. Long we sat and talked, and before I went to rest I had learned the truth of the old story of Christian, for my load of sin was left at the foot of the cross.

"With all the intensity of my nature I tended Elsie for the few remaining days of her life, and she left me with this charge for her boy, 'Tell my Willie that "God is love," and teach him to say his prayers night and morning.'

"No one could tell how deep was my remorse—how sharp my sorrow; or could see the agony of love with which I watched Willie; or how often I thanked God that the little son was left, that I might atone for some of my unkindness to his mother."

(*To be concluded.*)

SLANDER.

A LADY who had long indulged
In slanderous reports
To a wise friend of hers divulged
The subject of her thoughts.

What could she do, what could she say,
Her folly to atone?
If he would only point the way,
Her sorrow should be shown.

"Go to the nearest market-place,
And there a chicken buy;
Then after that your steps retrace,
And quickly to me hie.

"The chicken must have feathers on,
Because your task shall be
To scatter them the ground upon
Ere you return to me."

Surprised, but trusting none the less,
She hastened to obey;
And with confiding eagerness
The feathers cast away.

When all completed was the task,
Again she sought her friend;
For further guidance she would ask
More fully to amend.

"What formerly you threw away
You now must put together:
Return as quickly as you may,
And bring me every feather."

"Impossible!" she straight replied,
"However much inclined;
I scattered them both far and wide,
Before me and behind."

"Just so," he said, "the sland'rous words,
When you false witness bear,
Take flight as rapid as a bird's,
And go you know not where.

"The harm you've done to anyone
You cannot now recall;
In future you the sin must shun,
And slander not at all."

K. F. W.



THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XX.

BACK TO LONDON.

THE excitement throughout the mining districts of South Wales was intense when, in the beginning of July, 1873, the great Welsh choir started for London; and nowhere was it greater than at Derwen. As to May, her grandfather might now well fear lest her head should be actually turned. She had no rest that night, and was astir before the dawn. Back to London after twelve years' absence! What did that not mean? What might it not involve? Yet when the moment of departure came she could scarcely tear herself from the arms of her grandparents.

"Why, it's only a week, child. Look you at Terp! She's quite ashamed of you for being so silly," remonstrated Peggy.

"I must take her with me, just to show Mrs. Pope how well she looks as a Welshwoman," returned May, betwixt laughter and tears.

She did in effect remove Terpsichore from her post of observation on the window-sill, and put her in her pocket, saying merrily—

"She came, like me, a poor little ballet-girl, and we are both going back full-grown Taffies."

"God bless thee, child! May I be spared to see thee again," was Evan's solemn leave-taking; for he somehow fancied that she would not soon return.

Her face clouded at this, but soon grew radiant again when her grandmother appeared with her scarlet cloak.

"Take you this, child; that jacket's too thin. Miss Sophie was saying Welsh cloaks with hoods is all the fashion in London."

So May started from home with a little Welshwoman in her pocket, and a Welsh cloak across her arm. She was otherwise very simply dressed in a neat gown and jacket of pale grey alpaca, and a white straw bonnet. No flounces or furbelows would Evan allow her to wear; but few prettier girls could be seen. A good sized hand-bag contained her modest wardrobe, and as she tripped down the garden she looked very much like a fairy queen. Turning to look back she saw her grandparents, Mally, Hedfa, and the cat watching at the door. She kissed her hand to them and hurried into the wood, through which she ran quickly until she reached the ravine, and finally Tygwyn. Here uncle Laban was awaiting her, and there was a great outcry of Leah's children, while poor Leah and her mother looked somewhat melancholy at being left behind.

"Take care of your uncle, May. You do know London and he do not," said

Lizbeth, brushing Laban's coat for the hundredth time.

"If only Twm was going," sighed Leah.

"Perhaps he will be there, cousin Leah, for he dearly loved music," suggested May, wondering if such a thing were possible.

The choir met at Derwen Station, and very crowded it was, for everybody was there to see them off. May had scarcely time to greet Meredith, and remark that Mr. Richards and all his family were there, before she found herself in the train, seated between her uncle and cousin. Rachel and her husband and little Davy were of the party also; indeed, May recognised friends turn where she would—a very different scene from the one that greeted her when she came, a forlorn child, to Derwen Station. She was thinking of this when she was startled by a mighty shout, as the train steamed off. It came from the spectators on the platform, who were cheering their own special contingent of native choristers. It was still quite early, and the long July day was all before them.

But it was not a minute too long for all they had to do. Still, it passed to May's excited mind like an arrow through the air, and no sooner was one scene begun than another pressed upon it. She thought the train was already full, but as it stopped at the various stations its passengers multiplied, and they were mostly either singers or patriotic Welsh going all the way to London to hear their country people sing. Passing through the lovely Vale of Neath, and on through Glamorganshire, they were heartily cheered at every station until, arriving at Cardiff, the choir was completed by the addition of one hundred and twenty members from the Rhondda Valleys. Then they proceeded on their way, five hundred strong, followed by hurrahs and fervent good wishes for their success.

May sat almost silent amid a babel of tongues—the one golden-crested wren amid a rookery—until, at about two o'clock, they reached the ancient city of Bristol. It must be borne in mind that she was only a unit among the five hundred, therefore she merely went and sang with the rest—for at Bristol they were all fêted by friend and strangers. But she had Meredith all to herself, who cared for her and watched over her like a true-hearted brother, and who shielded her from observation when people remarked upon her looks or gazed at her fair face and labyrinth of hair.

A grand luncheon was prepared for them at the Colston Hall, after which two concerts were arranged. But we must not linger over these, inasmuch as we should but repeat ourselves when in London. Suffice it here to say that the choir rehearsed at Bristol what they were to perform in London, and that May felt there, as she did afterwards, that the responsibility was on her shoulders, and sang just as if she were sole performer. If the applause were just and the subsequent compliments deserved, she thought that they must indeed have done well. And so they did. All Bristol thronged to hear them, and as there were many Welsh inhabitants the enthusiasm was great. May would never feel quite alone, for in the choir she sat beside Rachel, and at all other times she was with Meredith. She had one great desire; and that was to speak to Caradoc, the leader of the choir. He was, himself, a man of the people, once a blacksmith, she had heard; but if she had imagined Uncle Laban clever in his way, as conductor, how remarkable was this man!

"If I could only touch him!" she said to Meredith. "He seems all music."

"So we are all just at present, I think," laughed Meredith. "But father knows him, and I dare say he will introduce you."

"Introduce me!" repeated May, to whom the idea of a presentation to so remarkable a person was quite appalling.

Yet that very evening the suggestion was carried out. It was not Uncle Laban, but her organ master, who brought Caradoc up to her, and said that she was the young organist of whom he had been speaking, and whose voice Caradoc had been remarking upon.

"How could he hear my voice among so many?" she whispered, timidly.

"It is clear and penetrating, and you have been used to lead," was the reply.

She had the happiness of shaking hands with Caradoc, which caused Rachel to express her wonder that she should be noticed before everybody else. But there was no time for anything more. A luncheon, a tea, and two concerts filled up the afternoon and evening of that eventful day, and not only May but the other members of the choir were ready for bed when all was over. A committee, of which Mr. Richards was a member, had made all necessary arrangements for them, and had they been a royal family instead of an assembly of miners, they could not have been better housed and fed. The loyal city of Bristol knows how to welcome and appreciate excellence in whatever garb it appear. Somebody may question this assertion by a "What of Chatterton, 'the marvellous boy'?" But let him rest for the present.

The following morning was Wednesday, and they were once more early at the station. May was kindly greeted by Mrs. Richards and her daughters, who had been staying with friends the previous day, and had been auditors at both concerts.

"I am sure I heard your voice, May," said Miss Richards. "Did not you, Mr. Morrison?"

"I am afraid I was thinking more of the tenors than the sopranos, Miss Richards," replied Meredith.

May had never heard her cousin called "Mr. Morrison" before, and glanced up at him quite appalled. But he took it as if he were used to it; for elsewhere he had been so styled as a matter of course; while at Derwen he was "Morrison, Manager."

"I hope they are not offended with him, and don't know how much he liked Miss Edith," thought May. But excitement soon drove all speculations out of her head.

The journey to London seemed over in no time, and they were at Paddington soon after one o'clock. May stood on the platform in a sort of dream. A vision of a little girl, a clergyman, and the master of a union, floated before her memory, and she recalled the moment when she was put into the train alone, with a ticket round her neck.

"Then I had only Terpsichore," she thought, laying her hand instinctively on her pocket. "Now," looking about her, "I have five hundred friends."

"Here she is! here she is!" sounded near, and a hand was laid on her shoulder.

It was Mr. Everton.

"Oh! dear sir, I am so glad!" she cried, putting both her hands in his.

"And glad to see me, too, I hope, May?" said another voice.

"Miss Edith! dear Miss Edith!" she added, turning round to receive an affectionate kiss from Mrs. Everton.

"We have come to meet mamma, and see you and all the dear old friends," said Edith, who looked as bright and happy as ever. "You must come and spend a long day with us at Norwood, when the competition is over. I feel as if I were in Wales again amidst all these dear fellow-countrymen and women,"

"I wish you had never left us," sighed May.

"Treason, May, treason; but we must not keep you," broke in Mr. Everton. "The procession is forming."

It was Uncle Laban, not Meredith, who came in search of May, and who shook hands heartily with Mr. and Mrs. Everton. She was, however, soon transferred to Meredith, who said eagerly, "You have seen her? How does she look?"

Before she could answer the brass band struck up the "March of the Men of Harlech," and the Welsh choir marched in unison out of the station and into the streets. Even in London people stopped to look and listen, for enthusiasm is catching, and they were enthusiastic.

As in Bristol so in London. Every possible arrangement was made for the comfort and pleasure of the choir by a select committee of interested compatriots. They had nothing to do but to sing, play, eat, drink, and see sights. Two-thirds of them had probably never been in London before, amongst whom were Laban and Rachel; Meredith had been more than once on business for Mr. Richards. May was pleased to see that Uncle Laban had taken little Davy under his special charge, and that they were walking behind her and her cousin.

"Davy is quite a different boy since he has been with you, cousin Meredith," remarked May, as she caught the lad's animated glance.

"I am glad you think so, May. But I am half afraid music makes him idle. What a voice he has for such a little body! How you dance along, dear."

"Do I? I feel as if my soul had wings, cousin Meredith. I am like Davy. Music makes me wild."

"What will you be to-night then, cousin May?"

The "to-night" thus alluded to was a concert given by Miss Edith Wynne. No sooner had the choir marched to their place of destination, rested awhile, partaken of refreshments, and seen something of London, than most of its members were marshalled to St. George's Hall. The Welsh motto, "Union is Strength," is certainly the stronghold of the Principality, for they cling to one another, meet where they will. Edith Wynne, the sweet ballad singer, was a Welshwoman, and the Cwmric countenances turned naturally towards her, as hers towards them.

May was very happy that evening, for she had nothing to do but listen. She was generally herself a performer, in a very different sphere, certainly, but still a performer. Although she still remembered the music of the pantomimes, she had never before attended a genuine concert, and it seemed to her an elysium. All the fatigue and excitement of the previous thirty-six hours were forgotten in the happiness of hearing good music and singing, and she began to wish that she, like Edith Wynne, might become a Welsh nightingale transported to English skies.

"But I should not have the courage to sing or act in public now," she said to Meredith.

"Yet that is what Mrs. Richards has set her heart upon," he replied.

A vision of her grandparents passed before her, just as she had seen them last. She smiled as she thought of them, and, for the moment, longed to be with them.

"What if great-grandfather were to have a stroke, or if either of them were to die while I am away!" she thought. "I wish I had never left them."

When the concert was over Mrs. and Miss Richards appeared before May, accompanied by a strange gentleman.

"This is our little Eos of whom I was speaking to you," said Mrs. Richards to the stranger.

"I will arrange a time to try her voice," he replied, looking at her with interest; then adding aside to Mrs. Richards, "her appearance is in her favour, and that is half way to success."

Meredith heard this, if May did not, and was strengthened in his opinion that the friends of his cousin were determined that her musical gifts should not be lost to the world.

"You would not mind singing to this gentleman when you come down to Norwood, May?" said Mrs. Richards in Welsh, while May was half suffocated by the pressure of the departing crowd.

"No, ma'am, but——" replied May, and the rest of her sentence was not heard.

But for Meredith she would have been separated from her companions by this little delay. He piloted her through the throng until they joined the choir, and all once more filed down lamp-lighted Regent-street into the intricate maze of Oxford-circus.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

COPPER utensils or brass articles may be as thoroughly cleaned and look as bright by washing them with a solution of salt and vinegar as by using oxalic acid, with the advantage of running no risk of poisoning either children or careless persons. Use as much salt as the vinegar will dissolve, and apply with a woollen rag, rubbing vigorously, then polish with pulverised chalk, and the article will look like new, with little labour, as the acid of the vinegar is very efficient in removing all stains from either copper or brass.

VEAL BALLS.—One half-pound of cold veal, eight tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of mixed dried herbs, one half-teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, two eggs. Put six tablespoonfuls of the bread-crumbs into a bowl, and chopping the veal finely mix it therewith. Season this with the pepper and salt, adding the nutmeg, also the parsley and herbs, after which the whole must be thoroughly mixed together. To give this consistency drop in the yolks of the two eggs, saving the whites separate upon a plate. Roll the mixture now into small balls, using an ounce of flour upon the hands to prevent sticking. Beat the whites of the eggs slightly, roll the balls therein, and placing the remaining bread-crumbs in a paper, roll them also in it. Throw them into smoking, clarified fat for four minutes, when they should be taken out and put to drain on kitchen paper, after which serve upon a hot napkin.

SAVOURY HASH.—Three quarters of a pound of cold meat, one Spanish onion, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one half teaspoonful of pepper, one dessert-spoonful of catsup, one dessert-spoonful of Harvey's sauce, one half-pint of second stock, one carrot, one turnip. Clean and chop fine both the carrot and turnip, when they must be put to boil in a small saucepan with boiling water until tender, which will take about twenty minutes. While these are cooking melt the butter in a separate saucepan, brown it in the onion sliced, then cutting into slices cold roast beef, or beefsteak, roll them in the flour, and, placing these slices in the butter with the onion, brown slightly also. Pour over this the stock, the Harvey's sauce, and catsup, stir gently until the stock boils, and season with pepper and salt. When the meat is thoroughly heated through arrange them in a flat dish and pour the gravy over. Strain the water from the carrot and turnip, and pile them high on the top of the pieces of meat when ready for serving.

CUSTARD PIE.—Three eggs, three gills of milk, one ounce of sugar, one half-teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Line a pie-tin with pie-crust, and putting the eggs and sugar into a bowl, beat them together until the eggs become very light. Add to this the milk, and pour all into the crust-lined pie-tin; place the whole in a moderate oven, and bake the pie for half an hour. When done, grate over the surface the nutmeg, and serve cold or hot, as the taste may suggest, although custard pie should be cooled at once if desired cold, as the crust soaks and becomes unpalatable with standing.

A SIMPLE SPONGE CAKE.—Take five eggs, three quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, break the eggs upon the latter, beat all together for half an hour. Take the weight of two and a half eggs in their shells of flour, and after the time of beating is expired stir in the flour the grated rind of a lemon and as much of the juice as desired, and pour immediately into a tin lined with buttered paper; place at once into a rather cool oven.

CLEANING WHITE FURS.—Wash in a cold lather of soap and water, with a little soda and blue; if not sufficiently clean, draw it through several clean lathers; rinse in fresh water, and hang up to dry.

PREPARATION OF FRUIT ICES.—Take one pint of strawberries, one pint of cream, rather less than half a pound of white sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Wash the fruit through a sieve, remove the seeds, mix all together, and freeze; adding a little new milk to quicken the process. Strawberry and raspberry jam may be used in lieu of fresh fruit, or equal quantities of the two together; but in this case less sugar will be required.

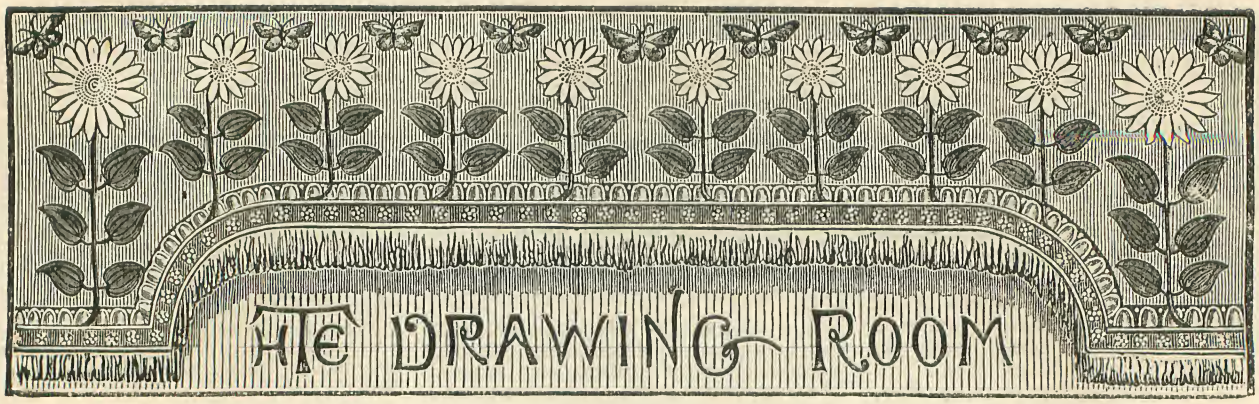
WATER ICE may be made thus. Take a large bottle of the fruit, the juice of a lemon, one pound of sugar, and half a pint of water. Rub the fruit through a sieve, mix, and freeze.

LEMON AND ORANGE WATER ICE.—Make thus. Of the juice and the water each half a pint, rasping off the rind before squeezing with lump sugar, and adding it to the juice; then mix, strain, leave to stand for an hour, and freeze. Beat up the whites of three eggs with a little sugar, and as the ice begins to set work it in with a spatula.

STRAINED INDIA-RUBBER. — Professor Tait has found that india-rubber, after having been stretched for years and become permanently strained, or if it be stretched while warm nearly to rupture, will recover its former dimensions when it is dipped into hot water.

STOOPING AT WORK.—The *Lancet* says: "The dangers which the seamstress, especially the young undeveloped girl, incurs by prolonged stooping over her work have been exposed by us on more than one occasion. Every practitioner will have been able to trace cases of deviation of the spine, uterine complaints, etc., to the bending of the back, and the crossing of the legs for so many hours day after day. Our object now is to record the successful attempt made by Dr. Malherbe to avoid these melancholy consequences of an industrious occupation. The new system employed is that of fixing to the edge of an ordinary table a sort of cushion on which the work can be easily fastened or spread out, and represents the seamstress's knees. A framework of the simplest description admits of the raising or lowering of this cushion, so that the work may be done either sitting or standing; but in either case the vertebral column is maintained perfectly straight, while the facility thus given to a change of position will tend to mitigate the fatigue a young person would otherwise experience. Recognising that example is more forcible than theory when waging war against common routine, Dr. Malherbe at once sought an opportunity for making some practical experiments. He therefore introduced his contrivance at the Communal School of Nantes, and no objection was raised on the part of the pupils. Two among them had a slight tendency to malformation, which has been to some extent rectified since the introduction of this reform in the attitude of sewing. Evidently the remedy to a great evil is simple and practical, and should be made the subject of more extensive experiments."

THE following is the Scotch method of washing woollen shawls:—Scrape one pound of soap, and boil it down in water. When cooling beat it with the hand; it will become a sort of jelly. Add three tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine and one of spirits of hartshorn. Wash the article thoroughly in it, then rinse in cold water until all the soap is taken off, then in salt and water. Fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to lie together. Mangle and iron with a very cool iron. Shawls done in this way look like new. Use the salt only where there are delicate colours that may strike.



BY MADAME DE LORRAINE.

"THE decorating and furnishing of our drawing-room give far greater opportunity for the display of our 'artistic talents' than the more sober arrangement befitting a dining-room," said Mrs. Tremaine, as a prefatory remark to the consultation regarding the drawing-room of the new vicarage.

"There are a hundred little elegances requisite to make our *salon* something beyond a state reception room. This an upholsterer can do, but it is the little evidences of a lady's occupation and of her personal assistance in beautifying her drawing-room that really give the refined and home-like charm, which is the greatest it can possess."

"That is just what I always say to Mabel," exclaimed Nora, delightedly; "a room looks so much more home-like with a piece of fancy work on a table, an open piano with some music on it, etc., etc."

"There is a medium, young lady," said Mabel; "when there are nine or ten half-finished pieces of work in as many different places, music on the desk, on two or three chairs, and on the floor. No room can look elegant with such untidiness."

"What you call untidiness *I* dignify by the name of artistic disorder," said Nora laughing; "but we are wasting our lecturer's time."

"We have, indeed, no time to waste," rejoined her cousin, "for before we come to the extras to which I alluded, there are the necessary articles of furniture—which must be as much as possible our own work—and the decoration of the room itself. If the floor is to be completely covered with carpeting, it passes out of our jurisdiction, but if the carpet is to be in the centre only, showing a border of the wood, that border may be entrusted to us to stain and polish. The parquet flooring bought by the foot is the most elegant floor bordering, and wears admirably, but as we have decided on being as independent as possible of other persons' work, we are debarred from the use of this.

"There are many varieties of stains for floors, and as they are all sold with ample directions for their use, I will not take up your time with a description of them. The permanganate of potash I have already taught you how to use in staining the hall floor in your present house; of all stains this is by far the cheapest and the easiest of application."

"Now for our walls," said Mabel; "I must own to being very anxious about them; they *must* be papered or painted—I suppose there is no other way; either is very expensive to have quite nice. A really good paper will cost a small fortune for so large a room as ours."

"That depends entirely where you purchase it; but I must disabuse your mind of the idea there is no choice but paper or paint. What I am going to recommend you is much superior to paint and much more serviceable: it is the 'Crete enamelling process.'"

"Enamel!" said Mabel: "that sounds very costly. What does it look like?"

"Like the background of a china vase or plate, it is so beautifully smooth; it may be much more or less glazed according to taste, and any colour you choose. It is a species of paste applied to the wall, which hardens as it dries, and really forms an enamelled surface."

"We must not have it too light. I suppose it would show the least soil immediately?"

"It does not do that," answered her cousin, "and even if it should, it would be of no consequence, as it may be washed with a soaped flannel and water a dozen times a day, without these having any other effect than to cleanse it. It has another great and peculiar advantage, that is, it is thoroughly waterproof; no damp, therefore, can come through a wall to which it is applied."

"Really; we must strain a point to have this, the last quality alone would repay the extra outlay."

"As to 'extra outlay'—a very natural conclusion on your part, by-the-bye—the cost of Crete enamelling is about *half* that of paint."

"That is a marvellous but very decisive fact," said Mabel; "the only thing now is to decide on the colour, and that of course depends on that of our upholstery."

"I fancy I *should* have liked a paper better," said Nora; "one of those *straggly* patterns, that don't seem alike in more than one place."

"Prettily constructed sentence!" said Mabel; "will you oblige the company with a translation?"

"I mean," said Nora, blushing, "a flower here, a butterfly there, a dragonfly every now and then, and——"

"And a small bird sometimes," interrupted Mrs. Tremaine. "I know exactly what you do mean, and there is no reason your walls should not possess the charm of rarity and beauty you desire for them. The Crete enamel shall be the background on which all the objects you mentioned shall be depicted; it will form not only the most beautiful you can have, but by far the pleasantest to paint on."

"To paint on!" said Nora, in a delighted but awe-stricken tone. "Won't that be very much beyond us, and where could we get copies big enough?"

"For our copies we must search every picture-book and cretonne pattern we can get and procure the loan of; whenever we find a 'bit,' as artists say, that we like, we must draw it in a suitable size and just give it a rough colouring. When we have a sufficient collection of these we will paste them on our enamelled wall, arranging them according to taste. We need only put a little paste on, just at the upper edge, so as to admit of our removing and rearranging them till quite satisfied with their effect.

"By this means we shall be able to form a very fair idea of the future appearance of our walls when finished. When quite satisfied that each design is exactly where we should wish, we must outline the edges on the wall before taking it off, then number each portion thus designed, and put a corresponding number on the copy. This entails a little extra trouble at the time, but prevents much confusion after.

"When you come to the colouring of all these subjects, you must bear in mind they require treatment more decorative than pictorial; a general broad effect should be produced, as the highly-finished shading and elaborately grouping that would be charming in a framed picture hanging on the wall would be quite unsuitable to the decoration of the whole wall itself.

"I should suggest the ceiling being coloured and decorated precisely in the same manner, the subjects, whatever they may be, carried on to the ceiling from the wall to form a cornice. The arrangement may be in separate panels, these being defined by shaded lines, a little scroll work at the top and bottom of the panel, a spray of leaves and a flower pendent from the top or rising from the bottom, a continuation of scroll designs, partly on the ceiling and the wall, and a similar one as a narrow dado, the scrolls every now and then resolving themselves into an oval or circular frame in which your objects can be introduced.

"If this be too formal a style, you can make your walls resemble those of a conservatory by introducing ferns and foliage plants, with a few tropical flowers on the lower portion of the wall, and carrying graceful creepers up the corners and continuing them round the ceiling, allowing slight trails and sprays of leaves to hang gracefully and uniformly from them on to the wall.

"A similar arrangement may be carried round the doors and the looking-glass—if you have a looking-glass, that is to say."

"I fear the advocates of rigid formality and straight lines will greatly disapprove of your last suggestion for wall decorations; but it seems to me that it would be very beautiful, and if you really think we could achieve it we will certainly try."

"If you do, let me advise 'Virginian creeper' as the principal subject; the leaves and tendrils and the whole growth of the plant indeed, are exceptionally graceful; and, if we choose it just as it is beginning to put on the autumn tints, it will give us some lovely colour effects and prevent the monotony of too much green; these red and yellow tinted leaves, however, must be sparingly employed."

"I suppose our doors and all the woodwork must be the same colour as the ground of our walls?" said Mabel.

"Certainly, with the mouldings picked out with different shades of the same."

"Pray don't forget that you promised us some gilt panels to our doors," said Nora, clasping her hands imploringly. "After these lovely walls you could not have the heart to bring us down to common paint."

"You shall have your gilt panellings on your doors and your window shutters; but let me advise you to defer these until everything else in the room is done, then try one as an experiment in effect; it may be that when your room is completely decorated and furnished you would find so great a mass of gilding out of character. I should then advise you to paint the panels in question without the gold background, you would find them very elegant even on the despised common paint.

"You shall have your promised lesson on painting on a gold background all the same, for there is no more elegant or more fashionable decoration than this. We can let it into the front of our piano, the doors of our cabinets, and, in fact, apply it in a variety of ways most effectively. As we are on the subject, I may as well give you the necessary directions at once.

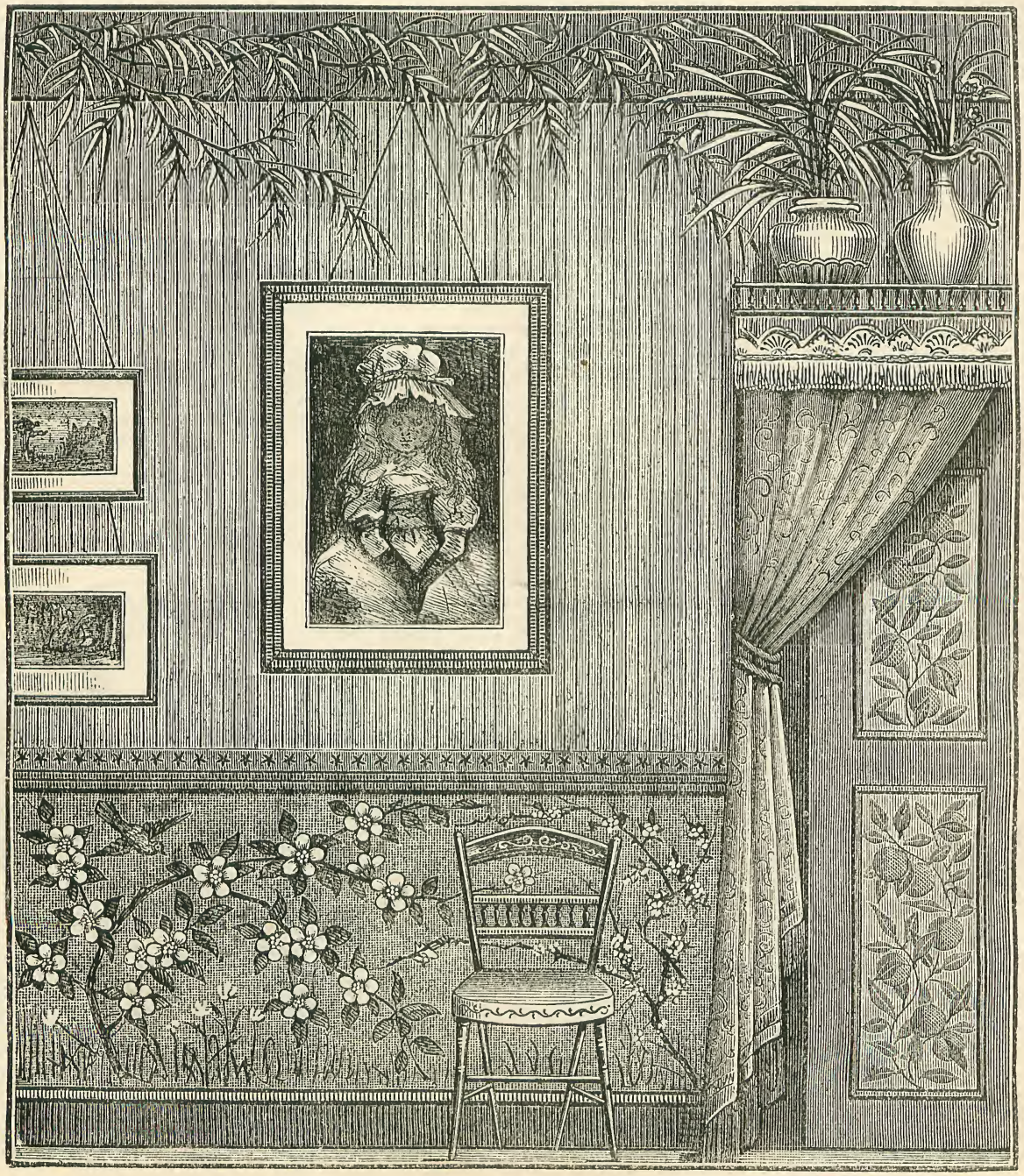
"We need not take into consideration painting on panelling gilded expressly, as the material is too expensive for us. We therefore have in its place gold paper, which we must attach to cardboard or a thin piece of wood if we paint our panels apart from the articles they are to adorn. If, on the contrary, we are sufficiently sure of our success, the paper may be pasted at once where we wish it to remain. The paper is from two to three shillings a yard, and twenty-one inches wide. It can be had either plain or craped. Ordinary moist water-colours are used with red sable brushes, and no preparation whatever of the paper itself is required before the painting.

"As it is impossible to rub out or alter any mistake in the design without removing the gilding at the same time, your best plan will be to draw it on common paper and transfer it in the usual manner.

"All the parts to be painted on should be filled up with Chinese white, made the consistency of ordinary cream, but, for any large surface to be thus covered, to prevent its cracking you must use with the Chinese white a very small quantity of water-colour megilp, or, what I far prefer, the new 'Veloutine' medium used for painting on the materials.

"When this white is perfectly dry, the colours are painted over it exactly in the ordinary manner for water-colour drawings.

"When everything is finished and quite dry a thin coat of the 'Veloutine' over the painting will preserve and brighten your colour.



"OUR OWN DECORATIONS."

"Your crewel patterns will furnish you with suitable designs, and water-colour flower copies supply you with the requisite colouring and finishing details. You must remember to have a piece of soft chamois leather on which to rest your hand while painting, or you will find it has removed some of the gilding, and as this cannot be patched, your work is useless. It is on account of the delicacy of this gold background that I advocate your painting being done apart from its future destination, as, if any accident happens, you can then easily bestow your picture somewhere where its defects will not be so conspicuous, and begin another attempt. Almond blossoms, bulrushes, honeysuckles, wild roses, lilies, convolvuli, and many exotic plants tell very effectively on gilt backgrounds, and you will find field grasses and foliage not only always beautiful in themselves, but harmonising with everything else.

"If you decide on keeping these gold panellings for the decoration of your furniture, and painting the door and window panels on the wood itself, or rather on its painted surface, this must be done with oil colours.

"The panel requires no preparation, and the design can be transferred, and the outlines must then be gone over with brown paint, using a fine brush.

"With the exception of crimson lake, all the colours must be opaque, and you can apply them just as you would on ordinary canvas."

"Supposing we should like to use our gilded pictures for our doors and windows and shutters, how are they to be stuck up?" asked Nora.

"The panel must be very accurately fitted, and either glued or fastened with small tacks into its place, the joins being hidden by a small moulding. I do not think I can say much more on these till it comes to the practical working. What shall we arrange next?"

"Window curtains and carpets, I propose."

"Our carpet cannot very well be our own work; all we can do is to choose whether it shall be dark with a small running pattern. I saw one a few days ago with a nearly black ground, on which were small bunches of field daisies lightly tied together by narrow ribbons; the ribbons were constructed in pretty curves, with a little bunch of loops and ends to each set of flowers. If we can get this, we could hardly have anything prettier, and it will harmonise with any furniture we are likely to have. I must arbitrarily insist on a Persian rug, or one of the long-haired mats—a grey one would be the most effective—in front of the window, it will prevent the sun fading the carpet, which, without this precaution it is sure to do. Either rug or mat will be much less injured, and it is easier to replace one of them than get a new carpet.

"A few Persian rugs about the room in other places will greatly add to its effect. The great charm of the Oriental colouring is its perfect harmony, which shows everything else to advantage. I have lately seen and greatly admired some furniture covered with these Persian rugs. The sofa, of which no wood was shown, was covered with black velvet, and on the back and seat were fastened two Oriental rugs, leaving a margin of black velvet at each end. The seat was trimmed round with a handsome border of the same, and a deep fringe reproducing the colours.

"The square armchair was made to match, and a border surrounded with fringe laid along the top of each arm. I do not advocate them for your drawing-room, I merely describe them to show you how effectively such things may be used."

"Order, order!" exclaimed Nora; "we were to talk about carpets and windows, and you have meandered into sofas and armchairs; oblige us with a few ideas relative to our bay window, if you please."

"The predominant idea about your window, Nora, is that, as your room faces the sun, you will be obliged to have some outside blinds as shades. They should be made of the striped blind material, and must be properly shaped and fastened on frames, so they are beyond our province; they will be a great addition to the comfort of your room, and prevent the sun damaging its contents; you can have them fitted complete from 1s. 4½d. to 2s. 3d. the square foot. It would hardly be worth while going to Italy to fetch the awning materials from thence, but if you could once see the red and white stripes used at the Lago Maggiore, the deep yellow and white of the Lago d'Orta, and some others I could mention, the staring stripes in use in England, would shock your taste afterwards. If you prefer Venetian blinds, these are much cheaper, as you can have them completely fixed from 7d. to 10d. a foot.

"Of what material do you wish your window curtains to be made?"

"To match the covers of the furniture," answered Mabel, and we want them of twilled or, if we could afford it, sateen cretonne. What is the difference in price?"

"Twilled cretonne of good quality ranges from 9¾d. to 2s. a yard. Sateen cretonne from 1s. 6½d. to 3s. 6d. Of course in both cases you may go higher, but your wants can be perfectly supplied at the prices I have mentioned."

"I think I should advise you to expend the extra sum, to have the sateen cretonne, as, on account of its lustrous surface, it does not retain the dust as the twill does, and being softer it is not so liable to cut wherever creased. You may get an admirably wearing quality, and an immense choice of patterns from 2s. to 2s. 3d. a yard."

"Roman satin, or satin sheeting as it is called now, I believe, would be, I suppose, quite beyond our means?" suggested Mabel.

"By no means, it is no dearer than the cretonne I have just mentioned, as it can be got in many shades for 4s. 6d. or 5s. a yard, and is double width. Why not have your furniture a combination of the two? Have your curtains and the principal part of your furniture covers of satin sheeting and ornament them with the sateen cretonne."

"That sounds lovely," exclaimed Nora. "Gentle stranger, prithee how?"

"Purchase a few yards of cretonne, with handsome stripes; many of these stripes have scroll work borders. It would not be so very difficult or long a task to cut out these edges and *appliquer* the stripe as a border to your curtains in the way I have taught you to do the cretonne embroidery; they would require very little if any working over with silk, and the effect would repay the trouble a hundredfold."

"I should think they would be remarkably elegant," said Mabel, "and certainly not ultra-expensive. How can we make our sofa and chairs to correspond?"

"Patience, please. The curtains are not yet finished; we require a valance, and this can be of the same material as the curtain, lined with something rather stiff to keep it in shape; the lower edge must be shaped and trimmed with the same border as the curtains; a band of this also on a stiff lining will form the curtain holders. Your inner curtains will be of light-looking lace or plain soft muslin, écru, white, or cream, as you prefer; my taste would be the last named. Now for your chairs and sofa. The former are by no means obliged to match; suppose, therefore, we content ourselves with six, in which the wood is shown; the back and legs of them we will ebonise and gild, the seats shall be of our satin sheeting *capitonné* (tufted), in the manner I have described in the first of these 'lectures,' as Nora calls my modest hints. *Any* material wears three times as long tufted as plain, and the effect is infinitely richer. These chair covers will be entirely of the satin sheeting, the only ornaments being the buttons with which they are tufted, and the fancy gimp put round to conceal the fastening on of the material.

"For our other chairs we will have one rather large, with a round seat and back; the latter, about four inches thick, is covered at the back with plain satin sheeting, and a band of the same, tufted, is put round the frame of wood forming the back of the chair. The front shall be of plain satin, and on it we will *appliquer* a group of flowers cut from cretonne and buttonhole stitched on, with silks to match; a few silks in the veining of the leaves and defining the petals of the flowers will be quite worth our while in this case. The circle of satin when completed must be sewn to the tufted band which surrounds it, and a cord of corresponding colours used to hide the join. The back, which consists of two circles of thin wood attached by a frame four inches wide, must have three or four thicknesses of wadding covered with a lining canvas, tightly stretched, and all this must be safely nailed on before the cover is put on. As this stuffing increases the size, it is better to finish these preliminaries before cutting out the satin for the cover. The circle sewn to the border is then put on the frame, the border being left sufficiently wide to allow of its being securely nailed on the back; this done, the piece of black satin to cover the back is put over it and sewn to the back edge of the border, the stitches being hidden by a cord. The seat must, of course, have spring or horsehair stuffing, which is not in our power to accomplish, but the cover is made precisely like that for the back, with the addition of a fringe hanging below the *capitonné* band that goes round it.

"Then we will have a low lounging chair with a high sloping back; this shall be covered with the satin sheeting tufted, 'that goes without saying,' and the side of the back and band round below the seat shall be of the cretonne bordering to match the curtains."

(*To be continued.*)

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Music and Words by COTSFORD DICK.

A BALLAD STORY.



HERE is a river, my dear reader, down which you and I are floating, each in his own little bark, floating as fast as the stream can carry us to the great Sea of Eternity. You, perhaps, are just beginning to learn to take the

rudder into your own hands, and trying, with some little difficulty, to steer clear of the high banks which rise on either side of you. No easy matter, for there are subtle and dangerous under-currents which often wreck the tiny boats with which the river is covered, and cast them rudely upon the inhospitable shore, where they lie helplessly—and, alas! too often hopelessly—stranded, until some kind passer-by floats the poor little skiff once more upon the treacherous waters of this mighty river.

Draw up your boat by the side of mine for a little while, and let us look around us at some of our fellow-travellers who, like ourselves, are journeying over the Stream of Life. How bright is the morning! No cloud is visible; the sky overhead is of the deepest blue; the sunbeams sparkle on the waters; all seems bright and pleasant, and you and I have anchored ourselves in a quiet shady little nook, far away from the great turmoil beyond, and can "easy" our oars for a few moments without anxiety. Hark! There comes a sound of voices singing upon our ears! And see, round that richly-wooded point appears a boat, in which are seated two persons, a youth and a maiden. How happy they are! at least, if we may judge from the joyous laughter which ever and anon interrupts their song. They quickly come in sight, both pulling hard together. Their oars cut the water sharply, like one blade, and emerge again with the easiest and lightest "feather" possible. Let us hope neither of them will "catch a crab," as the part of the stream where they are is very swift, and the tide flows fast and deep. It takes all the energy and strength they possess to keep their boat straight in its course. There are rapids, too, not far off, to be safely passed, and for which they must always be looking out. Their voices are silent now, for it is all they can do to get on. How stormy the current is! If one of them should lose an oar they must be upset! The sun is so fierce overhead, adding to their fatigue. It seems almost an impossibility to make any way. But courage! One more stroke, and they will be in comparative safety. They have done it; and their hearts beat with thankfulness that the danger is, for a time, happily over. Their voices die away in the distance, and we wish them "God-speed," as they fade from our sight. "And is there no one to steer them?" I think I hear you say. Pardon me. There is Love at the helm, who has been there all the time, helping them amazingly, and without whose timely aid they would long ago have been swamped.

Ah! and there is a kind Power above all earthly love which guides and guards them in their course.

It is not always sunshine on the river; sometimes there are dreadful storms of wind and rain which make all around look dark and dismal, and during which the calm waters are lashed into white-crested waves. It requires all the faith you possess to believe that the sky will ever be clear again, or the waves subside. These storms generally occur during the winter, and it is weary work waiting for the first gleam of spring. The wind blows so keenly, and the snow is so blinding; but the weather is sure to change in good time, if you have only patience.

And now, with your permission, I am going to place a pair of spectacles upon your nose (nay, don't laugh!), by the aid of which you will be able to see a part of the river which is, I hope, at present very distant from you. These wonderful spectacles are made with the glasses of experience, and you must only keep them on a very short time, otherwise they will try your youthful sight too much, and make your head ache. Now look, and tell me what you see.

"When the twilight deepens
Comes a bark in sight;
Lovers, too, it carries,
Though their heads be white."

The river is very wide here. The great sea beyond is clearly visible; there is a weather-beaten boat gently floating down the stream, carrying two dear old people. How happy they are! Their faces may be furrowed by many a deep line of thought and care; their heads may be silvered by the winter rime of sorrow and disappointment; but their hearts are made young again with a peace and joy that no one can now take from them.

They have pulled together,
'Neath the noontide sun,
Now their oars are resting
Now their work is done.

The journey is nearly over, the rapids are all passed in safety; storms have vanished and the evening sky glows with the crimson radiance of the setting sun. No need for them to use their oars, no more struggling; in quietness and confidence is now their strength, and hand in hand they pass calmly on to their last home. A great contentment fills their hearts. All the noontide heat and the midnight storms are forgotten. They have experienced both fair and wintry weather—summer heat and wintry cold. But through all the storm and sunshine, through every danger and difficulty have they bravely "pulled together," and the love that has strengthened them and the love that has encouraged them still guides their bark ever onwards, onwards to the tranquil waters of the ocean of eternity.

Have the spectacles tired your eyes, reader? Soon enough in your life you will be obliged to use them; but until that time comes you must ask the older and wiser people who wear them constantly to tell you some of the strange and wonderful things which they can see through their glasses.

But now the sky is once more blue; the birds are singing little carols of joy from amongst the green trees which overhang the river, and you and I must separate and each of us go our own different way. For the present then, adieu! perhaps we may meet again when either of us least expects it.

"Keep innocency, and do the thing that is right;"

and your bark will never be wrecked upon the waters of the stream of life.

COTSFORD DICK.

VARIETIES.

WHAT ONE SHOULD LOOK TO.—Every year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.

BURIED TREES.

What ruin one evil example will effect!
As he turned to go a kingfisher flew across his path (2).
I have had a dream, a pleasant one too.
Have you seen the glassy Cam, or ever been near it?
How ill Owen is looking, is he not?
Well, if I really do give up I never will guess another (2).

A RUDE EMPEROR.—Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in the great Napoleon's character. He seldom said anything agreeable to them, and frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "How red your elbows are!" to another, "What an ugly headdress you have got!" to a third, "*Do* you never change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times."

ON A STORMY NIGHT.—It is told of an old Scottish lady that, when dying, a tremendous storm of rain and thunder came on, so as to shake the house. In a quaint eccentric spirit, and with no thought of profane or light allusions, she looked up, and, listening to the storm, quietly remarked, with reference to her departure, "Ech, sirs! what a nicht for me to be fleeing through the air."

LOVING, DOING, THINKING, AND SPEAKING.—Love nothing but what is good; and do all that thou lovest to do; think nothing but what is true, and speak not all thou thinkest.

BURIED MYTHICAL HEROES.

They tried to disperse us, but in vain.
Such a fix I once got into, and all for nothing.
What are these used for? Tell me.
Only a rustic, a rustic—a regular hobnail.
Did you bring any medicine for me to take?

AT THE SPINNING-WHEEL. — Before modern science banished the spinning-wheel some extraordinary feats were accomplished with it. A young lady of Norwich once spun a pound of combed wool into a thread of 168,000 yards; and she actually produced from the same weight of cotton a thread of 203,000 yards, equal to upwards of 115 miles! This last thread, if woven, would have produced about twenty yards of yard-wide muslin.

NEVER-ENDING INFLUENCE. — We know not what we are any more than what we shall be. It is a high and solemn, almost awful, thought for everyone that her earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, even were she the very meanest of us, have an end!

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two, most diverse! yet, on one point, indeed,
Both feel alike—one damsel fair they love;
Thus she divides her time ('tis so agreed),
One-half with one below, and half with one above
This, in our Roman period, held the ground,
Wherever "caster," "cester," "chester's" are found.
The first encounter in a civil war,
Which for six years spread suff'ring near and far.
The Statesman-Cardinal, whose vig'rous hand,
Repressing the disorders of the land,
Originated its Academy,
And Zoological Society.
A tiny island in an English stream,
Where summer picnics often reign supreme.
The rocky isle whence poetry first sprang;
When heroes and their deeds the poet sang.

XIMENA.

KEEPING CLOSE TO THE LIGHT.—*If* in a dark business we perceive God to guide us by the lantern of His providence, it is good to follow the light close lest we lose it by our lagging behind.—*Fuller.*

FOR ALL READERS OF BIOGRAPHY.—The history of great minds is a mirror wherein each reader may behold the treasures and possibilities of his own nature.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 303).

M E L O N
O P A Q U E
Z O R I L
A B Y S S
R A T I O
T E N

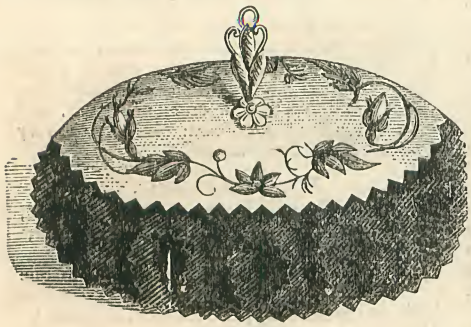
ANSWERS TO BURIED ANIMALS (p. 303).—Camel, leopard, lion, otter, bison, stag, deer, pig.

MY WORK BASKET.



A TRAVELLING HAND-BAG FOR WRAPS, ETC.

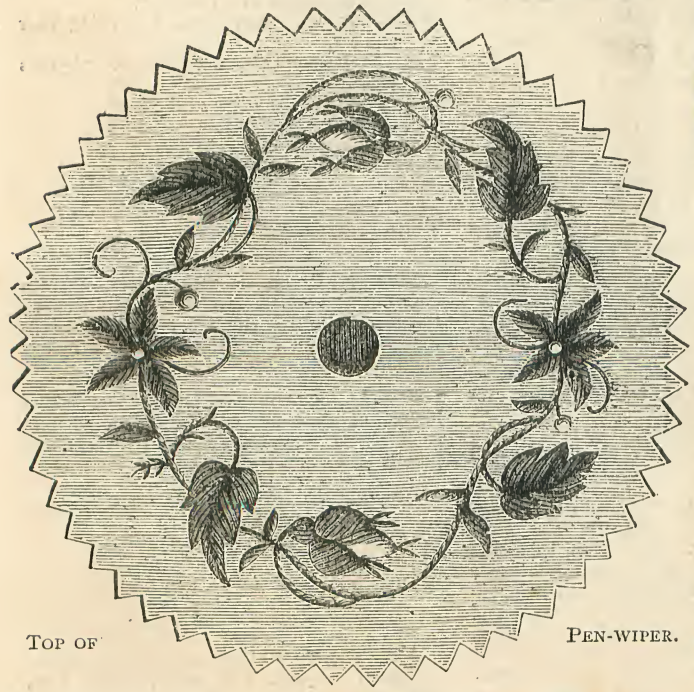
The bag is made of canvas, covered with cloth or good baize, worked on the turn over with coarse crewels or braided. The waved band and edge of the star in centre is of merino, in a contrasting colour, fastened on the cloth with crewels in stem-stitch, the dots in gold colour. The bag opens flat, and is lined with some good dark-coloured linen, with straps of leather crossing at intervals, through which the wraps and umbrellas can be passed. The bag is closed with leather straps, and a firm handle across to carry it by.



PEN-WIPER.

PRETTY PEN-WIPER.

This pen-wiper is made of cloth cut in strips and scolloped at one edge. It is plaited in triple plaits and joined into a round, drawing the inner edge closely together. This plaiting is placed between two cards cut to shape and covered with black silk; these rounds must be smaller than



TOP OF PEN-WIPER.

the embroidered cover, and is of some bright-coloured silk or velvet worked with embroidery silk, and fastened on the pen-wiper by a bronze or gilt ornament, forming a handle. The edge of the velvet is vandyked or scolloped with silks.

The detail gives the size and shows the wreath for the pen-wiper.

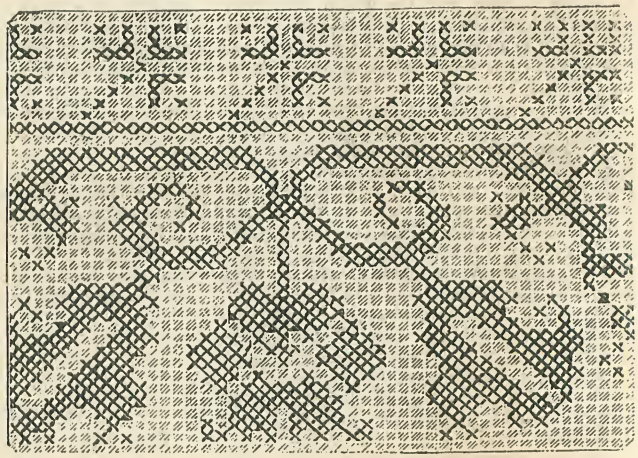
NEAPOLITAN APRON.

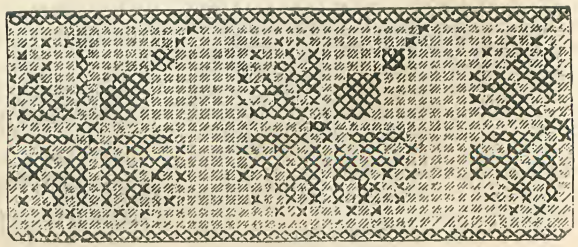
These aprons, worn so universally by ladies for the "afternoon teas," are often very elegant and picturesque. The one given in the picture is made of écru thin silk embroidered in cross, or marking stitch with gold and brown-coloured silks used together, bands of pale blue velvet being placed above and below each row of embroidery. The marking can be done over even canvas tacked on the velvet, and drawn out when the work is finished. By this method the pattern is kept even and worked without any trouble.

The details can be worked by counting the stitches, the same as ordinary marking. A torchon or crochet lace trims the lower edge of the velvet band. The plain apron and bodice are made of white satin, or satin sheeting. This is an elegant and, of course, expensive article, suited for a wedding present or high-class fancy bazaar.



NEAPOLITAN APRON.





DETAILS OF APRON.

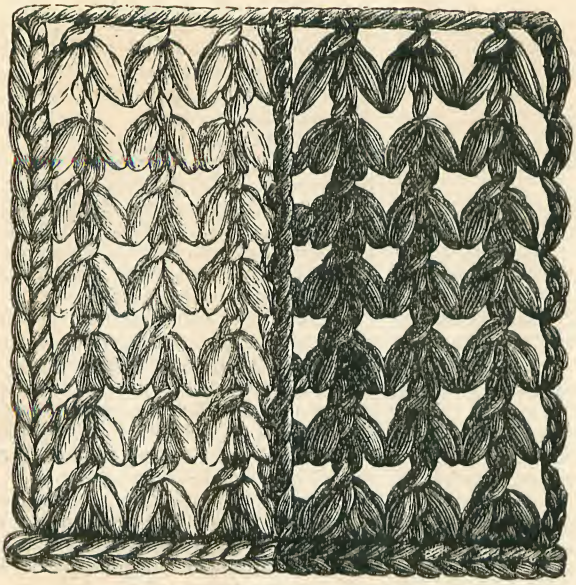
FLY PATTERN TRICOT IN STRIPES FOR COUVRE-PIED OR ANTIMACASSAR.

Make a chain the length required.

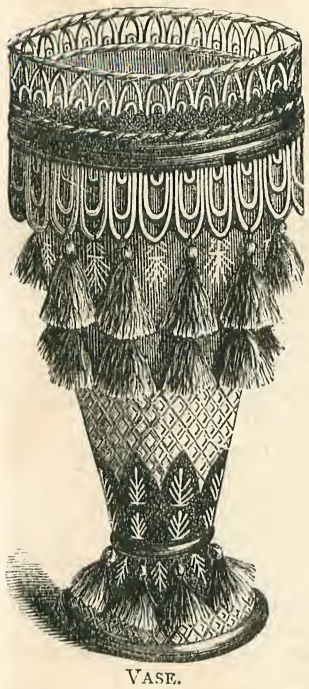
1st Row.—Miss two, crochet one to the end of chain. You will then have five loops on the crochet hook.

2nd Row.—Make four chain stitches, take off first loop on hook, make one chain stitch, take off two, continue making one and taking off two to end of the row.

3rd Row.—Draw a loop through the first open space, a second through the perpendicular stitch, and a third loop through the second



FLY PATTERN.



VASE.

open space; take off the three last stitches together, and make one; continue to end of row, working the three last stitches into the loop made with four chain stitches.

These two rows complete the pattern, and are to be worked until the stripe is the length required.

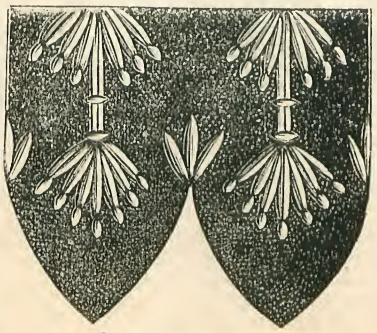
Materials. — Coarse fleecy or Berlin wool and large-sized crochet hook.

FANCY WICKER VASE, TO HOLD A GLASS OF FLOWERS.

The wicker work is decorated with bands of vandyked plush, embroidered with blue and yellow Algerian silk. The fashion for trimming, in profusion, all pieces of furniture is extremely pretty and allows of great scope for the display of good taste. The tassels are usually made of shaded wools, well combed out and fastened to every point of the scollops. The wicker vases may be had at reasonable prices of any fancy basket maker. The detail gives the right size of the vandyke and style of embroidery. The thick points are worked with the yellow silk in French knot stitch.

COMFORTABLE ARM CHAIR.

An effective and easily worked covering for these old-fashioned and very comfortable easy chairs can be made of black cloth or furniture plush, with *broderie bretonne* of three strands of fine thread dull red wool, fastened with crossings of yellow filoselle. The centres of the patterns in pale green, and the stars between of dead-gold coloured wools.



DETAIL OF VASE.

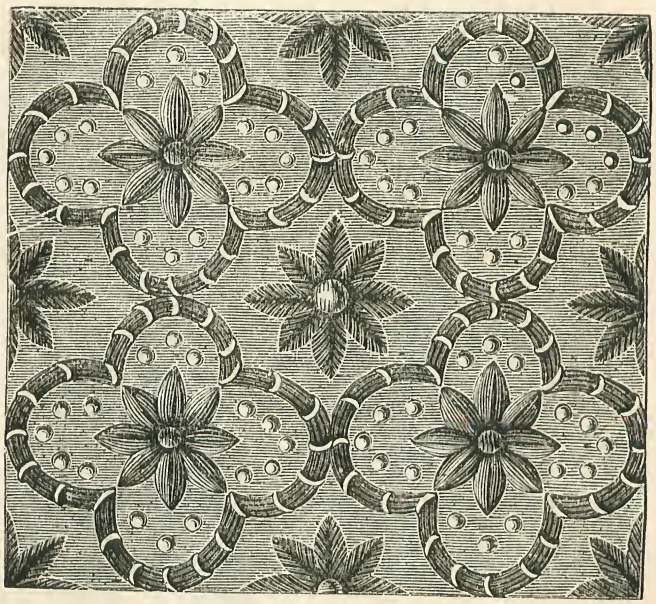
Large twisted-wool tassels, with silk headings at each corner of the back and at top and bottom of the arms, hanging down to the fringe which trims the band round the seat. A passementerie band of pale green, red, and gold surmounts the fringe which covers the lower part of the chair. The detail is the exact pattern of the embroidery, and so can be easily copied.

EMBROIDERED WALL BASKET.

The open wicker-work basket is bought at any fancy basket warehouse, and is then trimmed with bands of black or coloured velvet cut in scollops, and covered with *guipure d'art* or point lace. The tassels are of gold-coloured floss silk. A very good imitation of the real hand work may now be had, and answers the purpose when time is required for more needed occupation.



ARM CHAIR.



DETAIL OF CHAIR.



EMBROIDERED WALL BASKET.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XX.

MEANTIME the French exercise came to an end, and to a far more satisfactory one than had ever been the case before with Josephine; and, forgetting the cruel insult of the order given as they were all going into tea, and the sneering laugh of half-an-hour since, she raised her eyes with true gratitude to her companion, saying—

"I have never understood a lesson so well before. You have been very good to me. I wish I could do anything for you, you look so tired to-day."

For some moments there was silence. "You have been very good to me." Those words struck to the young teacher's heart with a keenness of reproof she had never felt in her life before. They were uttered most truthfully, but they were most false.

Good, indeed! For the past two months she had added to the girl's sorrowful sense of her own feeble intellect by every cutting taunt, or show of contemptuous indifference that had occurred to her, and now she had condescended to aid her in her dunce-like difficulties, because an unaccustomed sense of loneliness made her wish for a sympathy that she could demand as she chose, and cast off when it bothered her. Was that being good to her?

And now the offer of the sympathy came so readily, and the sympathy itself —"You look so tired to-day." A sense of shame and unworthiness came over Emily Rowe as she sat there silent. She had added to the girl's tiredness many times, and in the secrecy of her heart she felt that there was a meanness doubly great in purposing to glean even a crumb of comfort from her. But Josephine sat there, so still, so patient, so meek, so utterly forgetful of self, only so sorry that one of her fellow-creatures, the least kind of them all, so far as she was concerned, should be so tired. And Emily Rowe's yearning for that crumb of comfort grew too strong to be resisted.

At last she took a letter from her pocket, and saying hastily, and in a low tone, "I am not tired, but I am very miserable," she put it into her pupil's hands.

Josephine looked puzzled for a moment. She did not understand, and with a touch of her usual impatience with dulness, Miss Rowe snatched it back, drew the letter from its envelope, and then returned it, saying, "There. You can read, you know."

"Oh, yes, I can read," said Josephine in a quick tone of apology; and making no further delay in proving the statement, she opened the sheet, and began to peruse the contents, Miss Rowe watching her the while. Five seconds had scarcely passed, however, before sighs burst from the lips of both of them almost simultaneously, and Josephine raised eyes full of tears to her companion.

"Poor, noble little fellow," said Josephine, instinctively stretching out one of her hands, and laying it on that of the governess.

For an answer Miss Rowe uttered a second contented sigh as she murmured, as though to herself—"I thought I was right. I thought you would know just what to say in this sort of thing."

And then Josephine finished the letter, and the two sat there together silent for some time.

"Shall you not go home to help nurse him?" asked Josephine at length, softly.

"How can I?" was the sharp-toned question. Then, recollecting herself—"I can't. We are poor, poor as church mice, if you know what that means There will be little enough but dry bread for my mother as it is now, Harry will need so many extra luxuries. And unless he is to have the parish doctor, I must earn my quarter's salary to pay one for him."

"I—I have—plenty of—" began Josephine, timidly, earnestly. And then she stopped, and pretended to be busy once more with the letter, while heavy tears dropped on to it.

"Hush, hush, don't cry; you must not for my trouble," said Miss Rowe, hurriedly. "I ought not to have worried you with it. Only it is some comfort to feel there is someone feeling a little sorry for one's grief."

"If only I could help you," said Josephine. "If only you would let me. My money is no good to me; could you not let it be some good to—to—to—your little brother? You see your mother says he moans for you even in his sleep."



"I THINK ABOUT HER SWEETS."

The young governess caught back a sob and stifled it, and then muttered, hardly, "And so he will have to moan, if he means to moan for me, till Easter comes."

"That is nearly three weeks."

"Yes. And if it was nearly three years, it would have to be the same. And you know, as well as I do, that I cannot take your money. But I am glad to have you know about poor little Harry. You had better go now. Don't say anything about this to anyone."

"No," murmured Josephine, absently, as she rose. And then, with her usual awkward, shuffling movements she left the room. Miss Rowe looked after her till she had disappeared, and then her eyes fell back upon the letter with a hard expression in them, as she muttered—

"If the pain and weakness had fallen upon me, one might have seen some justice in it, at least, no doubt mother would have done so; but upon poor little Harry, where can be the love and mercy that afflicts him so heavily, I should like to know? And as a reward, too, for his noble, brave, self-forgetfulness."

At this last thought her cheeks glowed with pride as well as love for her little ten-year-old brother, who by a deed of true heroism had brought himself to the verge of brain fever, and so she dismissed all dwelling upon Josephine Bell's last words, otherwise her thoughts might have led her to remember that matters would have been decidedly worse if they had been arranged according to her ideas of mercy, and she, the main bread-winner of the family, had been laid upon a helpless and expensive bed of sickness.

Josephine went up to her own room, and with simple words and childish phrases, but a most earnest heart, prayed to the One great, omnipotent, all-knowing Father that He would watch by the fever bed of little stricken Harry Rowe, strengthen the loving mother who wrote in a tone of such sad but patient faith, and comfort "poor Miss Rowe."

Yes, it was poor Josephine's turn now to apply the epithet "poor" to someone; but there was no touch of contempt in her breathing of the word. Nor was there any thought of triumph that the highly accomplished imperious teacher should have been brought to seek comfort from her—the heartily despised pupil. She did certainly wonder for a little while how she came to be the chosen confidant, but her humility led her to a tolerably fair solution of that mystery.

"She knew I am not clever enough to tease her with a lot of talking," she murmured, as she rose from her knees. "And it is bad to have to listen to that, even from the best and kindest people, just at the beginning of a trouble when it seems almost easier to think it is as bad as ever it can be, than to be made to see and confess that there is a bright side to it."

CHAPTER XXI.

FREE TRADE IN SWEETMEATS.

"AND so you see, not any way can I get a letter from India on my birthday," and with this piece of information little Rose

heaved a prodigious sigh, and gazed with her big blue eyes out of the hall window as if she had some half hope that one of Helen Edison's fairy birds might fly through it, and give her a welcome contradiction.

But instead of a fairy bird flying in at the window, her sister, Josephine, came to her down the stairs, and, stooping over her, kissed her fondly. The child returned the caress with interest, saying:

"Oh! Josie, Helen has been telling me such a most loveliest of the lovely fairy tale. I wish you had heard it."

"So do I," said Josephine. "It seems to me that Helen is always showing us kindness of some sort."

"Nonsense," laughed Helen, merrily. "Rosie is the most delicious excuse to me for being idle ever so often. I owe her a bushelful of gratitude for happening to be here now. But where have you been all this time?"

"Writing my French exercise with Miss Rowe."

"What! all this long while? how——"

"No; not all this while," hastily interrupted Josephine. "We have been having a chat!"

"Oh! Then I hope Miss Rowe has been begging your pardon for all her impertinence to you of late — horrid old thing!" was the answer, as Helen drew her head back to escape the hand which Josephine tried to lay over her lips.

"Helen, Helen," she remonstrated, in grieved tones, "you should not say such things, indeed you should not. You are beginning to gain great influence in the school, and you do not know how much harm you may do. And you have such a wonderful power for doing good."

"Glad to hear it," was the offhand retort. "I hope I shall be able to make laudable use of it in making the vixen's life a burden to her."

"Miss Rowe is in great trouble just now," said Josephine, in a low, pleading tone.

But Helen was in no mood just then to be touched by anything into pity or penitence.

"Glad to hear it," she said, coolly. "Hope it will do her good. She's made me waste sixpennyworth of stamps sticking those lovely drawings of mine together again. Look there."

Helen lifted from the seat beside her the two pages Miss Rowe had torn up, now neatly joined together again by little strips of stamps.

"If you were determined upon such a useless piece of work why did you not use your gum and a sheet of paper, instead of wasting all these stamps?" asked Josephine, as much in wonder as reproach.

"Couldn't get the cork out of the bottle."

"You didn't try *very* long," half-whispered Rosie, slyly.

"No, certainly not very long," assented Helen, calmly. "The cork stuck though, and I had these handy. Besides it's not waste, you know. I've made a sort of gift to the Government, and my side is in just now. Mamma's for the others, but papa and I are Liberals."

"Are what?" cried Milly Wilmot, coming up to the group at this moment, and catching the last words. "Whatever rubbish are you talking now? And as for liberal indeed, I know somebody who bought a whole shillingsworth of sweets yesterday, and hasn't given me a mite; I don't call that very liberal."

"I don't know. It might be Liberal-Conservative," was the retort, with a laughing gleam in the bright eyes. "But at present Miss Crofton is the Conservative. She met Jem yesterday, and made spoil of my treasures for my good. Suppose we four get up a bread riot, and claim them back. I'll head the mob."

"I'll follow you," cried Milly, laughing.

"And I won't," said Josephine, smiling, but very decidedly holding back.

Little Rose looked with doubtful entreaty at her sister. "Yes, dear, you may go with them, if you like," said Josephine.

Even her audacity failed her for a moment or two when she reached Miss Crofton's door, and stood with hands hanging down, hesitating whether to rap or retreat.

"Be quick," said Milly.

"All right," was the answer, and the next instant the quick decided tap had been given that had of late become so familiar to the principal.

"Come in," was called from within the room. But again Helen hesitated, and Miss Crofton, who happened to be standing near the door, stepped forward, and opened it herself.

"Why, my dears, what is it?" she asked, in surprise, gazing at her three rosy-faced pupils. "What have you come about? Is anything the matter?"

"N—no. Nothing is the matter, madam," began Helen, the curving lips beginning obstinately to curl up into a suspicion of a smile. "The thing is, we have—have been thinking about politics and free trade, and—those sorts of things. And—we think free trade is —nicest. Don't you?"

And then Miss Nellie lifted her long lashes and raised her great eyes to those of the schoolmistress, which were filled with a look of most utter bewilderment. She put her arm round Rosa Bell, and drew her to her, as she asked—

"Can you tell me, little one, what this very funny companion of yours has come about?"

"I think," whispered Rosie, "I think about her sweets."

"About her ——" repeated Miss Crofton, doubtfully. And then as memory flashed its light into her mind, her lips, too, curved into a smile, which speedily gave way to a hearty laugh.

"You impudent child! How dare you come to me like this?" she asked, turning to Helen.

"Because you are so kind. I like having things to come to you about. I dare do anything for that but—vex you."

The schoolmistress bent and kissed her sweet-voiced young pupil.

"But you do approve of free trade, don't you?" was the question again the next moment, and whether Miss Crofton did or not, the three schoolfellows very shortly after marched off in triumph with the packets of lemon-drops and hard-bake.

"There will be at least a dozen of us, dear madam, to share it amongst," said Helen, reassuringly; "and I promise never to buy any more here without asking you first."

"And do not ask me too often," said Miss Crofton, with an implied admission of weakness which made her pupil look up at her with laughing triumph in her eyes.

When Rosa Bell had run off to bed, carrying with her a Benjamin's portion of the sweetmeats, Helen again sought out her sister, and had a long chat with her about the little girl's approaching birthday, to which she was not looking forward with any especial hopefulness. All the child's birthdays hitherto had been spent with most loving parents, who had taken pains to make each anniversary a joyous and memorable festival; and the poor little girl had found it a hard matter to keep back her sobs as she told her sympathising schoolfellow that she had to forego even the hope of getting letters from her father and mother on this coming birthday, which, for the first time, was to be spent at school.

"At any rate something shall be done for poor Miss Rose," said Helen, resolutely, and feeling strongly indignant with the Indian mails and circumstances generally. But even as she spoke, various plans occurred to her by which Rose's doleful anticipations should be pleasantly disappointed.

The following afternoon the two sisters unexpectedly started off on a few days, visit to some acquaintances just arrived from India, and settled for a month about fifty miles from Crofton House, after which they were going to the north of Scotland for eight months, when they were to return to the neighbourhood of the Bells in India. This was the only opportunity the James's would have of carrying back personal intelligence to their neighbours of their daughters' welfare, and they kindly availed themselves of it according to their promise.

"I wish I were you," sighed Miss Rowe, enviously, when Josephine sought her to tell of the invitation Miss Crofton had just read to her. "I don't suppose you much care to go to Saffron-Walden; but for me, I would give my all to go there at the present time for a few days."

Josephine looked at her inquiringly, and with sudden interest, "Is it near your home, then?"

"My home is in it. Poor little Harry is lying tossing in his bed a very little distance from the fine old church. But there, you had better go and pack up now. You have not too much time. Can I help you?"

"Oh, no, thank you, there is very little to do," said Josephine, gratefully, as she went away to her own room, thinking how much she wished that she could teach Helen one or two simple lessons, but harder to learn perhaps than she quite understood. At any rate Helen Edison did not learn them then, nor had she when she lay sleeping with Miss Rowe's wrathful face bent over her as we read of it in Chapter Seventeen.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ETTIE.—You are old enough to teach, if your attainments are sufficiently great. You must advertise, or else procure pupils through friends.

RI.—All teachers should obtain certificates if possible. The examination at the College of Preceptors would be the best for you to pass in order to qualify yourself.

R. B.—We should advise you to set apart a certain time for study every day, taking one or two subjects each day, according as you find yourself able to give your attention to the work. Begin with short hours at first, and do not tire yourself.

E. M. W.—There is a comprehensive guide to the London charities which might help you, or a London directory. See also part iv. of a "Guide to the Institutions for the Benefit of Women and Children," price 3d., Hatchards, Piccadilly, which contains the names of a great many educational and technical schools and institutes.

ELSINORE.—1. You are very young to teach, but you will find your task made easier by shortening the hours of lessons for your young brother, so that his attention may not flag or tire; very short lessons, too, should be given, and those very well learnt. 2. A combination of ruby and pale blue is quite allowable.

HOUSEKEEPING.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—See answer to "May," under "Work." You had better add a good cloth jacket to your *trousseau*, as you could not wear the seal-skin except in severe weather. If a household comprising a master, mistress, and two servants, it might suffice to begin with six pairs of best sheets, four of servants' do., twelve best pillow-cases, and six servants'. Of towels, rough, coarse, and fine, twelve each, and twelve for the servants; of table-cloths, for breakfast and dinner, twelve each; of table napkins, large and small to match, twelve each; of pantry-cloths, for glass and tea, twelve each, and the same for dusters; of pudding, do., kitchen and chamber do., twelve each. You should have written a note, instead of sending a card. Your writing is good. Crown pieces entirely depend on their state of preservation.

CLARA RANKIN.—1. If the water be very hard you may soften it with a little soda, but the floors will be discoloured if you add much. 2. Boil a quart of water, and gradually add two ounces of the oatmeal to it, and a teaspoonful of salt with one hand, while stirring it all the time with the other, by means of a wooden spoon, while the water is boiling. Let the porridge boil for half an hour, after all the meal has been thrown in. The stirring should be frequently resumed o prevent the meal from adhering to the saucepan. When ready, place in a deep dish or bowl and serve hot, to be eaten with cream, milk, or butter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ZIKKI.—Perhaps a very little chloride of lime might take the spots out.

HOPEFUL.—We fear you are one of many hundreds who wish for employment at home. Why not try and obtain copying from some legal offices near you?

TWEEDLEDEE.—The quotation is from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

ICI.—"Man proposes but God disposes" is to be found in Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," book i, chapter 19, but it is of much greater antiquity. It also is found in "Piers Ploughman's Vision."

RIGGY.—Your writing *is* very ugly.

BLANCHE L. B.—Your writing is lacking in elegance, but might be improved. We do not give addresses.

GAZA.—*Que*, when it unites two verbs, is often understood in English, but it must always be expressed in French, *Je crois que vous avez raison*. It would be impossible to give such comprehensive instruction. Consult your French grammar. Your writing is very unformed.

SAPIENTIA.—We should advise you to purchase a shilling book on the management of cage birds.

JACOBA.—We are glad to find our paper appreciated in Holland.

BEATRICE GREY.—We are very glad you find "Dress of the Month" so useful to you. We think you should manage well on 1s. 6d. a day if you are able to make things for yourself, which is a great help to you.

QUEEN OF DAISIES.—After so kind and appreciative a letter, it would be indeed difficult to find fault. Your writing is excellent, but beware of flourishes, and use better ink.

EILEEN.—Your writing is unformed, and we think you would do well to form it on one of the writings which are given in our articles on penmanship. You are quite old enough to learn the organ.

JANE W.—1. You are not feeding your parrot properly, that is the cause of her indisposition. The soaked bread is all right so long as you give it in a clean dish and fresh every morning. Stop the hemp and stop the bones. You may give canary and millet seed, however, and nuts, and crusts, and an occasional cayenne pepper pod. This last is considered a great dainty by a parrot. 2. Handwriting fair, but may be greatly improved. You must try to write without ruling your paper.

MAL AUX DENTS.—1. Whatever tends to strengthen the body and nerves and the system generally, will help to remove the tendency to toothache. Good food, exercise in the open air, quinine and cod-liver oil should be tried; the exercise should be of a pleasurable kind. Use simple camphorated chalk as tooth powder. 2. Handwriting is pretty and ladylike.

LITTLE NELL.—Your health is undoubtedly delicate. At your age (22) you should not feel worn out and tired by eight o'clock at night; nor should you have those tell-tale dark rings round your eyes. We are sure you would feel benefitted by a course of citrate of iron and quinine; cod-liver oil would also benefit you. But you must live very regularly, and be all you can in the fresh air. Change, too, would do you good. You may write again, and we will be happy if our advice has benefited you.

MIRIAM.—We do not know how you have cured your



"HOW KIND OF THE EDITOR TO GIVE US SUCH GOOD ADVICE."

skin. If with alum, roll it up when dry, the fur outside, and beat with a wooden mallet till less stiff; then lay it on the ground and work all over the inside with some blunt instrument with a rounded edge from the centre to the sides. The more it is rubbed and worked the softer it will become; the final rubbing is given with pumice-stone. Your writing is large and legible, but not pretty.

NELLIE.—Red and yellow are both considered appropriate to brunettes. You write a good running hand.

A YANKEE GIRL.—Thank you for your kind letter. Your writing is very small. Could you not copy one of those at page 45, vol. ii.?

IGNORANT.—We cannot give addresses.

TOPSY.—Your writing is very neat. In all such questions the opinion of your mother must be consulted.

FANNY.—We believe that many ladies use them in riding, but we hope you will remember a very little spur will go a long way, and avoid cruelty.

A. M. S.—White fur may be cleaned and made whiter by rubbing in plaster-of-Paris made hot, and brushing with a hard brush, but it is more satisfactory to send it to a proper cleaner.

E. M. P.—Your writing is excellent for your age; you will do well to cross your "t's," and to guard against your writing becoming too large.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—We should advise your consulting a doctor. Your writing is legible.

PANSIE TREVOR.—We believe it is sometimes considered good, but we think you had better read "How Can I Look My Best," page 180, vol. i., for safe and good advice. Your writing would be improved by being larger.

FLORIE.—Your black velveteen would answer admirably. Wear either lavender or white kid gloves.

MARY ELIZABETH.—You did quite right to try the sulphur ointment, and you may still use it for about a fortnight; if the cat's hair does not show signs of returning naturally then, use a dressing of mild ammonia liniment once a day. Any chemist can prepare this for you, but you had better tell him the purpose for which you want to use it. It may be improved by the addition of a little tincture of Spanish flies.

E. A. W.—The singing in the ears which your mother complains of is very likely the result of cold or dyspepsia. Any vegetable bitter tonic, except quinine, may be taken thrice daily for about a fortnight, and to each dose should be added ten drops of the dilu e phosphoric acid. An aperient pill once a week would also do good.

LADY MARY W.—Birds are often killed by the frost in wintry weather. Taking a half-dead bird up and placing it near the fire as you have done, would only make matters worse. If you want to show mercy to poor birds, place them in a quiet room or garret, and feed on crumbs, letting them free whenever they wish to go, for *old* wild birds can hardly be tamed.

CLARA PEGOTTY.—To preserve the colour of white silk handkerchiefs, wash them, by themselves, in a clean lather made with white curd soap, and rinse dry, and iron as quickly as possible. Despite all care, they will, however, become yellow with frequent washings; but a clear creamy tint is not less pretty, and is now more in favour than even pure white. To preserve clothes from dust in drying during the winter, have as little dust about as is practicable. Before the linen is hung on the lines or rails, see that the hearth is clean swept; all dust blown from the grate and bars, and the fire itself well replenished and bright. Attend well to the drying. Remove each article as soon as it is ready, and have a clean towel or dust sheet to throw over the gradually increasing pile of dried clothes as you lay them on the folding table. It is a great pleasure to know that the contents of THE GIRL'S OWN have proved so useful to you, and that you can report such excellent results from having followed the instructions, "How to Wash and Iron."

LILLIE C.—If the moles are not very large they may be removed with the caustic called potassa fusa. The knife itself is sometimes used for their extirpation, but in either case a medical man ought to be the operator. Your handwriting is fair for your age, but may be much improved.

ROSAMOND.—We cannot advise the use of depilatories, and the use of tweezers is even worse. In some cases the razor must be used, but in your case we should think that much good might be effected by using juniper tar soap and cold water three times a day. If there be any debility of the body, tonics must be taken. Do not despair.

MARION.—We sympathise much with you. Read the advertisements in the *Times*, where you may hear of what you require. It may be that this trying ordeal is essential to your real well-being; and if it drive you to much prayer, and the perpetual exercise of "faith and patience," through God's mercy, deliverance will come; and an "inheritance of the promises" is, at least, held out for your encouragement.

LADY CLARICE.—We quote, for the benefit of our hysterical correspondent, from a first-class medical work recently published:—"If a girl wishes to have an hysterical fit, by all means let her have it. Conduct her to an empty room, place her on the floor, and let her have a fit quietly by herself. Mothers ought to instil into their daughters habits of self-discipline and control, and also take care that they have plenty of occupation and out-door exercise."

ROSA LILY E.—"Great Island" faces the outer harbour of Cork.

MAUD.—You will find in the previous number an article by Canon Fleming on the subject you mention. The writer was a pupil of one of the greatest elocutionists that England has ever known, and therefore is to be looked upon as an authority on the subject of Recitations. We are glad to find that the art of reciting poems is again become a popular form of entertainment in our London drawing-rooms.

HEPSIBA.—Cream or buff leather may be cleaned with ½ oz. oxalic acid dissolved in half a pint of water. Bands of *appliqué* on cloth or crewel embroidery would be pretty for the decoration of your work-basket. We conclude by your chosen pseudonym you really mean "Hephzibah." Thank you for your criticism, which we take as a compliment, although we fear you did not mean it as such. We do not intend to compete in any way with the fashion magazines in our "Dress of the Month." We only wish to help our girl readers to make their own clothes, and to point out becoming and simple styles fit for them, not too difficult to understand, or so fashionable as to become conspicuous at any time. We are thankful to tell you that, judging from the letters we receive, we have been successful in our object, and have helped many of our girls to make much out of small means.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 61. FEBRUARY 26, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

A TRUE STORY.

NEARLY a century ago, when West Virginia, thinly settled and cleared, was a favourite fighting ground of the Indian tribes, there lived near the Kanawha Falls a settler of Dutch extraction named Van Bibber, a man of some note and distinction in those early times. His homestead stood below the Falls, and opposite to it, on the other side of the river, was an overhanging rock of immense size, jutting out about a hundred feet over the seething whirlpool caused by the Falls, and rising to nearly one hundred feet above the water. This rock was once the scene of a remarkable adventure, which exhibits what woman's love will give her courage to achieve for the defence and rescue of those to whom she is united in the tenderest bonds of affection.

Van Bibber was one day returning from an expedition into the dense forest on the



[*All rights reserved.*]

"AMID THE SHOWER OF ARROWS AND SHOT."

opposite side of the river to his home, when he unfortunately crossed the path of a party of Indians returning from some distant fray, and dressed in the full glories of the warpath—paint, feathers, and wampum. A moment more and they were in hot pursuit after him, and the settler, though possessed of great agility and being a swift runner, found himself unable to gain the banks of the river before the flying steps of the savages had enabled them to double on him; and, cutting off all approach to the water, he was driven to the summit of the overhanging rock, where, by the aid of his rifle, he kept the enemy for a few moments at bay.

He stood up bravely in full view of the savages both above and below, who yelled with triumph at the prospect of his speedy capture. Across the river before him lay his home; and as he looked he saw his wife emerge from the house, startled by the noise, with her babe nestled in her arms. She stood as if petrified with terror and amazement; helpless, as he thought, to render assistance. Suddenly, borne upon the light breeze, to his ear came the clear tones of her voice. "Leap into the water and meet me!" And, laying her babe on the grass, she flew to the little landing, seized the oars, and sprang into the skiff alone. Well for her that her arms were strong, and that so many of their hours had been passed on the sunny river, which flowed with hundreds of eddies in its rapid current past the walls of their home.

There is no indecision or weakness in the steady, firm stroke of the oars which bears her rapidly on her dangerous course. Her husband must be rescued, and there is no human arm but hers to save him. Nerved by love to double exertion, the brave woman steadily nears the middle of the river.

"Drop lower, wife."

"Lower yet," and with the last words Van Bibber sprang from the crag, and descended like an arrow into the water.

With every pulse beating wildly, the devoted wife rested on her oars to see him rise to the surface, while her frail canoe danced like a cork on top of the swirling waves. Ages seemed to pass in that awful suspense. Had the fall injured him? Had he struck the boulders which lay, as she well knew, in multitudes under the water, carried down from the Falls above? Would he never rise? Her eyes tried in vain to penetrate the depths of the water, and in an agony she swept the canoe still further down the stream. A moment more and his head rose suddenly near her, and all her mind was directed to helping him to climb into the shelter of the canoe, amid the shower of arrows and shot which the baffled Indians poured upon their escaping foe.

No word was exchanged between them; though her husband was rescued, they had not yet reached the opposite shore, and the brave woman saw that, after the perilous leap and the sudden immersion into the ice-cold water, Van Bibber was more dead than alive. Everything depended on her strength being maintained till she could attain the bank, and with a heart which almost stood still with fear, the devoted wife bent once more to the oars with her whole powers of mind and body. God be thanked! She was successful; and after their desperate adventure the exhausted husband and wife landed on the spot whence she had started on her perilous voyage, where the babe still lay, crowing and laughing, in the last rays of the afternoon sun.

Two or three neighbours, who had been gathered by the report of the rifles, pulled the canoe to the sands and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, so they laid him on the green sward by his babe, and falling down by his side in her utter exhaustion and thankfulness, the over-excited nerves of the woman found vent in a wild and uncontrolled fit of weeping.

"Just what any other woman would have done," says some young reader, with a little air of surprise and disdain.

Exactly so, my dear; but then you see another woman might have cried at the wrong time—before, instead of after, the event narrated in my story; and then Van Bibber would never have been rescued from his deadly peril, and the baby might never have lived to be a grandfather, and have related the story as I have told it to you.

And if you ever go there, they will show you the jutting crag, which is called "Van Bibber's Rock" to this day.

D. DE B.

ABOUT BIBLE CLASSES.



A COOK can talk about cooking better than the first and deepest Hebrew and Greek scholar in the land, so can a shoemaker about leather, so can a carpenter about wood; therefore if a Bible class teacher, of some fifteen years' standing, begins to talk about Bible classes, she certainly has a right to think she may have a little to say to the point. The writer has kept Bible classes with considerable success for the period above named, and so she is going to-day to tell our girls something about it.

In the first place, then, Bible class teaching is most decidedly woman's work; that is why we would make it a subject for our girls to think about; the ladies in a town or village have generally more time to give to it than the gentlemen, and it is an undertaking which needs the whole endeavour of heart and head. Yes, the whole endeavour; for the reading and understanding of God's Word is what Bible classes have in hand, and we must give so high a task our very best energies for its highest achievments. If the Bible class is for men or boys, women make the best Bible class teachers; the roughest navvy, or miner, or farm labourer is singularly susceptible to the influence of a gentle, graceful-mannered, cultivated Christian lady. It seems that the very contrast of her whole personality to his own has a strange, wonder-working spell in it that touches and stirs the very depths of his rude nature; but we will say more about this by-and-bye.

Now let me tell a few of my own experiences to encourage those who would like to enter into the good work. When I first began to keep a Bible class it was on a cold, wintry, Sunday morning; the sky looked dark and cheerless, and a dull, grey mist hung in the air, and hid the distant hills, and my own frame of mind and feeling corresponded very much to the colouring of the November day; a class of the kind, such as I wanted to open for men and lads, had never been held before in our parish, and I had but faint hopes that it would gain popularity even with a few. It was the Master's work, however, and so I went bravely forward. That first morning five met around me, and three out of the five, at least, were heavy and unsympathetic enough; still, as I have said, it was only what I had expected, and I resolved not to be stopped by this apparent failure, so next Sunday my five and I were together again with our Bibles in our hands. Months went by; the spring flowers smiled, and the summer sun laughed, and the red gold of autumn came and went in the woods; November was come again, and I was sitting in my class-room now with twenty-five instead of five around me. To-day this same class counts its seventy members.

How the class has thus multiplied and widened, its teacher cannot say in words that will bring forward any single, distinct, special reason; no doubt the increase has come from several causes at once. A lively, attractive manner with the men has, of course, something to do with it; a lady who keeps a Bible class must, if she wishes for success, throw herself into the daily lives and modes of thinking of her pupils, and try to understand their temptations, which are so different from her own, and sympathise warmly with all their joys and sorrows. Doing this will put heart and animation into her face and voice, without any effort on her part; charm of manner will, as it were, come naturally to her, and certainly her own character will open and soften as she goes on in this direction; a selfish, self-absorbed woman, hedged around with narrow, hard prejudices, can never, with any well-founded hope of good results, take the teacher's chair in a Bible class meeting.

The Bible class pupils themselves also do much towards enlarging their class; once get firm hold of a single workman in a shop or a factory, or on a farm, or down in a mine, and his comrades will sooner or later be almost sure to follow him to the Bible class, one or two at a time. The one man, with better thoughts and purer feelings, is like the little leaven which leavens the whole mass. He tells of what he hears in class-hours while he plies his handicraft; as the light of the Lord of Life grows brighter and stronger within him he burns to let others know the good tidings. Men talk, too, always freely and readily, and listen as well, while they are at work, and so they speak much of all they hear at the Bible class. Their companions come with them at first out of curiosity, and then, with God's blessing, with the Power that is from above helping mightily, as it always does help in all work done faithfully in the Master's Name, something better than curiosity will follow, and bind him with tender, yet unbreakable, cords to his seat there in that room where the Holy Word is read and explained. Above all, prayer, earnest prayer, will fill to overflowing the Bible class, and constantly must the Bible class teacher be upon her knees, in earnest and strong supplication for more and more to be led, by her humble means, into the Good Shepherd's fold; and most assuredly will the joyous sight of well-filled benches gladden her eyes.

One great and indispensable requisite for Bible class teaching is some knowledge of Eastern ways and customs, which will serve to illustrate and make clear certain passages in Scripture that are, otherwise, dim and strange and unnatural to the illiterate English mind. Another faculty to be diligently cultivated by the Bible class teacher, and one that will make her lessons especially interesting and attractive, is the faculty of holding up before her pupils vivid pictures of places or scenes. The men, as they sit around her, should see the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee glistening in the glorious Eastern sunshine as the Lord trod its shores, or Nazareth nestling like a white dove in its green, upland valley, or the procession of the bride-

groom, at an Eastern wedding, gliding with its long wavy line of torches silently through the night, until at length the cry rings out, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," the bride's house is reached. Graphic description like this brings Bible history and Bible times close to the men of to-day, who work among railways with modern tools in their hands, who are worn and battered with the crowd and conflict of our nineteenth-century every-day life.

A little emulation does no harm at a Bible class any more than it does elsewhere; it makes the pupils diligent in searching the Scriptures, to give out weekly or monthly certain questions referring to different parts of the Bible, and to institute a scale of prizes for more or less knowledge shown in the answers. If the competitors can be brought to add a thought of their own to the answers they write down, and more especially a thought that touches on the particular religious truth taught by the passage in hand, a yet higher end than emulation will be gained. Of course this can only be expected from the more advanced members of our class. In every Bible class, both in town and country, there must often sit men who read with difficulty, not to speak of writing; these are those who most of all enjoy and profit by the picturesque mode of teaching spoken of above.

It is wonderful how many apparently conflicting elements may be made to harmonise together in a large Bible class. The writer of this paper has every Sunday sitting around her men of forty and boys of fifteen—tradesmen and their apprentices, farmers' sons and farm servants, mechanics and labourers—and the unity among them is perfect; indeed, these different ingredients in our class seem to keep a true, even balance in our meetings, a melody composed of many parts that brings out sweetest music. Our middle-aged men have such a kind, earnest, elder-brother-like sort of way of teaching our boys; there comes such a gentle seriousness into the faces of our bright, merry lads, who in general can scarce keep a muscle still for the very quicksilver of fun that runs in their veins, as they take their familiar places among these grave fathers of families, as fellow-students of the Holy Word. They know all well enough that one may be full of keen radiant intelligence while his neighbour at his side takes in but slowly the simplest fact, but neither has a gleam of contempt or distrust for the other, for they have, while in the class room, a calm yet high spell upon them, that makes them feel that they are all one in one redemption, in one Almighty Master's sight.

I said my pupils were a dull, heavy set on that first Sabbath morning when they gathered round me, but as we glance at them to-day no such words rise to our lips. Let us take a little turn round our class and pause for a moment before a few of those who are sitting here. This man with the handsome, almost southern features, whose eyes have such a watchful brightness in them as they wander hither and thither to see if all is going on reverently and orderly as befits the place, is the head to-day of our class; and yet some twelve years or so ago he was so afraid of being brought under class influence, and so shy and awkward with ladies, that he would hide behind any hedge in the parish when the Bible class teacher went by. Now look into this next face: how like it is to the face we can dream the beloved disciple had in early days when he first heard the voice of his Lord and Friend. This is the pride and darling of the class, who has grown up in it from boyhood to manhood, and who has never given his teacher a sad, misgiving thought, or his companions a word which did not help them on in the upward road. Pause here beside this strongly-built fellow, whose features are hard enough and rough enough to have been cut out in the stone of his native hills. Not many months ago his Sabbath was spent in his every day clothes with a pipe in his mouth, lounging in his own chimney-corner, or in that of the public-house; but in some happy hour he has found his way through the door of the Bible class room, and now he sits among us looking as neat and well-dressed as any man around him, and fixing his eyes with earnest wistfulness on the teacher, as though his soul were just beginning to wake up to the good Gospel tidings and to hunger for them.

To the left of the teacher's chair there appears every Sunday a fine, upstanding figure, which once was clad in a marine's dress, but now wears a policeman's uniform. What thrilling stories he can tell of perils in the great deep, and how calm and firm his faith is in the dear Lord who walked upon the waters; for his ear there will be a voice, saying, "Peace be still," even when the wildest waves of trouble or temptation rage round him, and his Bible class has helped him, as he will tell you, to catch the blessed tones of power and love. Here is another who can talk of things from his own life experiences, that hold the listener spell-bound in breathless interest. He has served in the Afghan war, and he can tell of the march through the deep, rocky defile, of the midnight surprise; but since he came to our Bible class he has learned a still better and higher soldiership, he knows Who his great Captain is and follows Him bravely.

In that other corner sits the last of a remarkable trio of brothers, who have all been Bible class pupils in their turn, and all distinguished themselves by singular roguish playfulness as boys, and quickness of wit as men. They all had stronger passions and keener feelings than most of their companions, aye, and sharper brains too, and their Bible class has had a wondrous influence under God in helping them to rule themselves and stand up resolutely against temptation, and to use well the powers of mind given them. For one, his teacher may thank the Good Shepherd with most bright, assured hope, for did he not pass away to His Almighty arms holding her hand and murmuring, with his latest earthly breath, words of joy and gratitude about his Bible class teachings? And even now in hours of weariness and despondency does not her old boy seem to whisper, with an angel's voice, in her ear, bidding her take courage, for her help is more than the help of man. His younger brothers are still struggling bravely for the right here below, striving to gain the incorruptible crown which he has reached; one has left us for a wider sphere of work, but with his old Bible class teaching still lying on his heart as a shield, as many a letter testifies. We have not time to linger any longer, though round us are faces that are all full of meaning, and all look as if they told a silent story; faces of men who have known both sorrow and temptation in their darkest shapes, faces with the glow of life's sunrise shining on them, yet mingling with a more glorious brightness, as an earnest light comes into the young eyes while they bend over the Holy Book, faces that speak of the wakening up of conscience, faces all sparkling with quick intelligence, faces that have known the mourner's tears, faces which, in general, are very ready with smiles, but which here, in the Bible class room, are as calm and grave as rays of moonlight. Such is a hastily sketched picture of our Bible class; let every girl who reads this, and has a mind and a heart for the good work for God, try to gather just such another class around her, and with earnest prayer and resolute effort success will sooner or later be hers.

A spirit of pride in their class is a good spirit to put into a Bible class. It makes the men and lads go about through the world with a feeling that they would be losing caste if they were mixed up in anything low and mean. They will not admit having among their number a man suspected of dishonesty, or any base deceit, and so, almost insensibly, the whole moral tone of the members is raised.

I have said nothing about Bible classes for women and girls, but they should have their Scripture teaching too, as well as the men, though, in general, they cannot be got together in as large numbers. The remarks given here about Bible classes for men apply very much in the same way as Bible classes for women; they need, perhaps, a yet more thorough entering, on the part of the teacher, into all the small cares and worries of everyday life, and a closer bringing to bear upon these of the Gospel light; otherwise the instruction should be exactly similar.

It is well for a Bible class teacher to get a little personal knowledge of each one of her pupils; for this purpose she should try to have, at least, a few minutes' private talk with each new member, then she will learn his special temptations, his own peculiar joys and sorrows, fancies and fears, and if she has a gift of influence, which she should certainly endeavour to develope in herself, she will in this way gain much power for good over him. It is quite impossible, in the publicity of the class-room, with so many eyes and ears around, to carry on a conversation of this sort; the shrinking, sometimes sullen, manners of the men show that they have no liking for such a proceeding. But it is a very different thing when the working man or lad meets in private the spell of gentle Christian love; then his heart opens freely, and gradually his whole confidence is given to his teacher. No Bible class teacher then should neglect this way of getting an insight into her pupils' characters; it will make her task of leading them upward much easier, and if the men remain in the class she should always, at intervals, resort to it.

Bible class instruction cannot be too plain and simple in the matter of the language used to convey it; we should employ in it the shortest words possible, and often enforce it by some homely expression. In this way it will the most quickly find its road into our pupils' hearts, and make the blessed Gospel music a household melody there; and in thought too, as well as words, we *must go down into* the everyday lives of our scholars, and try, as far as we can, to make ourselves one with them.

One word in conclusion about the special aptitude of ladies for becoming Bible class teachers: one word to show that there they are in their right place. It is certain that nothing has so raising, softening an effect on working men and boys as attending a class of this sort kept by a lady. It makes them better husbands, better fathers, better brothers; it has by degrees a most happy influence on their intercourse with every woman they approach, for in every woman they learn to see something of their lady Bible teacher, and to reverence her accordingly; thus the latent spirit of Christian chivalry is wakened up in many a man's heart.

Be brave, then, English girls, and set about this noble woman's work of Bible class teaching; set about it relying upon Him who can alone give strength for all high earnest work, and great shall be your reward both in this world and the next.

ALICE KING.





CLASPED HANDS.

CHAPTER III.

"WILLIE grew up handsome and bold. He was my pride. Every morning as he went rosy and happy to school, my eye followed him till the turn of the old sand quarry planting hid him from my view.

"He was the brightest boy at school, and speedily learned all that in those days was thought necessary for a boy to know who had to work for his daily bread.

"How it came that a great and unconquerable longing for the sea took possession of Willie I cannot tell. That he who *had never* seen water, except the great milldam up in the moors, should have his imagination full of the sea and ships was, and still is, a mystery to me. His mind was fixed on becoming a sailor.

"He could not take to farming, and I did not wish it. *I could* not bear to have him go to the dull animal life of a farm servant, and our little croft was not wide enough for his bright young life.

"My only admirer, a godly, serious young man, whom I had met at the minister's class, had gone to sea as a ship's carpenter. He returned from a voyage half round the world. Willie naturally took to him, and made John Haxton's life a complete catechism for some weeks.

"After some serious thought, my father at last gave his consent for Willie to go to the West Indies, with John Haxton in the 'Ocean Bride.'

"I was glad in one way for Willie, but weary and sick at heart for myself. The preparations for his long voyage were all made by myself; love was in every fold of his garments.

"Long will I remember the last evening we spent together. It was the Sabbath. We sang 'O God of Bethel,' and read the ninety-first psalm. I yet seem to hear my father's grand prayer, when we all seemed close on the steps of the great white throne. Then his simple hand-shake to Willie, before he retired, and 'God guide you.'

"Willie and I sat over the blazing ingle, and talked of all he was to do. Willie all eagerness and joy for the wonderful future, I all sadness at the thought of parting. We talked till the great clock struck the midnight hour. Then Willie showed me how to fold a letter, one of the great square sheets that were a puzzle to my large awkward hands. Then he took a thought to fold two preparatory, and in his own beautiful copy-like hand he wrote his own name and his master's address in Berbice. He told me to write inside and fold it up in the same way, and send it by James Wilson, the carrier, to Glasgow.

"I went to my father's desk, took out this old seal—it was my grandfather's by my mother's side. I gave it to him as a minding from me, and told him to seal his letters with it. I talked to him about his own mother, gave him her Bible and 'Pilgrim's Progress;' I told him her message to him, and said if he would keep from evil to read a chapter of his Bible every day, and to pray night and morning.

"Rover, the collie dog, lay on the hearth at our feet. A short bark from him warned us that John Haxton was coming, a signal from me to take the steaming pot of sowens from the fire. We sat round to eat, but we could not do more than taste. Willie was too joyous to eat; we were too sad. As a better security for Willie, I had actually promised to marry John Haxton when he returned from his voyage. He had often asked me to make the promise, but I could not bear to leave Willie and my father.

The bundles were all packed, and everything ready, so out we went into the bright starry night. They had to walk to Greenock, and I wished to convoy Willie as far as I could. The many miles seemed short; too soon we reached the town, and John Haxton stopped at a small inn with the sign of the Blue Lion. Willie and I stood on the road holding each other's hands. Presently two or three half-sleeping men came out with John, and we all walked down the lane to the quay.

"The bundles were tossed into the boat. Willie was the first to get in, without a formal good-bye. John Haxton was the last, he wrung my hand, but my eyes were on Willie. The boat pulled off, and left a lonely woman with a sad, sad heart, standing as in a trance. I seemed as if I could not move; my eyes looked over the cold river, and followed the boat into the grey mist; then I listened for the stroke of the oars till the sound ceased. Then my tears flowed fast, and I dragged my stiffened limbs away. After I started walking I could not walk quick enough to still my beating heart. It was just a little past milking time when, sad and weary, I reached the house that looked so lonely now, with the bright, joyous Willie away.

Eagerly I read every book or magazine that told anything of the world into which Willie had gone. Africa, America, the South Seas, all mission stations had some connection with Willie.

"After many months I got a letter from him, all full of the sea and the flying-fish and the black men he had seen.

"Soon I had to write a letter to tell Willie that our father was dead. The schoolmaster put two or three lines into it.

"How lonely and long the days were; how dreary the winter when the snow lay white on my father's grave. The frost was going away, and one night I sat alone spinning by the firelight. Rover gave a sharp bark, shook himself, and stood in an attitude of attention.

"I could hear heavy footsteps crackling the ice in the little dubs outside. I was too excited to move, the door opened and John Haxton was in the middle of

the kitchen. I looked behind him; he was alone, his face too grave for welcome. I threw my apron over my head, and I heard a voice that sounded as if it could not be my own, saying, 'Oh! where is Willie?' For answer, two strong kind hands closed round my wrists, and a manly voice said, 'Girzie, I would have brought him back if I could, but he has gone away from both you and me.'

"John put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, and laid down on the table beside me the great seal with the clasping hands.

"'Girzie,' said he, 'Willie told me to give you this, and say that he never forgot your words and his mother's message. Now he has got through the river and into the New Jerusalem.'

"John, to give me time to recover, turned to his bundle, and took from it my own letter and in it a jet black curl of Willie's hair. He told me that it was the one that lay on his forehead, and even then I felt inclined to find fault with John for spoiling my boy's loveliness.

"Softly and kindly John told me that Willie took the fever of the country, and got nursed through it on shore. John had got leave to be with him a great deal and had tended him carefully. But Willie got well of the fever only to go off in what the doctor said was a galloping consumption. 'Two days before the ship sailed we buried him in a bonny graveyard, close to the sea he loved so much,' said poor John.

"John Haxton urged me to keep my promise. He told me that he had money enough to buy the wheelwright and blacksmith's shop at the Mearns toll-bar, but I could not. I told him we could not have marrying and burying in the same year."

"He renewed his request often, but it could not be. It was a bad omen to begin wedded life with such a sad, sad heart.

"After some weeks John came and said, 'Well, Girzie, I'll take another voyage in the old ship.'

"'Yes, John,' said I, 'and next year my father's lease is out, so all will be in good time,' and again the hands slipped apart.

"We parted, but the 'Ocean Bride' was never more heard of, and John Haxton did not come back."

CHAPTER IV.

"'When I sailed across the sea,
A laddie bold and free,
The corn sprang green on Strathairly.
When I came back again,
'Tis an auld man walks his lane
Slow and sad through the fields o' Strathairly.'"

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"'Oh! to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and ponder—
Why clings my poor weak heart to any earthly thing?
Each tie of earth must sever
And pass away for ever,
There's no more separation in the presence of the King.

"'Oh! I shall soon be yonder,
All lonely as I wander,
Waiting for the welcome summons, longing for the bird's fleet wing.
Though the midnight may be dreary,
And the way be long and weary,
There's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the King.'"

F. Armstrong.

GIRZIE left her old home when her father's lease was out, but not for the snug cottage where she had hoped to be as John's wife. She came to nurse my eldest brother, and she managed to teach us all that duty is the mainspring of life.

She was stern and handsome; a face that reminded one of a cross, not a soft line in it, not large features, but forehead, mouth, chin, all were square, giving no index to her heart, only when you looked into the large, mild, dark eyes could you feel the warmth and kindliness of her whole loving nature. Her hair, black and knotted into hard knobs at each temple, added to the general look of squareness.

She always wore a brown merino gown, made quite plainly in waist, sleeves, and skirt, short enough to show her white lamb's-wool stockings; her low shoes were tied over the instep with black silk ribbon; a long lustre apron and a small shoulder shawl of black and white tartan covered as true a heart as I have ever known. She was tall and not ungraceful. The dress was comely and would be a fitting uniform for a nurses' home. She seemed to have a whole gamut of brown merino gowns hanging in her room, her Sabbath-day one being the said brown merino in its first stage.

The only other costume she ventured was a black silk, the shoulder shawl replaced by a silk pelerine and a lace collar. The silk was only worn on such important occasions as christenings, and the night of my father's return from Liverpool when he made his quarterly visit for the purchase of cotton.

Commendation of any kind was displeasing to Girzie, and when it was given she was sure to remark, "It's far short of my duty."

She had no haphazard views of life. Her ideas were all defined. Her wages, represented by a handful of crisp new bank notes, were apportioned at once for the last half year. She laid down one pound—that's for the Lord; then something more—that's for the poor and needy. All her wants arranged, the remainder went to what she grimly called her "coffin," a small cottage on the outskirts of the village, whose church she had always attended, and where were the graves of her forefathers and Elsie. It was a tiny Scotch cottage, of two apartments and an attic for storing wool. The kitchen was as bright and cheery as possible, one window looked to the east and two to the west. Behind there was a strip of ground for vegetables, and a little bit in front for flowers. The largest of cabbage roses and sweetest of southernwood bloomed there. Her forefathers had been staunch Covenanters. Many tales she could tell of hairbreadth escapes—stories told in her girlhood on winter nights by blazing inglesides. The moral of all these tales was, "Do your duty bravely, and God will take care of you," and "be thankful that there is another life."

I have said she reigned over our household for many years, and never were children committed to more faithful hands.

The only one who disputed her sway was Doctor Jamieson, the family doctor. He was in every respect a velvety man, dark hair and eyes, a complexion that a lady might have envied, all lilies and roses. His step, voice, clothing, and particularly his hands, were velvety; but to Girzie he could show the claw under the velvet. They were rivals! And when it was necessary he should come Girzie was wont to say, in her pure Doric, "If it wasna that a woman body couldna be expected to fight the King o' Terrors, I wuldna gi'e my consent to bring ony ane of thae murderers to this hoose. It's just poison or the knife with them all."

Many a sensible man tried to induce Girzie to enter the state of matrimony, but she had only one answer, "I'm promised already."

It happened that I was privileged to hear one of the love-makings.

The little ones were all asleep in bed, and I was sitting by nurse reading aloud for her benefit a chapter of Dwight's Theology. Cook put her head in at the nursery door and said, "Mrs. Mitchell, there's somebody wanting to speak to you."

"Who is it, cook?" inquired Girzie.

"Naebody but Gourlay Ritchie."

"What can he want? Oh, I daresay some of his children will be sick."

Gourlay Ritchie was the head mechanic at the great cotton mills; the man who knew all the wheels, and could set in motion or stop them at pleasure. He was a marvel to me, his bronzed face and brawny arms attracted me. When I chanced to see him he would call me the "Wee white lamb."

"Oh, Girzie," said I, "let me go to see Gourlay;" a great treat for me to visit the proscribed region of the kitchen.

"Well, you may come, Miss Isbel."

Down stairs we went, I slily peeping behind Girzie at the great giant who leant against the lofty chimney piece.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mitchell."

"Good evening, Maister Ritchie. How are all the children?"

"All bravely."

Gourlay was preoccupied, he did not even notice the flaxen head trying to attract his attention behind Girzie's brown gown.

Cook tried to leave the kitchen when Gourlay said, quickly, "You must not leave. They know my errand well enough. Mrs. Mitchell, I was thinking of getting a mistress up by. The bairns and the house and myself all need looking after."

"Oh! you are thinking of a housekeeper?"

"Well, no just that; but I was thinking may be *you would* come up to us and make us a' richt?"

"You see I could not leave a place like this."

"But I was wanting you to come as a wife, Mrs. Mitchell."

"That could never be, Ritchie; I am promised to anither, and when the Lord's time comes I'll meet him. I know you need a wife, and I hope, both for your own sake and the children, you'll get a good one. You have my best wishes. Good-night, Ritchie."

Half-an-hour after, when Gourlay had left, Girzie descended to the kitchen. Katie Macnab, the pretty parlour-maid, was busy polishing her trays; May Macfie, the cook, was arranging her pans on the dresser. They evidently knew what was coming, as Girzie said,

"How could you lasses so far forget yourselves as to stuff any man's head with such havers? It's barely decent in me to hear such a question from any man, and me promised twenty years ago."

And Girzie stalked off, her cap almost brushing the top of the door frame, she held her head so loftily.

Gourlay Ritchie married the pretty parlour-maid. I went to the wedding, and was held in Gourlay's great hands to kiss the bride. Katie made a kind mother to the little ones and a true help-meet to Gourlay.

Girzie was sixty when she fairly settled down in her *little cottage*. She ostensibly went back to the occupations of her girlhood, and spun wool for blankets; but wherever there was a sick person to be nursed or motherless little ones to be comforted Girzie was always ready. Wherever she was, busy or not, it was her custom to return to her home at seven o'clock every evening for one special purpose, and, whether she was alone or had guests, as the hour of seven struck she took down the great Bible, and said, "Now we'll take the Book," and read, always *aloud*, in grand, impressive tones, the words of Holy Writ.

She used to say, "Miss Isbell, you need never fear a lonely life if you have your Bible and your Father in Heaven;" and always she would continue, "At one part of the day read a portion of it out loud. You will wonder how much more instructive it is if you hear it read, even by your own voice."

In after years I often visited Girzie, yet never left without some talk of Willie and looking over her treasures—Willie's Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress," two gigantic pink-lined shells that Willie had bought for her at one of the islands, the old seal, and John Haxton's mother's wedding ring, in the little foreign box.

Many a time of weeping I had over these sacred relics, Girzie sitting dry-eyed, saying, "Eh! lassie, but it does my auld heart good to see Willie's things in your bonny fingers."

Girzie never repined. "It was the Lord's way," she said, and "He has a right to do according to His own will."

The last time I saw her she sat propped up in a great easy chair. Pale she was and wrinkled, but in her old age was perfectly beautiful.

I was going to a foreign land, and had come to say farewell. She said, "If ever you are in that part of the earth, you'll look for Willie's grave, lassie. John Haxton had a wide, wide grave, I've often sat by it. But I'll meet them a'—aye! aye!—I'll meet John. I've ne'er lost grup o' his han'. When you hear that I am gone you will know that I am with the blood-redeemed throng. The Lord will not enter into judgment with His servant, for the Saviour has thrown around me the robe of His righteousness. It's all of grace! all of grace!"

The love of seventeen had not died out at seventy. Often she said, "I'll meet John there. I've had that hope all my days."

Surely, when she neared the shining portals there would be accorded to her Christian's "and all the bells of the city rang again."

As she lay in her last sleep the old seal with its clasping hands rested on her heart.

ISABELLE WILLIAMSON.

HOME TRADES.—II.

BOOKBINDING.

I DO not propose to supply directions for the pursuit of the art of bookbinding in its more costly and beautiful forms; for comparatively few amongst my readers would feel disposed to make the outlay demanded to carry out the work to the highest point of excellence of which it is capable. Besides, this article is not designed for persons aspiring to an engagement in the great firms of large cities, the competition being already so great, for no less than 5,272 women are employed in the craft in London alone. I address myself to two classes only, to the amateur, who seeks an agreeable occupation, or who has little to bestow on the preservation of her books, save the "cunning" of her own right hand, and to the professional who might earn a modest independence in some small country town, where likely to enjoy the monopoly of a business which could be prosecuted without leaving the threshold of home.

The first matter for consideration regards the appliances, and the unavoidable outlay to be made upon them. They consist of the following articles:—

Harrild's smallest lying press, combining lying, cutting, and backing appliances, which can be had for £1 5s., having a plough, press-pin, and knife or shear supplied with it.

A middle-sized sewing press at 8s. 9d., including three brass sewing-press keys (at 3d. each, the full five are required).

A folder, or kind of paper-knife, 4d., and a folding-stick.

A cutting out knife, 8d., about the size of a small table-knife, which latter might serve sufficiently well.

A beating hammer, from 4s. to 6s.

A Lancashire wing compass, at from 3s. to 5s.

A backing hammer at 2s. 6d.

A pair of royal octavo cutting boards, at 5d., ten inches in length.

A pair of do. backing boards at 7d.

A pair of do. pressing boards at 1s. 6d.

A French knife for paring leather.

A pair of shears (scissors) at from 16s. to £1 10s.

A bookbinder's finishing stove.

A knocking-down iron, 4s. 6d.

A bookbinder's rule, 4s.

A bodkin (or awl), 6d.

A packet of sewing needles.

A fine tenon saw.

Marshall's sewing thread.

Hempen cord for "bands."

Straw-board, for common work, or black-board, which is the best, sold by the sheet, one of which will suffice to make the covers for about four royal octavo volumes, leaving enough for one extra cover.

A stone for sharpening the cutter of the plough.

Glue and paste brushes, paste, glue, and glue-pot.

Stout brown paper for making spring-backs.

End paper, coloured, the "marbled" to be had at from 2s. 9d. per quire and upwards, and thinner white lining paper.

Bookbinder's cloth, at about 1s. a yard, to be had in pieces. Or roan leather, sold by the skin at 6s., which will cover about twelve royal octavo vols. I name these two inexpensive materials only, as calf, Russia leather, Morocco, vellum, silk, and velvet would scarcely be selected by a novice in the art of binding.

Of course, for purposes of decoration, many more articles would be required than are here enumerated, such as marbling materials and colours, gold and silver leaf, burnishers, pressing-plates, brushes, &c., but our present article is designed to teach the process of simple binding, apart from the art of decoration, which latter could only be carried out at a considerable extra expenditure. Machinery, tools, and all materials employed in the trade, may be procured at one and the same manufactory.

We should now make a little further acquaintance with our tools. The backing and cutting boards appear similar at first sight, but they differ in this respect: that, while both are thicker at one side-edge than at the other, the backing boards are cut flat at the thick edge, while the cutting boards are chamfered off. The pressing boards are of one uniform thickness, and are designed to cover the entire sides of a volume, excepting the raised edge above the groove on either side, formed by the beating of the back over the thick portion of the backing-boards—of which hereafter.

The ploughshear, or cutter, has a rather rounded, vandyke-shaped point, and when sharpened should be kept in the same form. The knocking-down iron is of an oblong shape, flat at each side, and having a handle on one of them, by which to hold it when, laid on one edge, the sewn but unbound volume is hammered against it. A common flat iron might be employed as a substitute by an amateur if to save expense were an object. The sewing press consists of the stand, or "bed," the two vertical screws, the cross-bar, on which there are five or more movable rings called "lay cords," to which the hemp cords, or "bands," which fasten the covers of a book to the leaves, are secured. Directly under the cross-bar, and in the "bed" or foot of the sewing-press, there is a long opening running the whole length of the cross-bar, which is called the "slot." The brass keys resemble tuning forks, having two prongs at one end, and a flat piece at the other, with a round hole through it. Enough now respecting our implements.

The process of binding, and the order to be observed in the execution of its different departments is as follows.

1.—Fold sheets, if a new book, or sever the compartments.

2.—Collate.

3.—Roll or beat with a beating-hammer.

4.—Sew.

5.—Prepare end-papers, and paste them in.

6.—Plough the fore edges.

7.—Glue the back.

8.—Round the back.

9.—Plough head and tail.

10.—Fan out, and colour edges if desired.

11.—Beat over the grooves.
12.—Cut the mill-boards, and line, if desired.
13.—Affix them to the book.
14.—Make and put on spring back.
15.—Make cloth covers.
16.—Put in book, cut, and finish.
17.—Stamp, gild, and letter, if desired.

Supposing that "half-binding" be required, the work must be carried on so far as when the spring back has been affixed. Then the leather pieces for back and corners must be measured, cut out, and shaved—the edges thinner than the middle—and pasted on. Then the calico must be measured and pasted on over the edges of the leather.

Try to learn this order of your work by heart so that you need not hesitate in passing from one branch to another, as great expedition is often essential. So much for our sketch of the several departments of the art; we now pass on to the details of each successively.

Two descriptions of work must be considered, a new and an old book, demanding respectively a different mode of treatment. In the former case the trouble is greater, for there is "folding" to be done as well as "collating," as the printer sends the books in sheets. Arrange the latter on a large table, and turn the "signatures," which you will observe at the foot of the first page of every sheet facing downwards, on the left-hand side. By "signatures" I mean the letters or numbers by which the correct sequence of the leaves in their collective form or "compartments" is guided, and their arrangement thus is called "collating." When letters are used, and the first alphabet has been run through, the letters re-commence doubled. Having laid these signatures facing downwards on your left side, take the "folding-stick," lay it in the central margin and turn over the sheet from the right to the left side. Hold the doubled sheet up, and you will see through it sufficiently well to ascertain whether the printing on one side faces truly upon that of the other. If at all askew, you must rectify it at once, or the type may run slantwise, and the margin will not be of one uniform width. Then hold both sides firmly together, and turn over the top double portion of the sheet, drawing the folder across it on the inside, and making the crease exactly in the middle of the double margin, when the lower parts of the letter press will again lie evenly, face to face. A third repetition of the same process will complete the folding of the sheet and bring the signature uppermost, as lying on the table at the foot of the first page. Should the sheets be those of an octavo volume, there will be sixteen pages in each compartment, being eight leaves in the four folds.

If, however, the book to be bound be an old one, you are saved the trouble of folding, but you will have delicate work to do in separating the several compartments, sewn and glued together. Lay each successively back on the table, flatly, pressing the first compartment down well at its junction with the rest, and sever the threads before you draw them, one by one, from the series. As each is removed, clear off all the old glue from the folded edge, holding the knife as flat with the outer sides of the compartment as possible, so as to make no tear in meeting with obstruction.

When all the sections are folded, or divided, and cleaned, they should be rolled, the "dog's ears" having been previously opened out. But if you have not got a roller they should be well beaten with a broad 10lbs. weight "beating-hammer" upon a hard stone or iron, the volume divided into sections of about half an inch in thickness. Should you have no "beating-hammer," nor iron slab or stone, you might place them between pressing-boards under a heavy press. Let all the backs be even with each other, knocking the series with the backing-hammer at the "head," or top of the leaves, but not at the "tail," or under part, and also at the back, or folded edges. A roller-press would be desirable; but this, as well as a binder's press, is expensive; the former is a little dangerous to the fingers of a novice, for they might easily be drawn under the roller, and a common table-linen press would serve as a substitute.

The next part of the process is to place the book, still evenly adjusted, between the backing-boards, the latter placed about the eighth of an inch below the corners of the back; and then all must be secured firmly in the lying-press, so as to keep the back steady for the sawing across it. If the book be an old one you must avoid the old saw indentations, and make new ones; if one that has never been bound, saw five times (more or less) across the back at equal distant places. Large folios should be sawn in six or seven places, an octavo volume in five, smaller and thinner ones in three, the saw selected having teeth both close and fine. Having taken the volume, carefully adjusted between the backing-boards, and tightly held in the left hand, slip it down between the boards (or vice) of the lying-press, leaving the back about an inch above them. This is an operation that demands much care, for there must be no slipping of the compartments between the packing-boards, nor of the latter askew between those of the press. Then turn the screw with your right hand, and remove the volume to readjust it should it fall out of position in so doing, which it is liable to do. The incisions made by the saw should be only deep enough to receive the "bands," or hempen cords, and the coarseness of the latter depends on the size and weight of the book to be bound.

You will observe that in good binding a rather longer space is left between the last "band" and the "tail end" of the book than the first "band" and the "head"; your incisions with the saw should therefore be regulated accordingly. Another point to be remembered, before using the saw, is the fact that a space at head and tail must be left beyond the first and last "bands," respectively, for what is called the "catch stitch" (or by some the "kettle stitch"), which is made in an octavo volume at half an inch from each end. Within these the incisions are now to be made.

The sewing-press must next be prepared. Take the hempen cord to form the bands, and cut from the ball as many lengths as you have made incisions. They should be about half-a-dozen times the thickness of the book in their respective lengths. Tie them with a slip-knot to the rings on the cross-bar, and pass each cord into the fork of a brass key, then twisting it several times round the neck of the latter, first so adjusting the length of the cord from the cross-bar as that it shall reach the "bed," or foot-board of the press. Then turn the key round, and pass the upper part of the cord back again into the fork of the key, and fix the latter under the front part of the stand, and the loose end of the cord through the hole at the other end of the key. Having thus measured and regulated the length of each band so that they shall be precisely similar one to another; remove the keys from the front, and pass them all down through the "slot," fixing them securely by the two ends of each key.

You must now turn the screws by the nuts on either side until the bands are as tight as harp-strings, and proceed to fit them into the saw-cuttings. Take the first compartment in the left hand, opened in the middle, and holding it so by the introduction of the forefinger, each leaf fitting tightly into its fellow. Stand at the end of the sewing press, on the left side, having your right hand next the cords, and press the compartment against them, fitting the saw-cuttings to them, so that each shall receive its cord in every leaf of the series. Hold it steadily, and pass a needle supplied with the proper sewing thread through the whole compartment (passing it inwards, from the outer edge of the fold) to make the catch-stitch; bringing it out again through the first saw-cutting, at the nearest side of the cord; and passing it inwards again, round the cord (on the other side of it) carefully avoiding to make any new hole. Continue thus through the back, making a complete circle round each cord successively, and out at the catch-stitch at the other end; and then take a fresh compartment, repeat the same process back again; and tie the end of the thread at the spot where you began. When the third is laid on, raise the corner of the preceding compartment with your left hand, pass the needle under it, and bring it out from underneath inwards, passing it round the thread already sewn at the end, so as to secure all the catch-stitches together, successively. When all the series of compartments have been sewn together, fasten-off the thread at the catch-stitch by passing it round through itself.

This done, you may proceed to slacken the screws on either side, and remove the book from the sewing-press and keys. Cut the hemp cords on each side of the back, leaving ends a couple of inches in length. Then take the book by the fore edge with your left hand very firmly to keep the whole in perfect position, lay it on the table, the thumb upwards and the ends of the fingers underneath, that the back may rest flatly, and hammer the back to make it less thick and bulky after the sewing. After this screw it into the lying-press as tightly as possible, and placing the face of the "knocking-down iron" against each side successively, hammer the back again, while holding the slips with the left hand, to prevent the accident of their being drawn through. The first and last sections or sheets must now be pasted to those next them. The top section being thrown back, lay a straight piece of waste paper along the next, at about the eighth of an inch from the back; and paste the narrow space between the latter and the waste paper; remove the paper, and repeat the operation on the other side of the book, and applying the pressing-boards, place the book under a press for a quarter of an hour.

And now while the drying and pressing are going on the making of the end-papers should be accomplished. Of these you may select from a great variety of fancy patterns, and of cream or gold-coloured "surface" papers, as well as from dark shades; also from "marbled" paper of an equally diversified character. These should be cut rather larger every way than the leaves of the book, and a thinner kind of white paper to act as a lining to the loose leaf of the folded marbled paper, and the other half to be left as an inner fly-leaf. Lay a sheet of paper on the table, and use the paste thinly. Fold both the coloured and the white sheet. Brush the paste smoothly over the outside of one of the white fly-leaves, and lay it upon the uncoloured side of one of the end-paper leaves, remembering that the end-paper sheets are to be folded the right or coloured side inwards. When thus pasted together the two sheets, coloured and white, will form three leaves; and when the millboards are attached to the book the unlined coloured leaf will be pasted, on either side respectively, upon their insides as linings. As soon as the end-papers are thus made and ready for use, lay them between two pieces of wood or mill-board, sheets of clean paper between each to keep them from being soiled, and lay them under a press, and then put them in.

(To be continued.)



IN MY GARDEN.

IN MY GARDEN.

We own no widespread lands,
Our store of worldly wealth
A little cottage home that stands
A furlong from the shining sands;
And mine a pair of willing hands,
And youth and strength and health.

When daffodils betray
The coming of the spring,
The blackbird pipes his roundelay,
The earth is very fair and gay,
And in my garden half the day
I blithely work and sing.

'Tis such a tiny patch,
But full of simple flowers,
The cherry blossoms meet the thatch,
And pansies bold the sunbeams catch,
And in this little nook I snatch
My brightest, sweetest hours.

For pleasant thoughts must come
When budding boughs are seen;
Then through the woods I love to roam,
Or wander by the rippling foam;
But in my garden and my home
I'm happy as a queen.

S. E. G.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

By DORA HOPE.

"My dear Joanna, — Do you know, Spooner has her faults! I know you will be surprised to hear it after the description I sent you of her. I am very loth to confess it even to myself, because I did really think she was so perfect when she first came.

"For one thing, she is unpunctual and procrastinating. Every meal is a few minutes late, and nothing is ever done till the last possible moment. But I cannot blame her very much for that, because I feel too painfully that it would be a case of the kettle scolding the pot for being black. I remember your telling me that was my chief failing, and that I had perverted an excellent proverb into: 'Never do to-day what you can possibly leave till to-morrow.' But I am improving, I assure you, and Spooner is a solemn warning to me. She never does anything thoroughly; the knife handles are always dirty and rough, and the crockery and glass smeary, and when I complain, she says, it is because it is poor glass, but that cannot be true, for under Betsy's reign they were always bright. In strict confidence, I do not know how to wash them properly myself; I suppose there is some particular knack in doing it, but I am afraid you overlooked that department of my education.

"But that is not the end of my grievances; the table-cloth never looks fit to use a second time, because she has quite a genius for avoiding the proper creases in folding it up, so that it is crumpled and untidy. I have told her and shown her how to do it properly, and it was better for a day or two, but now is as bad as ever again.

"She does not at all approve of the stock-pot, and when I insist, she neglects to scald it out every few days, so the soup is often sour.

"Then the sink! You should see it. It is generally piled up with dirty plates and dishes waiting to be washed, a saucepan standing in a frying-pan, and most of the holes of the sink stopped up because she *will* empty the tea-pot straight into it, leaves and all, and even the scraps of the plates are left there till the end of the week, when she has a great clean up for Sunday.

"Perhaps I am not stern enough; I read the other day in a curious old book of maxims that if you are of a hasty temper you should never scold your servants till the day after the offence has been committed, but it does not answer at all in my case, as my rage has quite evaporated by the next day, and Spooner is not in the least affected by my mild insinuations.

"But, to be honest, I am afraid the real cause of my non-success in making her mend her ways is that I cannot teach others what I do not understand myself, and I really have no idea what is the correct thing to do with the contents of a half-empty tea-pot, for instance; nor why some people make glass look quite dazzlingly bright, while others never do, even with the best intentions (for I tried in private myself, and the result certainly was not equal to Betsy's).

"If you could send me a few hints about these matters, and others of the same kind, you would confer the greatness kindness on

"Your loving sister,

"Margaret Colville.

"P.S.—I had such a beautiful bouquet sent me on Valentine's day; I cannot think who it could be from."

A few days after Margaret had written this letter, Mrs. Trent called to ask how she liked her new servant.

"She looks nice, does she not, Mrs. Trent?"

"At the first glance, yes; but feeling rather responsible for her, I took the liberty of looking more particularly at her than I should otherwise have done, and, on closer inspection, I am afraid she is not at all neat. I notice that pins too often take the place of hooks or buttons, or a fold of her dress is carefully arranged to hide a hole which ought to be darned."

"I think that is a very fair index to her whole character; as long as one does not notice details it is all right."

"But the details are just what a good house wife does particularly notice. You know the old saying:

"'If you would thrive most prosperously,
Yourself must every corner see.'"

"Yes, I suppose that is true; but Spooner cannot bear my going downstairs and poking about amongst the cupboards, so I shrink from doing so, as it always raises more or less of a tempest. Though I must say that very fact makes me the more uneasy; for, do you know, Mrs. Trent, I hardly like to suggest such a thing, but I am very much afraid she drinks rather more than she ought. I found several bottles which I did not remember in a cupboard, and when I smelt them to see what they contained I felt certain it was spirits, and two or three times she has seemed so very strange and excited, that I was quite afraid of being alone in the house with her. But if she had any weakness of that kind, her mistress would have been sure to mention it in her character, would she not?"

"No, I am afraid you cannot depend upon that. So many mistresses, from a false idea of kindness, give most deceptive characters, quite forgetting that honesty and truthfulness are quite as much a duty in domestic affairs as in anything else. They quiet their consciences by not actually stating anything false, but nevertheless they do not hesitate to give an entirely wrong impression by being silent on disagreeable points; and no doubt that is the reason the character you received was so carefully worded."

"But it seems to me absolutely dishonest, and I do not see that it is really a kindness to the servants, for if they are allowed to go from place to place with impunity, a bad habit of that kind is never likely to be checked."

"You are quite right, but people yield to a feeling of compassion without properly considering the facts of the case; of course, it is equally wrong, if not worse, to give a bad character to a servant who has simply been discharged in a temper, or because of some slight fault. What is wanted is a stronger sense of justice and honesty, and a desire to act honourably by both the lady and the servant. But in the meantime I am not helping you out of your difficulties; I would offer to speak to Spooner for you, but she would naturally resent my interference."

"Yes, I am afraid I had better speak to her myself, but I do so dislike doing it; and besides, it *might* not have been spirits."

"I certainly should not advise you to say anything till you are sure; but the next time you think her manner strange, wait a little while till she has had time to get over it, and then ask her to explain it."

The opportunity Margaret wanted came only too soon. That very evening, on going into the kitchen to give some directions, there was such an unmistakable odour of whiskey, and Spooner looked so confused at Margaret's sudden entrance that there was no choice but to ask the meaning of it. She protested that it was imagination, and that she did not smell anything, but Margaret insisted that she was right, and asked further what were those bottles in the cupboard. At the mention of the bottles, Spooner lost her temper, and putting on an air of injured innocence, said that no one had ever accused her of such a thing before, and if she was not trusted she had better leave.

"Not at all," said Margaret; "I do not want to send you away; and if you can prove that I am wrong I will not only trust you entirely for the future, but apologise for having accused you falsely now. All I want at present is to know what is in those bottles, so if you will tell me it will settle the matter at once."

This, however, Spooner absolutely declined doing, and answered so rudely that Margaret could not but say she had better leave; and

after a private consultation with her father, told her she had better go the next day, and she should have a month's wages, instead of the usual month's warning.

The next morning Margaret went to tell her troubles to her unfailing adviser, Mrs. Trent, and asked her advice as to how to get another servant.

"I should recommend you," said that lady, "to call at the shops at which you deal, and inquire if they know of anyone likely to suit you. Respectable servants in want of a place very frequently mention it to the tradespeople with whom their mistresses have dealt; and if that does not succeed, you must either go to a registry office, or answer another advertisement; but in any case let this be a lesson to us both, never again to be satisfied with a written character. It is time I had learnt that already, but I confess I was deceived by the girl's quiet, respectful manner.

"Even if it involves a good deal of trouble, you should make a point of seeing the girl's former mistress. It is the only way in which you can be sure of getting at the truth, and also by the appearance of the house in which she has lived you will know the kind of work to which she has been accustomed.

"I have heard just the same tale from a bachelor friend of mine," said Wilfrid, who had come in during the conversation. "He had a very evasive sort of character for a man servant, but being ignorant of the convenient equivocations practised by masters in giving characters, he supposed it was all right, and engaged the man; but now he finds that as soon as he has gone to bed, this estimable servant slips quietly out of the house, and spends the first few hours of the night carousing with his friends, leaving a window open through which to return quietly, which of course is equally convenient for the easy entrance of robbers."

Margaret was much impressed, and went to ask of the tradespeople if they could tell her of a good servant.

While she was still prosecuting her inquiries in the neighbourhood, she had a letter from Betsy, saying that her mother was dead, and as she was no longer required at home, if only her "dear Miss Margaret" would take her back, she would work as much as two servants.

This put Margaret rather in a dilemma. She had now learnt to appreciate Betsy's honesty and good temper, but it was a trial to have to go back to her rough ways and untidy habits. Accordingly she wrote her a letter, telling her frankly the state of the case, and saying that she could not take her again unless she would promise to be more careful and thoughtful over her work and neater in herself.

All this Betsy eagerly agreed to, adding that her mother, who was as "gentle as a real lady," had talked about her rough noisy ways, and she had promised her to try to be more "perlite in her behaviour."

So once more Betsy was installed in the kitchen, and peace reigned in the house of Colville.

But before her arrival, Margaret had received a long letter from Joanna, in which, after condoling with her troubles, she went on to answer her questions as follows:—

"The knives are very often a difficulty, as servants persist in putting the whole knife into hot water and soda, which not only discolours and cracks the handle, but in time loosens the cement which fastens the blade to the handle in cheap knives. The blades only should be dipped one at a time, not left in, and wiped at once; the handle is then washed quickly in warm water *without soda*. You will find that very few servants are willing to take this trouble, but you should insist upon it, or your knife handles will soon be spoiled.

"As for the glasses, they are generally smeary through careless drying. They should be washed in *cold* water (Spooner probably used it nearly boiling), and rubbed first with a coarse glass cloth, and then polished for a moment with a soft leather or old cloth. This sounds troublesome, but really takes hardly a minute longer than drying with only one cloth, which probably is wet through before you get to the end of your task. It is a great mistake to be too saving of your cloths.

"Crockery looks dull from various causes. If you were to go into the kitchen some day when your domestic is washing the tea-things, you would very likely find her emptying the contents of the cups into the water she was using; and it is more than possible that there would be a pile of greasy plates at the bottom of the pan; of course if that is the case you cannot expect to have china bright. There should always be a basin at hand into which to drain all the cups and jugs. The plates should be put aside till the smaller things are finished, and then when all the pieces have been collected and thrown into the fire (failing a pig or fowls who will devour them with a relish), wash the plates in hot water, not luke-warm, give them one rinse in a pan of cold water, and put them on the rack without drying them. If they are very greasy a *little* soda or soap may be added, and above all, do not be sparing of water, but change it frequently.

"I am very sorry to hear of your difficulties about the sink, because it is really an important matter. Take great care that nothing that can possibly clog the holes is ever thrown in. The tea-pot may be drained through the spout into the sink, if it is really necessary to waste the tea, then the leaves should be taken out and thrown behind the fire, unless you are likely to want some for sweeping the carpets, in which case you should lay them in an old plate or basin, till they are required, but they must have the air on them or they will go mouldy. Do not use more than are quite necessary, as they are apt to leave a stain on the carpet. The tea-pot must then be rinsed out with hot water, but not emptied into the sink, as the water will wash out the small leaves which have remained in the pot, and they will certainly clog the holes."

"There are very nice little wooden sink tidies to be bought now, with a division for soap and others for sand or flannel, which would help you to keep the place in order. I suppose you have a sink brush, if not, you should get one at once, and insist upon its being used every day. They are made very much like those for saucepans, but an old scrubbing brush does quite as well.

"If, as you say, your kitchens are left in a dirty disorderly condition, I advise you to have a charwoman before your new servant comes, to thoroughly clear up everything, and rearrange it all according to your own taste, you will find it much easier than making alterations after she has arrived.

"I think that is the end of your questions. But there are one or two other suggestions I have to make to you on other domestic matters.

"The first is that pork is just in season. I am quite aware that you do not like it, but probably the boys do, and at any rate it is less expensive than other meat, and it is considered unwholesome after March, so I should advise you to have it once or twice before it is too late. But you must take especial care that it is very well done; when undercooked it is most indigestible. I always have a little sweet oil rubbed on the pork with a brush or feather, it makes the crackling more crisp and brown than dripping does. Do not forget the apple sauce; besides being a nice addition, it also renders the pork more wholesome by assisting its digestion.

Certain vegetables will soon be over too, in particular savoy cabbages, celery, and beetroot, though the latter may sometimes be obtained all through the year. Beetroots are cooked in so many different ways, nearly every family who eat them have a favourite mode of their own. They need careful handling or they will lose all their beautiful colour. After washing, they must be put into a saucepan of boiling water, and boiled till tender, which will take about an hour and a half; then lift them out very carefully, so as not to break the skin, and lay them in a dish till quite cold before attempting to peel them, unless they are to be served hot as a vegetable, in which case they must be peeled and cut into slices as quickly as possible, and sent to table covered with melted butter. They are sometimes stewed with onions, but perhaps the nicest way, and one which I am sure you will find will please the boys, is to boil a little vinegar with some spice in the proportion of a small half ounce of peppercorns and three cloves to a pint of vinegar. Many people add pounded ginger, and horseradish or capsicums, but I do not think you would care for it. When cool, strain this, and pour it over the sliced beets. This pickle can be used at once, but is improved by keeping two or three days.

"The particular attraction of this dish for boys is, that they feel they are eating pickle, which they always like; but at the same time they may safely be allowed to take as much as they please of it, which is not generally permitted with ordinary pickles.

"You must remember the pancakes on Shrove-Tuesday. Lest you have not a recipe for them, I send you mine, which is a good one. Put a quarter of a pound of flour into a basin, break into it two eggs, with a little nutmeg, and half a pint of milk. Mix as smoothly as possible; the consistency should be like cream. Put a little butter in the frying-pan, and when melted pour in two tablespoonfuls of the batter. As soon as one side is done toss over to the other. When well browned lay on a dish, one on the other, till all are done, then sift sugar and squeeze a little lemon juice on each, roll them up, cut them in two, and serve directly. Should there chance to be any snow at the time of year, it takes the place of eggs, allowing two heaped tablespoonfuls to one egg. In this case the batter should stand an hour or two in a cool place before cooking.

"As to marmalade, which you asked me about, you must watch your opportunity for buying the Seville oranges when they are cheap and good. The best time is usually about the end of March or beginning of April. Choose the largest oranges, with nice clear skins; cut them into thin slices, carefully removing all the pips, of which there are innumerable small ones. Put the sliced fruit in a pan, cover with water, and leave for twenty-four hours. Then boil till the pieces of rind become soft, and let stand another twenty-four hours. Now add sugar in the proportion of one pound and a half to one pound of fruit and juice together. Then boil up again for about an hour, or until the peel looks transparent and the juice thickens. This is a much simpler recipe than that ordinarily used, and will, I think, please you better.

"I have neglected to tell you before to look occasionally at the covers on the sides of the mattresses, to see that they are not dirty. You will notice, if you have not already done so, that before I left home I made new covers of glazed holland, which I tacked on with strong thread, to cover the edges of the mattresses. They are sewn with long stitches, so that they are easily taken off to be washed when necessary. I did not use them when I first began housekeeping, thinking them one of the unnecessary fads of housewives, but I soon

changed my mind, for the sides of one bed became so dirty that I had to take the whole bed to pieces to wash the tick."

This letter came just in time to allow of Margaret's following the advice it contained, to have the kitchens well cleaned and re-arranged before Betsy's return.

She bought a sink-tidy and brush, and arranged the kitchen drawers and cupboards according to her own fancy, so that on Betsy's around she was able to take her round her domain, and show her that there was to be a place for everything, and everything in its place.

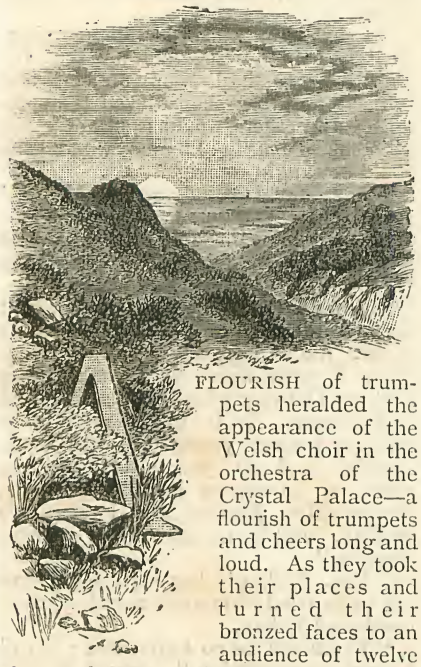
(*To be continued.*)

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By Anne Beale.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MUSICAL TOURNAMENT.



A FLOURISH of trumpets heralded the appearance of the Welsh choir in the orchestra of the Crystal Palace—a flourish of trumpets and cheers long and loud. As they took their places and turned their bronzed faces to an audience of twelve thousand people, it is no wonder that the cheers were prolonged. That five hundred Welsh miners should come all the way from the Principality to do battle with the musical world, if that world so chose, was matter of general interest. When Caradoc, the ex-blacksmith as they called him, appeared, bâton in hand, it seemed as if the noise that greeted him must have shivered the glass-roof above, and when he took his seat in front of his choir, waved his wand, and so moved them to stand, the very foundations must have shaken.

May sat among the *soprani*, by the side of Rachel, conspicuous for her fairness and sunny hair. Tears were in her eyes, and her heart throbbed as if it must burst as the uproar subsided and she fixed her eyes on the leader. But emotion soon ceased when, at a stroke of the bâton, the competition began. The pieces selected were not only classical, but difficult of execution. They were—Bach's motett, "I wrestle and pray;" Beethoven's "Hallelujah chorus," from *The Mount of Olives;* Mendelssohn's "See what love hath the Father," from *St. Paul;* and "Come with Torches," from *The Walpurgis Night*, also by Mendelssohn.

It is sufficient to say here that all these fine works were reproduced with an ease and precision that astonished and delighted the auditors, and that the applause which succeeded each was vociferous and unanimous. But the two pieces that suited best the fiery natures of the musical miners were the "Hallelujah Chorus" and the "Come with Torches." The latter especially was given with such energy and enthusiasm that the effect was almost electrical. The *soprani* particularly distinguished themselves, and as their ringing voices pierced through the arched palace, it seemed as if a chorus of birds was penetrating to the sky beyond. As to May, she was carried away by the music, and stood as if she were really a Druidical rather than a Christian maiden. Someone had told her the story of the *Walpurgis Nacht* and had said that it was especially hers, because it was on the first of May that the witches had met on the Harz mountains on that particular night to scare away the Christians, and that Goethe and Mendelssohn between them had written the piece in honour of the Druids. The Welsh were as much the descendants of the Druids as the Germans, and she was their May Queen; so, said her patriotic informant, the composition was especially hers. Be that as it may, she sang with a will, and looked almost inspired. She had taken off her bonnet, as others had done, and as she stood pouring forth the weird, wonderful, descriptive music, she might have been a fair Scandinavian singer rather than a Cymric one. This fact caused remarks to be made upon her by various members of the audience.

Still, she was only one in a great whole and, where all did well and each was eager as she for the success of the choir, she merely played her part; but she thought she must have sunk through the orchestra when the final plaudits came. Not only were *bravas* shouted, but hats and handkerchiefs waved until the fairy palace of glass resounded with irrepressible applause. Only the judges were immovable, as in duty bound.

Surely the honest toilers underground were gratified, and they looked so as, with smiling faces and exultant hearts, they climbed up to the Handel orchestra to make room for other competitors. The lesser choirs had tried first, but efforts had been made north and south by Mr. Willert Beale, originator of the competition, to induce choirs from afar to run the gauntlet with the sturdy Welshmen; but none had cared to enter the lists save Mr. Proudman, with his tonic sol-fa choir, three hundred strong. He was said to be an ex-saddler, as Caradoc was an ex-blacksmith, and the members of his choir were of a class in London no wise superior to the Welsh miners. But how different their appearance! Pale instead of bronzed faces lined the orchestra, and striking was the contrast between the denizens of London and Wales. Still, the London choir was excellent, and in some points of finish superior to the Welsh, and they gained much and deserved applause, but chiefly from the Welsh portion of the audience, the English having caught for once the Celtic enthusiasm, and exhausted themselves in doing honour to the Principality.

Critics were doubtful as to the decision of the judges, who had been sitting on the daïs in front of the orchestra, and were the well-known composers and musicians, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Barnby, and Sir John Goss, who entered into rest only last year.

"The English have done best! We shall lose the challenge cup!" whispered May to Rachel.

She had listened with breathless attention to the rival choir, and, by an intuitive appreciation of what was excellent, had discovered much in them that she felt or fancied the Welsh lacked, and with spontaneous generosity had silently awarded them the palm.

Indeed, she had much sympathy with "the palefaces," remembering her own childhood. But her divided affections were soon reunited when she heard another mighty shout, and learnt that the judges had decided in favour of the Welsh choir—that the challenge cup was theirs, and they were "the champion singers."

It was long before the hubbub, noise, enthusiasm—call it what you will—subsided.

"I am so sorry for them; they deserve the prize as much as we do," said May, her heart much troubled at sight of the white, still Londoners.

She was somewhat consoled, however, when she learnt that a fifty-guinea harmonium was awarded to them as a "consolation prize," while, in addition to the challenge cup, the Welsh choir were to receive a purse of one hundred guineas.

"I think it is better to lose than win. I should not like to compete again," said May to Uncle Laban and Meredith, as they walked on either side of her through the wonderful mazes of the Crystal Palace, when the choir were on their way to luncheon in jubilant procession.

"Is your name Madeline Goldworthy?" suddenly exclaimed someone in the crowd.

The trio saw a gentleman making his way towards them through the procession that immediately preceded them. They could not pause, so he joined them and walked abreast with them.

"That is her name," said Meredith, making way for him between himself and May, who looked with wondering curiosity at the stranger, but did not recognise him.

"I was sure it was the same: there could not be two heads of hair precisely like that—every hair a separate golden thread, untameable by art. Do you remember sitting for your portrait about twelve years ago? You stood with your arms over your head, a little, dancing, airy, golden-headed child."

"I do! I do! Oh, sir, how did you know it?"

"I am the artist, James Minister. Do you remember?"

"Yes, you were very kind to us—my poor mother and me. That is all I recollect, except my attitude, and that you gave me sweets. And I remember you a little."

Thus answered May, returning the artist's wondering gaze. She had been five years old when that picture was taken—she was now sixteen; yet his features gradually returned to her memory as they had appeared to her long ago when, pencil in hand, he sketched her portrait.

"I have much to say to you—much to tell you," he said, hurriedly. "I was among the audience, and recognised you in the orchestra, and am thankful to have effected this meeting. When can you arrange a private interview with me?"

"I do not know, sir," she replied, glancing from her uncle to Meredith.

"Would you bring Miss Goldworthy to me to-morrow? I know the choir will be occupied to-day," he asked, looking at Meredith. "I have much to communicate. It is important."

"My father?" breathed May, with eager eyes.

"Yes, I can speak to you of him; but not now—*not here*," he replied. "I live in London, and have an appointment this evening, or I would remain and see you again."

"There would be no time," said Meredith, decidedly. "To-morrow I shall be happy to accompany her to whatever place you may appoint. I am her cousin."

Mr. Minister gave Meredith his card, saying—

"In the afternoon. At three o'clock, if that will suit you."

"My father! Is he alive?" cried May. But the sudden halt of the procession separated her from the artist, and she saw him no more that day.

There was no time either for reflection or speculation. With her heart full of doubting, anxious expectation, May was borne amongst the choir to a munificent collation prepared for them. There, under a glass roof, surrounded by beautiful gardens, sparkling fountains, statues, terraces, lawns, and gay crowds, the Welsh choir was feasted. To May it would have been fairy-land but for the late strange encounter. One thought was in her heart—one desire filled her soul: her father! Should she see him again? Was he yet alive?

The charms of music, the pleasure of success, the wonders of the Palace, the watchful care of friends—all were forgotten in this one great, craving longing to hear of him she had well-nigh forgotten, but who was still her father.

"It is not long to wait, dear May; only till to-morrow," pleaded Meredith, who was filling her plate with good cheer.

"To-morrow! It seems as if it would never come," returned May, with gleaming eyes.

And in truth, despite continued excitement, it did seem as if that day would never end. Still, she was obliged to forget herself at seven o'clock, when the presentation of the prizes took place. She felt as one in a dream when she found herself in the opera room of the Palace, and she imagined herself once more on the boards of the stage which she faced, for the choir occupied the centre of the theatre.

The crowds that filled every seat from pit to galleries, the cheers that greeted the appearance of kind and interested friends, oppressed her, and she almost longed to be back at Derwen. What if she should be expected to face such crowds again?

But the sound of the familiar Welsh tongue reassured her, and she roused herself to listen to the speeches, and join in the melodies which interspersed them. The platform — indeed, the theatre itself—was full of Welsh, and some of the speeches were in that language, made by members of Parliament, musicians, and others. And the choir sang the songs she loved and knew by heart, and were again applauded to the echo, until, for the moment, she forgot to-morrow in to-day.

The memorial cup was there. She knew that it was worth one thousand pounds. It was surmounted by a Welsh harp, and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of Wales. She saw a lady come forward and present it to Caradoc amid vociferous cheers; and she learnt that the lady was the wife of Mr. Brinley Richards, the composer, himself a patriotic Welshman, and chief of the committee. Much more she heard and saw, until her head seemed in a whirl between excitement and expectation; but perhaps what pleased her best was Caradoc's speech in Welsh, when he acknowledged the presentation on behalf of the choir of which she was a member. But she thought it must be very embarrassing to stand up and compliment one another, as the gentlemen did upon the platform.

However, it all came to an end at last, and May again found herself under Meredith's protecting ægis. Both he and Uncle Laban were loud in their praises of the speeches, as they had been in their cheers of the speakers. Indeed, the surrounding choristers were equally gratified, and May wondered when the hearty encomiums would cease.

Her wonder was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Everton, who were forcing their way through the mass of people towards her. She had observed Mr. and Mrs. Richards and their daughters on the platforms; indeed, Mr. Richards had been one of the speakers.

"Here we are at last," said Mrs. Everton, breathlessly; and in another moment she was shaking hands, not only with May, but with her other old Derwen friends.

Meredith drew back. His face was flushed, his manner awkward. But she, understanding nothing, offered her hand, and said she was indeed glad to see him again. He touched it nervously, and withdrew behind other of the choristers.

May meanwhile was talking to Mr. Everton.

"Mr. Minister, the painter who took my likeness — he knows about my father. Oh, dear sir, will you pray that he may be alive, and that I may see him again?" she was saying.

"You will come to us on Saturday after the concert, and stay over Sunday, and then we shall hear the result of your interview," said Mr. Everton. "I, too, will call on the artist."

May beckoned Meredith forward, who gave the address. He had quite recovered from his temporary discomposure, and spoke frankly and naturally to Mr. Everton.

"I will take cousin May there to-morrow, sir," he said. "Perhaps, as you knew her mother, you would meet us? You might be able to give information that I cannot."

And so it was settled.

But Uncle Laban drew Mr. Everton aside, and spoke to him seriously concerning May, while Mrs. Everton came to her.

"I saw Mrs. Richards this morning, sir," he said. "She told me that the child's voice had been noticed and praised, and that she believed the committee and others would apprentice her to some place in London where she could be taught to sing."

"The Royal Academy of Music," supplied Mr. Everton.

"Yes, sir. But I am thinking the loss of her would be the death of my parents, who love her dearly."

"If her father should be living, that would perhaps change the whole course of her life," suggested Mr. Everton. "But I quite agree with you; she is best at Derwen, where she is sheltered and happy. It is too often a mistake to remove young girls from their friends, and to place them in the midst of strangers and temptations, though Mrs. Everton and I would see to May. But let us wait quietly over to-morrow."

"Mrs. Richards has settled to have her voice tried to-morrow morning, sir," continued Laban.

"There will be no harm done; it will be only an opinion," remarked Mr. Everton. "The ladies are resolute, and she thinks May, with her beauty and her gifts, is lost at Derwen Fach."

"Do not be afraid, Uncle Laban," here broke in a low, trembling voice. "I could never leave them while they want me."

(To be continued.)



NEW MUSIC.

W. MORLEY, Junr., 70, Upper-street, Islington.

The Watchman and the Child. Words by Mary Mark-Lemon; music by Frederic H. Cowen (set in three keys).—This is a very easy and very effective song by the composer of "The Children's Home," which formed the subject of a ballad story in our last volume. This new song is about a poor little girl with no one to love her who "slumbered amid her violets" on a doorstep as the watchman called out, "Twelve o'clock and a wild wet night." At six o'clock, when this same watchman called out "A sunny morn," the child had "the angels all to love her."

The Angel's Gift (in two keys, for soprano and contralto). Words by Mary Mark-Lemon; music by Cotsford Dick. — The angel's gift was a white rose, which he carried down to the quiet earth in the hush of a tender twilight, to put into the hand of a sleeping child. The words are good, and the music well adapted to them. The composition would be much enjoyed by musical girls.

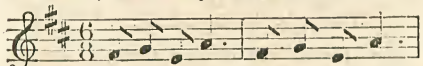
A Golden Wedding (in E flat, compass B flat to E flat, and in F, compass C to F). Words by S. J. Reilly; music by Cotsford Dick. This is an enjoyable song, most suitable for use on the festival of a golden wedding. The song ends with these words:—

"Our steps are falt'ring now and slow,
Our sun draws near the West!
Still on we go, and know that yet
For us life hath its best.
What matter that these things of earth
Grow dim to fading sight?
A higher love than ours shall bring
At eventide the light!"

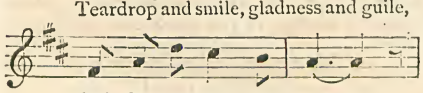
J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street.

In the Golden Eventide (compass D to F). Words by Mary Mark-Lemon; music by Ciro Pinsuti. A simple and pleasing melody with an easy accompaniment. A more suitable title for this song would have been "The Rose's Voice," for it tells of a rose "I gave to her," which "spoke the words I fain had said." In the after days when the stream of life flowed on, a rose again spoke "that love and woke the old sweet dream," and when the tide of her life was o'er "I laid a rose on her silent heart," and "no longer need the rose's voice to awake the old sweet dream." Every girl, we think, would be pleased with this composition.

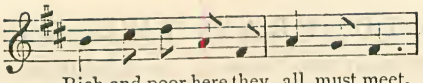
Across the River (In two keys for soprano and contralto). Words by Nella; music by Henry Parker. There are ten pages of this song, but no one would think it too long, for it is a most enjoyable composition, charming music wedded to good words. The time changes from two-four time to six-eight in the chorus, the melody of which runs thus:—



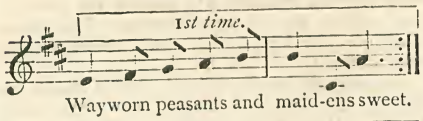
Rowing a-long, stead-y and strong,
Teardrop and smile, gladness and guile,



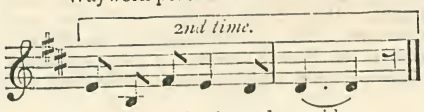
Soft-ly the boat-man sings:
Each in its turn doth come;



Rich and poor here they all must meet,
Side by side here to - ge - ther ride



Wayworn peasants and maid-ens sweet.



Plea-sure, and pain, and pride.

Our girls can here glean but a poor idea of the merits of this beautiful song. They should turn from this to the song itself properly to appreciate and enjoy the composition.



METZLER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.

The Captain's Song. Words by Col. Meadows Taylor; music by J. L. Hatton (Compass C to F).—This is a capital song to present to a musical brother.

Daring Nell. Words by C. J. Rowe; music by J. M. Coward (compass A to E).—It is rather extraordinary that this sea-song, *Daring Nell*, should be written by a Rowe and set to music by a Coward. Notwithstanding the seeming contradiction shown in the title and the composer's name, however, *Daring Nell* deserves to float with other baritone songs in the estimation of the masculine public.

Queenie Gavotte. Pianoforte Solo. By J. T. Musgrave.—The coloured picture on the front page would alone induce our young friends to invest some of their pocket-money, and then the music is equally pretty, with the advantage of not being too difficult for the ordinary pianoforte-player.

LAMBORN COCK 23, Holles-street, Oxford-street.

My Heart! Words by Frederick Langbridge; music by Jacques Blumenthal (compass C to F).—This is a splendid song, but requires much study and declamatory rendering. Suitable only for a grown-up girl.

Reverie, in D Flat. By Claudius H. Couldery. Graceful and soothing.

A Bourrée. By Florence May. A well-written and easy piece, by which a taste for what is really good will be fostered, and is within the powers of our younger musicians.

Minuet and Trio. By Claudius H. Couldery. Another easy and well-marked piece, rather longer than the "Bourrée," but easily committed to memory.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Andantino. By Stephen Heller. Edited by Charles Hallé. A carefully fingered and easy study for young performers. Charles Hallé's name alone would ensure the usefulness and grace of this—what will be thought too short—piece by the player as well as hearer.

Thuringia. Melody by Mendelssohn. Transcribed for the pianoforte by Frederic N. Lohr. This well-known and most pleasingly arranged theme will well repay the careful attention of our young friends. It is graceful and smooth and but moderately difficult.

BOOSEY and Co., 295, Regent-st., W.

Twenty One. Words by F. E. Weatherly; music by J. L. Molloy. (In three keys).—This song, by the writer and composer of "Darby and Joan," is sure to attain the success achieved by the latter song, for it has the same subtle charm of reaching the heart. We had the pleasure of hearing Madame Antoinette Sterling sing both songs the other day, and the new one charmed us as much as "Darby and Joan" has always done. The words are supposed to be sung by one advanced in years, for it commences by speaking of the days of long ago, "when we were only twenty-one." The last verse is:—

"And is not life, for young and old,
worth living then?
Oh, answer from the heart, oh, answer, yes!
To rise above the world and all the ways of men
To win one little child's caress.
One loving hand within your own to clasp and hold,
And all life's duty, as it should be, bravely done,
And ah! you'll soon forget if you are growing old,
Or if you're only twenty-one."

How nice it would be if some of our girls were to visit the aged poor in their cottage homes and sing such a song as this to them. How it would cheer their lonely, desolate hearts, and if in addition they could play the accompaniment, which is most simple, upon the guitar, why the poor old people would begin to pity the young, and think that they themselves had the greatest comforts of this life after all. Our girls will be rejoiced to learn that Madame Antoinette Sterling has promised them an article on "How to Sing in Public." This paper, which will be written to aid girls in singing before their friends, or at any local entertainment, will probably appear in our next monthly part.

HOW TO PLAY THE GUITAR.

By MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN, Teacher to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

THE EDITOR has asked me to write an article on How to Play the Guitar, but I fear it will be rather difficult to do so clearly, as the various effects that can be produced can really only be attained by personal instruction or by seeing and hearing the instrument played by an experienced performer.

The guitar is a charming and graceful instrument, capable of much execution, intense pathos, and a variety of effects, peculiarly its own, and is admirably adapted as an accompaniment to the voice.

An eminent composer in eulogising the merits of the guitar says, with much truth, that although it has not the power of some large instruments, it has its revenge in its delicate sweetness and sympathetic tones.

The guitar now in use is called the Spanish Guitar, with six strings, it having superseded the old English guitar, a very inferior kind, of different shape and construction.

There is a very interesting article by Mr. Hipkins on the guitar, and guitars ancient and modern, in the new edition of "*Dictionary of Music and Musicians*," edited by Geo. Grove, D.C.L. I will therefore not enlarge on the subject.

The Spanish guitar was introduced into England about sixty or seventy years ago, as an artistic instrument, by a Spaniard, Ferdinand Sor, who had written some of the most exquisite and suitable pieces.

It is recorded, in Hogarth's "History of the Philharmonic Society," that Ferdinand Sor played a solo on the guitar at one of their concerts, when they were held at the Argyll Rooms, Regent Street.

About the same time there was another celebrated player and composer, an Italian, Mauro Giulni, who resided in Vienna, and no doubt he brought the guitar into use in Germany.

He was a very prolific writer, and his numerous compositions (some hundreds), mostly very difficult, were published in Paris, London, and Vienna. He also wrote three concertos, with orchestral accompaniments the third concerto was esteemed so good that it was arranged for the pianoforte by Hummel.

The most popular writers for the guitar abroad were the above named, and Carulli, Kreutzer Kuffner, and Legnani; and in London, Sola, Nuske, and Neuland. The last-named wrote some lovely duetts for guitar and pianoforte, published by Chappell. The plates, I understand, are destroyed, but now that playing upon the guitar is becoming more general again, it is to be hoped that they may be reprinted.

Last, but not least, I must mention the modern genius of the guitar, Leonard Schulz; his original compositions are gems. He died in 1860. There were many fine players on the guitar who resided in London, but they have all passed away; the last remaining one was Guilio Regondi, who died a few years ago, after a lingering illness. He was also the first one who played the concertina, which he did to perfection. His compositions for the guitar and concertina are very difficult.

Guitars are made abroad; those made in Spain, the Spanish model, are larger and thicker than those made in France and Germany. The guitar shown in the illustration is of French make, as that particular shape is more adapted for a lady than the larger ones. Of the six open strings three are silver and three gut.



The metal lines across the finger-boards (the front of the neck) are called frets; each produces an interval of a semi-tone by pressing the fingers of the left hand on any of the strings in rotation.

To hold the guitar properly is very essential to enable you to play with ease. It must be so held that both hands are free to move about without the instrument changing its position. It is more comfortable to sit on a low chair rather than on one too high.

Rest the guitar on the left knee, raising the foot sufficiently high on a footstool, or otherwise, so that the instrument rests between the chest and the knee, without stooping.

Place the right arm easily on the guitar; put down the little finger on the sounding board; strike the three silver strings with the thumb, the three gut strings with the first, second, and third fingers, raising the wrist sufficiently high to enable the three fingers to strike the three strings under the thumb. In striking a chord the thumb should fall on the first finger, resting between the first and second joints, with the knuckles slightly raised.

The great thing to avoid on the guitar is twanging and jarring.

Twanging is the result of pulling up the strings with the right hand fingers, which causes them to vibrate up and down, and to jingle against the frets, but if struck gently sideways that is avoided.

Jarring the strings is caused by the left hand not pressing the fingers sufficiently tight near the frets.

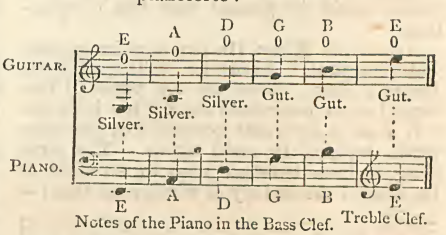
It is difficult to explain how the left hand should be held, because different chords very often require a different movement of the fingers, wrist, and position of the arm.

Sometimes the arm or elbow is held in, and the left hand grasping the neck of the guitar, perhaps the next chord may require the elbow to move out and to hollow the hand, the third movement may require the wrist to be held out, and so on.

A group of notes, which may appear almost impossible to take in one position of the hand, becomes quite simple by another movement, so that here the experienced teacher is required. The natural way to hold the hand is to grasp the neck of the guitar between the thumb and first finger, holding out the other fingers and the arm slightly away from the body. Hold the wrist back. Then place your first, second, and third fingers in rotation on the first, second, and third frets of the small gut string, having placed your fingers obliquely, then let your thumb be on the opposite side, facing the second finger.

By putting down the fingers obliquely the distances are more easily reached than by placing them straight.

The six open strings are tuned to the following notes of the pianoforte :—



Notes of the Piano in the Bass Clef. Treble Clef.

The student will observe that the strings of the guitar are tuned to the notes of the piano in the bass clef, but that the guitar notes are written in the treble clef an octave higher.

It will be seen that the guitar notes are written an octave higher than they sound, or, *vice versâ*, the guitar sounds an octave lower than the notation. Although the guitar sounds

the deep notes of the bass clef, to simplify it for writing, it is written an octave higher and put in the treble clef.

The following shows the compass of the guitar:—



In the above is shown only one note of each kind, but as each string produces seventeen semi-tones, some of the above notes are repeated on the different strings in various positions, which can be referred to in my book, where also you will find the correct way to put on the strings, and to know if they are *true* or *false*, and an explanation of the following effects which are produced on the guitar the same as on other stringed instruments having a fingerboard—viz., *the slur*, *glissé*, *vibrato* and *harmonics*, by *the left hand*, and others, peculiarly its own, with *the right hand*—*the dash*, *drum*, *twirl*, *nails*, *arpeggio*, and *etouffé*.

That which constitutes the great charm of the guitar is its sympathetic tones; the gradations of tone are produced by striking the strings, moving the hand higher up towards the finger-board for soft tones, and nearer to the bridge for loud and crisp quality of tone.

Do not try to play as loud, but as sweetly, as you can; then you have the louder tone in reserve, for light and shade.

To cultivate a good pure tone, practice very slowly and distinctly, and in a quiet room—no talking, dogs barking, or birds singing—otherwise you cannot listen to your performance or correct faults.

The guitar being so portable, it can be taken into any room or out into the garden, and can be practised without disturbing others, and when sweetly played (however simple the song or piece) it gives great pleasure to yourself and others.

Madame Pratten has written two instruction books for the guitar. The first, "Guitar School," a very elaborate work, showing and explaining its difficulties, illustrated by the compositions of some of the best writers for the instrument. It is published by Messrs. Boosey.

The second one is "Learning the Guitar Simplified" (forming the key to the above), which may be ordered through any music-seller.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXI.

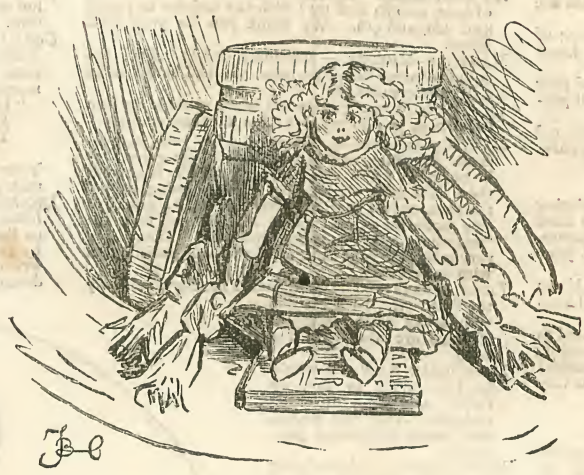
WAR AND PEACE.

FOUR clear strokes rang out from the church clock on the hill. It was a dark night, although the stars were doing their best to brighten the aspect of affairs out of doors; but they were of little service in lighting up the rooms of Crofton House, and so thought Helen Edison as she stood trying to peer into one of the drawers of her chest, which she had just softly opened.

The night was very dark, and the house was very still, and probably every one in it was asleep but Helen. But considering how early she had betaken herself to bed, it was little wonder that she awoke proportionably early. Besides, she had made up her mind to awake early, and, strange as it always seems to me that it should be so, it is, nevertheless, a fact that making up one's mind over night is more efficacious than any number of alarm bells or promises from other people.

Helen was bent upon making little Rosie's birthday a happy one for her, and she depended, in a large measure, for doing this upon the presents she had provided. But no one could tell, as Helen informed herself, now that she was in disgrace, how matters might go when the morning came, and whether Miss Rowe might not manage to prevent the pleasant giving of the gifts at all if she had the power.

"But she sha'n't," muttered Nellie resolutely, and so at four o'clock on that 31st of March she stood peering into the drawer that held the treasures, trying to see how to lift the doll without tumbling its delicate garments. Then she had to lay it and the remainder of its wardrobe, together with several other small articles, in a shawl that she might be able to carry all at once, for she dare not risk two journies past the English governess's room. Once during her arrangements Clara Boswell's regular breathing stopped, and she murmured, "Who's there?"



THE BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

But she was speaking almost in her sleep, and was soon quiet again, and Helen quickly and lightly left the room, and flew like a slim, shadowy ghost to the second door down the corridor. Here she had to pause again and deposit her long burden on the floor while she turned the handle. Very cautiously she pushed the door open, and looked in. It was half-past four now, Josephine's blinds were all up, and a faint twilight was peering into the darkness. The occupants of the two little beds were very sound asleep.

Helen unceremoniously deposited two sets of neatly-folded clothes, which she found on two chairs, on the floor, and then placing the two chairs seat to seat beside Rose's bed, she proceeded to drape them with her shawl and arrange her gifts upon them. The doll in the centre, at its head a couple of boxes of bonbons, at its feet a box of minute, gold-edged notepaper and envelopes, surrounded by the most brilliant of crackers, and the remainder of the doll's clothes hung over the back. While the soft, little white hands made these arrangements there was a soft, sweet smile on the lovely young face. It looked so loving and innocent and gentle that most people would have found it difficult to believe that, but a few short hours before it had been flung back with burning cheeks and blazing eyes, while passionate words poured from those rosy lips. Now the rosy lips were waiting most eagerly to utter the most affectionate good wishes.

Everything disposed according to her taste, Helen seated herself on the end of the child's bed and patiently waited for the clock to strike five. "It could not hurt her for once in her life to be awakened at that hour," Helen had decided, seeing she went to bed so early.

The minutes seemed very long. Several times Helen thought that the hour must have sounded without her hearing it. But at last patience was rewarded. The first stroke was wafted from the hill. Helen counted the five, and then, bending forward quickly, she bestowed three very firm kisses upon her little schoolfellow's mouth, whispering between each, "It's only I, Rosie darling."

"Who's I?" gasped the bewildered, drowsy child, after the last smothering kiss and accompanying assurance.

"Why, Helen, of course," was the answer, with a little ghost of a laugh. "But hush, you must not wake anybody, or I shall get into a fuss again, you know, for being here. I've only come to wish you a whole bushelful of many happy returns of the day, and to bring you these things. Look at them."

Rose was awake now, and she started up and turned towards the chairs. Her companion was only just in time to clap her hand over her mouth to prevent such a shout escaping as must have aroused not only Josephine but most other people in the house, or, at any rate, on that side of it. Ten minutes later Helen got into her own bed again with a contented mind.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ELIZABETH, MIGNON, AND ETHELDA.—The secretaries for correspondence classes in connection with Cambridge are Mrs. Peile, Trumpington Lodge, Cambridge; and Miss Shore, Orchard Lodge, Taplow, Maidenhead, from whom all particulars as to fees, names of professors, rules, &c., may be obtained on application.



I.—BEFORE SUBSCRIBING TO "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

WORK.

MARCH.—Read "Seasonable Dress," and have your dresses made very wide in the chest, and endeavour to correct your round shoulders by constant care and thought. Black silk should be chosen with a moderate sized rib, a very large one generally denotes the presence of cotton. Purchase at a good shop where they care for their reputation. Your writing is very neat and clean.

IRISH BIDDIE.—We should send the black silk velvet to a cleaner's. A recipe for reviving black cloth is given at page 316, vol i.

MITTEN THUMB.—To knit the thumb on a mitten see page 144, vol. i.

FLO.—We regret we cannot assist you to dispose of your mother's work. Try a draper's or a fancy wool shop.

AGNES.—Make a narrow hem for the top of your frilling, not a roll. The whipping is very well performed.

MADCAP.—Trim the pale violet dress with deep red satin or silk broché. Select the right shade carefully.

ART.

MARGUERITE.—The outline of flowers for painting should be carefully drawn in pencil, not too hard nor black, as as to prevent their subsequent erasure. Your writing is very legible and neat, and your note well expressed and ladylike.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.—Varnish the whole plate if you do not admire the white look of it. It will keep much cleaner also.

BARBARA.—Spirits of wine and turpentine are used to clean pictures and to dissolve the hard old varnish; but they will attack the paint as well if not washed off at the proper time with cold water. Your varnish must have been poor or badly mixed.

COOKERY.

EDITH CHURCH.—We are quite at a loss to understand your difficulty, as nothing can be more explicit than the directions given on page 28. "Rinsed out of boiling water, squeezed dry, and floured well," is surely simple enough? Your writing might be improved by writing copies.

A YOUNG COOK.—1. We cannot give addresses nor recommend "kitcheners." 2. Inquire at a music-seller's.

THE DAISY CHAIN.—For toffee recipes, see pages 15 and 176, vol. i. You should be guided by your schoolmistress.

RAVEN, No. 1.—We do not recognise the sauce under that name. The usual colouring or browning in cookery is of burnt sugar, and probably you would be able to make what you want by making some thin syrup, flavouring with lemon, and adding the burnt sugar to colour it. Your writing is very good.

ABEL'S DAUGHTER.—To make carrot marmalade take the carrots of September or October, wash them well and cut off the tops and tails, scrape thoroughly, wash again, and dry them; then cut them into pieces two inches in length, dividing the entire circumference of each piece into four parts if the carrots be large, and into two or three if small, removing any decayed portions. Place all in a pan containing only sufficient water to prevent the burning of the carrots; cover all closely, and stew over a moderate fire until very tender. Then mash well and pass them through a hair sieve. Prepare and clarify a syrup, using for every pound of pulp a pound of sifted sugar, and half a pint of water; clarify the mixture of sugar and water, and boil until it shall adhere to the spoon. Put in the pulp then, and boil all together, until it form a tolerably firm marmalade. 2. Your writing is exceedingly well formed and pretty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOCH LEVEN.—The name of the Navigators' Islands was given to them by their discoverer, from his observing the natives to be in possession of superior canoes, which they managed with the most dexterous skill. Your writing should be more flowing and free.

MURIEL.—There is no occasion for bowing to a gentleman whom you do not know. Your writing is not pretty though so legible.

J. O. U. W.—1. "Primrose way" appears another way of saying "flowery way," or "gay spring-like paths." Shakespeare used the same expression in *Hamlet*, act i., scene 3. And a recent author, Motley, also makes use of it in the same poetical way. 2. It is better to take your parents' advice as to your reading.

C. P. C.—"Ling's Exercises," which have been translated by Dr. Roth, would perhaps suit you.

ENILRC.—We should advise you to have your hand well rubbed with fresh lard, which will probably give strength and lessen the stiffness. Thank you for your kind letter.

SWEETBRIAR.—The 4th March, 1863, was Wednesday. Your writing is anything but good for your age, and you would do well to take to copies again.

DISRAELINA.—We think you have mistaken the initials. Your writing is very good.

AN ONLY CHILD.—See page 624, vol. i., on the falling of hair, also 80 and 111; also the articles at pages 259, 400, and 416. We thank you for your kind letter.

MADELINE MURPHY.—Ammonia might affect the colour of some things perhaps, you had better make a trial before using it.

VIC.—Perhaps your garden soil is not suitable for fern culture, or you do not give them moisture enough.

MARY CARPENTER.—1. Thank you for your suggestion. We think our paper is sufficiently general to be useful to every class of life. 2. We hear that there is a very clever new seat for using behind the counter just patented, and now that a practical step forward has been taken like this, we hope the "standing evil" may be overcome. Thank you very much for your kind expressions of satisfaction with our efforts.

FIDUS ACHATES.—The gentleman's mother would pay the first visit. Fish is eaten with a fish knife and fork. If these are absent, with a fork.

MIDSHIPMAN EASY.—It would be impossible to say, we think, who first invented rudders. The first people who tried navigation probably.

POPPY.—Read "Sketching from Nature," page 23, vol. ii.

POLLIE FLINDERS.—Your writing is not good for your age.

COLLEEN BAWN.—Thank you for your kind letter.

SNOWDROP.—See article on "Puddings," at page 27, vol. ii. Your writing is clear and legible.

SUBSCRIBER.—Your nationality does not depend on your birthplace. Whatever your father's may be is yours, unless you be legally naturalised as a subject of some country which you have yourself adopted. If your father has adopted some foreign country your nationality, if born there, is changed by him for his children.

BLAMMIE.—"Phillis" is the name of a play, written in Spanish by Lupercio Leonardo, of Argensola, to which a reference is made in "Don Quixote," vol. iii., page 70. It is also a fancy name employed by writers of the eighteenth and the early part of the present century. Your writing is pretty good and legible.

ROSA C.—See an answer to your question respecting clerks under Government, those of the Post Office included, page 543, vol. i., in this paper.

LAURA.—Advertise in the *Times* as "a useful maid, who understands hairdressing and dressmaking."

DAHLIA.—Your writing is peculiar, and your letter beautifully neat. We should fancy that you could draw.

AN INQUIRER.—Gently and kindly tell your friend that it is a duty to refrain from "playing with edged tools"; and that no greater evidences of a pure and straightforward friendship in private than can be honestly manifested in public. A religious person will not only abstain from evil known and undisputed, but from all that is even doubtfully permissible. The more your friend trusts you the more scrupulous you should be.

CARROTS.—You do not say of what substance the white tracings on the black marble are composed. Perhaps the groove might be filled in with white paint. Should you see a similar style of decoration in any clock shop, inquire of the manufacturers.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Table-cloths are used at afternoon tea, and at a late tea substituting a late dinner. A long napkin or cloth should be laid over the sideboard, but not to hang down at the front. You write fairly well.

TEASE OF STRETFORD.—A little girl of sixteen writes to inquire whether, at that time of life, she should be "cold and proud," and whether she should "ponder and screw." We fail to understand what she does when she performs the operation called "screwing." We have heard of "screwing-in a waist," and hope she does not contemplate any practice so baneful and silly. Let her be gentle, modest, and natural, putting on no "airs" of any kind. When well in health and kindly cared for, and trying to do her little duties well, she could not be other than "lively and gay," instead of, as "T. S." expresses it, "cold and proud." 2. "Navy blue" would suit our little correspondent very well.

CISSY writes, "Will you kindly take pity on me, for I am a very poor girl?" We would willingly express our sympathy, for we love all our readers, and especially those who are in trouble. But surely, Cissy should tell us the cause of her unhappiness. Cissy is asked to furnish us with particulars that we might know how to help her.

J. H.—Your verses have the merit of earnestness, but are not up to the standard required for publication.

CORA ORMAN.—1. Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," which appeared in vol. i. 2. A verse of some good Easter hymn would be suitable for the memorial card. Such a verse, for instance, as:—

"Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
Alleluia!"

Your writing needs improvement; there is no character in it.

DAMASK ROSE.—We have received a long illegible letter from you, which we *think* is sent to inform us that we have not answered previous letters sent by you. We suppose that they were equally badly written, and so received the fate of being instantly destroyed, or that we had others worthier of the space.



II.—AFTERWARDS.



VOL. II.—No. 62. MARCH 5, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SUNSHINE AT LAST.

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "In Mischief Again," &c.

IT was a charming spot for a picnic. The ground was literally covered with moss—beautiful springy moss, so soft that the foot sank into it as if it had been placed on a velvet cushion, whilst every here and there were tiny patches of a lighter and most delicate emerald green, looking like medallions in their dark setting. This mossy carpet terminated in a tiny pebbly beach, fringing the lake, whose clear, limpid waters reflected each passing cloud and shadow above, whilst round about stood the glorious mountains, rearing crest and peak in endless variety of beauty, all tumbled together, as it were, in splendid confusion. The jutting knoll itself, which had been chosen as the scene of the picnic, was crowned with firs and larches which gave a pleasant shade on this warm August afternoon.

It was a party of some five and twenty that was gathered under the trees, and a pretty picture they made, the dresses of the ladies forming bright bits of colouring as they flitted to and fro, unpacking baskets and hampers,



[*All rights reserved.*]

"MIRIAM GLANCED UP AT HIM."

and spreading the contents thereof upon a snowy cloth laid on the mossy ground, whilst the gentlemen were busied around the fires of dry wood which they had successfully kindled, and on which they had placed the kettles, the boiling of which they were superintending. Then came the merry meal, after which the party broke up into little knots and groups, some preparing to enjoy themselves in one way, some in another.

Standing a little apart from the rest, as if she scarcely belonged to them, and unconsciously following their movements with wistful eyes, was a girl of perhaps two or three and twenty, though it was difficult to decide from her face what her precise age might be, as sometimes it wore so grave and thoughtful an expression it might have belonged to a woman of thirty, whilst when it lighted up with one of its rare gleams of brightness it appeared quite young and girlish. Rather forlorn she looked as she stood there, apparently forgotten by the rest of the party. At length she turned away with a half-smothered sigh, and moved down the sloping ground close to the water's edge, until she reached a tiny promontory, where, free from the obstruction of the arching trees overhead, she could obtain a better view of the lake and its surroundings.

There, sitting down upon a piece of rock, she began plucking in an absent manner some of the flowering grasses growing within reach, and then diligently pulled them to pieces, apparently wholly intent upon her occupation. But her thoughts were busy meantime, and after awhile her hands sank listlessly on her knees, whilst her eyes fastened themselves on the landscape before her in a fixed, dreamy manner, which showed that she was lost in some reverie.

So far had her mind wandered that she did not notice an approaching figure, until a voice at her elbow made her turn round with a start.

"You have a very magnificent view from this point. May others share it too, or have you stolen away to enjoy it alone?"

The speaker was a stranger to her. He had sat near her at tea, and had politely supplied all her wants, but they had not got into conversation, as others had claimed his attention, and she had scarcely even caught his name when introduced.

She hardly knew what to reply. She could not explain to a mere acquaintance of an hour how matters stood—at least, she thought at that moment she could not; and yet her heart was aching with a longing she could not repress for some friend to whom she could confide all her troubles and difficulties. It had been the wish of her heart for years to have such a friend, and this afternoon the longing had been awakened more keenly than ever as she saw others enjoying that which always seemed withheld from her.

"Does silence give consent, or am I invading your special domain?" pursued the newcomer. "I hope I am not interrupting some important train of thought."

Miriam glanced up at him with one of her quick, keen, penetrating looks. No, he was evidently not making fun of her, for there was a sort of kind, half-compassionate expression in his eyes, which were fastened on her as if he partly read her thoughts and guessed that she was lonely.

"I was only looking at the mountains, as I often do, for they are my chief friends here, and I have grown very fond of them," she replied.

There was something in his frank, pleasant face and unreserved manner that invited confidence, and Miriam, instead of feeling shy, as she generally did with strangers, found herself very soon quite at home with him. She perceived by his dress that he was a clergyman, and, detecting a grey hair or two among his dark locks, she set him down in her mind as probably old enough to be her father, and thought it the more kind of him to trouble to talk to a girl like herself.

"And what do they say to you when you seek their company?" he asked. "I suppose they speak with a different voice to almost everyone. To me they tell of rest and strength—a strength that is mingled with tenderness—as they stand there so firmly rooted, and yet at the same time stretching out, as it were, their protecting arms to encircle the placid lake, which lies, like a trustful child, in their embrace. It seems to speak of the strong, deep love of God, which longs to draw each tired wanderer, each weary heart to its true place of rest on the Eternal Breast. 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever.'"

A responsive look came into Miriam's eyes, partly chasing away the troubled expression which had crept into them as she sat there with that far-off gaze.

"I am very fond of that verse," she said, softly. "I could not put my thoughts into words as you have done; but the mountains often say things to me as well. Sometimes on a cloudy day, when there is no ray of sunshine, and all is gloomy and severe, they seem to look coldly on me as if they had no sympathy with me and my small troubles; but then, after a while perhaps, the sun breaks out, and they appear all smiling and friendly again, and seem to say, 'If you will only stand firm and wait patiently, as we have done, your clouds, too, will be dispersed one day, and the sun will shine upon you, as he is now doing upon us.'"

"Yes, *wait* and *hope* are two words we should ever remember. We are apt to be so impatient of any cross laid on us, and want to cast it off long before it has worked its destined purpose in us. How much we should lose if God let us have our own way. But He is too wise as well as too loving to send us sunshine when we need shade."

"And some natures, I suppose, require more keeping in the shade than others."

"Probably they do. For we see some whose portion it seems to be always to walk under a sunless sky: I mean their lives appear so joyless, so lonely and colourless, often so suffering. But I always feel that there is full compensation awaiting such. It says, 'At evening time it shall be light.' And if the brightness never comes *here*, yet surely for them to walk hereafter in the perpetual presence of the Sun of Righteousness will, if possible, bring a keener delight, a more exquisite rapture than to others. It is those who are stripped of all here who long most for His glorious appearing, and, if we may so speak, will have the fullest share in the joy of the kingdom."

"*All* our longings will be satisfied then," said Miriam, slowly.

"Yes, and never till then."

"So it is only to wait patiently a little longer," she said, dreamily, as if speaking to herself. Her eyes were again fixed on the opposite mountains, down whose sides was creeping the beautiful golden light of the sunset hour.

Her companion scanned her face, as, apparently forgetful for the moment of his presence, she sat in silence, following out some train of thought. He was accustomed to read countenances, and this one had a great deal of character in it. Not beautiful, not even good-looking, it yet was an interesting one to study. It indicated a nature accustomed to much self-repression, but, though denied outlet and expression, or perhaps partly from that very cause, strong and deep and very *real*. Yes, whatever Miriam Grove did or felt it never would be by halves. Hers was an intense nature; life could never flow smoothly for her; she must either enjoy or suffer keenly. Nor was she one of those self-contained dispositions that can enjoy or suffer alone; her nature needed sympathy as the flowers need the light of heaven; and therefore the forced self-repression of her present life had a sort of stunting effect upon her. She could not grow freely under a sense of mental imprisonment.

"You speak as if yours was one of these shadowed pathways," began Mr. Forrest, alluding to her last words, and his voice had a touch of sympathy in it.

She turned with a sort of grateful look on her face, as if it was a new thing to her to find anyone showing any interest in her affairs; and she was opening her lips to reply when the *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the advance of several of the party.

"There is the missing one," exclaimed a lady, coming forward. "Mr. Forrest," she continued, addressing him, "there have been no end of inquiries for you, and everyone has begun to conclude that you must have run away altogether. Come, you mustn't be so unsociable."

"I am entirely at your service," said Mr. Forrest, with a smile, as he advanced to meet them. "What may be your commands for me?"

"I want to carry you off to introduce you to some friends who would like to make your acquaintance. They sometimes attend your church when in town," explained Mrs. Warren as they walked away, "and here they have a lovely place not far from your present quarters, so they will be pleasant neighbours for

you during your stay in this part of the world. You will find the Miss Moores more conversational, I expect, than poor little Miss Grove, upon whom you seem to have lighted."

"Why do you call her 'poor'? Is hers a sad story? I fancy it must be. Her serious face—it is a very sweet one, too—looked so different from all the gay ones around at tea-time, I felt quite sorry for her and interested in her. And she seemed to stand so apart afterwards, as if she felt at home with no one."

"Yes, poor child, hers must be a very solitary, monotonous life, living alone as she does with an aunt, who is a most eccentric character, very clever they say, but a perfect recluse; never visiting and rarely receiving visitors. Nor does she allow the niece any freedom, but still treats her as if she were a child, and scarcely ever lets her go anywhere. How it came to pass that she was allowed to be of the party to-day I don't in the least know. We all feel sorry for the girl, and every now and then send her an invitation, though we are pretty sure beforehand that it will be refused."

"Has she always lived with this aunt?"

"Ever since she was twelve years old. Her parents died then, and this was the only remaining relative to take charge of the child. We used to pity her when she came, with pale face and sad eyes, to take up her abode in such a strange home. For Miss Rebecca Grove is most peculiar, as everybody knows. So it must have been a curious bringing-up for Miriam. We naturally thought she would have been sent to school, where at least she would have had companions, and would doubtless have been far happier; but her aunt decided to teach her herself, saying she had a horror of schools."

"And has she no one belonging to her but this aunt?"

"Yes, she has one brother, and his visits must have been the bright spots in her lonely life; but they are few and far between, as he is in the navy and has to be absent with his ship."

"I wonder if it can be the same young Grove I met at Malta last winter, a most promising young fellow? His Christian name was Lionel."

"The same no doubt. Yes, he is a pleasant fellow, and seems to be a good brother to his young sister. However, I know very little of them, because as I said they are shut up like hermits. But here are the ladies of whom I was speaking." And Mrs. Warren went through the ceremony of introduction in due form.

There had been something about Miriam Grove unlike anyone Mr. Forrest had ever come across; she was so perfectly unsophisticated, and natural and true, besides having a certain quaintness about her, arising perhaps from her unfashionable dress or from mixing so little with others. But Mrs. Moore and her two daughters belonged to a very ordinary type, one he was continually meeting. Pleasant enough, well dressed, versed in all the ways of society, able to converse on most of the general topics of the day, they at the same time were devoid of any originality or depth, but just skimmed over the surface of things, following the fashion and going with the stream, with a very comfortable feeling of being irreproachable on all points. Certainly Miss Ada and Miss Laura Moore would have been no little surprised and still less flattered had they known that whilst they were doing their best to make themselves agreeable to the gentlemanly and good-looking Mr. Forrest, whose name was already beginning to be well known as a favourite preacher as well as an author, and to whom therefore it was quite worth while to be agreeable, the individual in question was mentally and half unconsciously contrasting them, somewhat to their disadvantage, with his late new acquaintance. For, if the truth must be told, he was listening rather absently to their chatter, his thoughts having flown back to the lonely girl whose confidence he thought he was just about to win when their talk had been interrupted. These Miss Moores appeared to have everything to make existence easy and comfortable; no sorrow seemed to have touched them; they did not need anything from him; whereas Miriam Grove had a heavy burden to carry, and, following his Master's bidding, as well as the promptings of his own kind heart, he would gladly have stretched out a helping hand towards her.

"How glad I should be to be able to cheer and comfort her," he was saying to himself. "Poor child, how solitary she must feel! The wonder is that she has been able to endure such a life without being soured by it. Evidently she has learnt the secret of true strength. But how one would like to put some joy into her life!"

Her grave young face with its patient look haunted him, but he did not catch sight of it again that evening, nor indeed until Sunday morning, when, letting his glance rove over his congregation, he found those thoughtful grey eyes fixed upon him with an earnest look as if following every word he said.

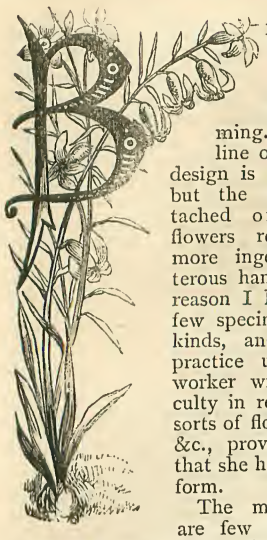
(To be continued.)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

CATS PLOTTING TO ATTACK A DOG.—One of my neighbours, a joiner and builder, had a fierce and powerful watch dog called Nelson. It was perfectly white, half mastiff half bull-dog, the size of the former, the colour of the latter kind. Being so savage, Nelson was usually chained up during the day time, but he had a good length of chain, so as not to imprison him too closely. His bark was almost like the roar of a wild animal, and had an especially terrifying effect on two handsome cats that lived in the same house. Usually the three animals were fed at the same time, the cats' portion being given to them within sight of Nelson, but out of his reach. The dog was so indignant, even at seeing them fed, and would so terrify the cats with his roar of a bark, that they snatched up morsels of food and ran behind the wood piles to eat them out of sight of those menacing eyes. It happened, however, that these two cats were to give a practical illustration of the old proverb, "Unity is strength." They had little families of kittens almost at the same time, but a few hours after the arrival of the second lot they were all taken away during the absence of the mothers and drowned. It was in summer time, and very early on the following morning the builder's wife was roused by hearing Nelson uttering the most miserable howls and cries of distress. She rose immediately, and on looking from the window witnessed a strange scene. The dog, with his face terribly scratched and streaming with blood, was endeavouring to drive off the two cats, whose attacks had already inflicted so many wounds. She saw them withdraw, one to the right, the other to the left of the kennel, and beyond Nelson's reach. Then, after a pause of a few seconds, they again sprang at him, assailing him on both sides at once, and tearing his face with their sharp claws. The bewildered dog turned from side to side in a vain attempt to seize one of his foes; but, alas for Nelson! they were too agile, and he could only howl for help against the creatures he had so often terrified with a look. The idea of retreating into his kennel either did not come into his doggish head, or he scorned to flee even when beaten by such small antagonists. Nelson's mistress made all possible haste to the rescue, and with some trouble succeeded in beating off the cats and imprisoning them in an outhouse. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, there can be little doubt that the cats must have discussed the wrongs they had received from Nelson, and probably blamed him, undeservedly, for the abstraction of their kittens. They must have decided on the only mode of attack that could have succeeded. Had they advanced together, and on the same side, one crunch from those powerful jaws would have been fatal to either cat; but the division of forces and simultaneous attack were too bewildering, and the cats proved the victors. From that time the allied pussies could take their meals in peace. They even ventured within reach of their former tyrant, and carried off scraps from under his nose without any notice from Nelson, except an occasional growl of warning. Usually the dog deemed it more dignified to seem unconscious of their presence, and looked in another direction. Nelson and I were friends, and on the day after the battle I saw his pink nose covered with scars, and his white face looking like an outline map traced in red. On asking the reason I heard the above story, and the changed behaviour of the cats abundantly verified it.

THE BUTCHER'S HORSE.—Horses, even blind ones, have a wonderful memory, and rarely forget a place they have once visited. Years ago I often stayed with a friend in a country village, three miles from a railway station. As there was no regular conveyance, except a carrier's cart on market days, I was always indebted to the kindness of a neighbour for a drive to the station at the close of my visit. One morning I was on my way thither in the gig of a butcher, and as we passed a large field the horse persisted in turning towards the gate. As there was not much time to spare, this could not be permitted, and the master spoke, tugged at the reins, and finally admonished the horse with a smart cut of the whip, saying, "So you want to fetch some sheep again, do you? It's no good. There are none for you this time, so you may as well go on." Then turning to me, the butcher said, "Is it not curious that the horse should want to call at that gate? I have only had him a short time; he came from a distance and was never on this road before but once, and that was when he came in the cart to fetch some sheep from that very field. Though we have passed so many fields and white gates which look all alike, he makes no mistake."

HOW TO MAKE BEAD FLOWERS.



BEADS are now the great *furore* of the day, and sparkle in every kind of trimming. The bead outline or filling-up of a design is an easy matter, but the shaping of detached ornaments and flowers requires a little more ingenuity and dexterous handling. For this reason I have prepared a few specimens of different kinds, and after a little practice upon them the worker will find no difficulty in reproducing other sorts of flowers, butterflies, &c., provided, of course, that she has a good eye for form.

The materials required are few and inexpensive, comprising but a small assortment of beads and reel wire of different sizes, some sold as cheap as three yards for one penny. As to beads, everyone of you girls knows all about them; have they not been the delight of your childhood? and even since then, with a little sixpenny box of mixed beads have you not often made a baby girl as happy as a queen? The hours of peace and quietness for the house while she has been threading herself most wonderful rings, bracelets, and necklaces!

Nowadays beads offer a far richer choice both in shape and colour: there are the round, tubular, facetted, oval, pear-shaped, &c.; however, for our lesson this time the first two kinds are the only ones required. Regarding colour your field is unlimited—opaque tints of every description, transparent ones shot with a contrasting hue, phosphorescent, sunlight, and moonlight shades, besides a great variety of gold, silver, and steel. Necessarily the price varies very much, some beads being sold by the hank, and others by weight. Having some black-jetted lace rather the worse for wear I bought a twopenny ounce of what are called in the trade "repairing bugles," for which purpose they are mixed in different sizes, and amongst them are a few white ones. The methodical young lady will find an ounce of these, safely kept in a box, very handy for replacing at once any lost bugles on her fringe, lace, or bonnet ornaments. The seed beads, always in such requisition, are sixpence per ounce, and a larger kind, either opaque or glass, fourpence per ounce. Coloured bugles are, of course, much more expensive, being about one shilling and sixpence per ounce, and naturally an extra charge is made for delicate tints, ordered, for instance, to match the hue of a dress. Gold and steel beads can be bought by the hank, ranging from sixpence to tenpence, according to size, and the common kinds of rainbow and moonlight beads from a penny three-farthings to threepence three-farthings.

With these general hints on the materials let us at once set to work. The illustrations show the work so clearly that I feel almost inclined to give you no further description. There are, in fact, no stated rules for these trifles, and each of you may execute them in the way you find most convenient, provided you twist them firmly. I will therefore advise you to try at first to do the ornaments by yourselves, without looking at the directions. Select your wire to go with the beads you intend to thread on it; bugles, of course, will require a much coarser size than the tiny seed beads. Have the beads themselves assorted in a box with small compartments, easily contrived by glueing in place various strips of cardboard. From this collection choose the sort just wanted at the moment, and shower them on a piece of white paper spread before you. From there you can easily pick them up, but perhaps the best and quickest way is to damp the side of the left hand, between the thumb and forefinger; then dab it down on the paper, when plenty of the beads will adhere to it; the partly-closed hand thus forms a kind of palette, whence the beads can conveniently be taken up.

Here is an easy thing to experiment upon (fig. 1).

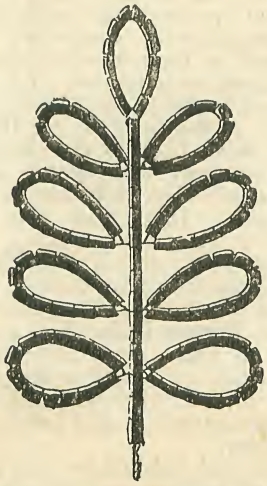


FIG. 1.—LABURNUM LEAF.

A branch of leaves, which most of you will at once compare to the laburnum, and those perhaps with a little knowledge of botany will proudly call it the pinnate leaf, from its pairs of leaflets branching from one stem. For this you require three-quarters of a yard of wire and small jet tubes. Thread twelve beads, slip them into the centre of the wire, which you double, and give the two wires one twist close up to the beads to set them in a loop; this will stand for the upright leaf at the top of the branch. Then pass, through the two ends of wire, two beads for the stalk, and, on one wire only, twelve beads for a side leaf, the same on the other wire for an opposite leaf. Now turn the work, and twist the wire of both petals at the back, close up to the stalk; then screw both wires firmly together in the centre, and continue the stem by threading four beads on the doubled wire. Repeat side petals of thirteen beads, next four for the stem, and, twice more, leaves of fourteen beads with three for the stalk. Finish off by twisting the wires, snipping the ends if need be, and passing the points upwards through the last bead.

For quick work a trade hand forms another kind of leaf, replacing the beaded stem by a covered stalk cut just the right length. On a bit of ordinary wire she threads a certain number of beads for the top leaf, makes them fast at one end, doubles them into a loop, and taking the prepared stalk in the left hand, twirls the hanging wire round it. The worker then threads the beads for the side leaf, and winds the wire once over the stalk; she repeats the same operation alternately on the right and left until near the end of the talk. Thus the leaves have been shaped by a single wire, and necessarily do not lie in regular pairs; besides, in this case, the twists are slightly visible at the back.

The forget-me-nots (fig. 2) are made separately and afterwards mounted on a stalk, the unsightly wire being hidden by smoothly-wound cotton or silk. To execute the flower, thread five beads and draw them up into a round by passing the long end through the first two beads; secure the other one by twisting it over the ring between two of the beads. Next thread six beads, slip the wire through one on the ring, six more and pass through the following one, and so on until you have five loops or petals.



FIG. 2.—FORGET-ME-NOTS.

The ox-eyed daisy (fig. 3) can also be made

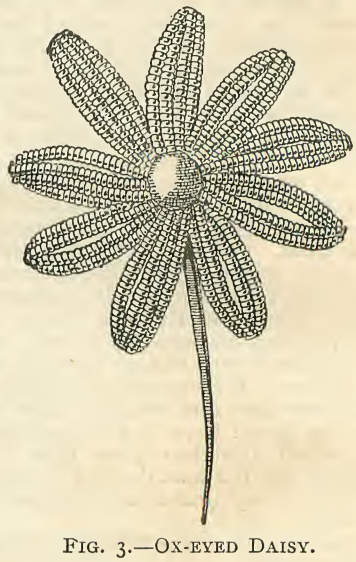


FIG. 3.—OX-EYED DAISY.

with a circle of double wire from which all the petals spring. These are shaped by bending two distinct loops, or by intermingling them at the point in this wise: thread on each wire half the number of beads necessary for the petal and join them together by slipping the left-hand wire through the last bead of the right-hand one, and *vice versa*.

Another mode is to shape each petal singly and afterwards entwine their nine stalks into one large one. In either way the junction or circle is concealed by a jet *cabochon* or stud, pierced underneath with holes to receive the thread or wire.

The marigold (fig. 4) starts with a ring of six beads, and an outer one of eight, festooned by eight scallops of six beads each. Then follow four rounds of petals overlapping each other and gradually increasing in length. For the first round, thread fifteen beads and loop them by slipping the wire through the second, the first being left free to stand for the new circle. Repeat this nine times, close the round, and at the same time connect it to one or two beads of the ring below. For the next three rounds proceed in the same way, adding more beads and more petals as judgment guides you till the last circle consists of seventeen loops of from thirty-eight to forty beads.

So much for the quick way amongst the many for producing this flower; perhaps a more compact style consists in forming five rings enclosed within each other, and, starting with the largest, thread a series of loops taken into every other bead; in returning

make another layer of petals, supporting them on the alternate beads previously

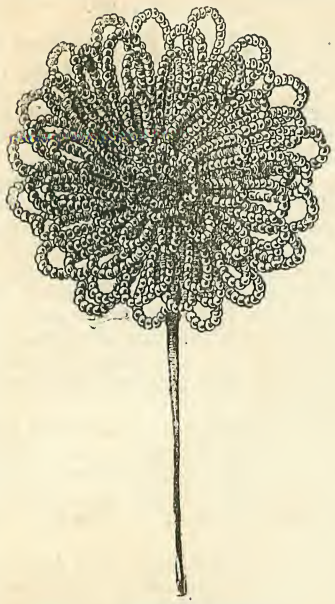


FIG. 4.—THE MARIGOLD.

missed. Work the fourth ring likewise with a double row of petals, on the third circle make a single one, while round the second secure the scallops. The first is left untouched as the heart of the blossom.

Each petal of the lily (fig. 5) is executed



FIG. 5.—THE LILY.

singly, the number of beads naturally depending on the length you wish to give to the petals, as well as on the size of the beads themselves. Commence with the midrib, and thread the required number on a double stalk, bending it up to secure it at the end. Once arrived at the tip of the petal, bend down the wires on either side to shape the outline, and thread the same number of beads, allowing two or three extra for the curve. Twirl the three ends of wire very tightly together, and bend the petal into shape, spreading it out at the top, and pressing the lower part firmly to form the cup. When the other petals are finished, join together the stems of all, and tie them strongly to a covered stalk.

For the jessamine flower (fig. 6) cut five short lengths of wire, and on three of them thread thirteen beads, uniting them into a loop by passing the wire through the first. On the two remaining lengths thread eleven beads, and, the five petals being thus ready, attach their double stalks for the cup thus:—With the left-hand wire of one petal and the right-hand one of the next take up four beads, do the same with the other four pairs of wires, and, closing the five stalks into a compact cup, twist them tightly and cover with cotton or wool.

The trefoil looks particularly effective in the fashionable amber and fiery red beads. The darker part, though apparently raised and detached, is merely managed by the correct mingling of the colours while threading the beads. For the lower lobe thread two red beads and fourteen amber ones, pass the wire through the two red beads again to close the first or inner circle. Second circle—Three red beads, nineteen amber, two red; unite. Third circle—Four red, twenty-five amber, three red. Fourth circle—Six red, thirty-two amber, five red. Fifth circle—Seven red, forty amber, six red.



FIG. 6.—THE JESSAMINE.

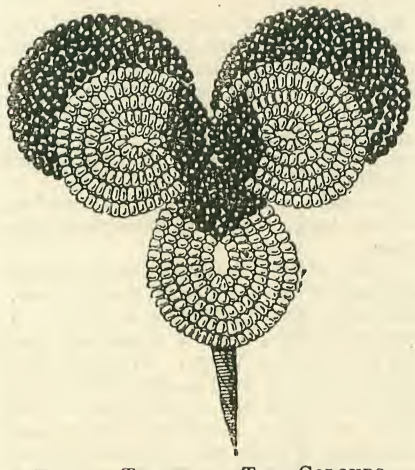


FIG. 7.—TREFOIL IN TWO COLOURS.

For the two side lobes proceed in a similar manner, attaching them at the last round to the lower one by slipping the wire through a bead or two near the point. Make the outside semi-circles with red beads. Carry the wire back almost to the centre of the lobe, thread seven or eight beads, and secure them to the previous ring, then work thus backwards and forwards four times, gradually increasing the number of beads at each semi-circle. The opposite leaf slightly differs, according to the taste of the worker.

The stalks of all these flowers are neatly bound, as for other artificial flowers, with tiny strips of tissue paper, coloured wool, or silk. Is it not almost idle to give young girls any hint as to the use of such sparkling trifles? Their busy brains will be sure to hit upon thousands of little nooks for them, either in their bonnets, muffs, coiffures, on the puffings of their tarlatane dresses, or even—in a larger size—to brighten up Christmas decorations. Butterflies and countless insects can be modelled on the same plan, and indeed, after a little practice with the several items shown in the illustrations, there is no telling what deft fingers will be able to produce with a piece of wire and some bright beads.

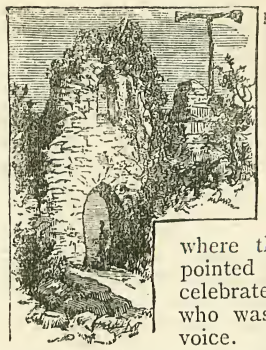
M. KARGER.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO ORDEALS.



THE following morning Mrs. and Miss Richards took May to Willis's Rooms, in Hanover-square, where they had appointed to meet a celebrated musician who was to try her voice. She was not nervous in singing, naturally, but the rapid events of the previous day, and the prospect of meeting Mr. Minister and hearing of her father, made her nervous. She trembled, therefore, as she followed her kind patronesses into a large and lofty room, where a few gentlemen and ladies were seated. These were members of the Welsh Choir committee, who were friends of Mrs. Richards, and had been interested by her in May's voice and history. Mrs. Richards introduced her to them, and they were all, evidently, surprised at her appearance. They had expected a country damsel; they saw a delicate, refined-looking girl, who, though plainly dressed, looked a lady. She replied to their various questions shyly, but without awkwardness, and the sweetness of her voice in speaking gave earnest of what it would be in song. All were favourably impressed, and as she followed her friends to the orchestra at one end of the room many complimentary remarks were made. Some time elapsed before the great man came, during which Mrs. and Miss Richards encouraged May.

"You need not be afraid, for your small audience are all friends," said the latter.

"I do not think I am afraid, ma'am; but I do not think great-grandfather would like it," she replied.

"He could have no objection to your being heard, now the opportunity offers. He is old, May, and when he is gone you will be obliged to support yourself. With your voice you may not only do so respectably, but make a fortune to help your poorer relations."

Tears were in May's eyes, for she could never bear to hear of the probable end of her beloved grandfather's life. Mrs. Richards looked upon it with matured mind, as an event that must soon take place, and believed that May's other friends would be thankful that she should be provided for, instead of being burdensome to them. She, like numberless other country ladies, felt sure that her *protégée* had only to come to London, appear, and succeed. She little knew what was the competition, the anxiety, the strain, the years of preparatory labour, and continuous exertion when actual preparation ceases; the heart-

burnings, the fluctuations, the utter weariness of a public career.

To May's great joy Caradoc came with the expected *maestro*. He shook hands with her warmly, and astonished her by saying that she had led the *soprani* splendidly the day before.

"Just sing to this gentleman as you sang then and you need not fear the result," he added.

"I will try, sir," she replied, simply.

She was always yielding and obedient, and thus forgot herself. She accordingly sang as commanded, and although her young heart beat with an eager anxiety concerning what to her was more important far than her voice, she sang well. The master tried her in many ways, and considering her limited musical education she acquitted herself respectably in all.

"It is a purely beautiful voice, and deserves to be cultivated," he said, when he rose from the piano and laid his hand kindly on her shoulder. "Surely you are not nervous?" he added, seeing the moist eyes.

He then held a consultation with Mrs. Richards, during which that lady learnt what a musical education involved. In the first place a considerable sum of money for the support and training of the pupil until she should be considered ready to make her *début;* in the second, the capabilities of the artiste to make and sustain a reputation that should repay the outlay.

"It seems a pity that such genius should be lost," said Mrs. Richards, thoughtfully.

"So many supposed geniuses turn out failures," replied the master, shrugging his shoulders. "But she certainly promises fair." Then going towards May he added, "Are you bent on a public career?"

"Oh no, sir. But Mrs. Richards has been so good to me, and she wishes it. I could do as she thinks best when——" May paused, for the "When my grandparents are dead" would not come.

And so May's first ordeal ended for the present. She was not permitted to hear the approving comments of her audience, or what passed between the English and the Welsh conductors; she was only thankful that it was finished, and that her friends expressed themselves satisfied with what she had done.

"When we return to Wales we will think it over," said Mrs. Richards.

"If only they would send little Davy instead of me," ejaculated May.

Her second ordeal was yet to come. Mrs. Richards took her to a pastrycook's for luncheon, then drove her to the lodging where she and some other members of the choir were located. Meredith was waiting for her, and it was already past two o'clock. The address given by Mr. Minister was at Brompton, and fearing to be late, Meredith called a cab, rather than risk a journey by omnibus. A shilling more or less was not now of so much consequence to him as it had been a few years before. Uncle Laban came in just in time to accompany them; for, having known May's mother and seen her father, it was deemed wise that he should be of the party. Not that anyone, save May herself, entertained a hope of hearing that her father was alive. Mrs. and Miss Richards waited to see them off, then went in search of other amusements, for they were among the kind friends who had undertaken to pioneer parties of the choir to see the London sights.

It was a little after the appointed hour when the cab pulled up at the artist's dwelling. This was a small, suburban villa, situated in a tiny garden, where bright flowers and sheltering acacias delighted the heart of May. Mr. Minister was evidently expecting them, for he hastened down the gravel-path to meet them, and took them at once into a small room, the walls of which were covered with pictures. Mr. Everton was already there.

"Will you remain here?" he said hastily, to Laban and Meredith, "and will you come with me?" he added, to May.

She followed him through a red baize door in one corner of the room that communicated with another room which was a studio, where easels, sketches, brushes, and palettes bespoke the abode of the artist, as did also the glazed roof and other accessories.

"Here she is!" exclaimed Mr. Minister, cheerfully.

Before she was even conscious of the presence of a third person she found herself clasped in the arms of someone whom she felt must be her father.

"My child! my child! It surely cannot be! It cannot be!" were the words that greeted her as soon as speech was possible.

She could neither speak nor breathe, for that long, straining, passionate embrace.

When, at last, the arms were loosened and she stood a moment, face to face, with him who had thus held her, a torrent of tears poured from her eyes and blinded her vision. The eyes that looked on her were also dim with tears, and once more the words came, "My child! my little Madeline! it cannot, cannot be," and the yearning father-heart again impelled the arms to open and enclose the long-lost daughter.

Speech is slow to come at such a time. Feeling overpowers it. To the pair who thus met it seemed almost lost. Instinctively they accepted one another, and sobbed out their uncontrollable emotion in each other's arms. The artist had left the room and rejoined the friends in the adjoining apartment, so that they were alone together, parent and child, who had been lost to one another for twelve long years.

It was May who first recovered some portion of calmness, and who, withdrawing slowly from the long embrace, said, hesitatingly,

"I do not yet understand. Are you really my own dear father?"

A pale, haggard, attenuated, grey-haired man stood before her, in whom appeared no single trace of him she remembered. He had been young, bright, handsome to her childish imagination, and had been so impressed on her memory.

"If you are Madeline Goldworthy, I am your father," he replied, sinking into an easy chair, covering his face with his hands, and again giving way to uncontrollable sobs.

May knelt down by the chair, and laid her hand on his arm. Then she said very gently,

"Oh! dear sir! dear father! we should rejoice, not weep, that God has been so good as to restore us to one another."

The words took instant effect. He removed his hands from before his face, and smiled upon her. It was a strange, weary smile, that almost alarmed May. His eyes were so unnaturally brilliant; his cheeks so supernaturally hollow, that he looked to her scarcely human. He clasped his thin hands, uplifted his eyes, murmured a few inarticulate words of thanksgiving, then laid the hands on her shining head.

"I recognise thee by this tangled hair, my love. How proud we were of its golden threads! I have been seeking thee ever since I found my reason, but seeking thee in vain. Where hast thou been?"

There was something in the look and manner of the questioner that caused May, instinctively, to reply cautiously,

"At Derwen, dear father, where everyone is good to me."

"Derwen!" he repeated, passing his hand over his brow. "Derwen! Ha! It was there your sweet mother lived when I married her. I dared not return there without her. Though, indeed, it was not my fault that I lost you both. Do you remember her?"

"Quite well, dear sir. I was six years old when the Lord took her to himself."

A momentary silence succeeded these words, during which May's fair face was turned upwards towards her father's. She still knelt, and one of his hands remained on her head, while the other rested on the loose morning robe in which he was dressed. Perhaps this many-coloured attire, added to his half-wild appearance, alarmed May, for her eyes sank beneath his troubled gaze. But she summoned back her courage when he said, quietly,

"Tell me something of your mother. Was she—was she destitute — when—when, as you say, 'the Lord took her to Himself'?"

"Oh, no! we had kind friends. Mr. Everton, who is in the next room; Mrs. Pope, and others. I think she was happy, and I remember that she sent her love to you when you came back."

"She believed in me? She thought I should return?"

"I forget that; but I am sure she loved you very dearly, and we always prayed for you."

"Ah! it is supremely sad, my child. When I left you to travel abroad in search of work and experience I was assured of payment by my patron. I was to return in less than a year. I sent your sweet mother, my sainted Mary, all I earned. I was getting on. Suddenly I had fever—I forget where. They tell me that I lost my reason; but I know not what befel for a long, long time. I lost everything I had—sketches, papers, all! I hear people were kind to me, but

I know not who. I was in an Italian hospital, a stranger to all; there they put me into some sort of pauper place, I know not what. At last I got better, and the English consul sent me back to England. I had just money enough left to find my way to the lodgings where I had left you and your sweet mother. You were no longer there. They directed me to some other place, whither they believed you had gone. The people had left. Some of the neighbours remembered a golden-haired little girl, whose mother had died, and was buried by the parish. Ah! my child! But none of them knew what had become of her. This brought on a relapse, and I had a fresh attack of fever. Again I know not what happened for some months. I was in the fever hospital, and all was a blank. But I got better, though they tell me I am always in a precarious state, body and mind. But I fell in with the little sketch Minister made of you and recognised my Madeline. I sought him and he told me all he knew of you, which was not much; but it gave me comfort. He took compassion on me, and has been my guardian angel ever since I lived with him. I work with him, and he is to me as a brother. I am continually seeking you, but he it is who has found you. What attracted him in the child drew his attention in the sweet young singer, and he has brought you back to me. My love! My darling! My Madeline!"

While her father told his broken tale May felt a sort of terror creep over her. Looking at him she could scarcely believe that he was her father. Listening she shuddered to think of what he had gone through, and what might still be before him. Had she found him to lose him again? For it seemed to her that he could not have long to live.

"You will stay with me, my child?" he said, suddenly. "I shall now have some one to work for. An object in life. They say I have genius. For your sake I will verify their words. Come here."

He rose and led May to an easel on which was a half-finished landscape. Even she saw how beautiful it was, though she had no experience of art: "I will complete it: consecrate it to you," he added, stooping to kiss her. "It will make a home for us twain."

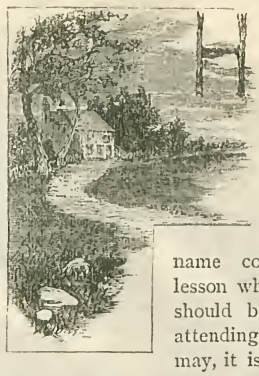
May did not venture to reply. She stood motionless before the picture; her father's arm round her waist. The tenderest filial feelings sprang to her breast, and she longed to devote herself to the poor, sorrow-stricken, melancholy man, who had been so long separated from her by no fault of his own. But instantaneously there arose before her mind's eye a vision of her grandparents, of her dear home, of all she loved best. She turned her eyes from the picture to her father, and almost without knowing what she uttered, breathed the words, "What would they do without me?"

(To be continued.)



FEMALE NAMES.

No. III.—EDITH.



How very little most of us think of our Christian names! Yet, if we would only see it, every name is a little poem in itself, and every name contains a moral lesson which we all of us should be the better for attending to. Our name may, it is true, have been given to us somewhat at haphazard; we may have been called after one of our godparents or relatives, or possibly after some illustrious personage. Or again a name may have been chosen because it is pretty or romantic. But however we may have come by our Christian name, we cannot change it, much as we may wish to, so let us make the best of it, and try to learn what we can about its meaning and its associations.

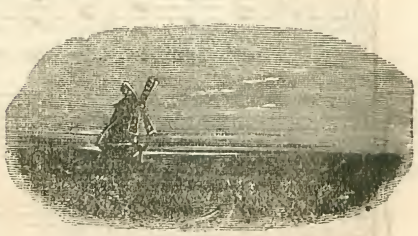
It is a good sign that at the present day we are returning to our fine old English names once more; we have done with the Letitias, Euphemias, Clarissas, Arabellas, and Sophonisbas of the last century, and even such names as Julia and Amelia are becoming less common every year. We consider this a very decided improvement, for why should we go to Latin or Greek for names when our own English tongue supplies us with such a variety of beautiful appellations? Our surnames are for the most part pure English, and for the future let our Christian names be English likewise.

Surely such a name as that of Edith is not inferior in sound to any grandiloquent classical appellation, and it has the advantage of being pure Anglo-Saxon, and of possessing a most beautiful meaning. The earliest form of the name may sound somewhat harsh to modern ears, but to those who first used it the meaning it conveyed was so apparent as to atone for any defect in the sound. Eadgyth, as the name was first written, meant "a noble gift," and was a name very frequently given to the princesses of the West Saxon Royal house. Indeed, our early kings were very fond of the first syllable of this name, and it occurs in a great many of the Royal cognomens. Thus we have three kings before the Conquest called Ead-ward, two Ead-munds, one Ead-wig, and one Ead-gar, and besides these there are found such names as Ead-ric, Ead-bald, and Ead-bert among the various members of the Royal house. This prefix *ead*, then, was a widely used one, and very beautiful it is, signifying "noble," "pleasant," "happy," "prosperous." And so when a fair daughter was born to one of our Anglo-Saxon kings, he often called her Ead-gyth, "the noble gift from God," just as the Greeks gave their children the name of Dorothea. Of these early Eadgyths, or Ediths, the most famous were the daughter of Edward the Elder, who became the wife of the mighty Emperor Otto the Great; and the daughter of King Edgar whose holy life and good deeds earned for her the title of Saint Edith. The wife of the Confessor was Edith, daughter of Earl Godwine, whose virtues were praised by English and Normans alike. The latter, who hated Godwine, because he had once driven all the Normans out of England, made a verse which said that as a rose springs from a thorn, so had Edith sprung from Godwine. Of another Edith, whose beauty gave her the name of Swan's-neck, it is told that she, and she alone, recognised the body of her lover Harold as he lay dead on the fatal field of Hastings.

When the Normans got hold of England, of course all English names were dropped, and instead of Edwards and Harolds we find Roberts and Williams, and so strange did the English names seem that when Edith of Scotland, who was the niece of Edgar Etheling, was brought into England to be married to King Henry, her name was changed to Matilda, or Maud, which was as favourite an appellation with the Normans as Edith had been with the Anglo-Saxons. So that we must not forget that the real name of "Good Queen Maud" was Edith. Many are the stories told by the old chroniclers of her piety and her charity, how she washed the feet of the poor, and tended the lepers, relieved the wretched and studied to increase her holiness. Everyone who saw her was the better for the sight, and when she died the whole nation mourned as if each man had lost his mother.

Of Edith, King Edgar's daughter, a story is told which shows her to have possessed a degree of common sense in religious matters very uncommon in those days. She possessed a natural love for fair attire, for which she was one day rebuked by a monk, who thought by his untidiness and slovenliness to manifest his great devotion and unworldliness. But Edith quickly answered that she thought a mind might be as pure and devout under seemly raiment as beneath tattered rags.

From the time of Good Queen Maud we hardly meet with any Ediths till we come to the present century, when the grand old name began to be revived, and we find Charles Lamb, after enumerating some fashionable names of the day, declare, "These all than Saxon Edith please me less." Since his time Edith has gradually been getting into favour, and it bids fair to be, as it really deserves to be, one of the most popular of our female names. All those girls who bear the name should never forget its meaning, and should try to be in reality happy, blessed gifts to their parents, while from "Saint" Edith and from Good Queen Maud they may learn lessons which are not altogether unneeded in our own day.

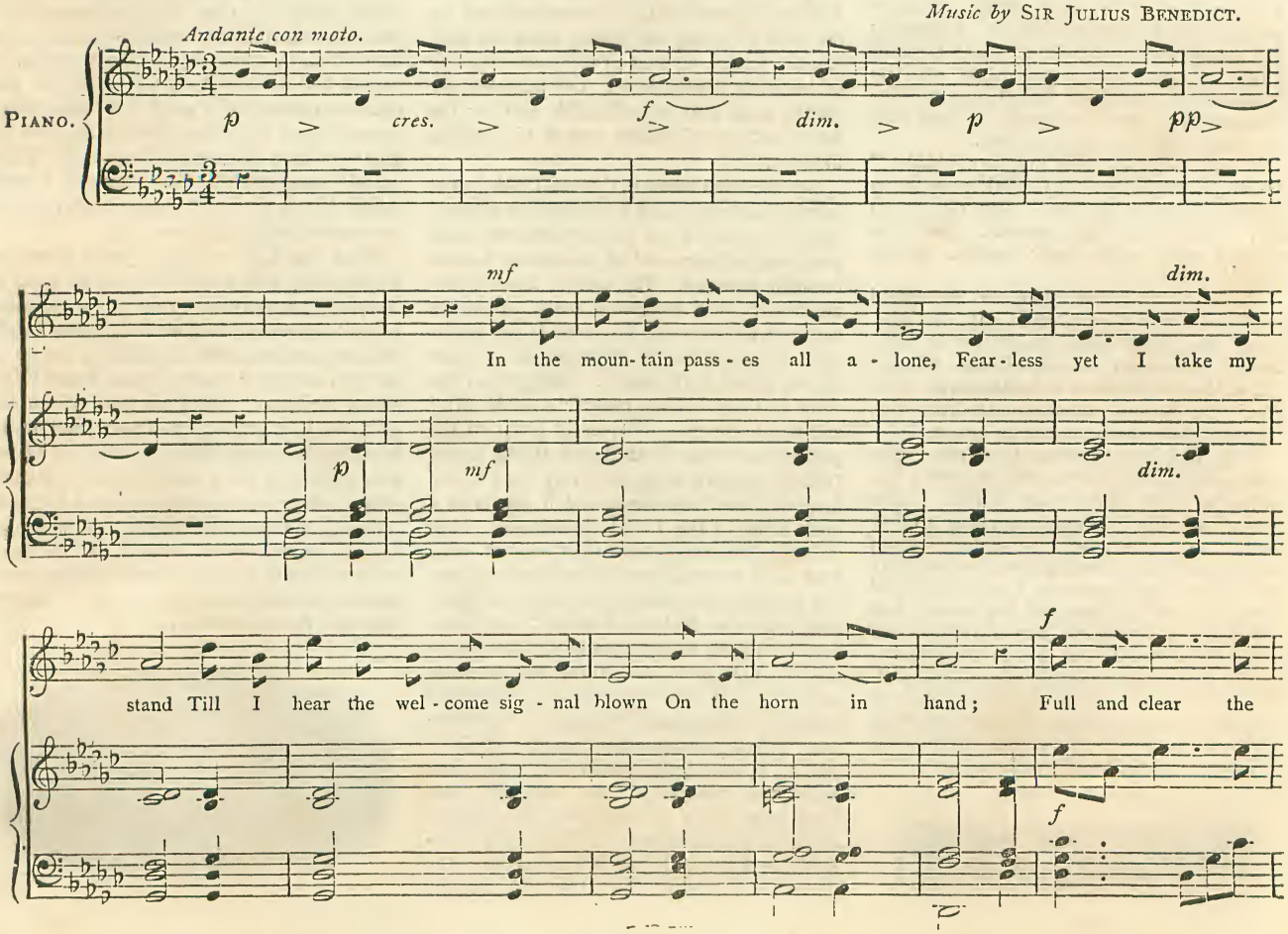


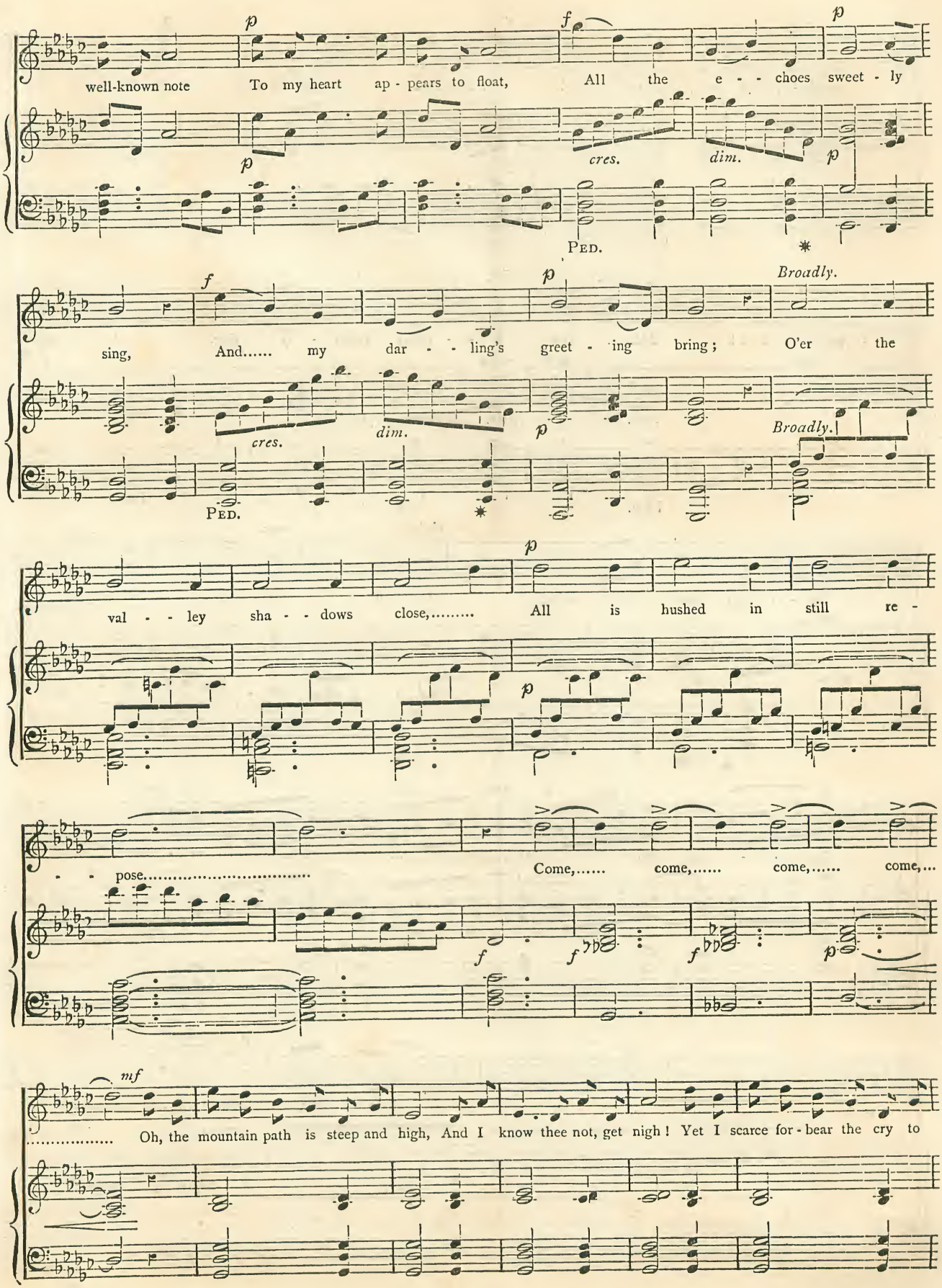


THE MOUNTAINEER'S BRIDE.

TYROLIENNE FOR THE VOICE.

Music by SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.




well-known note To my heart ap - pears to float, All the e - - choes sweet - ly
cres. dim.
PED.
sing, And..... my dar - - ling's greet - ing bring; O'er the
Broadly.
cres. dim.
PED.
val - - ley sha - - dows close,..... All is hushed in still re -
- - pose..... Come,..... come,..... come,..... come,...
Oh, the mountain path is steep and high, And I know thee not, get nigh! Yet I scarce for - bear the cry to


cres.
f
p
send— I am here, gen - tle friend! Ah! how clear the well-known note To my heart ap -
f
p
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
- - pears to float! All..... the e - - choes sweet - ly sing, And..... my
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
PED.
PED.
dolce.
cres.
dar - - ling's greet - ing bring; O'er the val - ley, sha - dows
dim.
p
dolce.
cres.
dim. e poco. rall.
pp
clos - - ing, All is hushed..... in still..... re - pose.....
dim. e poco. rall.
pp
PED.
cres.
f
Dar - ling, come!.....
cres.
f
ppp
ppp

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXII.



EVEN o'clock struck, the "getting-up" time for the pupils from the 1st of November to the end of March. There was a rap at the door, and a simultaneous cry from three voices of "Come in."

The servant entered with the cans of hot water, and having deposited them she stepped to Helen's bed and presented her with a note, with the words, "From Madam, Miss."

Helen tore it open with her usual impetuosity, glanced over it and bounded out of bed. Clapping her hands above her head, and singing, "Too late, hurrah, too late!" she danced about the room till Milly declared she believed the yesterday's starvation had driven her crazy.

At last Clara Boswell caught hold of her, and held her fast while she asked, "What has happened now, you wild Indian of a girl? What is too late?"

"Look and see," said Helen, laughing, as she held the note before her schoolfellow's eyes. "Read that."

And Clara did read it, and was more puzzled than before, as well she might be. The note was as follows, very short and stiff:—

"MY DEAR MISS EDISON,—Under present circumstances I feel compelled to forbid you the pleasure of giving any birthday presents to Rose Bell with your own hands. Whether I can allow her to receive them from you at all must depend upon your conduct this morning.

"Yours, in much grief and anxiety for your future,

"SYBILLA CROFTON."

"Well?" ejaculated Clara Boswell, in astonished interrogation, when she had read these words through for the third time in the vain endeavour to find any key in them for her companion's wild glee; "well, I do not see anything very cheering or delightful in this. Dear Miss Crofton greatly troubled——"

"Yes," interjected Helen, her face clouding for a moment. "That's bad, certainly. I'm horribly sorry for that, of course. But go on, what were you going to say next?"

"Why, next your own kind hopes and works of the past three or four days are disappointed——"

"Are they though?" murmured Helen, beginning to smile again. Clara stared, and so did Milly Wilmot. But Clara continued, "And then—worst of all, in one sense—perhaps poor little Rose will get none of those gifts, after all which would have so brightened up——"

But at this point, for the third time, Helen interrupted her. Bursting into a peal of the most triumphant laughter, and breaking away from her captor, she shouted,

"Ah! but, perhaps, and for certain your perhaps goes for nothing, my lady fair. She's got them, Clara, she's got them. Every one of them. Oh! how delicious that I thought of that plan, and that I woke up in time to carry it out. Rose has got the doll, and the bonbons, and the notepaper, and everything, and I gave them to her my very own self at five o'clock this morning, and got, oh! such a heap of kisses, and dear little dimples in return, that I feel set up against all the horrid old Rowes in——"

"Take that, you impertinent girl," cried a voice choking with passion, as the sound of a heavy box on the ears sounded through the room, followed for an instant by a dead silence.

While Helen was explaining everything, the door opened, unperceived by any of the three pre-occupied inmates. Mademoiselle had told Miss Rowe over-night, with tears in her eyes, of the prohibitory note Miss Crofton had decided to write Helen to stop her giving the presents before she had spoken with her, and so far from sharing the kind-hearted little Frenchwoman's sympathetic sorrow, she had slept with greatly soothed feelings from the intelligence. Then she heard laughter and merry voices in the adjoining room directly after they were called in the morning, and her floor shook from the vibration of the next one.

How dared they be joyous in there with the culprit! She stopped midway in her toilette, slipped on her dressing-gown, and quietly entered the next room in time to hear that her hopes for her hated pupil's disappointment were baffled. Then came the impertinent allusion to herself, and then—that blow.

The silence that followed, almost instantaneous as it was, was terrible, then Helen started round with a fierce look in her eyes and uplifted hand. As suddenly as it was raised it fell again.

"No," she said, "I don't *fight*. I don't use my fists like a navvy or a fishwoman. I am a lady."

The look in the eyes now, and the tones of the low, constrained voice expressed such measureless scorn that the antagonist shrank before that set, white young face. There was a pause, and Helen added, "I should think you had better go now, unless you carry your malice so far as to wish to kill me with cold."

Almost mechanically Miss Rowe went towards the door, and as she passed through, the same resolutely constrained young voice followed her with the words, "Remember, you will have to beg my pardon for that blow."

Passing her own room the young governess went on to that of the Bells with a half-defined purpose of claiming back the toys from poor little Rose, and telling her that Miss Crofton did not choose to let her have them. She rapped hastily at the door, and before she could turn the handle the child herself opened it, the beautiful doll in her arms, her rosebud of a face full of dimples,

"Oh, Miss Rowe," she cried, joyously, "do come and see all my delicious, delightful things. And I have got something for dear, dear, dear little Harry, too. Do look, please."

"Another time, child, another time," was the hurried answer. "Many happy returns of the day to you. I must go now, I am not dressed, you see, and the prayer-bell will ring in a few minutes."

And Miss Rowe turned abruptly, and went back to her own room a second time, discomfited. Rose pushed her sister gently down on to her bed, climbed on to her lap, and, cheek to cheek, murmured, happily, "Josie, my prayers will have to be all praises to-day, I think."

"I often feel like that, sissy darling," whispered back the other, and especially when I thank our Father for giving me such a very precious, dear little blessing as you are."

"Mamma called me her little blessing," whispered back the child, "when she said that last good-bye on board the ship. Oh, Josephine, I wish the years would soon pass that we might be all together again."

"Yes, darling. Won't it be a happy part of being in Heaven that there we shall be together, never, never again to part?"

"Yes, Pheenie, yes, I often think of that beautiful thing. But, Pheenie, should I want to go there just yet?"

"No, sissy darling; no, of course not, until you are called there," was the answer, as the elder sister strained the blooming child in her arms. But a scarcely audible sigh followed the answer that seemed to have a faint echo of a tired longing in it, and the words floated through the slow brain, "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SURPRISE.

"HELEN, could you spare a short time to come with me to the little study?" It was Josephine who spoke just as they were leaving the dining-hall after tea on little Rose's birthday.

There were no smiles on Helen Edison's face now, and she hesitated slightly as she answered, "I meant to give what little time I have to-night to spare to telling Rosie a story."

"Ah! please let me tell you one instead," said Josephine, very anxiously. "Rose shall come with us, and get her doll ready for bed. Besides, I think she will like to hear the story I have to tell you to-night for once even better than a fairy tale."

Helen allowed herself to be drawn on till they were apart from all the other

girls, and then once more she stood still, and facing her schoolfellow with something of a sullen expression on her face, she said doggedly—

"Look here, Josephine, I'm sorry to hurt your feelings, or to vex you in any way, but I had better tell you at once that it will be no good your trying to scold me now, or attempting to read me a lecture, for I am in no humour for it, and won't listen."



"THE NARRATIVE BEGAN."

"I know," said Josephine, with a mingling in her voice of sadness and gentleness. "I am not thinking of preaching or scolding you. I only want to tell you something about a poor little boy Rose and I saw while we were away last week. I should like to interest you in his case."

"Oh! certainly I'll listen to anything of that sort you like to tell me. That's quite another matter. Is the little boy's case anything that papa can help in, do you suppose?"

"I don't know; I am afraid not. But you will be better able to judge when I have told you his short history."

And so saying Josephine Bell ushered her two companions into the little study specially appropriated to her own use after the morning classes were over day by day.

Beside the fireplace was a tiny horsehair sofa, and on this Josephine and Helen seated themselves; little Rose established herself on Helen's lap with a very earnest face, and the narrative began. Before repeating it, I must pause to remark that the present state of affairs at Crofton House was very dreary.

There had been a terrible scene that morning. After prayers, which had been an unhappy mockery for two of the party, Miss Crofton had detained everyone but the servants, and then gone over the facts, so far as she knew them, of yesterday's disturbance. Having done so without interruption from anyone, she had concluded earnestly—

"But I hope that the next five minutes will see the end of this cloud, and that we shall have clear skies once more. There is not one here that cannot understand that without patience on both sides, and submission to authority on the side of the pupils, no establishment of this kind can be well regulated. You, I am sure, Miss Edison, will by now have seen this, and will be willing to acknowledge it. To make your apologies to Miss Rowe the easier, in consideration of your yesterday's punishment, I may add that in some sort they will be also made to me, seeing that during my absence from home Miss Rowe is, as you are aware, my representative."

Helen started to her feet, with crimson cheeks, and exclaimed, "Don't say so, madam. Don't claim a spy for your representative; you, who are so frank and straightforward, that we all, down to little Rose, learn to respect you as much as we love you, Do you think that you could have ever made yourself tell a little child to sneak softly into a room that she might *find out* what her companion was about? No, you know that you could not."

That was the first the Principal had heard of that order to little Rosa Bell. And then she heard also of that box on the ears. And Helen had ended up with: "When Miss Rowe has begged my pardon for that insult, I will beg hers for some portion of what I said, but I cannot do so before."

After that no one knew exactly what had happened. There was a confused memory of Miss Crofton, in a tone of shocked astonishment, asking her young subordinate if she admitted the accusation. There was an indistinct recollection of a sharp, fierce answer from Miss Rowe that she had a good mind to repeat the blow there and then, not once but several times, and then all remembered the sudden lull that had fallen on the storm for a few moments, to be followed by the young governess suddenly coming forward and saying, in cold, slow tones—

"After this, madam, it may be as well that I should let you know that my services are greatly required at home. I will leave to-night."

"Well," said Miss Crofton, heavily, "perhaps it will be well."

And then, without a glance at Helen Edison, she had gone, and the girls had all trooped off to the breakfast that had been awaiting them nearly half an hour. Mademoiselle had to take the head of the table, for the English governess had gone up to her own room, locked herself in, and refused to come down. She remained there all day, seeing no one. Once, in reply to a third visit from Josephine, she had pushed a tiny note out to her under the door; but that was all the notice she would vouchsafe to anyone of her existence.

There had been some half promise given by the Principal two or three days ago that if Rosie's birthday should be fine, a holiday expedition should be made somewhere.

The day did turn out a most lovely foretaste of summer, but there were too many thunderclouds in the school atmosphere to permit of any talk of festivities. The day dragged on with its usual succession of classes, Miss Crofton taking those belonging to the English governess, but paying no attention to Helen, who began as the hours wore away to feel an inclination to follow her antagonist's example. Through her Miss Rowe was losing her position; through her Miss Crofton was put to terrible inconvenience. Helen began to feel very miserable, but very hard; and then Josephine got hold of her, and persuaded her to listen to her story about a little boy.

(*To be continued.*)

OCCUPATIONS FOR INVALIDS.

By Dora de Blaquiere.



OUR mental powers strengthened, and our nerves braced in some measure by our course of training in "head-work," it is not improbable that we shall find we have acquired much cheerfulness and good humour also. The first is one of the greatest elements in the religious life; and of the second, a saintly Lord Shaftesbury, who lived a century ago, said, "Good humour is the best foundation of piety and true religion," and true happiness is a state of mind calm, unruffled, and undisturbed. "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." The restless and unquiet spirit will derive its best soothing from holding high communion with all the great minds who have gone before, and left their ennobling thoughts, their lofty aspirations in written words, to cheer and rouse us.

But on the very threshold a temptation will probably stand, which, if yielded to, will paralyse us completely in our efforts at self-employment. They are but "poor efforts" at the best with many invalids, as all the occupations which can be suggested seem trifling and profitless if compared with what they might have done in perfect health. And then there occurs to them that most trying question, "*Cui bono?*" "Of what good is it?"—a query which has been propounded to struggling souls by Satan for thousands of years with varying success.

"She hath done what she could," is our Lord's measure, and a most generous and pitiful one it is; the strongest can do no more, the weakest can do as much. Thus I advise my invalid to place her frail attempts in this balance, and so rest content. If heartily pursued, any occupation diverts the mind and soothes pain more or less. We forget it while at work, and thus the result will

have answered the question, "Of what good is it?"

Our next heading, "Handwork," is a very wide one, and includes so many classes of invalids, that it is somewhat difficult to arrange them. I shall begin, however, with those who, though invalids, are obliged to endeavour to earn either the whole or a part of their sustenance, and, therefore, must produce something that the public will buy. Their work is executed in weariness and painfulness perhaps, but it is very wonderful how both health and strength are given by an all-wise Father to these poor dependants on His care, and we cannot but feel astonished at their powers of endurance and the amount of work which they can perform.

To encourage my readers I will begin by citing two cases, of which I have recently been told. The first is that of a young lady who is confined to her sofa, an incurable invalid, and who lives abroad for the sake of her health on the warm and sheltered Riviera. Last year I was told she made £106 by selling her designs of Easter cards, and this year she has designed, painted, and sold twenty-three dozen Christmas cards. Some of her etchings with pen and ink are really wonderful for their cleverness and originality. The second invalid has been most successful in painting on velvet, satin, silk, and vellum, and is, I am assured, obtaining a fair remuneration for her work in this direction, having been fortunate enough to form a connection, and to obtain trade orders to a large amount. Besides these two ladies I have heard of several others, and I am led to consider that the various forms of art-work are the most suitable for that class of invalids who must endeavour to help themselves.

"But," someone says, sorrowfully, "I have never had any training; I cannot draw, I cannot paint, I know nothing of art in any way." Perhaps not, but, being young, you can try to learn; and if we take a recent authority for our guide, we shall be much comforted. "Drawing," he says, "is an art which can be learned at any age, by any person." "Cast away," he continues, "that old-fashioned notion about taste, or no taste for drawing. As well might it be argued that Messrs. Brown, Jones, or Robinson had no taste for writing, and therefore it was useless to try. The first man, whoever he was, who tried to write, tried to draw, and did both by the same effort. Everybody should know how to draw; the archbishop and the cabin-boy, the duchess and the parlour-maid. To learn to draw is to learn to think. Drawing is an expression of our thoughts. You could not describe in words the exact shape of the letter 'A,' but you could draw it in a moment, and so easily too; and why? Practice has given you the power. You can draw all the letters, great and small; practice has done it, taste never would have taught you. What then, if we try to draw the forms of other things as well as letters? A vase or a pitcher is no more difficult to draw than the first letter of its name, only that we are more accustomed to draw the letter than the object. Try, then, some simple form. It may be an antique Greek vase, or it may be a marmalade pot It is not in reality more difficult to draw than the letter 'M.' The eye must be educated. Many failures will instruct it. Draw all your tea-service, and perhaps you will then be able to draw a cup and saucer."

I have given the whole of this sensible advice, because I believe that any girl may teach herself to draw, and by constant sketching may at last perfect herself in it; and drawing is really the foundation of all art work, and thus of numberless employments suitable to the invalid. Etching on paper, illumination, drawing on wood, and wood engraving, china and terra-cotta painting, as well as oils and water-colours. Oils are better for the invalid than water-colours, as they are easier to manage, and the first attempts are less discouraging. The original "setting up" of a small stock of materials is less alarming perhaps in water-colours, as there are wonderful boxes for a shilling, but I think the results to the worker are more satisfactory than the former.

Pen-and-ink drawings are in high favour just now, and are used for *menu* cards, birthday, Christmas, and Easter cards, and the same art is applied with marking-ink to linen and silk, for all kinds of ornamental purposes. Illuminating is a delightful occupation for the invalid, whether performed for her own benefit as texts for the house, or the decoration of some favourite poem, or texts for the walls of churches, schoolrooms, and chapels. Letters and texts for missionary purposes amongst the North American Indians, or in the East Indian languages, are very gladly received. Most missionaries in these fields of labour will give you instructions in the kind of words they require.

Some time ago I saw in an American newspaper an appeal to ladies from a missionary in the far North West, for kind help in this way. He wanted fifty alphabets in some Indian tongue, I believe. There are proper colours for illuminating, the materials for illuminating upon are vellum, vellum paper, and good hot-pressed drawing papers. A small manual of instructions and books of alphabets and initial letters in colours for copying can be obtained of any good artist's colourman.

Drawing on wood and wood-engraving are both very valuable acquirements, the first is more suitable to an invalid than the last, which might need more strength than the invalid could put forth, and also a longer and closer apprenticeship than most arts of the kind. Drawing on stone and etching on copper are both more easily acquired by an amateur than the technical part of wood engraving. The block of wood, as purchased, has a glossy surface, which is then covered with a thin coating of Chinese white mixed with water, which is rubbed all over with the hand while wet to render it even. When quite dry it is ready for use. Draw with a HHH pencil, all the lines being clear and decided. The engraver cuts away all that is left white, and leaves only the part which is covered with pencil marks standing in relief. I have recently seen some examples of drawing on wood by an amateur, and have been much struck by the fact of its being so eminently suited to invalids. Many of the best artists on wood of the present day are women, and there appears to be an ever-increasing demand for all kinds of pictorial work.

China-painting has been very fully treated of in an article in this paper at page 340, vol. i., and also Christmas cards at page 485, vol. i. Both of these you will find most useful to you. China-painting is not, however, as profitable a pursuit to the amateur now as when it first came out, but it is most delightful and fascinating work for its own sake, and quite suitable to an invalid.

Painting on terra-cotta is still more simple, and has the additional recommendation of not requiring baking. It takes oil-colours beautifully, and repays the worker fully for careful treatment. The terra-cotta for painting upon is procurable everywhere, and at very small expense.

A small shilling manual will give you all needful advice about mixing colours, and the method of working, and if you use "Robertson's Medium," you will not suffer from the smell, which proves so offensive and painful to many sensitive invalids. My own parting advice on this question is: "Keep your brushes and palette clean, and make a rule of never putting them away dirty. Your work will then be always pleasant, and without a drawback to yourself or others.

I hardly know whether any of my invalids will fancy modelling as an occupation, but if they should, they will find it most interesting work. In France many ladies model in their drawing-rooms in coloured clays, and I am told that it is found very profitable work by those who possess any taste or skill for it. The clay for modelling is obtained at potteries, of pipe makers, and plasterers, and also of the dealers who supply the artist-world. The small bone or wooden spoons, and scrapers used are simple and cheap; and nothing but a board is needed to work upon. The first attempts should be copies of simple objects—a dog or cat, a rabbit or a hare. First, lay the base by spreading the clay to a certain thickness and making it level. Then begin and build up the dog or cat from the model, taking the dimensions of it with a pair of large compasses. After making yourself certain that your model is correct as to size, begin copying the original, scraping away and imitating all the hollows, &c., with the utmost care. There is very little to be gained from a master in this art; the tools and materials are simple, and, judging from the forts modelled on the sea-shore and the mud-pies of the streets, children are artists by intuition. I have seen, within the last few days, a head of Demosthenes modelled in clay by a little girl, which showed conclusively what can be done, without a master, by innate quickness and a correct eye for outlines.

So far I have dealt with my young invalids, who require, and can bear a small amount of training, hoping to become workers to some purpose in the end. In my next I shall endeavour to suggest a few remunerative occupations which may be followed without any special training, by painstaking care and some degree of taste.

(*To be continued.*)



VARIETIES.

A Division of Time for the Musical.—As to the amount of time which should be devoted to pianoforte-practising, some sensible remarks have been made by Mr. Franklin Taylor. "The minimum," says he, "should be for the amateur an hour and a half, and for the professional student four hours daily." A great deal depends on the practice being regular, and on the time being well apportioned among the different kinds of practice undertaken. As regards the division of time, the advanced student will be able to judge from his own experience what arrangement is best calculated to ensure progress. As a general rule, the following proportions, for the amateur, will be found advantageous:—

Practice of one hour and a half.	Min.
Finger exercises, scales, &c.	25
Study	15
Old study already learnt	10
Sonata, or other piece	30
Playing over piece already learnt, or sight reading	10
	90

Double Acrostic.

The initials and finals give the names of two countries in Europe:—Self-willed. That from which metal is extracted. Pertaining to the moon. A weaver's frame. A girl's name. An idea. A division of time.

The earnest people are so few in the world that their very earnestness becomes at once the badge of their nobility; and as men in a crowd instinctively make room for one who seems eager to force his way through it, so mankind everywhere opens its ranks to one who rushes zealously towards some object lying beyond them.

Fanciful Names for American Cities.—In this country several cities have had nicknames given them—Modern Babylon, Auld Reekie, and Cottonopolis, for example—but in America the practice is pushed to a much greater length. Most cities there have fanciful names under which they are wont to be affectionately or sarcastically alluded to. Thus the *sobriquet* of New York City is Gotham; Boston, Modern Athens (or the Hub of the Universe); Philadelphia, Quaker City; Baltimore, Monumental City; Cincinnati, Queen City (or Porkopolis); New Orleans, Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, Garden City; Toledo, Corn City; Detroit, the City of the Straits; Cleveland, Forest City; Pittsburg, Smoky City; New Haven, City of Elms; St. Louis, Mound City; Indianopolis, Railroad City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Hannibal, Bluff City; Quincey, Model City; Alexandria, Delta City; Maysville, Kentucky, Seven Acre City; Savannah, Forest City; Atlanta, Gate City.

Cleanliness of Person.—Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.—*George Herbert.*

Acquiring a Good Character.—The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavour to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*

Admiration and Imitation.—There is a long and wearisome step between admiration and imitation.—*Richter.*

Buried Towns.

1. Tell Amy or Katie to take this parcel to the station.
2. Where is that almanac?" he sternly said.
3. He led the poor lamb right on to the slaughter.
4. I will send her the Christmas card if Flora has not lost it.
5. Is little Rob at his own home or with you?
6. We shall go to Bradford or Chester if father will take us.

A New Way of Keeping Warm.—So long as the cold weather lasts it may be as well to remember that a new way of keeping warm is said to have been recently put in practice with good effect in some parts of the United States. It might be introduced with modifications and improvements into this country. The method is to have a buckwheat cake made large enough to cover the bed-quilt, and spread over it "piping hot" at the time of retiring. When made of sufficient thickness it retains the heat till morning; and if a person is too lazy to get up, she can make a very good breakfast off the edge as she lies.

Philosophy for the Lonely.—Some of us girls are very much afraid of being alone. But it is a feeling we should struggle against. "Why," says Keble, in the "Christian Year:"

"Why should we faint and fear to be alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die?
Not even the tenderest heart and next our own
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh."

Unchanging Truth.—Truth is truth, though from an enemy and spoken in malice.

The Art of Happiness.—The art of happiness is the art of limiting one's wants.

Answers to Buried Mythical Heroes. (p. 331).—Perseus, Ixion, Theseus, Icarus, Ganymede.

Answers to Buried Trees (p. 331).—Ilex, ash, oak, maple, sycamore, willow, fir, pine.

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 331).

C A M P
EDGE HILL
RICHELIEU
E Y O T
S C I O*

When Pluto had carried away Persephone, her mother, Ceres, besought Jupiter to compel him to restore her; but Jupiter contented himself with ordaining that Persephone (Proserpine) should remain six months with Pluto in Hades and the other six months with Ceres on earth. The Greek allegory of winter and summer.

* The birthplace of Homer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Ely.—Have you obtained permission to enter a training college next year? You are very young for that; the earliest age for entrance is eighteen years, and pupil teachers are expected to pass the fourth year's examination, if not the fifth, before thinking of college. The entrance or scholarship examination which decides the choice of the candidates to enter training colleges is held in July every year. The training colleges which are nearest to you are Norwich and Lincoln, but those in London are considered the best. Whitelands is a Church of England College, and the Home and Colonial takes students of various denominations.

A. S. F. K.—Will try to obtain the information you seek; in the meantime see answer to "Elizabeth, Mignon, and Ethelda."

Ellie.—If you wish to qualify as a governess, you should endeavour to pass some examination and obtain a certificate. If you cannot study at home, by all means go to a public school; you are not at all too old.

Edith.—Read "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. Your writing is very poor indeed.

Lily.—Certificates are now generally required of all teachers, and are conducive to better situations and superior pay. Pronounce "For-tes-qu."

Land o' the Leal.—You can generally procure French reading books very cheaply at a second-hand bookseller's; school books are not worth much, we believe.

Ruth Stanley.—You could commence learning Italian without a teacher quite well, and a few lessons would make you acquainted with the pronunciation, which is very easy. Your writing is most legible.

Elaine.—You will find all the tales by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian charming in language and ideas.

A Sunday School Teacher.—Pictures and hymn-books at the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Jessamine.—The Oxford and Cambridge Senior Examinations are for women over eighteen. Stains of fruit from woollen may be removed by fumigation with sulphurous acid; soap the stains and burn some matches close to them.

WORK.

A Brighton Daisy.—For washing crewels see page 140, vol. i.

Lizzie H.—Take the faded photographs to a photographer for his advice. We should advise you to find out the maker of your sewing machine; as it constantly misses stitches and is an old one, we think some portion of the works must be worn out. We advise you to write copies, and to take more pains in writing.

V. W. P., C. P., and Tiger.—Furriers recommend a solution of corrosive sublimate to wash the fur with; this will kill the moth and its eggs. Warm water one pint, corrosive sublimate twelve grains. It is poison, so demands much care, and we think if the muff be valuable we should send it to a good furrier's. Thank you all for your kind notes. "C. P.'s" writing is rather scratchy, and lacks light and shade.

Adela.—Cut out a complete circle of paper, and make the top the size required for your lamp. Divide into four parts and cut into points. The paper can be crimped with a blunt pen-knife.

Jane Lilla.—Yes; leave them on the range if not too hot. Soak the fibre *once* with boiling water, and then keep it wet, not with boiling water, of course, or you would kill your plants.

Kittie and Ivy.—1. Bookbinder's varnish would be suitable. 2. Consult "My Work Basket." Both writings are pretty good.

Amabel.—Make full coverings of chintz to match the rest of the room, to pull over the top and foot of your bed.

Oxford Blue.—For your query about bullfinches see page 319, vol. i. We cannot undertake to dispose of cards for flower missions.

Flick.—We think you must mean "Decalcomanie," which is the only thing of the kind we remember. "How to Look My Best" is in one of the first numbers. You had better make your volume up.

Flock.—Try merino or lamb's wool. There are many different kinds, known by different names. Writing very neat.

Gertrude.—Sponge and brush the beaver hat with a little soapy water. Do the hair in a single plait. Your writing and your note are very untidy.

Eldest Daughter.—Bolton sheets would, of course, be most inexpensive for your curtains, and look much better than when in use, but a serge would be more lasting if you could afford it. You will find no difficulty in obtaining hints and ideas for designs from our many articles on crewels, &c.

Carrie and Maggie.—Consult "My Work Basket." The writing of both is unformed.

Sweetbriar.—Many thanks for your kind and prettily written letter.

Little Quakeress.—Use Indian ink. No preparation is needful; varnish last of all.

Amy R.—The other side of the screen might be of plain material of a dark colour. Enlarge the pattern by the directions given at page 110, vol. i.

Christmas Rose.—The veil should reach to the edge of the dress; the flowers are put on over, and the veil should be square.

Hubie.—Directions for knitting will be given, which will contain all you require. Your writing is beautifully neat.

Grizel Baillie.—It is probable that your flannels are washed in water too hot for them, and too much soap used; tepid water is the best.

Anxious One.—Knitted curtains are generally worked on very long bone or ivory needles. Number six or eight if used with Strutt's number eight, three thread, knitting cotton, and number five for Clarke's number twelve cotton. The shell pattern illustrated in The Girl's Own Paper, December 4, 1880, might perhaps suit you; however, the favourite one seems to be the feather stitch. Cast on, for each pattern, nineteen stitches; however, for a large room, twenty-five stitches would be handsomer. Allow also four stitches for each edge to form a nice firm band; throughout the work knit these edge stitches plain, so that they appear in garter stitch. With the twenty-five stitches.—1st Row.—Knit two together four times, thread forward and knit one eight times; knit two together four times, knit one. 2nd Row.—Purl. 3rd Row.—Plain. 4th Row.—Purl. Repeat these four rows as many times as necessary. To decide how many stitches to set up, work one pattern of twenty-five stitches, and from it calculate the number of groups to make up the desired width, not forgetting, of course, the eight edge stitches. For the *border*, cast on seven stitches. 1st Row.—Slip one, knit two, thread forward, knit two together, thread forward twice, knit two. 2nd Row.—Knit three, purl one, knit two, thread forward, knit two together, knit one. 3rd Row.—Slip one, knit two, thread forward, knit two

together, knit two, thread forward twice, knit two. 4th Row.—Knit three, purl one, knit four, thread forward, knit two together, knit one. 5th Row.—Slip one, knit two, thread forward, knit two together, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit two, thread forward twice, knit two. 6th Row.—Knit three, purl one; knit four, purl one, knit two, thread forward, knit two together, knit one. 7th Row.—Slip one, knit two, thread forward, knit two together, knit two, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit three, thread forward twice, knit two. 8th Row.—Knit three, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit four, thread forward, knit two together, knit one. 9th Row.—Slip one, knit two, thread forward, knit two together, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit two, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit four, thread forward twice, knit two. Here begins the real pattern. 10th Row.—Knit three, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit four, purl one, knit two, thread forward, knit two together, knit one. 11th Row.—Slip one, knit two, thread forward, knit two together, knit two, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit three, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit seven. 12th Row.—Cast off five, knit three, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit four, thread forward, knit two together, knit one. 13th Row.—Slip one, knit two, thread forward, knit two together, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit two, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit four, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit one. Repeat these last four rows till the desired length is made, then cast off loosely. Both ground and border are also suitable for counterpanes, shawls, antimacassars, etc. The sloping of the border design renders the mitring easy. When ready to finish off, stop at the third row of the pattern, then cast off eight stitches, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit four, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit one. Five more rows will slope the lace nicely, viz: 1st Row.—Knit three, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit one. 2nd Row.—Knit two together, knit one, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit seven. 3rd Row.—Cast off five, knit three, purl one, knit two. 4th Row.—Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit one, knit two together. 5th Row.—Knit two together, knit four. Cast off the five remaining stitches.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. J. B.—Do not expect us to prescribe for individual cases such as yours. We can only speak in general terms of ordinary complaints. Constitutions differ, and some people are troubled with complications; while some have mischief going on of which they are not aware, or are unable to describe.

Etrangere.—We offer our truest sympathy. Seek the consolations to be derived from the fear of God, trust in His care, and in the promise made to persevering prayer, for strength to bear all "in well doing." Hope for a happier future, perhaps in this life also, and ultimate deliverance from your trials. Look out all the verses in your "Concordance to the Bible" on the subject of trusting in the Lord, and of His thought and care for those who trust in Him, and strive to "keep a conscience void of offence."

Lilias Bertram.—1. We are sorry for you and sympathise in all your feelings. Could you not sit on a low chair to a table and do the tailoring on it, instead of on your knees. Keep the chair so close to the table that you can rest your very long back always against it, as irritation of the spine might result from such a continual and awkward strain upon it. 2. The Girl's Own Paper is not at all above the majority of girls who read it, and it is intended quite as much for the upper classes of society as for any others, including less educated classes. The greater allowance of time for rest, and the facilities and arrangements to be carried out for healthful recreation for the lower classes, is a matter occupying much attention amongst those who are ready to pay liberally for it.

An Earnest Inquirer writes:—"I have heard it said that if you take a guinea-pig up by its tail its eyes will drop out; but as it has no tail, how can its eyes drop out?" Are you "earnestly inquiring" for the purpose of testing the result? If you put a little salt on a sparrow's tail, you will be enabled to catch him. "Earnestly" try the experiment with the sparrow; do as you like about the guinea-pig.

Ruby.—We sympathise with you in your lameness. Read our suggestions, if a needlewoman, in "Our Work Basket"; if artistic, all our various articles on such matters. Is there no younger member of the household whom you could teach? no needle-workers, old persons, or others to whom you might read? Could you not improve your hand, and write letters for the family? The "pearls of the mussel" had better be shown to some respectable jeweller or lapidary, and he will judge of their value.

Creole.—It would not be at all safe for you to wet your head in your morning's bath in so complete a manner, as long hair could not be adequately dried in so short a period of time. You might damp a small sponge with some good wash, and cleanse the skin only. But abstain from wetting long hair, except in suitable weather, when you have ample time for drying it. Your affection of the throat would be seriously increased by the slow drying of a mass of hair on your head. You might catch cold, get bleared eyes thus, or bring on neuralgia. Cropped, like a man, the case would be different.

Meg.—We sympathise with you. Tell your father how much you suffer from headaches, and that, apart from the suffering and state of health producing them, you find them to interfere with your daily work, and ask him to let you consult a doctor. If you can see the latter privately, you had better confide to him the blows you receive, and get him to tell your parents that any blows on the head are dangerous, and carefully to be avoided (without betraying that he knows how they were given). Hastiness of temper on your part may occasion some of your troubles. Lay your case daily before Him who permits the trial and ask for His grace and ultimate relief. Meantime, "patience must have its perfect work." Do not despond.

E. A. Bridgewater.—Advertisements from paper works, where waste paper, if clean, is purchased by weight, appear in most of the daily papers. Letter paper, circulars, and envelopes (though torn up), are to be placed apart from newspapers and all printed papers. They are sold at so much a cwt. Butchers and grocers will purchase newspapers as wrappers.

Two M's.—You should obtain a recommendation of an oculist, or go to an eye and ear infirmary for advice. It does not come within our province to give the address of any individual doctor.

Muffet.—We are sorry to hear of your affliction. Your state of health appears to be the cause of the redness and damp condition of your hands, and the flushing of your face. Local applications would be useless. Your hand is firm and regular, but our opinion of writing backwards, excepting in commercial or law papers, has often been given.

Thistle Hapsburg.—The Emperor of Austria is "King of Hungary." We are glad to hear of your father's great approbation of our paper, and that our articles on Dress and Cookery have been of so much service to you.

Clara.—That your brothers appreciate our magazine as well as yourself is gratifying. Mendelssohn's "Lieder Ohne Worte" might be played as voluntaries. Of the usefulness of our articles and answers to you in so many ways "as a farmer's daughter," we are exceedingly glad to hear.

Silvia.—Better to employ the article "a" before the words you name, as the "n" is not required for euphony. You spell badly, and your composition is defective likewise. What do you mean by our "oppion" of your writing, and "wether" you "*use* good English," and fear you will be "disapointed"?

A Perplexed Housekeeper.—Your idea of changing your semi-circular washstand into a cabinet is very good, and quite practicable. The marble shelf, however, taken into connection with the shape, would be decidedly suggestive of the washstand. It would be better to cover the marble with the same material as you employ for the vacant space at the back; this may be plain or figured plush, plain or figured velvet, or brocade. The best plan would be to cover the back first, you can then better judge whether the shelves require that addition or not; should you find they do so, they will be improved by edging with fringe or an embroidered valance. If you decide on the fringe, fasten it on with fancy gilt-headed nails; they are only a few pence the dozen. The mirror you propose hanging above should be framed in the same material as that employed for your cabinet. There is no difficulty in doing this yourself if you carefully follow these directions. Have the glass itself firmly fixed on a piece of wood the same shape, and a little larger. Cut the shape and size you wish the frame to be, in two pieces of thick millboard, such as is used for painting on; nail one of these pieces to the wood beyond the glass, which will then be between the millboard and the wood. The second shaped piece should be about half an inch wider at each edge; on the face of this put a little gum or paste, and cover it, the front only, with cotton wool; arrange this in graduated thicknesses so that it is much higher in the centre, forming a curve. Cover this with your material, which must be cut the same shape, but wider, the edge overlapping the millboard in the centre must be cut in little gashes, and gummed on to the millboard. When this is completed and perfectly dry, give the plain frame, already fastened on the glass, a coat of thin glue, and put the covered frame firmly on it. Leave it till the glue has quite cooled, and the frames adhere firmly together, then turn the outer edge of the material over the two millboards and the wooden back, and fasten it down with glue or small tacks. You cannot do better than buy one of the fashionable Persian rugs for the front of the piano; they are thick and soft, rich-looking, and the colours harmonise with everything. Some are very inexpensive, a large one may be bought from 12s. 6d.

Madge.—The feeling of tiredness you experience on going up a stair, or breathlessness when walking up-hill, point to debility of the system generally. Your doctor says your lungs are sound, but your nervous system is out of order, and probably your heart is somewhat weak. We do not say this to frighten you, weakness and disease are two different things, and the heart, being a muscular organ, is feeble or strong, just as the general system is. Let your diet be nutritious but not over rich, and never go long without food, and the dinner should be early. Cultivate habits of early rising, and take all the exercise you can in the open air, but never to the verge of fatigue. Take a tepid bath at least twice a week, and rub the body well with a rough towel. A compound rhubarb pill should be taken about once a week, also a tonic of some kind; a vegetable bitter might do well, say of compound tincture of bark and cardamoms, with a little sal volatile. Make your chemist also give you a dinner pill of ginger and rhubarb. Write again if no improvement. Many girls suffer as you do, so we answer at length. By the way, if there be any appearance of bloodlessness, indicated by paleness of skin and inside lining of the lips, iron should be taken. Fifteen drops of dialysed iron thrice a day.

Vox Humana.—We have received your long letter, for the want of brevity of which we readily excuse you. You state your case very plainly too, and as your general health is so good it is quite evident your hoarseness is not the result of debility; there is very likely some thickening of the mucous membrane, which lines the larynx and vocal cords. It is even possible there may be ulceration, but we will take the milder view of the case, and call it thickening with irritability. A course of tonics with alteratives would therefore, in our opinion, enable the system to get rid of the abnormal condition of the organ of voice from which you suffer, but you must not forget that medicine is only *half* the battle. You must protect the throat well whenever you go into the open air, and avoid fogs, and damp and cold of any kind. Give your voice all the rest you can, and do not attempt singing. We think good would be done by galvanism—one of Pulvermacher's bands; a short one might be worn at night. The inhalation of medicated spray does much good in cases like yours. Live as well as you can. Take cod liver oil and the following medicine: tincture of iron ten drops, and tincture of iodine five drops, three times a day in two tablespoonfuls of camphor-water.

A Little Yellow Girl.—1. For jaundice a doctor should at once be consulted, as it is a dangerous complaint. 2. Consult "My Work Basket"; something described there might be within your working powers.

Speranza T.—A notary is a person duly appointed to attest deeds and writings, to protest notes, &c. "Solicitor" is the term now applicable to the legal practitioner in all the Courts of Justice who conducts legal business in such Courts. A barrister is a counsellor at law, qualified and called to plead at the bar of the several courts of justice. Lawyer is the general term comprising all the classes you have named.

Minnie Harris.—The words round the shillings are "Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen of Great Britain, Defender of the Faith (F. D.)."

Blue Bell.—Your writing is legible and well formed.

Germaine.—Your navy blue dress and jersey would do for skating in with a jacket over it. Your writing needs forming. Read "Pudding," page 27, vol. ii.

Lucy.—Poor people are *usually very thankful* for paper pillows, and to invalids they are invaluable, as they do not grow hot so soon as feathers. They are best made of a small size.

Wee Wifie.—We should advise you to consult your landlord before staining the floors, if he is likely to object. For "Staining Floors" see pages 64, 80, and 399, vol. i.

Lois.—Pour a little oil round the stopper and allow it to remain. You are quite old enough to pay visits with your mother if she wishes.

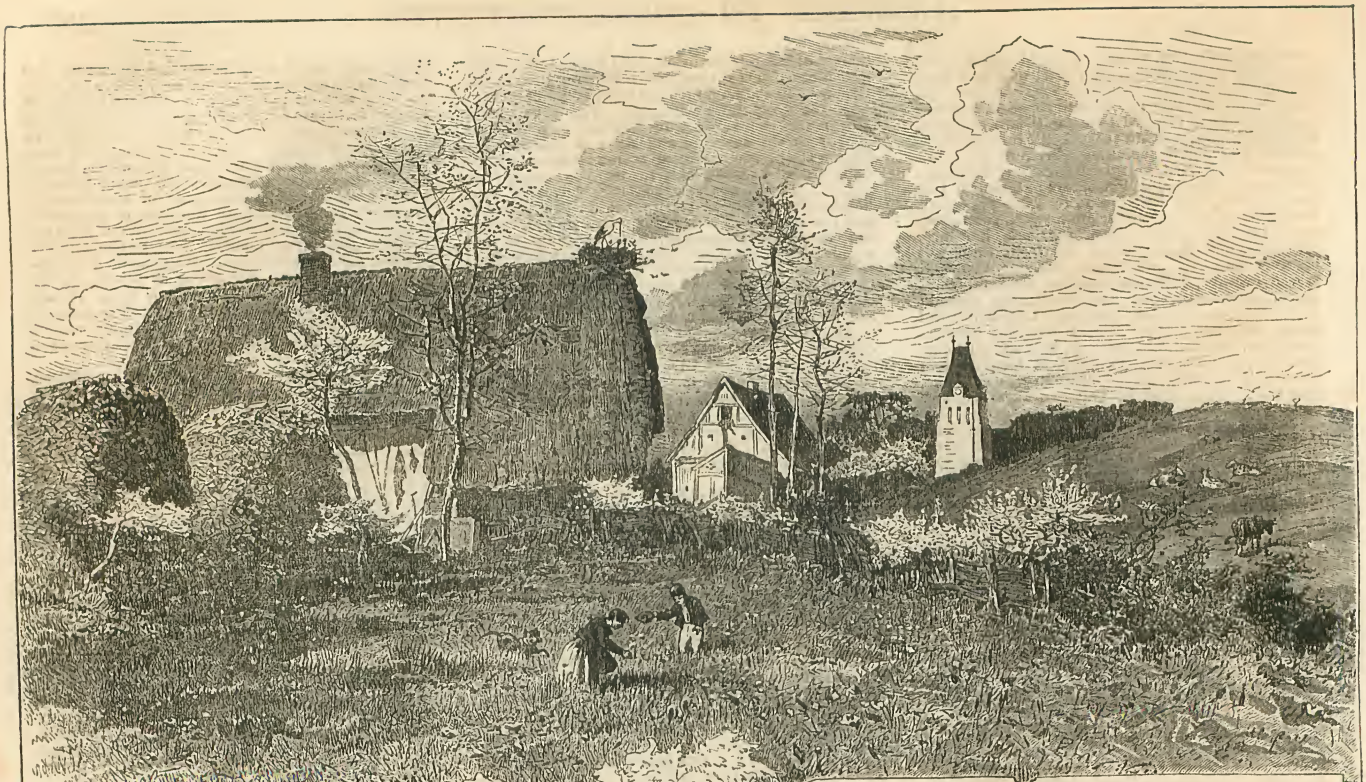
Maggie.—Much of the bodily strength goes to the hair, and if a child be delicate it is advisable to shorten it to a certain extent.

Eden.—Not merely in the "purity of the life of Christ," nor those miracles of which He said, "Believe me for the very works' sake," are the evidences of His Godhead and the divine character of His mission attested; but the fact of the complete fulfilment of the prophecies of the Old Testament in Him—His genealogy, His life, His rejection, His death and burial, give overwhelming evidence of His being the true Messiah promised to Eve from the time of the Fall. Study Keith on the "Fulfilment of Prophecy" (published at 56, Paternoster-row), and Paley's "Evidences of Christianity." 2. The heat of the oven and the size of the loaves must determine the length of time that their baking will require.

E. M. Moore.—Try a lather made with soft water for washing your Eis wool shawl, the water being just warm. Your writing is fairly good.

Annie Bobber.—A sixpenny piece of George II. is valued at from one to two shillings, depending on whether it be a young head with roses, one with plumes in addition, a young head with plumes only, an old head with neither, or an old head with roses, and, of course, the state of its preservation. The halfpence vary from one shilling, eighteenpence, and up to three shillings. Crown pieces entirely depend on their state of preservation.

Spes.—Read the articles on Occupations for Invalids. You write an excellent hand, and we thank you for your kind letter.



A SPRING MORNING.

By ANNE BEALE.

How joyfully the heart doth ring
A merry peal of pleasure
At the nativity of spring,
And earth's renewing treasure!
How the thoughts leap up, welcoming
The gladsome vernal measure!

The squirrel, in his wild delight,
From branch to branch is springing;
The warbling lark her homeward flight
In ecstasy is winging;
While every mead and grove and height
With joyous song is ringing.

The snowdrop from her winter rest
Is joyously awaking;
The merry primrose bares her breast,
A fill of pleasure taking;
The violet, from her mossy nest,
In loveliness is breaking.

Wandering 'neath the cloudless sky,
The children shout for gladness,
And deem the sun's enkindling eye
An antidote for sadness;
Then would not murmuring needlessly
Be even worse than madness?

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 63.] MARCH 12, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SUNSHINE AT LAST.

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "In Mischief Again," &c.



[*All rights reserved.*

CHAPTER II.

ON leaving the church he stumbled upon the Moores, who were all smiles and politeness; but, disengaging himself as soon as possible, he hastened after a solitary figure which he perceived in front of him. Miriam turned at his greeting, and a smile brightened her face on perceiving that it was her friend of the picnic.

"I did not know till I saw you in church this morning that you were the clergyman who had come in Mr. Shepherd's place."

"Yes, I have taken his duty for some months, and very much pleased I am to find myself located in the midst of such lovely scenery. I am come partly on my dear old father's account, as change was needful for him, and he is enjoying it as much as I am. I must bring him with me when I come to call on your aunt, and then you will make his acquaintance. I expect you two will get on well together. Almost everybody loves my father."

Miriam was secretly wondering whether her aunt would see them if they did call; but, however, she kept silence on that point.

"By the way, Miss Grove, I can't help fancying that I met a brother of yours last winter in Malta."

She turned a radiant face upon him, the bright red blood having mounted into her cheeks and made her eyes glow.

"What! Lionel?" she exclaimed. "Oh, did you really meet him? He *was* in the Mediterranean last winter, and was stationed for a time at Malta: so it must be the same. Oh, how delightful! This is the first time I have ever met anyone who had come across him. Do tell me all about him." Her hands were unconsciously clasping and unclasping each other in her excitement. "Was he looking well?"

"Quite well, and full of life and energy. He is a fine young fellow, and I took a great liking to him. I would gladly have seen more of him, but our stay was not long. However, we had a good deal of intercourse during the time we were there."

"Then you must be the Mr. Forrest he spoke of in his letters," cried Miriam, delighted at the discovery. "He told me he had struck up such a pleasant friendship with an English clergyman, a visitor out there. Oh, how I wish I could have been in your place! Because, you see, Lionel is the only brother I have," she explained; "and he is such a dear fellow."

"I am sure of it. And I remember his speaking very warmly of a sister he had left in England."

"I must tell him of this meeting in my next letter. He will be so pleased. Oh, how I long for his coming home again! But," and her face suddenly clouded over, and the sunshine died out of it in a way that made Robert Forrest's heart ache for her, "I see my aunt looking out for me, so I must hurry on. I suppose I am a little later than usual."

"I hope I am not the guilty cause. I don't think we have been lingering by the way, so I fear it must be that my sermon was longer than those you are accustomed to have. Shall I come and make my excuses?"

Miriam hesitated, and looked uncomfortable. Mr. Forrest divined the cause of her hesitation.

"Your aunt, perhaps, would not care to be intruded upon by a stranger to-day," he hastened to say, in his courteous tones; "so I will come and introduce myself some other time. We must have another talk about your brother, too. Good-bye. I won't detain you."

And, with a friendly shake of the hand and a glance at the girl's troubled face, which unconsciously revealed volumes to his observant eye, Mr. Forrest turned away, whilst Miriam advanced to meet her aunt, inwardly quaking at the ominous cloud which had gathered on her brow.

"You are late, Miriam," was her greeting, in freezing tones.

"Am I, aunt? I didn't know it was much after the usual time."

"Doubtless time passed quickly in such agreeable society as you seem to have had. May I ask where you managed to pick up your new acquaintance?"

"It is Mr. Forrest, who has come to take Mr. Shepherd's duty," replied Miriam, trying not to feel stung by her aunt's voice and looks.

"And does he think that, by virtue of his office, he may make advances to every young lady in the neighbourhood?"

"He wasn't making any advances, Aunt Rebecca," returned Miriam, unable quite to conceal her vexation. "He was only saying a few kind words."

"Indeed! Well, such things weren't the custom in my day. Girls then had a little more self-respect than to allow any chance stranger to accost them and say 'a few kind words' to them."

The colour mounted to Miriam's cheeks.

"He isn't a chance stranger, aunt. He has come to take charge of the parish, and I met him at the picnic, and was introduced to him. And he is a friend of Lionel."

"I don't see that all that proves he is an acquaintance I should desire for you. Therefore I request you will show you have a fitting sense of what is proper by avoiding him altogether should you chance to meet him again. I do not approve of your making friends of whom I know nothing."

"But, aunt, he is hoping to make your acquaintance. He said he should call on the first opportunity, and bring his father too."

"Indeed! What a very distinguished honour is awaiting me! But you know well enough I am not in the habit of admitting promiscuous strangers. I hope you told him so. However, Betty must be put on her guard."

Miriam knew it was useless for her to remonstrate—that to do so would only confirm her aunt in her determination; so she held her peace, and went to take off her outer clothes with rather a heavy heart. Her newly-awakened hopes seemed again doomed to disappointment. Mr. Forrest had shown himself disposed to be friendly, as he doubtless wished to be to all the members of his congregation, unlike Mr. Shepherd, who did not appear to see that he had any social duties to perform towards his people; and the thought of having some talk about Lionel with anyone who knew and cared for him had been very delightful. However, her aunt evidently meant to put a stop to anything of the sort, as she always had done. One and another living in the neighbourhood had once or twice shown a wish to be kind to her, and had made advances to her, but Miss Rebecca had invariably interposed obstacles in the way of the dawning friendship, and Miriam again and again had had to school herself to patience, for she knew by experience that it was best to yield. She had in former years sometimes tried to obtain her own way, and had learnt what it was to oppose her aunt's strong will and determined nature.

But there was not much time for thought just now. She must hasten down, or she would be committing the grave offence of being unpunctual for dinner. As it was, she was only just in time. Almost in silence the two sat down to their frugal meal. And a very frugal meal it was. In fact, frugality was the prevailing characteristic in Miss Grove's household, whether from necessity or not no one knew, as Miss Rebecca kept her affairs to herself, and regulated them as she chose, without taking anyone into her counsel. The house, which had been built by herself, seemed to share the peculiarities of its designer, being unlike all other houses, and possessing so bare and rigid an aspect that comfort or cosiness seemed an impossibility. But the views from the windows and the scenery around were glorious, and it was little wonder that Miriam, turning from the unloveliness within doors, had learnt to revel in the beauty without, and had grown, as she said, to love the mountains. From its high perch, where it nestled into a sort of cleft in the mountain-side, Heatherdale, as the house was called, commanded a perfect panorama, which lay spread out at its feet and extended on all sides. But it was a lonely spot, for no other house was within sight, and the approach being rather difficult, owing to the steepness of the road, it was the more isolated.

It was not till towards sunset that Miriam was free to roam out of doors and enjoy her own thoughts undisturbedly. She was wanting to ponder over the sermon of the morning, for there had been some helpful bits in it for her. And this was a new thing, for Mr. Shepherd, never mixing with his people, and knowing nothing of their joys or sorrows, could only preach in a general, aimless sort of way, that was not likely to reach their hearts. Mr. Forrest, on the other hand, had early learned to obey the rule of Christ, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," and the habit of looking on "the things of others" had not only made him quick-sighted in reading their needs, but skilful in ministering to them.

Monday passed without anything occurring to break the usual monotonous routine of life at Heatherdale—not so much as a ring at the bell, or the sight of a passer-by in the road. Even the postman did not climb the hill, though that was nothing strange, as but few letters came to the house. Miriam's only correspondent was Lionel, from whom, indeed, she heard regularly and often, but that was all; and Miss Rebecca did not spend much time in letter-writing.

Late on Tuesday afternoon, however, as they were busy in the garden, the work of which was chiefly done by Miriam with the occasional assistance of her aunt, they suddenly became aware of approaching footsteps, and looking up, perceived two gentlemen, one of whom Miriam recognised as Mr. Forrest. She wondered how her aunt would act. It was too late now to beat a retreat, and tell Betty not to admit them, for the new comers had already caught sight of them, and had lifted their hats. Still, there was no knowing what Miss Rebecca might do. To her niece's relief, however, she seemed to resign herself to her fate, though she put on her most stony look and frigid bearing. But both the strangers were all courtesy, and by

degrees even Miss Grove seemed to thaw beneath the sunny influence of their pleasant, genial manner.

Mr. Forrest, senior, was a polished gentleman of the old school, with beautiful silvery hair, and a no less beautiful face, pure in colouring and regular in outline, though its chief charm consisted in its expression, which seemed to tell of calm, unruffled peace and constant sunshine within. Even Miss Rebecca could not remain proof against its winning power, joined to the charm of his conversation, which was that of a man of no ordinary cast of mind. He was evidently a deep thinker as well as a scholar, and Miss Grove, in days gone by, had much enjoyed sharpening her wits against those of other people, and airing her opinions, which were always very decided ones. It was seldom now that an opportunity occurred for so doing—her own fault mainly, as she knew. Now, however, that it had come in this unexpected manner, she felt it pleasant, though she would not have owned to it.

At first the little quartet remained standing in a group just within the garden gate, the conversation being general, and Miriam little more than a listener. After a time, however, won perhaps by the genuine admiration which her visitors expressed for the views which Heatherdale commanded, Miss Rebecca so far relaxed as to invite them to walk round to the other side of the house, whence a peep could be obtained of Scawfell, which could not be seen from below.

How it came to pass Miriam scarcely knew, and she found it difficult to believe in her good fortune, but before the strangers left, her aunt had given her permission to act as their guide higher up the mountain to a certain spot, which Miss Grove considered was one of the choicest bits in the whole neighbourhood, but which, being little known, and difficult for a stranger to find, was seldom visited.

What a delightful walk that was! Miriam thought she had never enjoyed anything so much. Old Mr. Forrest's fatherly manners soon won her heart, and she speedily felt herself quite at home with him, whilst both father and son had such a fund of conversation that they could well make up for any lack on her part; for, owing to circumstances, she was perhaps more accustomed to think than to express her thoughts in words. But as long as Lionel was the topic she was fluent enough.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the effects of light and shade were exquisite. Never, Miriam thought, had the view appeared so lovely, the sky so blue, the lake so clear, or the heather so purple. The occasional bits of scrambling that occurred brought the colour into her cheeks, and by degrees, as her spirits rose, a little low laugh escaped her now and then—a sound that was rarely heard, save when Lionel was at home. Robert Forrest watched her frank open face, which had brightened so much that it scarcely looked like the same one he had seen at the picnic, gazing so thoughtfully into distance—and an expression of satisfaction came into his own.

"How ready she is to take any gleams of sunshine that come in her path," he was thinking; "not wrapping herself up in discontent at her lot, but gladly welcoming any stray ray of brightness with a thankful spirit."

"That child's heart is entirely bound up in her brother," remarked the elder Mr. Forrest, as the two descended the hill after having dropped Miriam at Heatherdale. "It almost makes me tremble when I see anyone clinging with such deep fond love to any earthly object. One shrinks from thinking what the severing of such a tie would be."

"But why look onward, father? That is not like you. Do you not always say, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and have we not the promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be?' God will not lay on her shoulders any burden too heavy for her. He will give the strength proportioned to whatever trial He sees fit to send her, will He not?"

"True, my son, most true; we must not forget that. But there was something very touching to me in seeing that young thing, with such strong, warm affections, and evidently such a clinging nature, so shut up and shut out from sympathy and congenial companionship; for no single point, I should say, can those two have in common. However, we know that God's ways are best and wisest, and that to alter her lot, even if we had the power to do so, might be to hinder her growth, and rob her of the choice blessings which we know are lying behind all this course of discipline. For God's best gifts to us often come folded up in some sorrow."

(*To be concluded.*)

A BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL LIFE.



NOT many months ago, when at Portsmouth, I witnessed an unusual and memorable scene. It was at the cemetery. Following a hearse and mourning coaches, there was a great crowd of seafaring and fisher folk, chiefly youths and girls, such as one seldom sees at a funeral. When the body was laid in the grave, a touching and solemn hymn was sung; and the large concourse of people, rough-looking and poor most of them, showed marked signs of grief for one loved and lost.

On making inquiry I learned that it was the funeral of a Miss Warne, who had for many years laboured as a missionary teacher in one of the worst districts of Portsmouth. Her work was remarkable, not only on account of its results, but on account of the bodily infirmity of the worker. When quite a child she was disabled by rheumatic fever, supposed to be caused by sitting on a damp step. She was laid on a bed of painful affliction for years, and recovered only to become lame for life. At first she used two crutches, then one, and at last she could walk with the help of a stick.

But she had a noble spirit and, being full of faith and of love, she was anxious to spend her life usefully.

For many years she was a Sunday School teacher at Kent-street School, Portsea. About eight years ago her father removed to North End, Portsmouth. Near this is Rudmore, a place of notoriously bad name, inhabited by fishermen, bargemen, and various classes connected with shipping. It was a neighbourhood where good men had often tried to preach the Gospel, but had always been discouraged on account of the noise and rudeness of the people.

The difficulties did not discourage this weak invalid from trying to do good. A good and beneficent Christian man at Gosport, Mr. Cook, who had a ragged school there, and a Bethel ship for sailors, and who was zealous in good works, opened a mission hall at Rudmore. Here Miss Warne began with a few children, telling them of Jesus and His love. Very soon bigger boys came, sailor lads and men, and, taking their seats, listened respectfully and attentively to the earnest teacher. Young women also came, and a friend of Miss Warne, Mrs. Vosper, kindly took these big girls to her home, and there formed a Sunday afternoon class, which was, and probably still is, well attended. Upwards of seventy big and little boys remained at the mission hall, some of them the roughest lads of the neighbourhood.

Here Miss Warne laboured till laid aside by a painful illness a few months ago, and she was taken to her reward in Heaven.

These were the boys and girls who followed their loved friend to the cemetery, and wept and sang at the grave. "Will you be there, and I?" was the refrain of the hymn. Let us hope that the good impression may be lasting, and that the Christian influence among the poor people at Rudmore may not cease.

How pleasant it is to know that all over our dear native land, and in other lands, there are many working for the good of others, out of love to the Saviour. We mention this case because it shows how God will bless the faith and work of an earnest, though feeble, girl, who tries to be useful.

The good Earl of Shaftesbury, in noticing the recent death of Miss Charlesworth, well-known for her work *in poor districts of* London, said:—"The death of such a woman as the late Miss Charlesworth should not pass unnoticed. I speak not now of her literary abilities, nor of the beautiful works she has written for the sake of our Lord and His people. I speak of her tender care and love for the wretched outcast children of London—hundreds of whom by the formation of Stephen the Yeoman School, have been rescued from every form of temporal and spiritual misery. What I tell I state from my own knowledge. I was her first agent in that work, and I can answer for the pure and intense delight she took in all its results. It is astonishing what, by God's mercy, women can do, if they will but set their hearts and minds to the career before them."



MY WORK BASKET.

Guipure on Net.

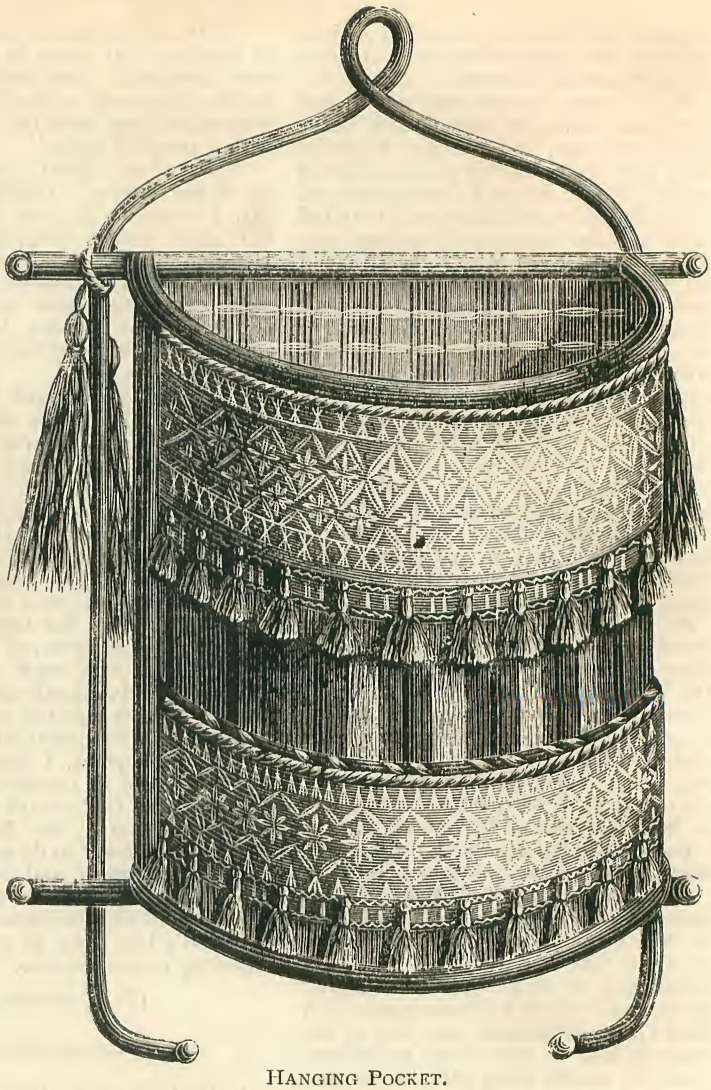
NET a ground sixteen meshes in width, but should time be of consequence, buy the machine-made netting by the yard. Stretch the foundation on a frame, or tack it on green patent cloth, and proceed to fill up the meshes with the different stitches illustrated. Alternate opaque squares in *point de plume*, form a chequered heading, and through the vacant spaces can be threaded a coloured ribbon. Linen stitch shapes the vine leaves, veined by the raised plait stitch, which is continued in a single line for the stalks. The grapes are prettily reproduced by a cluster of little wheels; these wheels, or rosettes, coil over and under the lattice work, starting from a point where two lines cross each other. Be careful to darn round and round without either straining or slacking the thread too much, for on this regularity depends the entire effect. The remainder of the ground is filled up by the light *point d'esprit*.

If you have not taken the trouble to net your band in vandykes, cut it out afterwards and make the edge firm by a close button-hole stitch. This handsome design is appropriate both for dress and furniture-trimming, according to the size of the meshes and the quality of the thread.

Ecru Luxembourg thread answers very well for this kind of work; threepence-halfpenny, I believe, is the price per skein. I have seen similar borders, with a copper-coloured foundation and a red pattern. For a very uncommon lace, however, coloured silks can be used, even intermingled with gold and silver threads. Naturally, in this case, the expense of materials becomes a matter of consideration. Variegated wools and cottons may also be employed, when the choice of the silk or satin lining requires a right judgment.

Hanging Pocket.

The pocket of which we give an illustration is made of black velvet and black satin. The front and back of velvet is embroidered with a spray of apple blossom.

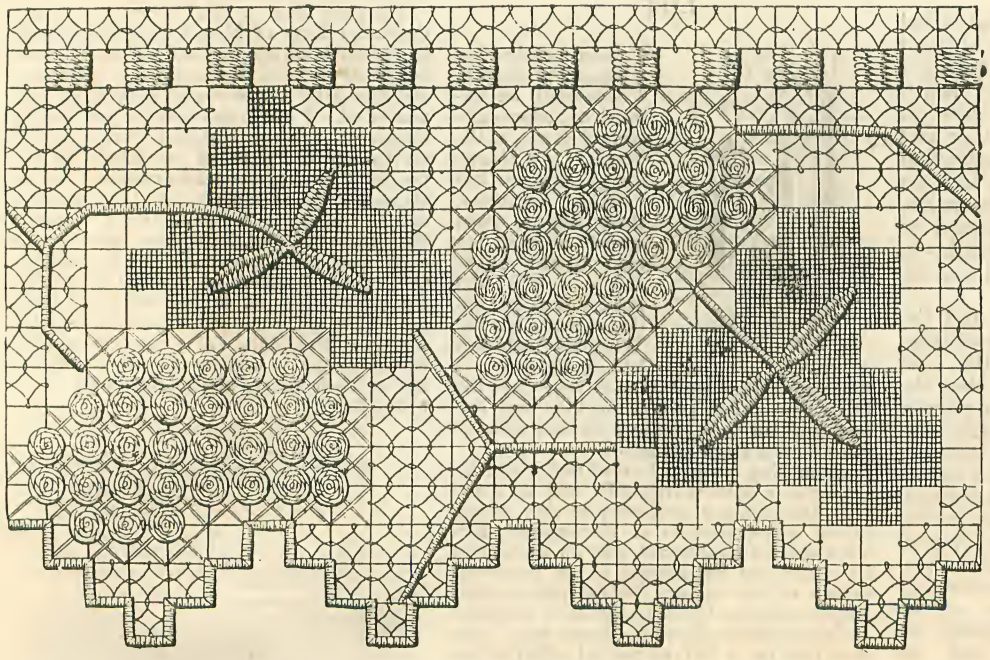


Hanging Pocket.

The depth of the pocket is about six inches, and width from point to point at top four and-a-half. These are joined together by a bias of satin three inches in width, slightly gathered to form a puffing. The seams are at top edged with a fine black silk cord. The cord by which the bag is attached to the waist is coarser. It takes about half a yard for each side. Having sewn the cord on opposite corners of each piece of velvet, slip on two silk barrels, sufficiently loose for the cord to be drawn through; then fasten the other ends to the bag. By this means the bag may be easily opened or closed.

The satin should be a good make with cotton back, and the velvet, when worked, lined with black silk.

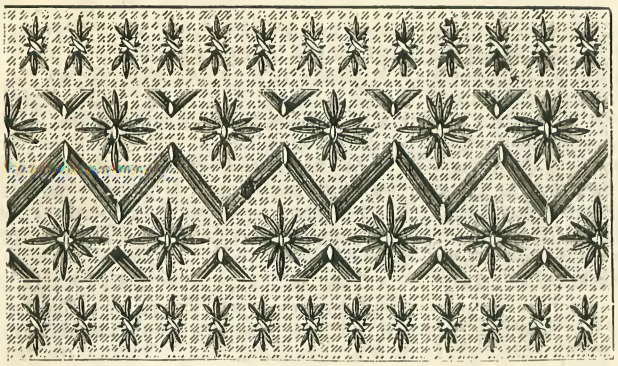
The embroidery is done in filoselle; the colours and shades should be chosen carefully, according to the design worked.



Guipure on Net.

Bag for Bathing Towels.

This bag, which is both novel and light in itself, is made of coloured cachemire and coarse grey crochet cotton or fine string, with a large crochet hook. The crochet is commenced at the point at the bottom

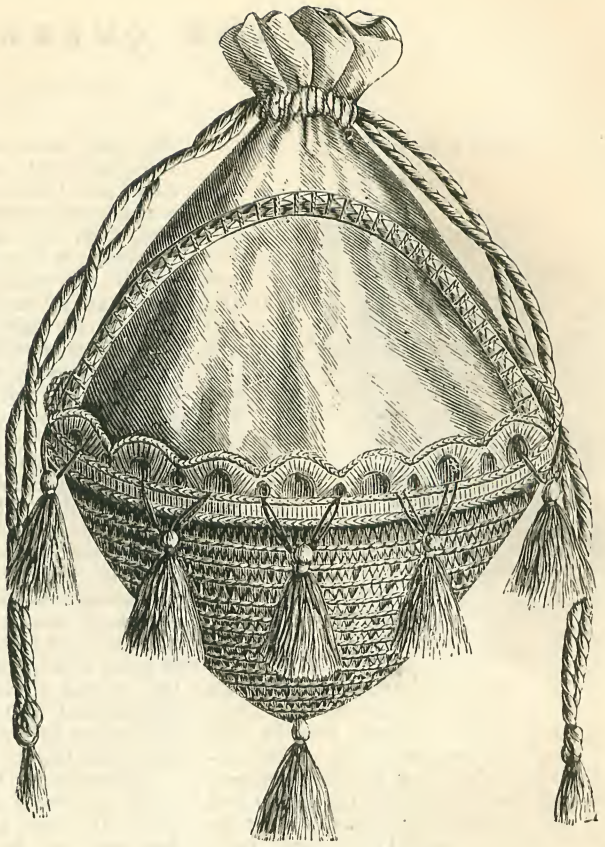


DETAIL OF HANGING POCKET.

by making a chain of three stitches, and joining it in a round. The stitches are made loosely. The following rows are two treble stitches into every chain stitch until fifteen rows are completed. Holding a thick ring, made of a coarse cord, closely on the top edge of the crochet bag, work over it in double crochet into every stitch. Begin on the last row, make a chain of seven stitches, miss four, single crochet in next three stitches and repeat. The last row is—three treble, three double, three treble over every seven chain stitches in last row; pass to the next seven chain and repeat.

The handle is made of a band of crochet of five double stitches for the length required. It is then doubled and the edges sewn together. A fine cord is drawn through the open scollops, with a tassel of blue wool attached (see illustration); another tassel is fastened to the point at bottom.

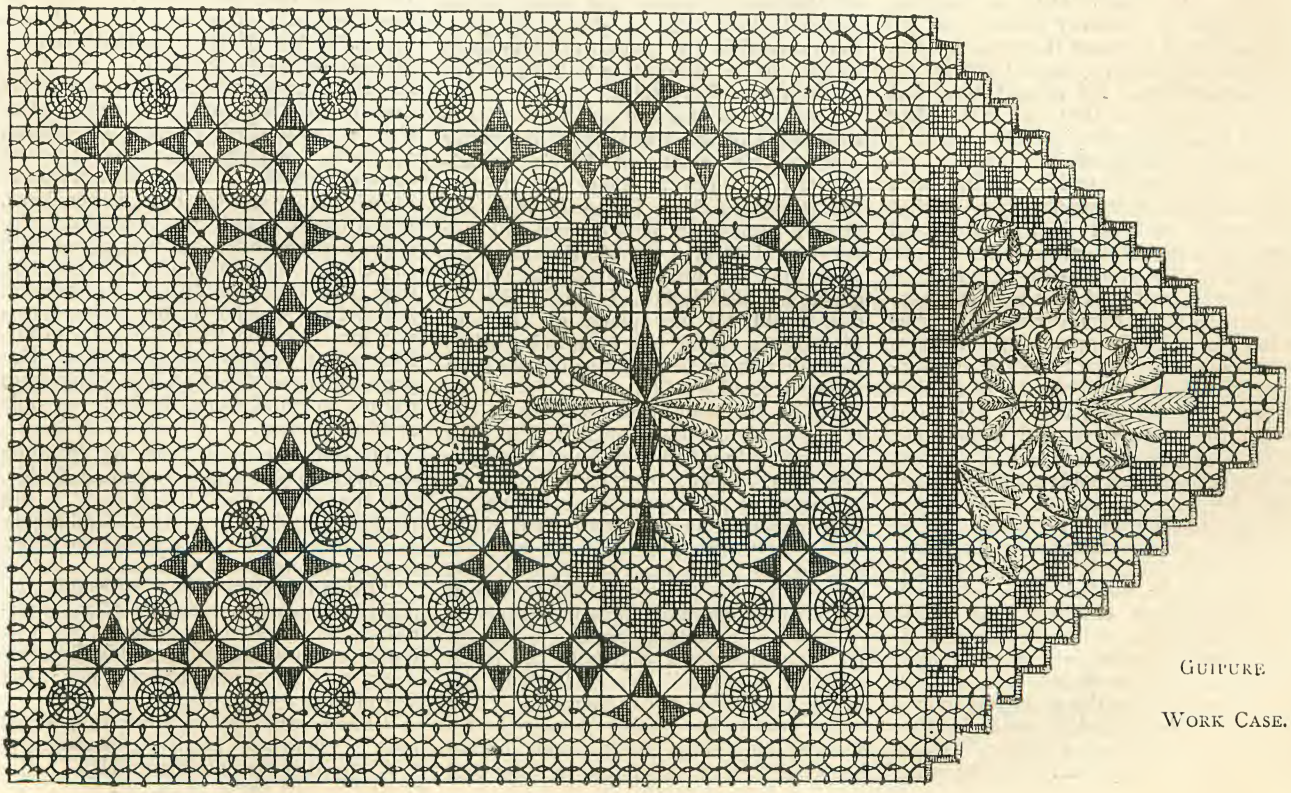
The crochet work is made brighter by working small stars in Berlin wool in stripes from the point. The cachemire bag is sewn round the upper edge of the crochet-bag, and finished with a frill and drawing, through which a cord is passed.



Bag for Bathing Towels.

Guipure Work Case.

The foundation of this dainty trifle consists of a band of square netting twenty-six meshes wide, and pointed at one end. The design is appropriately arranged as a rectangle for the back, and two triangles for the under flap, in which the three-cornered repeat of the upper flat will fit when folded over. Linen, wheel, and plait stitches compose the pattern, and the ground is filled in with *points d'esprit;* button-hole stitch finishes the vandyked meshes of the point. The guipure completed, the band is mounted on a slightly wider strip of coloured sarcenet or satin, outlined by cord, and finished by a button.



Guipure Work Case.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE, author of "Idonea," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MAY'S TEA PARTY.

WHILE the interview between May and her father was taking place, Mr. Minister was recounting to his three guests what he knew of Mr. Goldworthy. He had not been personally acquainted with him when he painted May's picture, but knew of him only as a fellow artist who had gone abroad to study. He had, himself, also left England soon after his casual acquaintance with May and her mother, and had thus lost sight of them. He had met Mr. Goldworthy casually after he left the fever hospital, and had been struck by his name and appearance. He introduced himself to him as having, he believed, painted a picture of his little girl, which had done much towards laying the foundation of his reputation. Poor Goldworthy caught at the hope this information held out, and asked for particulars. He learnt little or nothing more than he already knew; but he obtained from Minister the name of the manager who had engaged his child for the pantomimes. He sought him, but only to ascertain that the little May Queen had suddenly disappeared, much to his personal inconvenience and annoyance. He returned to Mr. Minister in a state of great excitement. Indeed, that gentleman believed him half-crazed from the first. Nevertheless, he sought to aid him. He was a younger man than Goldworthy, and had met with success. He heartily pitied his unfortunate brother artist, and tried by sympathy and more substantial assistance to soothe his sorrows, and encourage him to begin life afresh. But the loss of wife and child added to his previous and subsequent severe illnesses, deprived him of energy, and he seemed incapable of any exertion. Still, he had undoubted genius, and Minister knew that if he could only be prevailed upon to resume art as a profession, and follow it with interest, his talents must be publicly acknowledged. But the wifeless, childless man could only be induced to paint what are prosaically called "Pot-boilers," or such rapid sketches as picture dealers love to buy, and which bring to the artist just money enough to supply his daily needs, in other words, to "keep the pot boiling." Goldworthy neither sought nor cared for fame. He could have wearied his very soul for those he loved; but for himself alone he cared not. However, Minister conceived a strong attachment for him, bred, doubtless, from his own kind heart, for we instinctively love those whom we seek to benefit. He instilled hope into the downcast man, by assuring him that he must discover his child, since her remarkable hair, alone, would suffice to identify her. He had seen no other golden crown like hers, and he felt sure he should find her yet.

By degrees it came to pass that Goldworthy consented to share his kind friend's abode, and they had lived three years together. Minister had thus not only to cultivate his own powers, but to spur on his yet more gifted companion to exertion. He succeeded in nerving him up to spasmodic efforts which, he affirmed, produced more effect than his own consecutive work; but he never induced him to paint a finished picture for exhibition. His mental powers were as uncertain as his physical, and his fear had been that they might give way altogether; but, he said, ecstatically—

"Now that he has found his daughter—and so sweet a daughter—all will be well. We shall have his pictures in the Academy, and he will yet be honoured among his fellow men."

"And it will be your doing, sir. The honour will be yours, the glory God's," exclaimed Uncle Laban, holding out his hand, which the artist took.

Mr. Everton and Meredith also showed their appreciation of the loving kindness of Minister by words and looks, but he assured them that he should be more than repaid by the reunion of parent and child, and the restoration to the world of a long-concealed genius.

They talked on, and on, awaiting the conclusion of the interview in the other room. They discussed May's grandparents and her relations with them—the desire of Mrs. Richards that she should appear in public—and all her previous history. Minister's one idea was, that she must at once take up her abode with her father. Laban's, that no one could fill her place at Derwen. Meredith's, that if she were to be taken from them a second star would set from the horizon of his life.

While they were thus conversing, the red baize door slowly opened, and May and her father came in hand in hand. She was, indeed, leading him, for he was nervous at encountering strangers, and trembled as he approached those who were awaiting him. All but Minister started at the haggard vision that appeared with the sunny child-woman, but May immediately reassured them.

"Here is my dear papa, Uncle Laban. He remembers you and how you loved my dear mamma," she said, using the words familiar to her in infancy.

She drew her father forward, who seemed to hang back, and Laban hastened to meet him, and to take and press the hand which May held, half imploringly, towards him.

"Thank God, we have found you, sir," he said, "and that it was by no fault of yours that our poor Mary and the child were left alone."

"My fault was that I took her from you and her peaceful home," sobbed Goldworthy. "And now shall I do the same, and ruin her child's happiness?"

"This is cousin Meredith, who is so good to me; and this is Mr. Everton, who—who—wrote to great-grandfather, and sent me into Wales," broke in May, again taking the hand which Laban had relinquished, and leading her father, still reluctant, towards her other friends.

"You have all befriended them. Thank you, God bless you," he said, sank into a chair, and burst into tears.

Filial feelings had already sprung into May's soul, and she laid her hand gently on her father's shoulder. The bystanders looked at one another in surprise as they remarked the half-protecting, half-tender gesture, and the artist whispered to Meredith, "My task is done," and Meredith silently reflected that May's had, indeed, begun.

Her father recovered gradually from his emotion, and the little party sobered down into something more like conversation than the broken talk that had hitherto passed amongst them. May was thus enabled furtively to consider her newly-found parent and his friend. She thought that everyone who saw her father must pity him, he looked so careworn, old, and sad; while all who looked at Mr. Minister must admire him, he was so bright, handsome, and intellectual in appearance. Those were not exactly the words she used; neither was she accomplished enough to employ "artistic," but the latter was the term exactly suitable to the artist's appearance. He wore his hair rather long, had a bushy beard, and somewhat prominent eyebrows, and was gifted with the kindest, brightest, and most penetrating grey eyes that May had ever seen. She did not wonder at her father trusting him, for she felt as if all who saw him must instinctively love him. Her poor father was different, and, either from nature or misfortune, looked not only sad but morose.

The question soon arose as to when the Welsh choir was to return to Wales, and the answer was, "next week." Its members had yet work to do and sights to see, after which they would go back to their labours in the mines.

"I can never more part with this, my child," exclaimed Goldworthy, half-rising, in sudden excitement. "You must return without her. I will paint, work, become a new man for her; but she must not leave me."

"There will yet be time to talk of this," remarked Minister, soothingly. "We need settle nothing to-day."

"My father and mother will be lost without her," put in Laban. "I think it would be their death if we returned without her."

Their death! The thoughtless words electrified May, and brought back the wild look into her father's eyes. He suddenly seized her hand and, looking at her entreatingly, cried out in despair—

"Madeline, my child! my only hope! you will not leave me? Minister, my friend! say she shall not go from us."

"It shall all be arranged. We will manage it," replied Minister, with a warning glance at Laban.

May was terrified. Either she must never see her beloved grandparents again, she thought; or must forsake the strange, lonely, sorrowing father she had just found. Mr. Everton saw her perplexity and whispered to her—

"The Lord will make your path straight, dear child."

"Yes, dear sir, I know," she returned, with one of the wise little nods her friends used to notice; and the perplexity departed from her fair face, leaving a loving security in its stead.

Meredith, too, as if to strengthen her, rose and stood behind her and her father.

"I know exactly what to do, dear papa," she said. "I will write to great-grandfather, and he will tell me what is right. He always knows exactly."

"He will take you from me. He will never part with you. And he has the first right in you, for has he not saved you?" said her father, excitedly.

"Perhaps I can be half with you and half with them," suggested May, the irrepressible tears starting to her eyes.

"I have quite a large house, all to myself," here broke in Meredith. "Perhaps, by-and-bye, you could come and visit me, sir, and so cousin May would be amongst all of us. It is situated in the loveliest valley in the whole world."

"Delightful!" exclaimed the artist. "I will come, too; and Goldworthy and I will have a sketching tour, and produce such pictures as shall make all our fortunes. Upon the strength of it, you cannot do better than share a poor artist's humble fare. Now, Goldworthy, make yourself presentable, and do me the favour of taking off that artistic robe, and donning your proper coat, for have we not a young lady to tea to-night?"

"Do you wish it, my child?" asked Goldworthy, with anxious eagerness.

"Oh yes, dear sir," replied May, catching the tone of her father's friend; "if you do not dislike it yourself."

He rose slowly and left the room.

"A good beginning," cried Minister, clapping his hands. "He has not laid aside that dressing-gown for months. Now, sweet May, take off the obstreperous bonnet, which will not keep on, and preside at our five o'clock—no, six o'clock tea."

May was looking at the door through which the gaunt man and flowered robe had just passed, and was thinking how she could best "minister to a mind diseased" and, at the same time, do her duty to those she loved best. She started at the words addressed to her.

"Oh, sir! I cannot, indeed I cannot," she exclaimed.

"Indeed you can, May. You always pour out tea at home," said Meredith.

"Come, and surprise your father. He will think himself in civilised life again. He avoids company, and flies from a stranger as from a fiery serpent. Nay, Mr. Morrison, you must stay. Unaccustomed! I take it an honour that you should sup with me."

The artist turned from one to another, pleadingly. Laban excused himself, because, he said, quietly, he had never sat at a gentleman's table. Mr. Everton was afraid his wife would expect him, but Mr. Minister overruled them all. He led the way across a passage to a small dining-room, where tea was laid. He placed a chair for May at the head of the table with the words—

"You must sit here; I will help you. Your father will think himself at home. He shall sit on one side of you, I on the other. This will probably be your home for the present. You may save him yet. All he wants is something to live for. His disease is nervous despondency."

Bewildered May had never before heard of such a malady. It sounded awful! But she obeyed, and took the feminine post at the tea-table, not knowing what she did or what she ought to do. The others also seated themselves, leaving the place at May's right hand vacant. The host signed to a female servant, who appeared, to leave the room, and the little party sat expectant, all gazing on the door. It opened at last. Poor May's heart beat almost as painfully as when she had first met her father, as he appeared in frock coat and neat waistcoat and tie. He sat down by her side quite naturally.

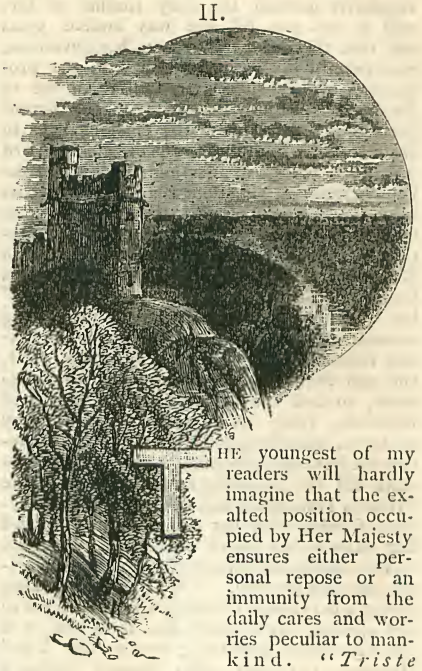
"I am afraid I have been keeping you," he said, glancing round; then, to May, with a sad smile, "Am I spruce enough for my little girl?"

Mr. Everton said grace, and May, trembling very much, began to pour out the tea under the direction of Mr. Minister. The table was spread with ample viands, and adorned with beautiful flowers. The room was pretty and artistic, and she felt truly as if she were in a strange dream. Still, her own father was near, and three of her dearest friends close by. That father watched her movements with eyes kindled into natural brightness, and sat entranced while the others talked. All strove to be at ease, but it was with effort that May restrained her tears. Perhaps Meredith understood her best, but he felt, with a sort of regret, that he must again yield his place in her affections to another, and not even wait upon and aid her as of old. He heard her father's oft-repeated "My darling, we will never, never part again," with a pang, and wondered sadly why so great a happiness as the reunion of father and child should, as this probably would, cause sorrow to loving hearts far away. But "I will write to great-grandfather," was all May could find to say.

(*To be continued.*)

THE QUEEN'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

II.



THE youngest of my readers will hardly imagine that the exalted position occupied by Her Majesty ensures either personal repose or an immunity from the daily cares and worries peculiar to mankind. "*Triste comme la grandeur*," is an expression of Napoleon I., and something of the same feeling which induced a long list of monarchs to "retire from business before death called upon them to resign the crown imperial," made their country homes peculiarly dear to Her Majesty and her family.

The Queen and Prince always disliked late hours, and never had any great liking for town gaieties. Soon after her wedding she writes, "I formerly was too happy to go to London, and wretched to leave it; and now since the blessed hour of my marriage, and still more since the summer, I dislike and am unhappy to leave the country, and could be content and happy never to go to town." "The solid pleasures of a peaceful, quiet, yet merry life, in the country, with my inestimable husband and friend, my all in all, are far more durable than the amusements of London, though we don't despise and dislike these sometimes."

Town engagements, such as they were, were most years compressed into a few weeks; even in the happier days, when the capital rejoiced greatly at the presence of the sovereign, Her Majesty writes, "As for going out, as people do here every night to balls and parties, and to breakfasts and teas all day long besides, I am sure no one could stand it worse than I should." The Queen derived great benefit and pleasure from Claremont when her children were young; it recalled the happiest days of her own childhood—her visits to her Uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians. The history of that childhood—the simple, thorough, and excellent system of education pursued—was a fitting prelude to the domestic happiness which followed her union with the Prince.

Princess Victoria was born May 24th, 1819, some few months before the death of her father. Her mother, for a second time widowed, with very circumscribed means for her position, far removed from her own German relatives, nevertheless realized the importance of educating her youngest daughter in England, and the Queen's girlhood was spent at Kensington Palace, carefully watched over by her mother and her Uncle Leopold, for whom she ever entertained the tenderest affection, and blessed by the companionship of her dearly-loved half-sister,

Feodora. Very strict economy and great regularity marked the daily routine of life, and it was not till she was twelve years old that the Baroness Lehzen, her governess, was permitted to acquaint her with the probability of her succession to the throne of England. Visits to Brighton, and to different parts of England, were the chief changes in the monotony of her life, the sweetest part of which was the warm affection subsisting in the family circle, an affection which grew as years went on. Up to the day of her death there was daily, often almost hourly, communication between the Queen and the Duchess of Kent. "Never a day I did not get letters from or about her several times in the day," her daughter writes, in that most interesting account of her mother's death, which she herself relates when, on the 21st February, 1861, she and the Prince were summoned to Frogmore, to find the Duchess, in her darkened bedroom, lying on a sofa supported by cushions, breathing heavily, not able to recognise her, and remaining in this unconscious state till the breathing ceased for ever. The Princess Hohenlohe had not even the consolation of being with her parent at the last, and her letter to her Queen is another testimony to the simple, tender, sisterly affection subsisting between the two. "You say that looking through her things, touching what belonged to her, opening her drawers, &c., is to you as if you were doing something very wrong; I and Hermann felt that, after dearest Ernest's (her husband's) death, I could hardly bring myself to do it, because I know how particular he was that nobody should get at his things, and then——. Oh! it is too dreadful."

The fact that the Princess Louise received, after her death, the birthday presents her grandmother had been at such special pains to select for her, gives another glimpse of the kindly domestic relations between the several members of the Royal family.

At Windsor Castle the Queen has always passed some months of each year, and many who know the beauty of its surroundings, and of the building itself, will agree with Louis Philippe that "*il n'y a rien de plus beau que Windsor.*" It is at once among the finest royal residences in the world, the best suited to royal pageants, and the most perfectly-secluded of homes. It has played an important part in the Queen's life. Here, in October, 1839, after a happy week of evening amusements and dining together, she accepted the Prince; here she spent her short honeymoon; and here she experienced the first agony of widowhood. Her children, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Alice were married at Windsor, where lie the ashes of those most dear to her.

The Prince Consort inherited from his father a talent for landscape gardening, and after he had devoted some attention to the gardens at Buckingham Palace, he much improved the pleasure grounds at Windsor, established a model farm, and devoted his attention to agricultural improvements. Amid the wealth of rooms filled with treasures of all kinds — china, pictures, busts, and bronzes; the apartments in which the Queen now chiefly passes her time are situated by what is known as the Queen's Entrance, whence she issues many times in the day for walks in the grounds, or drives in a pony-carriage with her constant companion, the Princess Beatrice, and some of her ladies. Her own sitting-room, with its square Gothic windows, opens out of the Grand Corridor, and looks upon the Long Walk. Her own dining-room is octagonal, lined with oak, and hung with Gobelines tapestry of boar hunts, severe and sombre, and above the chair usually occupied by Her Majesty hangs her portrait by Baron Von Angeli, depicting her in all the severity of her widow's weeds. In these saddened days of her life, when the labours of the day exacted by State necessity are over, many hours are devoted to knitting, spinning, drawing, and music. The Queen is a great reader, and during his life the Prince and she read much together; now the Princess Beatrice and her ladies read aloud to Her Majesty.

Osborne and Balmoral are the royal homes which the Queen and her husband made for themselves — delightful retreats from the oppressive splendour and formality of Court life.

Sir Robert Peel first brought Osborne to their notice, and the first portion of 800 acres was bought from Lady Isabella Blatchford. The Prince showed great ability in the laying out and planting of the gardens, and in 1846, when the fine Isle of Wight air was doing them all so much good, he describes himself as "partly forester, partly builder, partly farmer, partly gardener;" and the Queen herself tells how "Albert is so happy here—out all day planting and directing, and it is so good for him." A delightful domestic country life has always been led here. "When we are in the Isle of Wight we are not surrounded by a Court and its formalities—our life is so quiet and simple," she presently adds. They left it ever with regret, the children as much as their parents, their enjoyment of summer sunshine was intense, as they strove to catch butterflies or worked in their little gardens. The Swiss Cottage was entirely given up to them for pastime and instruction, and it is here that the princesses gained a practical knowledge of the mysteries of cooking, their arms bare, and large bibbed aprons covering their dresses. In addition Osborne affords all the various amusements which the sea gives, bathing, boating, yachting, all of which now and in the past the Royal family have particularly appreciated.

At Balmoral the Queen has been able to throw off still more the trammels of State surroundings. It was in September, 1848, that Her Majesty records her first impressions of the pretty little castle in the old Scottish style, hills rising all round, the Dee flowing at the rear, the scenery wild, the soil dry. The accommodation the castle afforded was, however, not equal to the requirements of the household; a nice little hall and billiard room and dining room, over this the sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room of the Queen and Prince, with the children's rooms near at hand, the gentlemen living above, the ladies below, were the chief resources of the house; and in 1853 the stone of the present new building was laid, which was completed within the year. On the 7th September, 1855, the Royal family took possession, an old shoe thrown after them for luck as they entered the hall. October 13, 1856, the Queen writes:— "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that all has become my dear Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne, and his great taste and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere."

Sir James Clarke had urged the purchase of the estate from Sir R. Gordon, and the fee simple was obtained from the Earl of Fife. Few sovereigns have been able so completely to throw off the shackles of court pomp in favour of a simple, secluded, mountain life, amid beautiful scenery and the purest air. The Prince Consort enjoyed the shooting and fishing thoroughly, but he by no means gave himself up to selfish enjoyment; he introduced a completely new system of agriculture, and his first thought was the good of the surrounding people, whose moral tone he greatly raised. School houses have been built on the estate, and an excellent library formed, the latter with the money which Her Majesty's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" realised. This book brings the life which Her Majesty and her family lead in their highland home vividly before us. In her accounts of her visits to the old women (p. 119) we see her making purchases for the poor, bestowing gifts upon them, and visiting them by their "ain firesides" like any ordinary *châtelaine*, and we know that the friendly relations subsisting between her and them is founded on affectionate respect, that every year the bond grows stronger, the deep shadow of her widowhood having strengthened and enlarged her charities more and more. In Scotland the Queen is adored by her dependants; every name is familiar to her, and she joys in their joys and sorrows with them. The independance, simple-mindedness, and kindheartedness of the Highland race are specially appreciated by her, and she is learned in the customs and traditions of the country.

The accounts given by Her Majesty of the several expeditions made *incognita* to Glen Fishie, Invermark, Loch Avon, Blair Athole, &c., are so simply and naturally told that her readers follow in her footsteps, enjoying the lovely scenery, and realising to the full how charming it must have been after the turmoil of State observance, to be dining in a quiet country inn, or picnicking in the open air like ordinary mortals, amid mountain solitudes, face to face with nature, and making occasional sketches as time served.

When in December, 1861, the Queen experienced the great and irreparable loss of her dearly-loved husband, the whole current of her domestic life changed. But her children were still left to her. Since then the Princess Alice has passed away on the anniversary of her father's death, most deservedly lamented. But through all these trials and changes the Queen's daily life has been a noble example to her people of what home life should be, and the more we learn about it the more our affectionate respect strengthens. She spends only a few days annually in London, and from time to time pays short visits abroad; the rest of the year is divided between Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral. Early rising, a morning given up to business letters and affairs of State, daily drives and walks, an eight o'clock dinner, and an evening amid her ladies and her family, is the daily routine of her present life. "In love consists the inward tie, in love is the fundamental principle of happiness," wrote the Prince Consort to the Princess Royal. It is the best illustration of the Queen's domestic life.

ARDERN HOLT.

MURDER WILL OUT.

THE AVENGING CROWS.—A traveller fell among thieves, who resolved to murder him. Whilst they were committing this horrid crime, the unfortunate man, looking up, saw a flock of crows hovering in the air. "Avenge my death," he cried, "ye birds of luckless ill-omen!" A few days after the thieves entered an inn, when one of the party, who observed a large number of crows gathering round, said sarcastically, "Here they come to avenge the death of the traveller whom we killed the other day." The servant of the house heard these words, repeated them to the master, and he to the magistrate, and the rascals soon suffered the punishment due to their crimes. So the proverb that "murder will out," proved true in this case, as it has often done before. Nothing in the whole history of crime is more curious than the way in which nature seems to conspire against murderers, and the equally remarkable manner in which murderers seem to conspire against themselves.

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

By ISABELLA F. MAYO.

HER youth was filled with gentle tasks,
With homely joys and holy cares;
'Twas hers to read the grandsire's psalm,
And teach the little ones their prayers;
And some, now scattered far and wide,
First said "Our Father" by her side.

She could not give the dainty gifts
The rich folks' careless money buys;
She had some secrets which she kept
In silence, as if never heard:
Folks trusted her as they might trust
A distant star or wandering bird.
(I think her own heart might enfold
A secret which she never told!

I think she gave the angels one
Sweet story for themselves to read—



So she gave the comfort of her smile,
The silent laughter of her eyes,
Which only seemed more sweet to grow
The more they wept for others' woe.

She could not plead the orphan's cause,
Nor fill the widow's hand with pelf,
But she gave all she had to give—
Her thoughts, her heart, her very self;
She shared her wage, she broke her bread,
She watched the sick and lonely bed.

Surely they know the secret source
Of many a brave and loving deed—
And what a Heaven earth would grow
If all our sorrow blossomed so!)

She gave her very life at last,
Ready she was to go or stay:
Her Lord had slain all death for her,
And those who watched her heard her say,
"I long to know, beyond earth's view,
What work He keeps for me to do."

ON THE ART OF VERSE-MAKING.

By the Author of "The Truce of God, and other Poems."

I.

We heard not long since of a bevy of ladies engaged in poetical composition. "It was the prime of summer time." There they sat in the quiet evening glow, pencil in hand, with knitted brow, the white paper patiently awaiting the tremulous inscription. It was all in vain. The theme was too difficult. Perhaps it had puzzled others as fair before them; but so it was, not one of the company could achieve her desire. The subject was prosaic; but, then difficulties should be only an incentive to genius. A sentence had been submitted for meditation—"There was an old woman, and she was as deaf as a post;" and from these words they were required to make "a verse." We can excuse their failure; it was not so wonderful as the rhyme they were expected to compose—

> "There was an old woman, and she
> Was as deaf as a P-O-S-T."

Now it must at once be said that there is very much verse-making in the world which is quite as mechanical as this couplet. Do we, then, advise the cultivation of this art on which we are about to write? No, we do not, as a matter of common acquirement. But is there not much music as mechanical, and which is waste as regards all higher result? Is there not many a drawing lesson given, with no other consequence than a few angular lines that can never be construed into a picture? And yet is all such tentative effort to be condemned—education of the ear, it may be, in some partial way, or of the eye, to a measure of exactness quite as useful in human affairs as the masterpieces of painting? Let our readers discriminate for themselves. The flowers give out their fragrance, the birds give out their song, each according to its kind; so let it be with our girls. If there be a poet among them, let her soar. If there be one with pleasant facility of versification, why not use the gift in its humbler place? They should not need to be told that a frog cannot be a nightingale, or that little Miss Plainprose does not preside over the Muses.

The Poet's Corner, once so conspicuous in every newspaper, has been shorn of its honours by the multiplication of magazines, but never were versifiers more abundant than now. Morning, noon, and night their manuscripts invade the editor's table. Happy is that personage if now and then he finds some pearl amongst this waste. According to the experience of the present writer, they come like the leaves with the spring, when the poetical sap begins to circulate. In the winter they are fewer. If, however, any stirring event occurs—a great shipwreck, a royal wedding—there is, whatever the season, an immediate outflow of sympathetic rhyme. As to the boys and girls of tender years, they are apt to send their "first compositions," as of peculiar value to the world at large, and in this practice are often abetted by the proud father or mother. In all this versifying there is much waste of time. We would not undervalue what is really good, or simply experimental. Allow something on the credit side for any good feeling expressed, for any sympathies deepened, for the pleasure of honest effort, and the value that attaches to mental pursuits, and the balance is still heavily against these contributions. As regards the larger number, the ideas are ordinary, the phrases worn, and the lines such as a skilled improvisator could supply in any quantity.

No; the poet is born, not made. The world has been often told so since Horace first penned that famous phrase. Take the fairest maiden you can find; feed her with honey, anoint her with dews, lead her when the morning breaks through the vocal groves, and let the night silently wrap her in its silent shades; subject her to what course of influences you will, but you cannot make her a poet if she has not the poetic soul. Or is there one among your companions whose eyes bespeak a graver wisdom? Open before her the book of life, let her observe and ponder, let her sympathise and suffer; no education of *yours* can give her the interpreting voice. The old Roman poet was right. "Tell me where is fancy bred?" And yet perhaps some homely little governess—some "Gladys," such as Jean Ingelow describes—may have the coveted faculty, and with it

> "A healthful hunger for the great idea,
> The beauty and the blessedness of life."

Many great things have been written of the poet. He has been called "seer" and "legislator," and it is quite true his influence in the world has been as large as it is subtle. "Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes the laws," is a saying that has been quoted a hundred times. But while we write these things we must beware also of unduly exaggerating his place. The poet himself is often treated as an abstraction. He is idealised; and, like his own creations, sometimes more a creature of imagination than of fact. There are other gifts as precious as those with which he is endowed; other gifts which cannot be acquired, but are conferred by nature. The world does not want only poets, nor indeed only "seers" or "legislators." Imagination is but a part of our complex nature. The little Miss Plainprose aforesaid has a sphere in which she may be as useful and honoured as if she were Queen of Parnassus.

The noblest poetry, however, is subject to art, even as the best prose obeys the rules of grammar. Horace himself wrote the "Ars Poetica." And even those who are not ambitious of verse-making, may have the better appreciation of what is written if they have some knowledge of its form. Readers have asked us for a few hints; some of them wish to know a little more about the structure of verse, and the different metres in common use. We propose, therefore, after this preliminary note of warning, to give a few suggestions and examples.

Let us suppose a few cases. There is a daughter who likes to make home happy. Next week is her mother's birthday. She has been quietly preparing her gift, which is to be laid on the breakfast-table with a little note; she would like to say something beyond what everybody says on such an occasion—to individualise, so to say, or emphasise her affection if she could in her very words. So she contrives a verse, which, whatever its imperfections, has her heart in it.

There is a sister, who has a lively brother at school, whom she keeps well *posted* in domestic affairs—excuse the pun! There was a picnic the other day by the river side. How the boy would have enjoyed it! Oh the boating and the fun, and the fishes! and the hot sunshine, and the delicious shade of the trees, and the jokes cracked, and the plates broken! She must tell him; and, venturesome girl, she indites her letter in rhyme. How her brother laughs over her description; she communicates, it is evident, some part at least of her enjoyment to him.

There is a maiden, "sweet seventeen," if you prefer it, or perhaps with a spice of somewhat older experience. She has a bright and merry face; there is a slightly satirical ring sometimes in her laugh, her words are a little keen, yet she rules as a sort of queen in her circle. She does not spare the foibles of her friends, but they are not afraid of her, for she is too generous to be unjust. They have amongst them a Manuscript which circulates periodically, in which they set down their thoughts for purposes of mutual improvement. This week there is a page over which they are all laughing. It is a smooth little piece of pleasant satire, not one unkind word in it, but everybody sees the point. "Sweet seventeen" has been trying her pen, and her laugh betrays her.

Now, in these familiar illustrations, we have, in each instance, a genuine inspiration. The same feeling might have been expressed in prose, but at least an effort has been made to give it completer utterance. It is *possible* that the birthday verse, the rhymed descriptive letter, the lively satire, might each be poetry of the sort that deserves our praise. The three productions might each express something of the real thought and feeling of the writer, and so well express it, in such fit and musical words, as to merit our respect. Observe, the first requisite in verse-making is a genuine inspiration.

According to the nature of this inspiration will be the form of verse adopted. The objects which may move a poet are as various as the wide world, and the musical range of his expression corresponds with the play of human emotion. We speak now of things that lie beyond common attainment.

Suppose the imagination to be occupied with some great succession of events which it would realise and present: it will naturally choose to clothe them in stately and measured language; and we have what is called *epic* or *heroic* verse. Let the incidents be of a lighter kind, requiring more rapid movement, and we have a simpler narrative style; such, for example, as that adopted by Sir Walter Scott. Let the story be simpler still, soon told, some touching or heroic incident of life, and we have the *ballad*.

The poet, however, may be a student of human life; he may be concerned with the motives and purposes of men; the chief interest of the complex history may lie for him in that *inner* world which is the substance to which all things else are as shadow. Then his poetry will take *dramatic* form, and he will move to his end by the self-revealing characters of his drama. The imaginative splendours in which, for example, Milton delights, are as nothing to him. The stormy sweep of ocean, the fruitful plain, the forest glades, the mountain cataracts, the glory of the sunshine, and the mystery of the clouds—all these things which have inspired so many a noble strain, are of small account. It has been said of the poet that he is "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn." The great dramatist, with his own intensity of feeling, sees and portrays this world within men, and his poem is so constructed as to show the interplay—often the tragic movement—of human passion.

The narrower range of individual life offers also scope enough to the poet. Joy breaks into song; love pleads melodiously; grief cannot check its wail. Our devotion bursts into praise. And so we come to have the various forms of *lyric* verse, which *tunefully* express the varying soul. Sometimes this verse has the intensity of lofty, imaginative feeling, and is the voice of humanity speaking. Then we have the ode in its noblest form. For example, observe how in Mr. Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" he embodies in his own majestic strain one of our finest national conceptions.

These general remarks, touching the chief aspects of poetry, are not complete definitions of its various forms, but may help us better to understand the verse in which it is clothed. In another paper we may have something to say on the methods of composition, and the measures or metres employed. Has any

young aspirant followed us so far? Here is another thought for her before we close. It tells what one of our latest singers, Frances Ridley Havergal, thought on this subject:—

"Little one, what are you doing,
Sitting on the window-seat?
Laughing to yourself and writing,
Some right merry thought inditing,
Balancing with swinging feet?"

"'Tis some poetry I'm making,
Though I never tried before—
Four whole lines! I'll read them to you.
Do you think them funny—do you?
Shall I try and make some more?"

* * *

"Think you, darling, nought is needed
But the paper and the ink,
And the pen to trace so lightly,
While the eye is beaming brightly,
All the pretty things we think?

* * *

"Poetry is not a trifle,
Lightly thought and lightly made;
Not a fair and scentless flower,
Gaily cultured for an hour,
Then as gaily left to fade.

"'Tis not stringing rhymes together
In a pleasant true accord;
Not the music of the metre,
Not the happy fancies sweeter
Than a flower-bell honey stored.

"'Tis the essence of existence,
Rarely rising to the light;
And the songs that echo longest,
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,
With your life-blood you will write.

* * *

"Every lesson you shall utter,
If the charge, indeed, be yours,
First is gained by earnest learning,
Carved in letters deep and burning
On a heart that long endures.

* * *

"Will you seek it? Will you have it?
'Tis a strange and solemn thing,
Learning long, before your teaching,
Listening long, before your preaching,
Suffering before you sing."

So wrote one whose verse was for the most part sunny and hopeful. We doubt whether "suffering" is an essential part of poetical education; but the question is one it may interest our readers to determine for themselves, by such knowledge as they have of English literature.

(*To be concluded.*)

OTHER PEOPLE'S HAPPINESS AND OTHER PEOPLE'S THINGS.

It is a shame, girls—yes, it is a great shame, that we should make ourselves miserable by envying other people's happiness and coveting other people's things. Of the envious and covetous no one has spoken respectfully since the world began, and if you would only reflect—which, at the giddy age of some of your highnesses, is perhaps hardly to be expected—you would be nothing but patterns of sweet content.

I have often thought of quoting to you the example of a man with whom it was a custom every evening before he retired to rest, to sit quietly for a time in his chair, endeavouring to discover whether he had done anything wrong during the day, even to the extent of coveting what was not his own, and, if he fancied he had, he did his best never to fall into the same error again. If that were your practice how good you would grow and how much more charming you would be. I, for one, would then pin my faith to you for ever.

As it is, to speak but of one fault at a time, how envious you sometimes are of others' good looks. If women were able to cast the evil eye, as it is said the gipsies do, the reign of beauty would soon be over, and only homely features would have a chance of existence. My dear, don't be ridiculous; you are good enough looking for me, and, if not the prettiest I ever saw, you are by a long way the most agreeable. Beauty, you know, is but skin-deep, and to be envious of another's loveliness is to be no more sensible than a child crying for the moon.

It is just as wrong to be envious of affection. "Why," said a girl once, making a confession to me, "I was in love with Tom when Julia came along, and she actually did her best to win him away; not that she cared for him a bit, but she was envious at seeing me so happy." Could anything have been more shabby? But there is no end to the mean things that envy will do.

Envy has made a home for itself everywhere, and whether we live in peasants' huts or in kings' palaces, it is pretty sure to be at least our next-door neighbour. The ignorant envy the educated, the poor the rich, the low the high, and the high the low. Only the other day I read of a girl, nobly born, envying much the happiness of those milkmaids who pass every morning over the dewy grass, sing sweetly all day, and sleep soundly at night, and who have the privilege of bestowing their affections as they please, and of wedding "those who are high in love though low in condition."

Success of any sort is sure to stir up envy. A girl, for example, has worked harder than her associates, and proved herself a better scholar: up jump immediately a crowd of ill-natured feelings excited by the honour she receives. She has, indeed, a noble spirit who can at such a moment deliver her congratulations without envy, and rejoice sincerely at the reward of the deserving. Life, my friends, is too short to spend any portion of it in fretting at the success of others. Succeed for yourselves; that is by a long way better than indulging in a passion that can never do you or anybody else a single particle of good.

Covetousness is a companion vice to envy, and quite as wicked, quite as foolish. In the young it is not always so observable, your opportunities for indulging in it not being so numerous; but it is common enough for all that. If there were not many greedy girls there would not be so many avaricious women, and one's acquaintance is in a very limited circle if she cannot from personal observation furnish several who are far from models in this way. I know at least one girl so greedy that the deep sea is nothing to her—one who wishes everything that others have her own, and will stick at no craft or intrigue to obtain what she desires.

If either envy or covetousness ended in happiness it would be something, but both are enemies to happiness, like all other vices. The envious step-sister in the fairy story always in the long run came off worst, and so it will be to the end of the chapter in the real world. As we grow older these passions grow stronger; in fact, there is a proverb which says that "covetousness is the last vice which dies." Once they take root, they never fail to wither the best natures; for neither generous thoughts, nor wholesome ambition, nor sincere love can exist in the same heart alongside of them.

On the whole they are the vices of little minds that have little to do. When one is occupied with work and engrossed with thought, she has no time and still less inclination either for envying other people's good fortune, or unlawfully desiring other people's possessions. Here we have perhaps the reason for envy and covetousness, especially envy, being much less common amongst men than amongst women; they have more to do. Be never idle! this is as good a rule for mental health as to take plenty of exercise is a sound law for the health of the body.

It is a great antidote to envy to think that things are not always what they seem. Indeed, most often after we have summed up the happiness or prosperity of other people, we find we have seriously miscalculated. We are like the woman who longed to get into a Court circle, which appeared to her the most desirable of all companies. At last she did, and "I wish," she wrote soon after, "I had never seen anything higher than the flowers of the field."

Another, who attracted envy enough in her day, has confessed to the same feeling. "How much," she says, "have I regretted that ever I was born even when I have been surrounded with all that could gratify the ambition of woman."

As for covetousness, the mere desire to have what our neighbour has, and so deprive her of the possession, should never be one of your failings. Happiness does not lie in possession, and to covet mere worldly goods—money or anything else—is but to make a treasure of a dust-heap. Let us all then cultivate content and be of one mind as to making the beautiful lines of the old poet our own:—

"My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast."

JAMES MASON.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

By MADAME DE LORRAINE.

PART II.

"We must also have a *folding chair; the* frame may be made of bamboo, or the Austrian bent wood; the cover must be the same width as the chair, and sufficiently long to go over the top of the back and hang halfway to the ground. Below the seat in front the cover may be of the Roman satin, embroidered in Oriental designs in stripes with coloured crewels; there should be four stripes, the two outer being the broadest, and at the end hanging in front there must be a lattice work fringe with tassels of the colours of the embroidery.

"There is no necessity for this chair cover matching the others if you prefer more variety; it might be of patchwork, crewel work on serge, cross-stitch on linen canvas, outline embroidery, or stamped velvets with the designs worked or merely outlined in colour.

"One or two small wicker work chairs blacked and gilded will be comfortable additions also these can have loose seats of the silk sheeting tufted, and cushions of the same tied on at the backs."

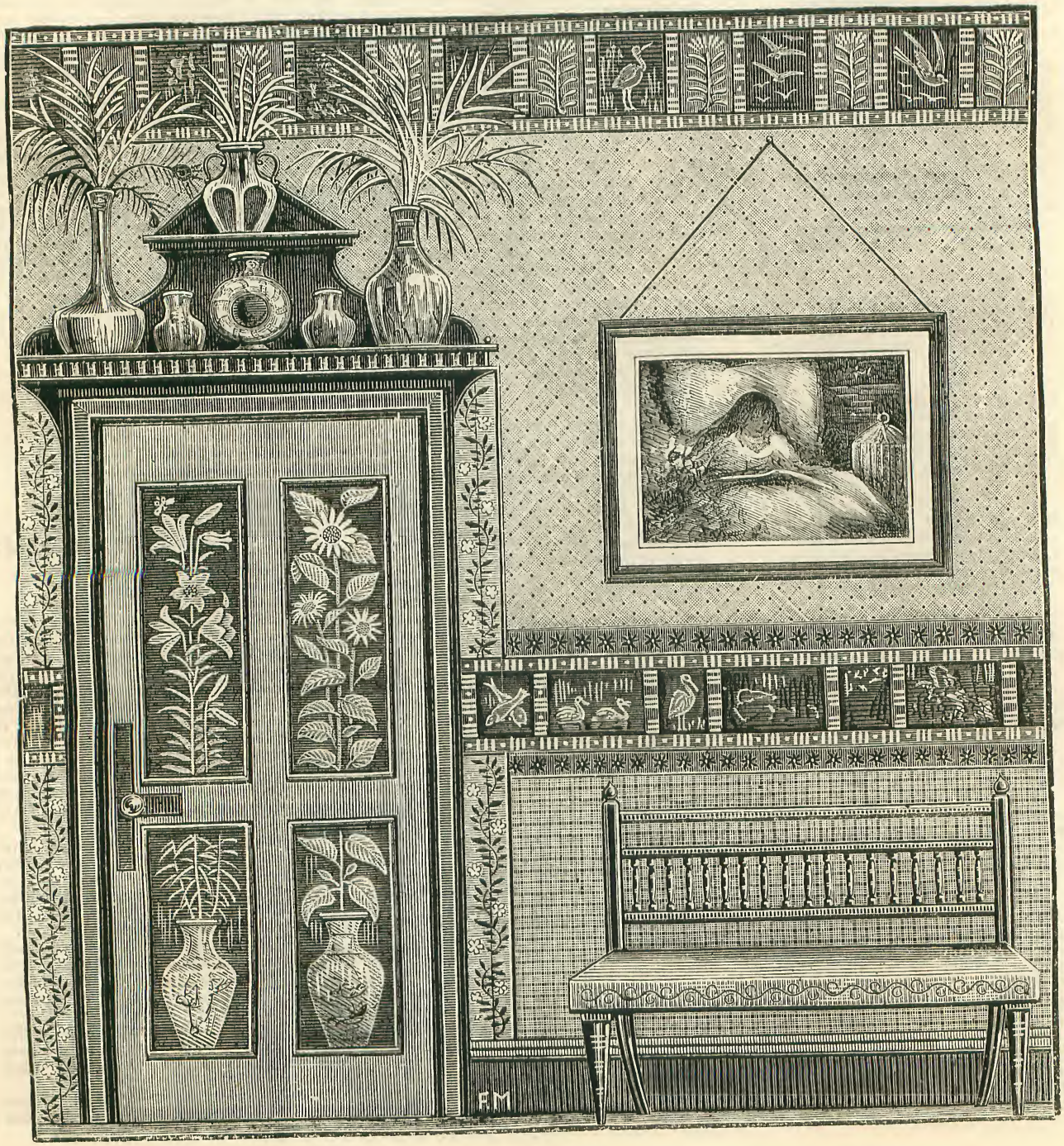
"Do not forget we are to have a Turkish ottoman made of cushions on a wooden frame, like the one you arranged for our other drawing-room," said Mabel.

"I need not recapitulate all the directions for that," said Mrs. Tremaine. "As you can

refer to your notes for them, all I shall say is we will have the cushions of the Roman satin and a border of the cretonne stripe used on the curtain to head the fringe surrounding the frame of the ottoman. We will have another Turkish seat also, made of two very corpulent square cushions, placed one on the other crossways, so that the points of the one beneath come just in the centre of the straight lines of the one above; this is a very fashionable and most comfortable seat. The cushion may be covered with any handsome-patterned material or fancy work, and should be edged with cord with a tassel at each corner. Now for our sofa."

"Do you really think it possible for us to cover our sofa?" asked Mabel.

"I see no reason why you should not. I have seen a sofa covered by a lady with no more experience in upholstery than we have, and my motto is, "What woman has done woman can do." We shall buy our sofa fitted with springs and stuffed, covered with the canvas used for the purpose, the whole frame being so covered and showing no wood at all; the saving effected by doing without the carved wood is very considerable, as the frame, being hidden, need only be made of deal. If we wish our sofa stuffed we must, of course, order this to be done in the canvas, then all we have to do is to take the pattern of the seat, back, and arms in some soft, cheap materials—an old print skirt will do as well as anything—and allow sufficient material over the exact size for all the turnings in and the tuftings. We cut out our material—the satin sheeting—lay it on the seat, put a few tacks lightly in at the corners of each edge, and then put in the centre row of tufting. You will remember this is done with strong thread or fine string and a packing needle; the needle is brought through from underneath, and the button threaded on it; it is then taken back through the same hole, and the string is tied together, firmly and tightly, so as to draw the material down in a little dent. Then proceed to the other tuftings, taking great care so to arrange them that every row of buttons comes exactly *between* those at each side, or you will not give the proper diamond-shape to the puffs. I say, put the outside tacks in *lightly*, because, as you draw the material down in the dents made by the buttons, you will find you have to allow more for this extra fulness than you contemplated, and therefore have to remove the tacks every now and then."



"Would it not be less injurious to the material to put it on without the tacks, just keeping it in place with the buttons as you do it?"

"I have tried that, but I find it pulls all out of place without being held at the edges, and the principal thing is to get the material quite straight, or it will neither set nor wear properly.

"I propose putting a border of the cretonne round the top and sides of the back, on the arms, and round the frame below the seat. At this part it must be finished by a fringe reaching to the ground. By-the-bye, with any of our furniture thus edged with a fringe, we must put under this a piece of something the same colour; it need not be of good quality, as it is only needed in case of the fringes separating; the latter looks much thicker also when hanging over a material of the same colour.

"The tufting can be continued on the bordering, or this may be quite plain, so as to display the pattern of the cretonne to greater advantage, whichever you prefer. In either case the bordering must be edged with a cord on each side. This serves to hide the joins of the two materials. The border is *nailed* down over the edges of the other material, and the cord *sewn* on to the two."

"We must have some dear little chubby footstools," said Nora; "they look so cosy, I think."

"I think three will suffice, and they shall be very soft and luxurious looking, as you wish," Mrs. Tremaine responded.

"Frames of footstools ready stuffed are by no means expensive purchases, and we shall only require two. Our third footstool shall be a miniature reproduction of our double-cushion seat, and will require some elegant decoration selected from the thousand and one varieties of fancy work. The framed footstools will also require your work; one will be of Roman satin capitonné—*Anglicè*, tufted; across this we will put two narrow strips of the cretonne, from side to side, so as to cross in the centre. The stuffed centre takes out of the frame, so that nothing is easier than to cover it and put it back. The frame may be of carved or plain wood; if the former, we shall ebonise and gild it; but if plain, we will put a broad stripe of gold between two narrower ones of black, and on the gilded stripe paint with black some continuous design, such as hawthorn flowers and twigs, treated in the Japanese fashion.

"For the other footstool we will make a centre to match those of the easy chair with round back and seat of cretonne embroidery. When this centrepiece is finished, it must be lined with cardboard, and the back covered with some firm material; the why and wherefore of this precaution you will understand presently. This round of embroidery must reach to within two and a half inches of the edge; to cover the remaining space you must take a strip of the Roman satin twice the width of the frame left uncovered, and nearly twice as long as the circumference; this must be joined at the ends, and then gathered at each edge; one edge is sewn to the lining covering the cardboard of the centrepiece, and the other gathering is sewn to the stuffed frame at the back.

"You must take great care to equalise the fulness; dividing it in halves and quarters is the best way. The satin border will then hang in a full puff round the embroidered centre, and droop a little over the frame of the stool.

"I really think you have had a long 'practical' lecture to-day, so I will defer our piano, folding and banner screens, mantelpiece, tables, *étagères*, brackets, and other necessaries and luxuries till the next time we meet."

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN the three were all comfortably seated, Josephine waited a minute, staring gravely into the fire.

"Can you see your little hero in the coals, Josie?" asked Helen at last.

"N-o-o," murmured Josephine, slowly, in deep thought. Then, more quickly, "But how do you know that he is a hero?"

"How do I know?" repeated Helen, half laughing. "Why you said that you were about to tell me the story of a little boy; so I suppose the little boy is the hero of your story, is he not?"

"O-h-h, yes, I see; but he is a hero too, Helen; a very wonderful hero. If he were a man, and had done this thing, he would be thought a hero; but he is only a little boy of ten years old, and so it is quite glorious. About six weeks ago he was standing at a railway crossing, waiting for a train to pass. All of a sudden, just as a train was in sight, a baby escaped from its mother and ran right between the lines. The mother stood still, shrieking, so did the other two or three people by her. It was only little Harry who kept his presence of mind and noble self-forgetfulness. While the guard blew his whistle, shouted frantically, and tried to stop the train, Harry flew to the baby, threw his arm round it, and brought it and himself flat on the ground just as the train passed over them.

"When the train was brought to a standstill at last, just beyond them, the baby was picked up unhurt, but a loose hanging chain had broken Harry's leg, and the shock and strong excitement have made this accident more serious."

Josephine paused again. Helen's eyes were glowing, as they always did when she heard of any action that she thought noble. She drew a deep breath, and asked in low tones, "And do you know this noble little fellow?"

"Yes," was Josephine's answer. "Just lately I happen to know something of him and his family. Young as he is he has seen a great deal of sadness. Up to two years ago he was the youngest in as happy a home as I should imagine could have been found anywhere. There were four children, a father and mother; they had several servants, horses, carriages, and heaps of hothouses, and all sorts of luxuries. Then a bank broke, the fortune was all lost, and in a few weeks the father and younger sister were dead, and the elder brother taken from Eton to be a clerk in a merchant's office.

"Through all these bitter trials the elder sister had behaved most bravely and beautifully, comforting her mother, striving to comfort her father and sister, and cheer them back to life, soothing their death-beds with firm assurances that she would with her labour support those they left behind, strengthening her brother to face boldly his great reverses, and so tenderly loving and cherishing the little Harry that his previous affection for her grew into the strongest love I have ever seen a child have for anyone. Oh, Helen! it is so sad to hear the poor little fellow, even in the unconsciousness of fever, sobbing for her to come to him."

"Then why doesn't she go to him?" demanded Helen, with tearful indignation. "How can she let him even have to ask for her?"

"Because," answered Josephine, in a low voice, "because, Nellie, she has to earn the food and medicine for him, and the doctor's fees, although her heart is almost breaking to be with him. People might be gentle with her now, poor thing. I think, under her present circumstances, I could bear anything from her myself."

"I should think so," grunted Helen, huskily. "So could anyone."

Josephine turned to her with a strange, keen glance, and went on with her history. "The brave, kind elder sister was engaged to be married when the bank broke. She thought her lover was such a fine, noble sort of fellow, and she was so proud of him. A few days after her father's death he came to her, and —her mother told me all this—freed her from her engagement.

"He had seemed very much in love with her while she was rich; he didn't want her now she was poor. And she said good-bye to him quite quietly, and never got ill, or anything. But from that day her mother says she grew hard and bitter to all the world but little Harry, and her very face changed. She had lost trust in everyone."

"I should think so," growled Helen a second time. "I wonder where that man is. I should like to tie his head under a pump."

Again Josephine looked at her curiously, and went on—

"There is little more to tell you of my pitiful tale, except the most pitiful ending. Of course, it became necessary for the elder sister, who had been hitherto accustomed to be surrounded with luxury and deference, to work for the support of her mother and brother, and she went out as a governess. At first she found it hard to get profitable positions, because people distrusted the power of the elegantly-brought-up young lady to submit herself to the duties of her changed position. But she loved her mother and little Harry too much not to strive for success, and though the accumulation of troubles had warped her nature, poor thing, to harshness and bitterness and impatience, she worked so steadily, so conscientiously, and successfully with her pupils that at last when a first-rate position, coveted by many, was open she succeeded in obtaining it, and rejoiced in the prospect of being able to pay for her young brother's education. Unhappily, in her new position she met not only with the hundred and one usual trials sure to be *felt so* keenly by one with her over-tried spirit, but amongst her pupils was a girl who had never learnt to think that she ought to be patient with other people, even sometimes to submit, for love's sake, to hardness, irri-

tability, or injustice. Very often the girl expected others to be patient with *her* in her many little freaks and whims, but when the demand came from the other side she ridiculed the idea of meeting it; and the poor young governess's strained, racked spirit was perpetually tried and tortured further by her until at last it could bear no more, and the climax came. The girl triumphed, Nellie"—



"TRY TO RAISE YOURSELF."

Josephine's voice was almost a whisper now—"but it seems to me to be a poor, wretched triumph, one to weep over. And by the nine o'clock train to-night Miss Rowe starts for home, to carry with her to the poor mother, who has been so long watching day and night by her child's bedside, the news that she has lost her position with something of disgrace. It may be long before she can get another, and she had a letter this morning from the doctor, mentioning all the expensive kinds of nourishment which little Harry must have perpetually day and night for the next three or four weeks, unless he is to be left to die. Oh! Helen, forgive my saying it, but I would not change places with you to-night not to have all your cleverness ten times increased."

"Why did you not tell me all this before?" murmured a low voice.

"Because she would not let me," was the sad answer. "You were always so cold and contemptuous with her. You wounded her cruelly; she thought you treated her so because you despised her for being a governess."

"How could she think me so mean!"

"When people's hearts are sore I expect they very often think the worst things."

And then, without another word, Helen rose and left the room.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHE DOES GET IN!

THREE sharp raps at a door, but never an answer. Then a voice calling through the keyhole, "Let me in. You must let me in. I want to beg your pardon."

Still no answer. It struck seven. Helen felt desperate. She would be summoned to preparation directly. She gave another thump.

"I will break the door down if you don't let me in."

"You had better try," came the cold, taunting answer.

Then Helen got up from her knees, and stood for a few moments deep in thought, the first result of which was a rapid descent to the class-room, and a hasty request to the presiding governess.

"Please, mademoiselle, excuse me from preparation this evening. Pray do. I cannot attend to it indeed."

Mademoiselle looked up at the trembling girl, looked at the pale cheeks and heavy eyelids, and said with heartfelt pity, "Mais oui donc, chère petite, assurement. Vous devez vous mettre au lit."

"Thank you," said Helen, "not for the recommendation, but for the permission," and she quitted the room as hastily as she had entered it. But instead of going upstairs she flew into the west corridor and down it as fast as her feet would carry her, with a swift look behind her to see that she was not observed.

That west corridor ended in a large window that Miss Nellie had observed the housemaid always left for the last in her nightly lockings-up and fastenings. And Helen was particularly anxious to get out into the garden at that forbidden hour. The proper garden entrance led out into a continuation of the balcony belonging to Miss Crofton's library, so exit was, of course, barred. Nevertheless the west corridor window was almost as easy a way out for the agile young gymnast, and on this occasion, most happily for several people, fortune favoured her

Owing to the balmy day the window had been left open to the last minute; and so, before the housemaid's last minute arrived, Helen Edison had vaulted through it into the garden. Creeping along under the wall, she soon turned the corner of the house, reached the apple-tree, climbed into it, as she had done on a certain night some weeks before, and looked in at one of the windows of the deserted dining-hall. A transient gleam of her own impudent fun glanced over her anxious face as she muttered—

"I do wish servants would be more careful about shutting room doors. If anyone should be crossing the corridor now how tiresome it would be for me."

But no one was crossing the corridor, and once more Helen caught at the waterspouts and the ivy, drew herself to the wall, crept along it like a sort of moving spirit, mounted a little higher, crept on again, and—— Suddenly the two antagonists were face to face.

White face to white face, close together. Not even the glass between. Two pairs of startled eyes gazing into each other's very depths.

Helen might have expected to find Miss Rowe at her window. It was nothing very surprising that she should be at it. But somehow the circumstance was one utterly unlooked-for by Helen. Very often in certain states of mental excitement we picture future events to ourselves under certain aspects so vividly that we bring ourselves to believe that thus, and thus only, is it possible for them to appear. When facts prove different we are quite amazed, as though the very facts themselves were telling falsehoods.

Helen had imagined Miss Rowe kneeling on the floor of her room busily engaged in packing, her face set with stern determination, which she herself would have time to note while leaning for rest on the window-sill before tapping on the panes to attract attention. This sudden meeting with the white, despairing face was wholly outside the young climber's calculations.

"Help me in!" she murmured at last, hurriedly, "I—I am faint."

She had climbed up there with the full intention of demanding admittance



"I DID NOT DO IT FOR OBSTINACY'S SAKE."

from that perilous position. Whether even so she would have obtained it, it is impossible to say, had matters been as she expected. But now, in this moment, she suddenly forgot her expectations and her intentions; only an instinct of self-preservation extorted that hurried plea.

"Help me in!" And even as she

uttered it the little white hands began to waver in their hold upon the window-sill.

"Rouse yourself, try to rouse yourself," was the *equally* hurried answer, "just for one minute more." And the young governess's face flushed with eager solicitude as she stretched her arms out, and caught firmly hold of those of her refractory pupil.

"Now, courage," she said, anxiously. "Try to raise yourself. You won't——" She paused a moment, trying to think of something to stimulate the fainting girl. "You won't turn *coward* now?"

There was a strong biting emphasis thrown into that word *coward*. But cruel as it sounded at that moment, it indicated kindness, and had the desired effect of calling back a faint flush into Helen's cheeks, and assisted her to help herself. In another minute, half pulled, and half climbing, she was over the window-sill, and lying weak and trembling on the floor of Miss Rowe's bedroom.

"Why did you do this?" asked Miss Rowe, as she held her head on her knees, and bathed her face with water. She looked at her even curiously as she repeated, "How could you do such a wild thing? Your obstinate determination to withstand me to the last has nearly cost you dear this time."

"I did not do this for obstinacy's sake," murmured Helen. And then again she lay silent and still, and Miss Rowe went on bathing her face. After awhile Helen spoke again.

"You were going away so soon, I heard, and you would not let me in, so there was only this way left for me to get at you to tell you about the medal for little Harry, your grand little brother. Papa will get it for him."

"The medal for Harry! Your father will get it for him! What do you mean?" asked Miss Rowe, bewildered.

"Why, the gold medal, you know, that people like so much, for being brave in saving people, and all that. Perhaps" —and then a little ghost of one of the silvery laughs issued from Nellie's pale lips—"perhaps you think you ought to have a medal, too, for saving me just now. I shouldn't have been so stupid, only I managed to give my head a great bump, at least, my forehead, just before I saw you, at the corner of your window-sill. I think it's a big bruise now. May we have a light to see?"

"Yes, we had better," said Miss Rowe, feeling as though she must be in a dream. And she helped Helen to rise, and then, leading her to a chair, she proceeded to light the candle, and inspect her pupil's injuries.

Her first impulse, when she saw the bruised forehead, was to cry out in dismay. It was certainly no slight injury that the sharp double cornice had inflicted. One point had made a terrible bruise just above the eye, the other had made a cut just above the temple, from which the blood was flowing slowly, the cold water bathing having fortunately checked it in some measure, or Helen by now would have been feeling even weaker than she did.

"I must run to bring Miss Crofton to you," said Emily Rowe, after a minute's renewal of the cold bathing. "Your forehead must be seen to at once and bandaged."

"Then you can do it for me."

"Why, would you trust me?"

"Oh! yes—now. But do you really feel sorry for me? You look so, but do you really feel as you look?"

"I might ask you if you really feel glad to think that my little brother may have the Humane Society's medal given to him. You look so, but how can I believe that you can be really pleased to think anything pleasant may happen to anyone belonging to me?"

"I should like lots of pleasant things to happen to yourself, let alone to those belonging to you, now I know——" was the answer. And then, with an attempt to smile, she let her head fall against her companion, saying, "I feel so funny. I think I'm—going to sleep—don't leave me to-night, please."

She did not go to sleep, but this time she did faint quite away, and Miss Rowe unlocked her door and rang her bell, and soon summoned aid to her. The servants came, expecting the order to carry the governess's trunks down to the hall, but they received a request instead to lift Helen on to the bed, and then to go and call their mistress.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

MAY.—The best method of obtaining a good shape for an under bodice is to pick an old dress with a basque to pieces, and cut from the lining. This will fit well, and will always be a pattern to refer to. We could not answer either of your last questions unless we know how much money you were able to spend. A very small trousseau would consist of half-a-dozen of everything. A dozen stockings, woollen and cotton, three flannel petticoats, and a dozen handkerchiefs; a summer petticoat, and a winter one, and three white ones.

IVY.—The more you brush your hair with a moderately stiff brush the better. We do not think you deserve a pattern for a "nitted" mat, though we have no doubt you will find one in "My Work Basket," in vol. i. Your writing and composition are not good enough for fourteen years of age.

A PUZZLED PATCHER.—1. Shopkeepers sell their "pattern-scraps"; offer them the price they obtain for them—which is trifling, we believe—and you may make a selection amongst the bundles of materials of all kinds. 2. Write for the "General Catalogue" of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

ROWENA AND LITTLE MIGNONETTE.- For the "Tam o' Shanter" caps see page 591, vol. i. They can be made in any kind of wool from the recipe given.

ALEXANDRINA.—We should use a darker shade of brocaded blue silk or a dark shade of satin to do up the pale blue. There is a pretty dress at page 413, vol. i., which you might perhaps take an idea from for your two dresses, using the two materials.

NORRIE B. (Marlborough).—We are gratified by your telling us that some friends of yours are now able to make their own dresses from reading our "Dress of the Month," and are saved the expense of putting them out. 1. You may line your hood with fur to match, or plush. 2. Dissolve the borax in water; it could not be used for cleaning silver if dry.

EDUCATION.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—If a lady, you can take lessons in dressmaking in a class at the "Ladies' Dressmaking Association," 42, Somerset-street, Portman-square, W. If of a different class, you might either become apprenticed to the business, or make a special arrangement at some shop to give your services, if, at least, a good needlewoman, for the instructions received. We advise your taking more pains with your spelling.

ZERO.—1. Study the "Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus, price 5s., 56, Paternoster-row, to prepare you on the subject (1st and 2nd Books of Kings) for the Higher Local Examination. 2. All the male posterity of Aaron were priests, over whom there was a high priest (see Exodus xxviii.), and to these the offering of the sacrifices in the Temple was chiefly restricted (see also 2nd Chron. xxvi. 18). The dress of the priests was most minutely and absolutely prescribed for them (see Exodus xxviii., 42), while that of the high priest was different, but likewise divinely ordered. For full particulars respecting their consecration, dress, and sacred duties, see Exodus xxix. 1—35. Caiaphas was made high priest by the predecessor of Pontius Pilate (Valerius Gratius), under the Roman dominion. Annas had held it previously, and, according to custom, he retained the title after retirement from office. Prior to the Roman domination the office had been for life. Two of his sons had successively succeeded him, and Caiaphas was his son-in-law.

MISCELLANEOUS.

As the following letter contains information which may be useful to our readers, we gladly give it in full, with thanks to "Kleine Emilie":—

London, January 25th, 1881.

The Editor THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

SIR,—In to-day's issue of your excellent paper I see that one of your correspondents has had some trouble with her starching. As a supplement to the advice you have given, will you permit me to give *my* experience, as I believe, from what I take to be the difficulty, it may be of use? For a dry atmosphere I found soap an excellent thing, but when, twelve months ago, I went to live in a seaside town I found that even with extra care and pains all my starched things got limp and dull within a day or so. Having a large family of brothers to iron for, this caused me much annoyance till I tried dissolving a pennyworth of gum arabic in about a gill of water, and putting three teaspoonfuls of it in my starch. Since I came to London, four months ago, I again tried soap, but found that the hard water had the effect of curdling it, which made the iron stick badly. I now use the proportions given in your useful articles on "How to Wash and Iron," with the addition of a teaspoonful of powdered borax as a gloss, and the gum as before mentioned. I may say that I now find my starching an *entire* success; the collars, &c., look quite equal to new, and I feel honestly *proud of my handiwork*.—Yours very truly, KLEINE EMILIE.

MARA.—1. Do not make your dough so stiff. If made of "whole meal" it should be of the same consistency as dough made from white flour, and similarly baked. It is the rye meal which requires to be made so stiff and to be baked a longer time. 2. Your writing is neat and legible, but rather wanting in decision. Use a "J" pen and try to write a little more firmly.

CETEWAYO.—If you read the article we think you will find the seats are suggestions merely. We should advise your being guided by the wishes of your aunt.

SHAG.—Many thanks for your kind note.

JENNIE.—If you are likely to be asked to sing or play, take your music. It can be left with your wraps until wanted. Your writing is pretty good.

WANDERSTUNDEN.—We believe that all steamers do not call at St. Helena. We should think the letter would come by the same ship as the person that posted it at St. Helena.

A WINTER EVENING.—You generally can purchase a small popping machine wherever you buy "pop-corn," and also receive full instructions.

BLUE-EYED BEAUTY.—Wear crape six months for a brother, and three months black. You should be guided by your own good taste. Not before three months have elapsed at least.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—We fear we cannot tell you the value of your coin, as you give no clue to what it is like, nor whether it is of copper or silver. We hope you are a very little girl indeed, for you spell "writing" with a double t.

DAISY.—To remove ink stains see pages 64, 95, 222, and 319, vol. i. Your writing is rather untidy at present, but we hope you will improve it.

MELROSE.—Buy some sheets of blotting-paper, and cut them to the size of your book. See how the velvet hinge is put on the desk now, and copy the way exactly.

E. C. G.—We should think your cinerarias had had too much water, and needed more sun and an airy place.

SNOW.—Glass may be frosted with a strong solution of Epsom salts.

MARGARET.—"A goodly apple rotten at the heart" is from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." The next is by Charles Kingsley. Your writing is very careless.

MORVAH.—Inquire of any good bookseller.

VIGILANS.—Camden says the Thames was once called the "Cockney," so that the word merely means a dweller on its banks. It is also derived from the "Land of Cockaigne," a French poem of the thirteenth century. "Sent to Coventry" is a saying said by Hutton to have arisen in the Civil Wars, when Coventry, being a stronghold of the Parliamentary party, all troublesome Royalists were sent there for safe keeping. There is another explanation which says that soldiers were once so unpopular in Coventry that any woman seen speaking to one was at once cut off from social intercourse. The single eye of the Cyclops was part of the fable, and we never heard any reason given for it.

CLARICE.—Propagate geraniums by cuttings. Your wri ing is very good.

MAURIDTHE.—Your writing is large and legible. Thank you for your long letter.

A WHITE WOOL WRAP.—Your writing and composition are both very good.

ANXIOUS LITTLE NURSE and DICKIE.—Read "Occupations for Invalids." Your writing is most difficult to read, and you seem to use a very hard pen.

SEVENTEEN.—One year's mourning for a mother is quite sufficient according to the present idea. We think the scrapbooks would be very good presents for a children's hospital. Your spelling is better than your writing.

JENNY.—See page 316, vol. i., for several recipes for cleaning black things. Try a little turpentine.

GRANNIE.—To clean bronze, see pages 400, 416, vol. i.

TWEEDLEDUM.—Perhaps you keep your lawn tennis shoes in too dry a place.

MIGNONETTE.—Gas is bad for most fe ns, but is said to have no evil effect on some of the common ones, such as the polypody. We cannot advise you how to write more quickly, for you are, judging from your letter, a slow thinker.

BRUNETTE.—We should consider a net unnecessary at night. Your writing is dreadful.

ANTIGONE.—Your writing is most legible. We think the terminal "y's" might be improved.

M. S.—We are quite sure amongst our numberless suggestions you could find something for your brother. Could he not try painting in any of its forms, or drawing?

LOTTIE E. W.—Cultivate self-forgetfulness. You write a very good note for your age. Pray thank your mother for us for her kind message.

HASLAND.—Coffee appears to be generally used for dipping to restore the colour of the lace.

DORIS.—The passionflower is so named from its fancied resemblance to the various instruments of the Crucifixion or "Passion" of our Lord. Your writing is very neat.

AN IGNORAMUS and MOTHERLESS.—Mix the striped silk with plain green silk, velveteen, or cashmere of the darkest shade. You cannot do better than learn good poetry by heart. Read any works on history and biography which you can obtain. Travels are also most useful.

MYRTLE.—Write "Charles book"; "for William's sake," read "Gladys' notes." Your writing is good.

A DEVOTED READER.—Read "How Can I Look My Best," page 180, vol. i.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—We are sorry we cannot advise you. You are only one amongst many others who desire "something to do at home," in order to earn money.

DOLLY.—Binding-cases for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are sold at two shillings each. Your bookbinder will get it for you when he binds up the numbers into a volume.

A LADY.—The packet of plates, title-page, and index, which have been given with the monthly parts, may also be purchased of any bookseller, price ninepence. We do not prescribe "ploughboy's" manners even for a self-styled "lady."

REDHILL.—It is usual for the clergy to take the initiative, and call on their parishioners, but if they have failed so to do in your case, perhaps you may discover some mutual friends, and through them could obtain an introduction.

TROTS.—See pages 15, 64, and 111, respecting the treatment of chilblains. When the hands and feet are cold never put them near the fire; keep away from it, more especially on returning home from the outer air. Friction is essential.

TED.—A girl is not supposed to be out of the schoolroom till after eighteen years of age. Cuttings of plants should be made before the frosts begin; it is well to have made them by this time.

GRETA.—The dress of bridesmaids and their carrying of bouquets, are matters quite independent of the bride's costume, who may be married in her travelling dress, while they are in suitable costumes for such an occasion.

ROSETTE.—1. Hollow the spot for your small piece of water carefully, and have it paved and covered with asphalt. Then cut some drains above it on the highest side of the land all converging into one space for a waterfall. But we advise your consulting a landscape gardener, as we could scarcely advise without seeing the place and its natural capabilities. 2. The name Marion is a French form of Mary, and the latter name has three meanings in Hebrew, "bitter," "their rebellion," and "star of the sea." Your writing is fairly good.

CORNIE.—"Cecil" is a man's name, and means "dim-sighted." "Cecilia" is the feminine for it. Eve, Evelyn, or Evelin, or Evelina, are all derived from Eva, the Hebrew for "life," on which account our first mother was so named. It was, however, long ago adopted as a surname, and thus improperly given as a baptismal name to boys also. Thus, likewise, the surname Sydney or Sidney has been given to children of both sexes.

BELLE.—1. If your dormice be in good health do not feel uneasy about them; nature will induce the needful sleepiness when proper. 2. "Dynasty" should be pronounced as written Dy--(not as if with a double "n" as din)—nasty.

ELSIE.—Yes, you can purchase vol. i. for six shillings, or the nine monthly parts which constitute it for four shillings and sixpence, as the numbers have been reprinted owing to the very great demand for them.

"ONE TOO MANY" seems a very inappropriate name for one who expresses herself so graciously, and in a style far above that of ordinary writers. Your having only bowed to the daughters of the lady on whom you called was sufficiently polite, if only a first and formal visit; or supposing that there were other visitors in the room. But were you and your friend the only visitors, and your calling informal and friendly, you should have given the daughters of your hostess a less distant recognition. We are gratified by your opinion that "unfailing courtesy and kindness breathe in every line of our answers to correspondents." We should change your name to "One too Few."

MARMEE.—Roland and Oliver were Paladins of Charlemagne, who performed exploits so much alike respectively, they could scarcely be distinguished. For five consecutive days they fought together in single combat on an island in the Rhine, neither being able to vanquish his foe. Hence the names of these well-matched heroes became a proverb to express perfect equality. Prince Napoleon was satirized by the nickname of "Craint Plomb" or "Fear Bullet" in the Crimean War. The French also describe the noise of firing as "*plon*" just as in common parlance we say "bang," and the name given to him has thus been corrupted into "Plon-Plon."



G. S. writes a very pretty hand, but does not cross the "t." She only makes a kind of flourish about it.

B. E. S. S.—We thank you for your suggestion, of which we shall make some use.

EDITH.—Your otherwise excellent hand is ruined by its sloping the wrong way. We could imagine we saw the reflection only in a looking-glass, and it is dazzling to the eyes.

M. M. N.—We have answered another correspondent on the subject of your query, and can only thank you for your kind letter.

MARIE STUART.—Your first step in the matter on which you have consulted us is to seek an explanation from the old friend who gave the introduction. If the person acting in so eccentric a way have some imaginary grievance, it should be inquired into by the mutual friend, the latter being responsible for the introduction, and bound to obtain some explanation. Of course you should always return a borrowed book.

NELLIE RADFORD.—"W" in Germany is pronounced like our "v," and the "a" as if written "ah." We are glad to hear that our articles with reference to music have proved so useful to you.

A YOUNG WIFE.—Your kind letter enclosing the nice recipe and pattern of knitting deserves our best thanks, and your writing is well formed and ladylike. 1. The style you name has gone out of fashion. 2. Your ordinary Sunday dress would be quite suitable for a married woman, and the question of wearing a white cap, or a white veil, is a matter which will be decided for you, on local inquiry.

THWARTED.—1. Do not encourage the idea that those whom you name have no sympathy with you. Try to find out some points of agreement, to promote mutual happiness. 2. A man at thirty years of age is scarcely older than a woman at twenty or twenty-one.

AN AFFLICTED ONE.—1. Have you learnt to do anything sufficiently well to make your work worth the pay usually given? If not, perhaps you could induce your father first to take you to the great skin doctor, Erasmus Wilson, and, when cured, apprentice you to a milliner, or some other trade for which you have begun to prepare yourself. You should also learn to spell properly.

ADSUM.—Inquire at one of the Express Offices in Regent-street, the parcel can be sent thus.

E. H. S.—Dr. James Beattie, professor of moral philosophy at Aberdeen, who was born 1735, and died 1803, is probably the writer you mean. He is considered one of the minor poets, and was the author of "The minstrel," which was much praised by Gray. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, and is a descriptive poem on the progress of genius.

UNDERCLIFFE.—Your writing is sufficiently clear and legible for any business purpose.

M. A. B.—It is always correct to acknowledge anything you feel to be a service by a few graceful words; but you are the best judge of the terms on which you stand. Your writing is careless.

SEEFIN.—Both "jail" and "gaol" are correct. They are equally derived from the old French word "*gaole*." Your quotation is from the "Lord of Burleigh," by Tennyson.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—See Madame de Lorraine's "How the Girls Furnished their Sitting-Room," and other articles, in vol. i. Three-seat settles appear as popular as ever. The indiarubber plant seems an excellent one for the house. See also page 571, vol. i.

HORTENSIA.—We should think it would have no bad effect on the hair. Your writing seems careless.

CAMELIA.—Your writing is extremely neat, but rather formal.

LIZZIE.—It is not usual to send cards, but if they have been sent, you should call at once. See "Seasonable Dress."

MOPSY.—The legend of "The Seven Sleepers" has reference to as many noble youths of Ephesus who fled to a cave in Mount Celion from the Diocletian persecution. Waking after a lapse of 230 years they lived but a short time, and their remains were taken to Marseilles in a large stone sarcophagus still shown in Victor's Church. The statement originated from a misapprehension of the expression "they fell asleep in the Lord," which only meant "died." Their names were Constantine, Dionysius, John, Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, and Serapion.

PRIMROSE OF SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—"All Hallows'" day—otherwise the festival of "All Saints" was originally held on May 1st, but in the year 834, it was changed to November 1st. The word "Hallows" is derived from the Saxon *halligan*, to make or keep holy.

SNOWBALL.—The sort of pen you employ should be determined by the style of your writing. If you press lightly, you should not use a hard pen with a fine point, or your letters will be scarcely visible. The pen you employ appears to suit you.

BARDAWESKA.—The 31st of May, 1805, fell on a Wednesday. You write a beautiful hand, but we cannot at present promise the engraving of any more specimens of writing.

TO OUR READERS.—We wish to remind our readers that the last day for receiving the essays, paintings, plain and fancy needlework for the prize competitions is Lady Day, March 25th. Any article sent after that date will reach us too late for examination. Many letters, most of them unnecessary, asking questions about our regulations, have reached us, but as our space is so valuable we have been unable to reply to them. Therefore we wish our correspondents kindly to refer again to our printed rules, and to carry them out to the very letter. There are no other rules relating to the competitions than those which we have published.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—No. 64.] MARCH 19, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SUNSHINE AT LAST.

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "In Mischief Again," &c.

CHAPTER III.

SEVERAL weeks had passed by, during which time, in spite of all obstacles and Miss Rebecca's capricious ways, old Mr. Forrest had persevered in his efforts to befriend Miriam, as his kind heart felt for her in her peculiar circumstances. So he often found his way to Heatherdale, nothing daunted by the cold reception he sometimes met with from the aunt, and frequently succeeded in carrying off the niece for a walk, which was almost equally enjoyed by both,



[*All rights reserved.*]

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, AUNT."

for Miriam was learning to love him like a father, whilst his affection for her and interest in her were very real and genuine.

And now she was beginning to feel she had another friend as well in Mr. Forrest's married daughter, Mrs. Brooke, who was on a visit to her father and brother, and since her arrival had accompanied the former in some of his visits to Heatherdale, for she took an interest in the lonely girl, whilst Miriam, grateful for her kindness, had already conceived a warm liking and admiration for her.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon in the early part of October, and the windows of the drawing-room at the Rectory were open to admit the soft, balmy air. Mr. Forrest was resting in an easy chair, with a book in his hand, whilst his daughter was sitting at a little table near the window, painting some flowers which she had brought in with her, when the door opened, and Robert Forrest entered with a telegram in his hand. His face showed plainly that something was amiss.

"What is it, Robert?" both exclaimed in one breath.

"Such sad, sad news for that poor child at Heatherdale."

"What? Can it be her brother? Has anything happened to him?"

"*Killed!*" was the only word Robert's lips seemed able to frame.

A silence fell upon the three, broken at length by Mr. Forrest, who murmured in pitying tones, "That poor, poor girl!" whilst Mrs. Brooke's face expressed the greatest sympathy.

"How was it?" she asked.

"It simply says he met with an accident, and only survived it a few hours. They will write more particulars. He wished me to break it to her."

"Then you must go, my son; and may God give you a word of comfort for her, for sorely will she need it, dear child. How my heart aches for her! her one treasure taken from her. Truly God's ways are mysterious. But tell her He has promised to be with her in the day of trouble, to strengthen her and comfort her, 'even as a mother comforteth,' and He will keep His word."

Robert got his sister to accompany him, and almost in silence they accomplished the walk. On arriving at Heatherdale Mrs. Brooke went in to Miss Rebecca, whilst Robert, finding that Miriam was in the summer-house, joined her there.

Her quick eye read by his face that there was something amiss, whilst his look of concern and sympathy told her that it related to her. The colour fled from her cheeks, as she fastened imploring eyes upon him, as if beseeching him not to bring her bad news.

"What is it? Is anything the matter with Lionel?"

She had summoned back her self-possession now, and, with the self-control that was so natural to her, said, gently—

"Please tell me at once."

And then he told her that her brother was "gone home."

"So soon—and without me!" she murmured, half unconsciously; and then remained mute, struck dumb by the weight of the blow. But the look of agony which Robert caught on her face before she turned it from him and hid it in her hands wrung his heart.

"We shall hear more particulars soon," he said, in a husky voice, feeling he would give the whole world to be able to comfort her, or to bear her sorrow for her; "but I know enough of him to feel that it would be indeed a 'going home' to him. I never shall forget the bold, simple, manly way in which he bore his witness for his Master last winter. There was no hiding his colours, neither was there any obtruding them; but the single-hearted simplicity of his character struck me as particularly beautiful; and in so young a man, too. Ah, he was ripening fast then for the Kingdom of Heaven, though we didn't know it, and now he has been transplanted thither. Won't you rejoice with him in his happiness?—'fulness of joy for ever at God's right hand.'"

Miriam lifted her face, with a passing gleam of actual joy in her sweet eyes.

"Thank you for your words," she said, and then again her head drooped until it sank once more upon her hands, whilst her whole attitude told of one crushed beneath some heavy below.

"I will leave you now: you would rather be alone, I am sure. But I must give you my father's message before I go."

Having delivered it, Mr. Forrest added, "And my own word for you is, 'Whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth.' This sorrow is a special reminder of His love to you; and He will show you how tenderly, in His own good time, He can bind up the wounds He inflicts."

People often say that troubles never come singly; and certainly it was so in Miriam's case. For scarcely had she had time to realise her loss and recover from the first shock of it, when Miss Grove was taken seriously ill, and Miriam had to give herself up to nursing her. It was, no doubt, good for her in one way, for it called off her thoughts from dwelling too much upon her own grief. In the simple way in which she always took up every duty, she now devoted herself to waiting on her aunt, who would scarcely allow anyone else to come near her or do anything for her. Therefore, for the few days during which her life hung in the balance, Miriam was in close attendance night and day, and a most valuable nurse she showed herself.

But her face grew thinner and paler, and, if possible, sadder day by day; though, at the same time, it was sweeter and more patient-looking than ever.

Old Mr. Forrest and Mrs. Brooke did all they could to help and cheer her, and when Miriam could escape from the sick-room for a few minutes she was pretty sure to find one or the other waiting for her with kind looks and words. Their sympathy helped her more than she could have said, and her heart was very full of love and gratitude towards them. Robert Forrest could scarcely trust himself to see her in those days; but they told her how he was sharing her trouble with her, and many a comforting word he sent her through them.

A letter containing particulars of Lionel's death had come in due time conveying his last messages to her. For he had been conscious for some hours, and sensible that he had not long to live.

"Tell her it is so glorious to go and see my Captain face to face! I had not thought that He would send for me so soon; and to think of going to receive the Crown of Life seems so strange and wonderful, when I have done so little for Him. Miriam mustn't grieve too much for me. I shall be waiting in His safe keeping till she comes too. And He who has been so good to me will never fail or forsake her."

These words were continually in Miriam's mind as she kept watch by her aunt's bed, or moved about softly and noiselessly doing what had to be done in the sick-room.

"So glorious to go!" the bright young sailor had said; and she could picture the glow which would overspread his face as he uttered the words. Oh, how thankful she was that he had felt it such a glorious thing. It was the greatest comfort she had. And she could and did rejoice on his account.

As soon as Miss Rebecca began to improve, she made rapid strides towards recovery. But her illness had changed her greatly. She had looked death face to face for the first time, and had seen things in their true light. She rose up from her bed a different woman; softened and subdued, but yet glad with the joy of restored health and the dawnings of a new secret happiness, even that which those experience when, returning after long wanderings to the Father's home, they find themselves freely received and welcomed and pardoned.

Both the elder and younger Mr. Forrest were welcome visitors now, and Mrs. Brooke, too, often came to sit for an hour with the invalid whilst Miriam was sent out of doors for some fresh air. The latter often now caught her aunt's eyes fixed on her with a strangely wistful expression, and at last one day when she was feeling stronger, she spoke out.

Miriam was stitching away at some needlework, and had kept silence for the last ten minutes or quarter of an hour, as she fancied her aunt was dozing, being quite unconscious, as she sat with her head bent over her work, that the latter had stolen more than once a half-searching, half-compassionate glance at her pale face. At length she broke the silence.

"Miriam, I've something I want to say to you. Come over here, child."

The girl laid down her work and, going across to her aunt, sat down on a low footstool beside her. This illness had drawn them more closely together than Miriam at one time would have thought possible, and now she involuntarily placed her hand with a slight caressing gesture upon the folded ones lying on Miss Rebecca's lap. The latter took it in both her own.

"Child, they say that my recovery was due in great measure to your good and careful nursing. They tell me what

devotion you showed when I was so ill I scarcely knew what was going on; and I can speak for myself of what it has been since. *So I* partly owe this recovered life to you. Yes; don't interrupt me—let me have my say out. I had not deserved this at your hands, for I see now how cold and hard and unloving I have always been. It must have been a strange life for you, poor child! shut up as you have been with me, for my pride and selfishness led me to keep you from forming any intimacies or friendships, even if you had had the opportunity. I see it all in its true light now, though I never did before; for I thought I was doing my duty by you, and never paused to look at anything from your point of view. It is very humbling to perceive that my whole life has been one long mistake and course of self-delusion. But I trust for the future it will be very different. Can you forgive me all the past, Miriam?"

"Aunt, don't—please don't talk like this," cried Miriam, quite distressed.

"It is all true, my dear; there is no gainsaying it. But, as regards you, now that I long to make amends the opportunity seems past. Now I have learnt what a treasure I have in you I must give you up;" and an expression of unfeigned regret and sadness rested on Miss Rebecca's face.

"What do you mean, aunt?" exclaimed her niece, in astonishment. "How are you going to give me up? Are you going to send me away?" and a feeling of dismay crept into the girl's mind at the bare thought. For to leave Heatherdale now would be to go away from the Forrests.

"You need not be alarmed," returned Miss Rebecca, with a quiet smile, which was reassuring, and, indeed, had a faint gleam of mischief in it. "And you shall not go unless you wish it. You shall remain here if you prefer it; for I shall be very sorry to part with you. Only I won't put any obstacles in the way of it."

"But where am I to go?" asked Miriam, in bewilderment.

"If you like it, to a home of your own."

"I don't understand you, aunt."

"Then I must speak out, plainly. Mr. Forrest—Robert Forrest, I mean—wants to rob me of you, that he may make you his wife; and he has asked permission to speak to you himself when he comes here this afternoon. Of course, you are at liberty to give him what answer you think proper."

Miriam's face flushed crimson to the very roots of her hair, and then she hid her face in her hands. A tumult of mingled feelings swept over her, such utter surprise and such exquisite joy that her heart seemed hardly able to contain it all. In her simplicity she had looked up to Robert Forrest as one so far above her in every respect as to stand on a different level altogether—as far removed from her by his talents and goodness as by his age, which she had fancied entitled him to respect on that score alone. To have such an honour put upon her as to be chosen to be his wife seemed altogether incredible. It quite took away her breath. Ah, there need be no deliberation as to what her answer to him should be. Until her aunt had spoken those very plain words she had never dreamt of such a thing as love or marriage between herself and Mr. Forrest; but now, as with a lightning flash, the state of her feelings had been revealed to her, and she found that she did indeed love him with all her heart.

She stole away, out into the garden, where, alone with the dear old mountains standing around, she could examine and look at this newly found happiness. And then her thoughts flew back to Lionel. She wanted him beside her at this moment of supreme joy to share it with her, as she knew he would have done, and sadly she remembered that she could no longer have his sympathy in any of her joys or sorrows. But the next moment she realised how great must be the bliss that now was his; her happiness she knew was nothing compared with the "fulness of joy" which is at "God's right hand," and of that he was now tasting. What comfort there was in that thought! God had indeed been good to Lionel, for had He not taken him to be with Him and made him "most blessed for ever"? And how good God had been to her too: first of all giving her such a brother and now such a husband! Feelings of sweet thankfulness filled her heart: her cup seemed to run over; sunshine flooded her path. And, best of all, she felt the Giver of all this joy to be very close beside her, rejoicing with her in her gladness as He had sympathised with her in her sorrow.

No wonder that when Robert Forrest came in the afternoon he thought he had never seen her look so sweet, and felt what a prize would be his could he but win her. Of that, however, he felt very doubtful. The difference in their ages for one thing, he feared, would tell against him.

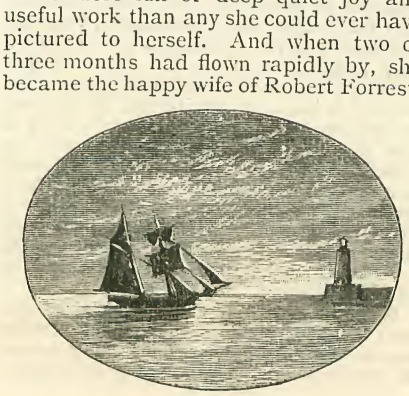
"For you must remember I am ten, nay, nearly eleven, years older than you are," he said, wishing to place everything fairly before her.

"Only that! I thought you were *much* older," she said naively, with a bright, amused look on her face.

"And you don't think it an insuperable objection?"

Her smile answered him; and, completely reassured, he said no more on that point.

A new life now opened up for Miriam, a life more full of deep quiet joy and useful work than any she could ever have pictured to herself. And when two or three months had flown rapidly by, she became the happy wife of Robert Forrest.



SOME USEFUL HINTS ON SURGERY.—II.

By Medicus.



I SHOULD not like to think that any of my girl readers were in the habit of teasing either dog or cat, and thus falling victims to a well-deserved bite or scratch, but I am not quite so sure about their brothers. Well, then, if your brother has been naughty towards a dog, and the animal has retaliated, as dogs, according to Dr. Watts's hymns, have a perfect right to do, you must not for a single moment imagine there is any danger to be apprehended from the bite. Nothing is more harmless than a cut from the tooth of a dog that is not actually rabid at the time; his going mad on some future day would not have the slightest effect upon the person bitten. Nevertheless, to comfort the naughty boy and allay his fears, something should be done to the bite. If water is quite handy the bitten part should be laved in it; this, in itself, if the water were cold enough, would cause contraction of the vessels and prevent the absorption of any poison. The bite must next be sucked well, and afterwards washed in salt and water. If any other treatment is necessary, the sufferer should be taken to a chemist, in order that the wound may be cauterised with nitrate of silver. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there is no necessity for having a dog bite cauterised, except that it warns the youth who has been teasing the animal, and teaches him not to do so again.

Scratches from cats are not poisonous, only they seldom heal very kindly, because, like a cut with a rusty nail, they leave a ragged wound. They should be carefully washed to get rid of any dirt that may lodge in them; and, if deep, bound up with a wet rag or, better still, a morsel of lint wetted in warm water with a little oiled silk placed over it. In a day or two a simple dressing with cold cream, to exclude the air, will be all that is required.

We are very fortunate in this country in one way; our climate may well be called fickle and changeable, but we are free from the swarms of noxious insects and reptiles that make life in the tropics almost unendurable to us Europeans. We have no deadly tarantulas, no dreaded scorpions, nor six-inch-long centipedes. These creatures never creep from under our pillows; nor, while walking in our gardens, do venomous snakes hiss at us as they hang from the rose trees. We have, it is true, one poisonous serpent, the lovely little viper; but he seldom appears, and when he does he is far more afraid of you than you can be of him. But in summer seasons, when plums are plentiful and the farmers talk about potatoes as "a grand crop," we have in the country wasps in millions, and few escape being stung at least once before the cold weather comes on, and one ought to know what to do when such an accident occurs. There is no getting over the fact that

certain people are more apt to be stung than others. I myself am a martyr to the playfulness of these yellow bees. I think they like to sting good people best, that is my way of looking at it; but I have some friends who permit wasps to alight upon and crawl upon their hands or faces. One day last summer I was prevailed upon by a lady relation, to allow one to alight on the back of my hand. This particular wasp just walked about the length of two of my knuckles, then he stopped as if some happy thought had just occurred to him. Next moment the wasp was calmly flying away through the open window, and I, the victim of misplaced confidence, was rushing frantically away for the ammonia bottle. Yes, that is the cure—ammonia, strong hartshorn: just wet the stopper of the bottle and put it on the part that has been stung. Hive bees always leave the sting, wasps only sometimes, but if they do so, it must be carefully extracted. If no hartshorn be at hand, try salt and water, or strong soda (washing soda), then rub the part with olive oil.

In wooded portions of the country, especially where the land lies low and flat, young people suffer greatly while in bed at night from the bites of gnats. These things are really second cousins to the real mosquitos, and the bite raises a swelling just as painful. Here again ammonia is the cure. I have known cases where delicate girls and children were quite fevered from the loss of rest and blood poisoning, caused by the bites of *these tormenting insects*. The febrile disturbance is accompanied by weakness and nervous depression; it is best relieved by the tincture of yellow bark, a small teaspoonful in water three or four times a day. Coffee also does good; it may be made in the morning and drunk cold in small quantities during the day, without either milk or sugar.

Those who walk much in grassy paddocks or orchards are often bitten by an extremely, almost invisibly, small insect called the harvest bug; touching the spot with hartshorn destroys the poison and kills the animalcule if it has burrowed. The swelling and pain occasioned by the bite is best allayed by rubbing the part with spirits of camphor.

Children sometimes, while eating fish, especially if eating hurriedly, a habit which is most prejudicial to digestion, have the misfortune to get a bone stuck in the throat. It is usually a small one, so that some attempt should be made to immediately get it down. Swallowing a morsel of bread only half chewed may do this. If not, and the bone can be seen or felt, it should be hooked out with the fingers. Choking on a piece of meat is a terrible accident. Medical aid should be at once summoned; but very often this is too late, and the victim to hurry in eating is dead ere he arrives. A smart blow or two on the back will often tend to dislodge a piece of meat or food of any kind stuck in the throat, but if any attempt at swallowing can be made, a tablespoonful of salad oil should be taken.

Talking of things sticking in the throat brings me to say a word or two about foreign bodies in other places.

In the eye, for example. While walking or riding on a summer's evening or afternoon, minute flying beetles often get into the eye. These tiny little gentlemen, as soon as they alight anywhere, immediately fold up their wings and put them away under a kind of tippet they wear over their shoulders like a policeman's cape. I suppose they do this to teach human beings always to take the greatest care of their best things. Well, if one of these little beetles gets into your eye, and you have no companion by you to remove it with the corner of a handkerchief, gentle rubbing of the eyelid in one direction will bring it to the inner corner of the eye, from which the finger alone will be able to remove it. Or if this fails, lifting up one eyelid so as to get the other under it to sweep it will usually be effectual, but no harshness should be used.

Now, I know that any girl who can read this magazine is too old to be likely to amuse herself by poking peas or beans up her nostrils, but her tiny brother or sister may, by way of gaining new experiences. When such a thing happens the foreign substance must be dislodged somehow. A pinch of snuff—it must be a very tiny one—will often be effective by causing it to be sneezed out. And there is a right way and a wrong way of giving snuff to a child with this end in view. For the snuff must be drawn in very gently, else the pea itself may be sent farther in, as, before sneezing, the breath is drawn in; you must hold the child's nose momentarily in order that he may take *in* his breath only by the mouth. Well, if this fails, you should take the child on your knee, lay him on his back, hold the nose above the pea to prevent it from getting farther back, and with the point of a bodkin slightly bent, you must get it under the object, and try to hook it out. If you fail, medical assistance must be had recourse to.

When a pea gets into the ear, the bent end of a hair-pin may be used to dislodge it, or a stream of water thrown in with a syringe to float it out. The ear may also be syringed to get rid of a fly or earwig, the annoyance from which, if lodged in the ear, is most distressing, not to say alarming. But olive oil had better be dropped into the ear first; this will kill the insect, and very likely also dislodge it.

When a ring cannot be removed from the finger, it is just as much matter out of place as a pea in the nose or fly in the eye or ear. It is apt, too, to give rise to much pain and swelling. When you have tried in vain to remove the ring from your oiled or well-soaped finger, give up any further exertion for an hour or two, then after placing the hand in the coldest water for a minute or two and wiping it dry, take a long and fine thread and roll it tightly and closely round all the finger in front of the offending ring, beginning at the extreme tip, and as soon as you reach the ring, slip the end through beneath, and endeavour to work it gradually off. Failing this, it must be filed off, and this a surgeon must do.

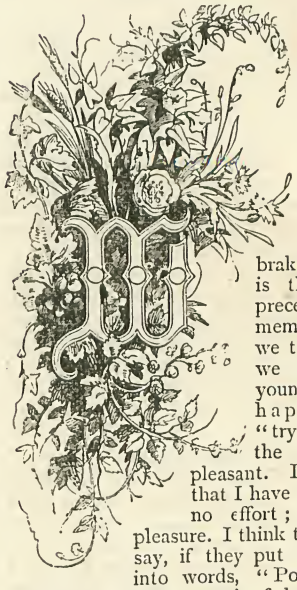
The accident which is generally designated by the name of sprain or strain, is simply a stretching or wrenching of one of the tendons near a joint, or it may be even the laceration of one of the ligaments of the joint. There is usually much pain or tenderness and swelling. A very bad sprain may require the application of leeches to subdue the swelling. An ordinary sprain should be gently rubbed—remember the rubbing must *not* cause much pain, no "thumbing" should be permitted—it should, I say, be gently rubbed with some such stimulating embrocation as opodeldoc, and then swathed in a flannel bandage, or hot fomentations may be necessary to soothe the pain and allay the swelling and inflammation; this may be followed by the application of a soothing bran poultice at bedtime. Rest of the sprained joint must be carefully enjoined, if it be a foot, a knee, or ankle it ought to be raised on a pillow at night and on a chair by day; if it be the wrist or hand it should be carried in a sling. Make no attempt to use the sprained joint until all the pain is gone, and even then you must be careful. The stiffness which often remains, accompanied sometimes with swelling, is best removed by salt water douches, or by pouring cold water from a height on the part.

When the pain from a sprain is very severe, great relief is obtained from the laudanum fomentation. An ordinary fomentation means the application of flannels wrung from water as hot as the hands will bear it; a laudanum fomentation is made by simply pouring a teaspoonful or two of tincture of opium on the flannel before it is applied. The mustard fomentation is used to the chest when during a cold the cough gives much pain. Here the flannels are wrung out of water in which two or three good handfuls of mustard have been mixed. It reddens the skin and gives much relief. The turpentine fomentation is also a good one in the same kind of cases; a tablespoonful of turpentine is poured upon the heated flannel and the chest well rubbed with it, or it may be simply laid upon the chest and changed for another hot flannel as soon as it begins to cool down.

TWENTY-ONE.

Words by F. E. Weatherly.

Music by J. L. Molloy.



We are driving to Nuneham, I and my husband, with a merry party of girls and undergraduates, he sitting on the box smoking, I in a corner of the brake near him. It is the week just preceding Commemoration, and we try to do what we can for the young folks. Perhaps the word "try" implies that the effort is unpleasant. Let me forget that I have used it. It is no effort; it is simple pleasure. I think the girls would say, if they put their thoughts into words, "Poor old thing, I'm sure it's very good of her to take all this trouble." While those of the young men who are inclined to speculate on nice but unanswerable questions may be wondering which likes it, or which hates it most, I or my husband. Well, girls and boys, you are both very much mistaken. We both love to see you happy and merry. Time enough for the cares and worries that must come and cloud your happy faces. Happy for you when you have passed the turmoil of middle life and have come, like us, to the eventide.

How they chatter. Talk and laughter just now. It is all so public in a brake. Whispers and smiles will come presently when we get to Nuneham, and stray so consciously unconscious up the winding paths. And as we go bowling along, I sit with my eyes shut. My next neighbour is too busily engaged with his next neighbour to notice his hostess. And I can almost fancy I am a girl again going to Nuneham as I went there one day of all the days in my life. It seems but yesterday. And yet it is five-and-twenty years ago. I open my eyes; and, seeing the girls' dresses, am reminded that "fashions alter," but my heart answers, as I relapse once more into my dreams, "love abides." Somehow, the young men's clothes don't strike me as so very different. If men would only realise how little women notice their clothes, what a difference it would make to the tailors who cut badly, and are consequently neglected. John on the box there, with his cigar in his mouth, looks to me

precisely as he looked twenty-five years ago. Perhaps then he was a little stiffer and straighter about his collar and necktie. Yes, fashions alter—ladies' fashions especially—but love abides.

We have passed Littlemore, with its little church that reminds me so much of the church at my old home. And then the road seems to grow misty, and to be changing into a wide common, stretching away on the right to the Channel, where the ships lie at anchor. I am driving in the old pony carriage with my father; tired certainly, dusty certainly, but very, very happy, for the round is nearly over, and there are no more patients to be seen to-day. Now we pass the corner by the blacksmith's shop, where the gossips always stand, all day long apparently, as if life was meant for nothing else but to talk and to watch the blacksmith's hammer. But the blacksmith is gone to his tea, and why the gossips still linger there is perhaps best known to them. Then we pass the lane that leads to the church, and I have quite time to notice how very, very slowly a pair of lovers, happy lovers they must be, go sauntering along. I wonder if John remembers how he and I used to saunter down that self-same lane. It was just two hundred yards, and it often took us half an hour to traverse; sometimes, I believe, even longer. I open my eyes, and we are driving through Nuneham; and then, as though they had stepped out of my dream, there are two other lovers. And they, too, are sauntering, and down a lane, too. Why it positively rains lanes and lovers this morning. And I make no doubt that though it is but Mary the milkmaid and John the shepherd, they are talking as happily and dreaming as sweetly as we did

"When *we* were only twenty-one."

We turn into the park. My next door neighbour's next door neighbour has turned her pretty eyes towards her other next door neighbour; and my next door neighbour, being thus deserted, turns to me. Perhaps, too, he feels that as I am his hostess politeness demands a few words.

"I'm sure it's awf'ly good of you, Mrs. Wynne, to give us this picnic. Ain't you awf'ly tired, though, of going to Nuneham? You must have been so often."

"Yes," I reply, "I have been a good many times; I should fancy about three times a year for twenty-five years."

My next door neighbour looks aghast. He cannot make out why a middle-aged lady—with a fogey, as he would call John if he dared, for a husband—should be the least lively.

"But," I continue, slowly, enjoying his wonder, "I like it better than ever."

He does not understand—how should he, being so young?—that—

"Life and all its joys and all its loveliness
But deepen with the closing years."

I hope he will find it one day. I hope he will marry some good, bright, happy girl who will keep him young, as it is quite possible to be kept young. I don't know, but I fancy—yes, I may say I believe—that the boy's merry-eyed next door neighbour could make him happy and keep him young. I like to believe it, and to look on and fancy that they too may come driving to Nuneham with a party of young folks, as John and I come now, and may feel as he and I feel, that if one's hearts are light,—

"What matter, after all, if you're old and gray,
Or if you're only twenty-one?"

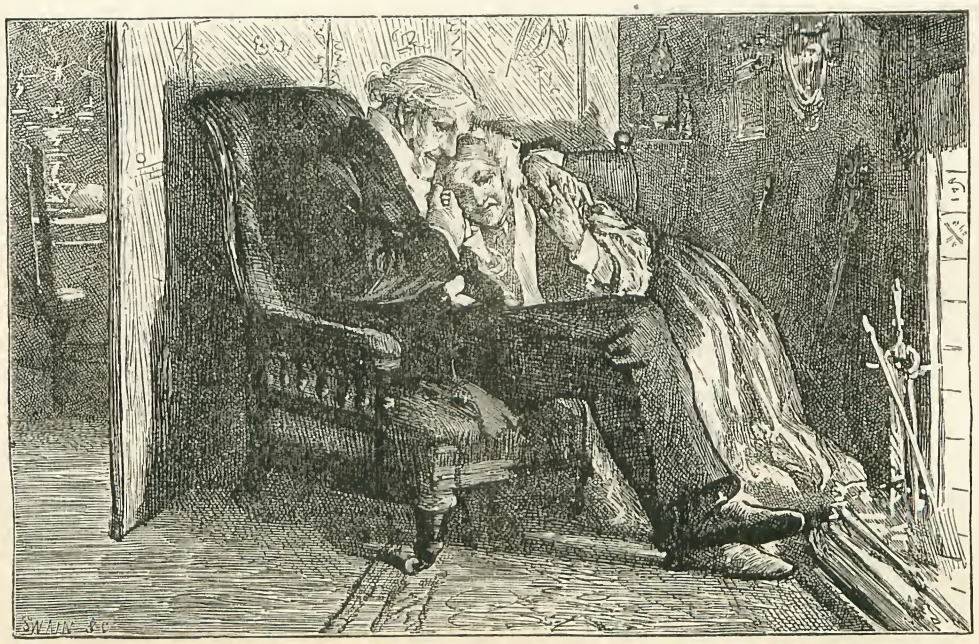
We make, I am afraid, a great noise over dinner. The fact is, one of the young men is inclined to be argumentative. He is a little bit of a poet; and a great bit of a philosopher; at least, so his friends tell me. I believe—though as my experience is limited I wish to speak carefully—I believe he is noted for invariably plunging any party into a hot discussion. He hurls some theory on the table, and talks till he has provoked someone to answer. I don't think he believes all he says. I am not sure that he even understands. But he has a trick of expression that seems with most people to carry conviction, if not to command agreement. And what should be his subject to-day? A warm, still June day, in a summer house at Nuneham; a party of girls and undergraduates. The work of Term over; the indefinite pleasures of the Long Vacation in the immediate future. What should it be? Is it pathos, or is it bathos to confess it? "Is life worth living?" I fear we did not listen to our philosopher to-day. John refused, because he was half amused, half sickened at this boy whom he knew to be so fond even of the petty things of life that he would cling to it like a drowning man to a straw, and would, if it came to the point, tremble even at the easiest way of leaving it. The girls and their companions were far too happy to listen; and I in my own way too much absorbed to be moved.

To have learnt, though perhaps how feebly, to despise the little petty ways and worries of the world; to have learnt, at least, that they ought to be despised, and to try to despise them; to have followed boldly the path whatever it be, true to oneself and true to others; to feel that one heart, among all the many that love you, turns to you only as you to it, and finds in you, as you find in it, something that tells you you are really one. Is not life worth living for this?

"Yes," my philosopher would answer, "of course it is when you find, and are, and feel all that you describe. But what of those who don't? Is life worth living for them?" I don't want to sermonise at a picnic, but if I felt inclined to answer I should say, "If this life were the be-all and the end-all of humanity, life indeed would not be worth living. But the belief that it is only the vestibule to another is the cure for all the misery and satiety of life. It is because you don't believe or understand or realise this that you, a boy, are only a morbid old man. And it is because I can and do humbly but heartily believe it, that I, a middle-aged woman—perhaps even you would call me old—am still young, and quite forget

"if I am growing gray,
Or if I'm only twenty-one."

We are at home in our room. And I think, and I fancy John thinks, that to-day has been as happy a Nuneham day as any in our lives. And why should we say to each other what each other knows so well?



THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By Anne Beale.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GREAT GRANDFATHER'S DECISION.

AGAIN there was a great gathering of the clans. This time it was at Willis's Rooms, where May had sung to the professors. One of the five hundred, she stood in the crowd expectant with Meredith at her side. It was a very Babel of tongues; now Welsh, now English, anon a mixture of both. The choir were receiving tickets, and were more excited than they had been even at the competition. They had, indeed, remained in London longer than was intended to receive them. One was given to May, and another to Meredith, in their turn, and in course of time each member of the choir possessed a passport. May was all of a tremble when she took hers; indeed, she had been little else since her arrival in London.

It was four o'clock, and she saw that the grand gentlemen and ladies who formed the committee began to pair off, and she joined Rachel, who was looking for her. She felt much abashed at finding herself at the head of the sopranos, close behind the committee, for the choir had to walk two and two, women and men being separate. Altos, tenors, and basses followed, and a goodly, if humble, procession they made. Naturally, a large crowd assembled to watch them as they left the Rooms, amongst which she espied her father, who had brought her thither, and patiently awaited her exit. Smiles and nods passed between them, and as the long procession moved on he fell mechanically into its wake, the smiles which had greeted his child still lingering on his pale face. May had pointed him out to Rachel, who had not yet seen him, and who was strangely inquisitive about him.

It was "an army with banners," for in front of the procession the fiery dragon of Wales on a blue ground, and surrounded by many a "strange device," heralded his compatriots. Various were the comments made upon him, and the questions as to the meaning of "Y Ddraig Goch Ddyry Cydwyn," which were answered by, "Why, the Red Dragon leads the Van," to be sure, which caused more laughter than it deserved. But May did not join, for expectation had taken the place of retrospection, and she, together with the whole choir, were on its tip-toe.

Briskly, and to the sound of music, they wound along until May awoke from her dream in a beautiful garden. She was in fairyland, and the past eventful week had been after all only a chapter in a fairy tale. Smooth lawns and trees and flowers spread around her, and above the sun shone bravely. She stood amongst the throng, gazing and wondering, until the whole choir filled the lawn, and were silently marshalled until they formed three sides of a square around some vacant rustic garden seats. All was so quiet that she almost expected to see the Sleeping Beauty somewhere, for her childish fancies still clung to her, and she never forgot the love of the pantomimes. Suddenly she found herself making a deep reverence with the rest, as the empty seats were filled by a goodly company. A cheer, begun in enthusiasm, was suppressed, and this large garden party was silent for a few moments.

May's eyes, a thousand eyes indeed, fell on the central figures that occupied the rustic seats. The one was a gallant gentleman, the other a gracious lady. She had never, she thought, seen any so grand and so sweet. If Meredith had been her "fairy prince," what were these? Truly a fairy prince and princess whom she had never expected to behold, for were they not in sober reality the Prince and Princess of Wales?

Yes, the Welsh choir were actually in the gardens of Marlborough House, come to sing before those for whom their hearts felt a devotion as loyal as did those of their ancestors for the Cymric princes, in whose defence they fought and died. An enthusiasm lay beneath that suppressed silence ready to be expressed in words or deeds should the occasion occur. As to May, her heart seemed to bound from its narrow enclosure as she watched this beautiful lady nod and beckon, and in another moment be surrounded by lovely children—her children—who came to hear how mountaineers and miners could sing. It was a scene as suggestive as it was gratifying and enlivening, and even the prize competition fell behind it in importance in the estimation of the earnest choristers who stood in glad triumph in the presence of the children and grandchildren of their beloved Queen.

And never was the National Anthem more enthusiastically sung than by this especially "national" choir. The concert began with it, and the lawns and alleys of the pleasant garden re-echoed the loyal prayer, while the sunlit heaven looked down approvingly. May, her soul in her face and voice, poured forth her loyalty with the rest, and was sure, quite sure, that she met the eyes of the Princess and received an especial smile as she sang. Several Welsh melodies followed which, as the critics afterwards said, were "magnificently" sung, and amongst them the "March of the Men of Harlech," which resounded martially through the quiet demesne. Volumes of tone, intonation, and patriotism culminated in "God Bless the Prince of Wales," with which the brief concert terminated. The interest, surprise, and admiration of the illustrious auditors were patent to all, and openly expressed by the Prince. Not only did he delight his harmonious visitors by shaking hands heartily with Caradoc, but he said, with upraised hat and genteel manner—

"I thank you all for coming here, and hope that your visit has been as agreeable as your singing has been excellent. It has given the Princess and myself the greatest pleasure to receive you, and we wish you a safe journey home."

"Perhaps I shall not go home. I may see them again," thought May, in whose eyes tears were gleaming.

No repressive "Hush" now sounded, as cheer upon cheer arose, and May's fairy tale concluded by the gradual disappearance of the fairies. English and foreign they were who followed the fairy princess of the gracious smile into her palace, and May clasped her hands as she gazed after them, and involuntarily cried, "God bless them!"

She was soon awakened from this dream of fairyland by finding herself once more in the crowded, noisy streets.

"My child, it is over. You can now come with me," sounded in her ears.

A nervous grasp was on her arm, and she was drawn irresistibly from the procession, while every other member of the choir was enthusiastically eulogising those who had welcomed them so kindly and graciously. It seemed a strange finale to an unreal scene, to be borne away by this parent whom she scarcely knew, to a home which was not his. She knew not if she were happy or sad to be thus severed from those whom she had loved so long and so well; but she made no resistance. Already, only the previous Saturday—and this was Monday—he had accompanied her to the Crystal Palace, where the choir had given a concert, and had awaited her when it was over. He had himself taken her to see Mr. and Mrs. Everton, and they had remained with them at Norwood until late on Saturday night.

"She must be always with me; I can never part with her," he had said, not only to these kind friends, but to all others.

And now she returned with him to that pretty artist-house at Brompton, where Mr. Minister was awaiting them. It was a dream from beginning to end; but throughout it wandered the figures of her grandparents, who were "wanting her, always wanting her." She had written a long letter to them, in which she gave a simple but lucid account of the discovery of her father. She said that she longed—oh, how she longed!—to be with them again. She hoped to return with the choir, but she wished to do her duty. She prayed to God to direct her, but her path seemed very cloudy. This and much more she wrote, and she was expecting an answer in trembling and doubt. She knew that her grandfather would decide aright, but how would he decide?

Mr. Minister said that her father was a changed man. He called it a miracle, a miracle of love. Indeed, May herself was conscious of the change. The haggard face seemed to be kindled to cheerfulness, the wild eyes softened by affection. A small dressing-room had been prepared for May's bedroom, and here she was to sleep that night for the first time.

And it was here, when quite alone, that she began to realise the change in her position, to realise also that she was no longer a child. How different was everything by which she was surrounded from that to which she had been accus-

tomed! She thought of her little loft at Derwen, wind-rocked and tree-sheltered, and wept at the recollection. It was dearer to her than the pretty, cretonne-curtained chamber in which she found herself. She tried to think that she might soon love her father more dearly even than her grandfather, but the habit of years was stronger than that of days. She glanced out of her window on the small walled garden, above which the lamps glimmered, and the beloved mountains and oaks of Derwen, the streams, glens, ravines, all stood in imagination before her. What a contrast! And she would probably have to decide between them on the morrow. She felt sure that her grandfather would not influence her, but would expect her to do her duty. Hitherto her duty had been quite clear to her; indeed, she had merely done what stood before her in her peaceful path; but now! She trembled as she reflected upon what might be expected of her. The anxiety she had felt only a few days before concerning Mrs. Richards's wish that she should utilise her voice was forgotten in this new anxiety. She felt for the first time since that day when, a lonely child, she left the Paddington Station, the actual burden of life, as, by intuition, she cast childhood behind her and assumed the responsibilities of womanhood. She examined her past and weighed her present. So doing, she knelt down and, like Hezekiah of old, laid her care before the Lord. Very earnestly and simply she asked to be directed aright in what she might have to decide on the morrow, and prayed for blessings on those dear ones she had left behind and on him whom she had found.

Thus, the morrow saw her cheerful and calm. The nine o'clock breakfast, with its adjuncts of newspapers and first post, seemed strange, but she seated herself at Mr. Minister's request before the urn, while he looked at his letters. Then her father came in, enveloped in the flowery dressing-gown, and embraced her as if it were a parting instead of meeting, so long did he hold her in his arms.

"I dreamed that I had lost you again, my child! my Madeline!" he said.

"Oh, no, dear sir. I have been waiting and dressed since seven o'clock," she replied, cheerfully. "I have been into the garden, and heard the—— the——" she paused.

"The milkman call and the sparrows chirp," laughed Minister.

A shadow crossed her face, perceived by her father. "We will go into the country, my darling, as soon as I have painted and sold more pictures. When will you hear from your grandfather?"

"Cousin Meredith has promised to bring the letter here as soon as it arrives. We—they—I mean the choir will return to Wales immediately," she said.

Meredith did, in fact, arrive before they had finished breakfast. He also had written to his grandfather, detailing what he had seen of May's father, and suggesting that he feared he was scarcely sane, and not a fitting person to have the charge of one so delicate and sensitive. His wish had been father to his thought, for he could not bear to lose May. He put a large envelope into her hand, directed in round but broken writing. She trembled so that she could not open it.

"You would rather read it alone," said Mr. Minister, opening the door. "Come into the other room."

She followed him to the pretty drawing-room, where he left her alone, so to speak, with her grandparents. There, amid all the artistic surroundings, she broke the seal—for the letter was sealed according to old Evan's custom. It was written in Welsh, and as carefully and precisely penned as if he had been fresh from school. She glanced through it, laid it down, took it up again, read and re-read it, then burst into tears. Few and decided were the words. She must remain with her father. This she mastered at once. "We shall grieve to lose thee, Merch fach, but thy first duty is to him," it said, "and we thank God that thou hast found him, and hope to see him and thee again some day, the Lord sparing us. Thou wilt be tender to him as thou hast been to us. A good grandchild will make an obedient daughter. We have many to care for us in our old age; thy father has but thee. Mysterious are the ways of the Lord! He knows that 'few are the days of our pilgrimage,' and has restored thee to thy father before He brings them to a close. May His love be ever with thee, and then it will matter little whether thou dwellest in cities made with hands, or here where His hills and woods abound. Thy grandmother bids me tell thee that—— Well, child, her words, thou knowest, are many, more than my rheumatic hands can write, but she will miss thee sorely. Our respects to thy father, and may God in heaven bless thee!"

May was sobbing audibly, when the door slowly opened and her father appeared. He drew back.

"My child! my Madeline! You shall not be made unhappy for my sake," he said, hastily. "Young man. Meredith, come here!"

Meredith came in, and May placed the letter in his hands.

"Read it to him; I cannot," she whispered. Then going to her father, still hesitating in the doorway, she put her arms round him, and added as she raised her tearful face to his, "I am glad to live with you, dear sir, dear father; but—but—we love one another so fondly, that—that—I cannot—I cannot help grieving."

"Our grandfather says that he hopes you will soon bring Cousin May to Derwen," here interrupted Meredith. "She has been so long with us that you will not mind her natural grief."

"Yes, as soon as I have sold my picture. It shall be exhibited. I will work for her sake," replied the father, laying one hand on the young man's arm while he held his child's with the other.

"Shall I read the letter?" asked Meredith.

"Let Minister, my friend, my benefactor, come and listen," replied Goldworthy, hastily summoning the kind artist.

And they all sat down, while Meredith slowly translated old Evan's letter.

(*To be continued.*)

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.

MERCURY, a long time ago, wished very much to know what men thought about him; he was sure, of course, that he stood pretty high in their estimation.

He concealed his godhead, and called on a sculptor. Here he saw a statue of Jupiter, and asked the artist what was the price of it.

"A drachma," was the reply.

Mercury laughed. "And this Juno?"

"About the same."

At last he saw his own image, and, thought he to himself, "I am the messenger of the gods; all gain comes from me; men must put a high value on me. And this god here," pointing to his own image, how dear is he?"

"That one?" said the artist. "Why, if you buy the other two you shall have that one into the bargain."

Mercury took himself off.

A VISIT FROM ST. BARBARA.

THE Russian peasantry are very superstitious, and we have a striking instance of the fact in the following anecdote: One winter evening there appeared in a peasant's cottage a female figure draped as St. Barbara is commonly represented. Introducing herself as the saint, she sat down, and commenced an edifying discourse.

Before long the cottage was besieged by an ignorant but reverential throng, from which not a soul in that village or the adjacent one stayed away.

About midnight the stranger rose, announcing that she was going to fetch St. Nicholas, but that no one must go away during her absence.

The villagers stayed where they were awaiting the return of St. Barbara and the arrival of St. Nicholas. They waited till sunrise, and then discovered that the pretended saints had decamped, taking with them a number of their horses.

An incident of this kind might, one would think, put the saints quite out of fashion.

ALSO AND LIKEWISE.

AN interesting and amusing story was told some time ago of two barristers which illustrates the readiness and point of repartee which the gentlemen of the robe occasionally display. They were engaged on opposite sides of a "case." The counsel for the defendant, a much younger man than his opponent, happened in his address to use the words *also* and *likewise* in different senses. The other barrister remarked that they were simply synonymous conjunctions, but added, needlessly, that any other use of them implied a serious defect in his learned friend's education. The offensive remark went home, and a *tu quoque* was immediately suggested. The elder counsel, nettled in turn, challenged his young friend to prove, by a legitimate example, that the words could bear different significations. The challenge was accepted, and a difference in meaning made painfully clear by the following illustration: "I am a barrister; my learned friend is a barrister *also*, but he is not a barrister *likewise*."



HOUSEHOLD ANGELS.

MANY a household has its angel,
Though she stoops to earthly cares;
Many a sister, many a mother,
Is an angel unawares.

Hers the hand to smooth the pillow
Of the patient sufferer's bed;
Hers to plant the weeping willow
O'er the dear departed head.

Hers to speak in words of comfort
To the weary, troubled mind,
Till its murmur joins in consort
With the gentle summer wind.

Hers the ear to listen, patient,
To the wretched tale of woe,
Till the mind becomes unburdened
Ere it knows what made it so.

Hers the look that oft checks anger,
Speaking more than words can tell;
Hers the smile that ever with it
Carries such a magic spell.

Hers the heart that's ever open
Both to joy and sorrow's call,
Waiting, ready to receive them,
With a sympathy for all;

Till the atmosphere around her
Seems to fill with quiet peace,
Bidding every noise and tumult,
Every angry murmur "cease."

Thus it is these household angels
Bless our homes from day to day;
But we know not how we need them
Until they are called away.

Then we miss the hand so gentle;
Then we miss the look so kind;
Then we miss the voice so cheery,
That bespoke the happy mind,

And the ear that always listened,
And the heart that always cared,
And admitted all our sorrows,
And our gladness always shared.

But to feel they still are near us,
Watching o'er us every day,
Seems to soothe the saddest sorrow
And chase half the grief away.

L. W.

EASTER EGGS, AND HOW THE GIRLS MADE THEM.

SHOULD you not like, Rose, to do something or other this Easter towards keeping it up in the orthodox manner?" asked Julia Randall one day at the close of Lent.

"That depends on what you mean by orthodox," replied Rose, the elder sister.

"Well, perhaps that was not the right word to use. But you know in the good old days people had so many queer customs at Easter time, and it seems such a pity to drop all the old usages."

"I think so too, to a certain extent; but in general I must confess I think the 'good old times' are rather a delusion. However, some of the customs of our ancestors were certainly very pleasant indeed. What do you say to preparing some Easter eggs for the occasion?"

"That would be delightful: do let us, it will please the children so much. But how do you make them? I have not an idea—have you?"

"No, I really have not," said Rose, ponderingly; "but I daresay we can find out. Let us ask Kate the First to join us, as she did with the Christmas-tree; we shall have to do without *our* Kate this time, as she is away."

"That will be splendid. I will go round and ask her now, and then we can have a meeting to-morrow afternoon; and meanwhile we will each ransack all the books we can find on the subject, and the united efforts of three such brains will surely be equal to the task of manufacturing an egg."

Next morning, accordingly, each of the three girls betook herself to study; but as the libraries in both houses were small, the amount of information collected was limited. In the afternoon they met together as arranged, note-book in hand, each very curious as to the notes of the others.

"Now, Rose, 'age before honesty,' as the vulgar little boys say; so you must begin. But what a quantity you have written! Oh, where shall I hide my diminished head? I have only half a page."

"Never mind," said Rose, "perhaps the quality of yours will make up for deficient quantity. The notes I have made from different sources are as follows. The custom of distributing coloured eggs is traced back to very early times and ancient peoples, Egyptians, Gauls, Romans, Greeks, Persians, and others. In many countries the custom still obtains. In Persia the occasion for giving coloured eggs is the beginning of their new year, which takes place in March. In England there are very old records and allusions to these pasch, paste, or pace eggs. In the reign of Edward the First, for example, there is an account of the purchase of four hundred eggs, to be coloured or ornamented for distribution among the Court. No doubt the custom was originally symbolic of the re-awakening of nature in springtime, and was taken advantage of by the early Christians, and used by them to typify the resurrection of Christ.

"I have just noted down one or two other old customs which are interesting, but I do not think you would care about them being perpetuated, Julia, with all your love of antiquities.

"It was considered the thing to rise by four o'clock in the morning to see the sun dance and curtsey on Easter Day. Shall we keep to that?"

"No, certainly not. I consider that a relic of barbarism which ought to be suppressed. What else?"

"Then there is lifting, or heaving, which is still commonly practised in some parts of England. The person to be lifted sits on a chair, and is two or three times raised high in the air. On Monday the men lift the women, and on Tuesday *vice versâ;* no one who comes in the way of the 'heavers' is let off unless they pay a sum of money. That is evidently a vulgar commemoration of the Resurrection. I have several other curious old customs put down for your edification, such as the eating of Tansy cakes; but I must get back to the point, which is the making of Easter eggs, and the only way I have discovered is the very simple one of boiling them in a solution of cochineal, or any other dye."

"Ah!" cried Julia, "when it comes to my turn I think I can offer an improvement, or at least an amendment to that."

"Let us have it then, by all means," said Kate.

"Ahem!" began Julia, with an important air; "my researches have been of a wide-spreading and various character, ranging from the Encyclopædia Britannica to Soyer's cookery book; and in such diverse sources I have gleaned the following information. We cannot definitely fix upon the origin of the custom of using eggs at this time of year; the only reasonable explanation hitherto given is that already mentioned by a former speaker, namely, the re-awakening of nature after a period of death-like slumber—(applause)—though if that *be* the meaning of the custom, I think the gift of a *chicken* would be more to the point. In some parts of Scotland the custom is still kept up of going out at dawn on Easter Sunday in search of wild fowls' eggs, and the finders are sure to be lucky till the season comes round again. The commonest kind of modern Easter eggs are prepared in the manner previously described, and are often made the source of some excitement and merriment by preparing them the day before; then one of the party goes out in the evening into the garden and hides the eggs in all sorts of nooks and crannies, where no right-minded hen would ever think of laying them. Next morning every one repairs to the garden to hunt for them. They become very hard in course of boiling them sufficiently long to take the dye properly, so that boys keep them for playing at a game similar to that commonly played with chestnuts, which goes, I believe, by the elegant name of 'Conquers,' only that in this case the weapons are held in the hand and the narrow ends knocked together, instead of being swung round on a string. I am grieved to observe symptoms of incredulity amongst the audience, but beg to inform them that I can vouch for the truth of this statement, having myself participated in the sport. I can speak feelingly too on the subject of hiding the eggs in the garden, as, during my brief sojourn at school in Germany, on Easter Day the teachers hid a large quantity of eggs in the open space which they were pleased to dignify by the name of a garden; but as it was laid out with asphalte instead of flower-beds, and swings and see-saws took the place of shrubs and trees, the hiding-places were less difficult to find than is generally thought desirable. However, as our diet was decidedly plain, and our excitements few, we were not hypercritical, and devoured our eggs with the greatest gusto, though we only had to extend our search to the back of a post, or under one of the leaves with which the garden always happened to be strewn on Easter Day. This was a curious phenomenon in natural history, as they never fell there on any other day in the year.

"I will close my remarks by describing a way for making more ornamental coloured eggs. Prepare a pan of dye, then put the eggs into hot water till they are themselves thoroughly hot, then take them out, and with the pointed end of a tallow candle inscribe them with the name and date, or any appropriate device, and then put them into the dye, and boil for about ten minutes. The greased part will not take the dye, but will remain white, showing up well on the coloured ground. To obtain a good red colour, boil the eggs in a solution of logwood; an onion put in the water, outside skin and all, makes them a beautiful golden colour, or it is said that furze blossoms have the same effect; but Judson's dyes are much less trouble than any of these preparations. The eggs are sometimes wrapped round with different coloured rags, and boiled with some acid in the water, which extracts the colour from the rags, and the eggs come out looking like brilliant patchwork. There, that is the end of my notes. Now, Kate, it is your turn."

"I, too, have been trying to find out the origin of the custom, but it is certainly very obscure. It seems clear that it was in vogue before the Christian era, and one authority thinks the giving of eggs was meant to signify the restoration of man after the Deluge; but that explanation does not commend itself to my mind. Another opinion is that it originated in an old heathen feast, that of the Teutonic goddess Ostera, which was celebrated by the Saxons in the spring. As it seemed evident that no one really knows the origin of it, I gave up trying to find out, and turned my thoughts from theory to practice.

"I think the eggs could be more tastefully ornamented by dyeing them all over first, and then, as it were, engraving devices on them by scraping off the dyed surface with the point of a penknife or strong needle. I tried one last evening, and brought it to show you. You see it was first dyed crimson; then I scraped 'Easter Day,' and the date in ornamental letters in one place, and a little attempt at a landscape in another, and a monogram in a third, while each compartment is separated by a wreath of leaves."

This was so prettily and tastefully done that the other girls were eager to make one for each of the family, but deferred their decision on hearing that Kate had still other ideas to propound. Some of the eggs, she said, should be coated with gold paint, either on a white or a coloured ground, which would be a pretty variety.

"And lastly," said she, "I think we could make some that would be really useful as well as ornamental. One can buy the shells at most confectioners if one has the money to spare, and put a present inside, and tie it up with ribbon."

"But we have *not* the money to spare," said Rose.

"No, nor have I; besides, it is much nicer to really make them all ourselves. The kind I am speaking of are very simple—a penny sheet of coloured cardboard will make two or three. You have to cut out five pieces of this shape, any size you like, but for our purpose I think about six inches long and two broad in the widest part. Each piece is bound round with ribbon first, and then they are all stitched together, the points exactly meeting, but leaving one division open for the entrance. At each end, where the points meet, a little rosette of ribbon is a great improvement, and a loop of ribbon from end to end forms a handle. Here is a finished one, not exactly true to nature, being too pointed, but near enough for all practical purposes, I think; for if you round the ends more, it is so difficult to make them meet properly."

"It is very pretty; but, Kate, how do you get into it? It is apparently all closed up tight, and you seem to have only used four pieces instead of five."

"That is because the fifth is overlapped by the opposite one; and as for the opening, read the inscription on one of the divisions—

"Press the poles and you will see
What Easter hath in store for thee,"

read Kate; and gently squeezing the two ends of the egg together one side came open, displaying a prettily-dressed doll lying inside.

"One more idea," said Kate, "and I have done. You observe this empty egg-shell, a relic of my breakfast this morning. Allow me to call your particular attention to the discreet way in which I made only a *small* hole at the *small* end of the egg, and carefully did *not* crack it down the sides more than I could help. At the close of this meeting I shall go out and purchase a halfpenny doll, from which I shall proceed to cut off the head and legs. The head (with as much neck as the shape of my victim will allow) must be adorned with a sailor's hat, which we can easily make with paper or cardboard, and a scrap of ribbon, and round the neck will be a large sailor's collar. Thus equipped, the head will serve for a lid to our egg-box, the neck, if there is any, going into the hole of the egg to steady the lid. The legs must be cut short and painted to represent high boots, and if they are very attenuated-looking they can be much improved by dipping in melted wax till they are of an elegant shape. They must then be glued on to the egg, or, if we have used wax, that will be sufficient to fasten them."

After a little more talk the girls agreed on what should be attempted in the way of providing eggs, and the success was decided when on the morning of Easter Day each member of the family found quite a brilliant display upon their plate.

For the mother there was a large cardboard egg, made according to Kate's plan, containing cottons, thimble, needles, and pins; also a real hard-boiled one, beautifully painted in water-colours, with primroses, violets, and other spring flowers. This was intended to be eaten, but was declared to be much too pretty for anything but an ornament.

The elder children had each a sailor egg, made after Kate's directions, though the dress of the doll was varied in each case, and containing a trifling present; also a real one, ornamented by etching, painting in sepia, or pencil drawing, which latter was done *before* boiling, so that the drawing was well set. Each bore in addition the date and initials of the recipient.

For one of the young children there was a coloured egg, with the name and date left white by means of greasing the letters, and for another a plain, hard-boiled one, ornamented after boiling by gumming on little coloured pictures. Each had also an egg full of sweets, which was managed by taking an empty shell, with the broken edge as little jagged as possible, washing it quite clean, and then fastening with gum a little piece of coloured muslin just inside the edge of the shell; the sweets were next put in, and the muslin drawn together by a narrow piece of ribbon run through the top.

At the family council over the breakfast-table it was unanimously agreed that, though the origin of the custom might be obscure, and the meaning attached to it now very vague, it was far too pretty a practice to be allowed to drop, and that as far as they were concerned it should be carefully perpetuated.

DORA HOPE.

PIES AND TARTS.

SHORT PASTE, SUET PASTE, AND RAISED PIES.



I SAID in our last lesson that the idea in puff paste is to have the butter and paste separate, so that the paste shall be made up of a number of layers, divided from each other by layers of butter. In short-paste, on the other hand, the idea is for the butter to be *mixed with* the flour by kneading, not rolling. Indeed, one great secret in making good short-crust is to roll it as little as possible. After the butter and flour have been moistened with water, the paste should be rolled *once only* to make it smooth and of a good shape.

Short paste is much more wholesome than puff paste. It is used chiefly for fruit pies and tartlets. It is made more easily, and is much more commonly met with than puff paste, which is usually regarded as a luxury.

In short paste, as in puff paste, the addition of an egg and of a few drops of lemon-juice enriches the paste, and helps to make it workable. These ingredients are not, however, absolutely necessary, and very good pastry may be made without them.

Short paste is "superior," or "good," or "plain," according to the quality and quantity of the materials used in making it. In very rich pastry equal quantities of butter and flour would be used. Superior crust might, however, be made with less than half the weight of butter than of flour, and good economical pastry may be made with a smaller proportion of butter and a little baking-powder. Good plain pastry may be made with sweet soft beef dripping, such as is obtained from joints, or produced by rendering down ox flare or other kinds of soft beef fat.

A great many people have a strong objection to pastry made with dripping. I cannot quite understand the delicacy of appetite which refuses good beef dripping and accepts cheap common butter. If butter is wanted, let *good* butter be used; but if it is a question between dripping that is fresh, soft, and sweet, and questionable or cooking butter, I should say by all means choose the dripping. A large proportion of the composition sold under the name is not butter at all—it is coloured animal fat. Why should we not use the animal fat, *i.e.*, dripping, and omit the colouring? The difference in price between the adulterated article and the real one is worth consideration. And I hope the girls who attend our class will be too sensible to scorn economy in cookery. A really good cook is never a wasteful one, and it is wasteful to purchase cheap butter for every-day pastry when there is in the larder sweet dripping that could be employed instead. In making pastry a light cool hand is worth more than a pennyworth of colouring matter.

It must not be supposed, however, that I recommend the use of all kinds of dripping in making pastry. Fresh soft beef dripping is excellent for the purpose, but mutton dripping is not so. It has a way of making pastry taste like tallow-candles, and as Europeans have not the same tastes as the Esquimaux, this flavour is not popular. Though mutton dripping is not to be made into pies, however, good hard mutton fat, finely shred, is almost as good as beef suet for making paste for boiled puddings. Lard is much liked by some cooks for making pastry. It is, however, better when mixed with butter or dripping than when used alone. Bacon fat also, if not too much smoked, may be employed to make pastry for meat pies.

The water used in mixing pastry should be added gradually and mixed thoroughly. If a large quantity is poured in at once the pastry may be made over moist, and then an undue proportion of flour will have to be added before the pastry can be rolled. It should be remembered that it is scarcely possible to give the exact measure of water that will be needed in making pastry, because some flours absorb more moisture than others. An experienced cook could tell in a moment by touching the pastry whether or not it was of the right consistency. All one can say to the inexperienced is that pastry should be smooth and stiff, but not too stiff. If over moist it will stick to the rolling-pin or the pastry-board, if too stiff it will not be light when baked.

We will suppose, therefore, that we wish to make superior short crust; how shall we proceed? We must put six ounces of flour on a board, and mix with it a very small pinch of salt. We then rub into it with the fingers four ounces of sweet butter, and keep rubbing until the butter is quite lost to sight and the flour looks like fine oatmeal. If the pastry is intended for a fruit-pie or a tartlet, an ounce of finely powdered white sugar may now be added. We then make a well in the centre of the flour, and break into it the yolk of an egg. We put on this two drops of lemon-juice and a very little (about a tablespoonful) of cold water; mix all, flour, egg, and water together with two fingers (or if the cook has not a cool hand she may mix the paste with the blade of a clean knife), and add more water gradually till there is a smooth stiff paste; knead this lightly, roll out once, and the pastry is ready. Of course, if the egg is not considered necessary it must be omitted.

If plain short crust is wanted, we put one pound of flour into a bowl with a pinch of salt and a heaped teaspoonful of baking-powder. Rub into this six ounces of clarified dripping; add cold water to make a smooth stiff paste, knead lightly, roll out once and use.

The excellence of pastry depends very much upon its being properly baked. The best pastry that ever was mixed would be spoilt if the oven was not exactly right. If an oven is not hot enough the pastry will sink away from the edges of the dish and will be heavy. If the oven is too hot the pastry will be burnt or will stiffen without rising. The surest way of testing the heat of the oven is to bake a small piece of pastry before putting the pie or tart into it. Another way is to sprinkle a little flour upon the oven shelf. If it turn a bright brown in a few seconds the oven is hot enough. If it turn black the oven is too hot;

if it remains pale in colour the oven is too slow.

Pastry should be put in the hot part of the oven for the first five minutes, after which it should be removed to a cooler part that it may be cooked through. Large pies containing fruit or meat, which must be thoroughly cooked, should have a sheet of paper placed over them as soon as the pastry has risen, to prevent their acquiring a dark brown colour before the contents of the pie are done.

Pastry which is to be boiled is lighter when made with suet than it is when butter, lard, or dripping is used. Beef suet is generally used for this purpose, but mutton suet is more wholesome and can be chopped the more easily of the two. With one pound of flour, four, six, eight, or ten ounces of suet may be taken, according to the degree of richness required. Very good suet crust may be made with six ounces of suet, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and a pound of flour. The suet should be skinned, and the fibres and sinews should be removed, and it should then be chopped till it is as fine as oatmeal, and rubbed into the flour; water should be added gradually. To make a very stiff paste, the pastry should be rolled out once and it is ready for use.

Making raised pies, that is pies baked without either dishes or pattypans, is very interesting work, and like a good many other things it is very mysterious until we know how to do it, and very easy when we do. I will try to describe the method of making these pies very clearly. If there are any girls who feel inclined to follow the instructions given, and make the attempt, I would advise them to begin by making small pies, then when they have become quite proficient in the art, they may try their hand on large ones.

Raised pies may be made with every kind of meat, game, or poultry, provided only that whatever is used is free from bone. It must be remembered, therefore, that all meat must be boned before it is used for this purpose. The meat also must be pleasantly seasoned, and the gravy must be reduced until it will form a stiff jelly when cold. This strong gravy is put in after the pie has been taken from the oven, and it should, if possible, be made the day before it is wanted.

We will suppose, therefore, that we wish to make either one moderate sized pork pie, or two small ones. Take one pound of lean pork, one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of lard, half a pint of cold water, six dried sage leaves, one egg, and a little pepper and salt. Weigh the flour and put it into a bowl with a little salt; put the lard and cold water into a saucepan, and set it on the fire until it is boiling hot. Pour the boiling liquor into the flour, and mix it with a wooden spoon till it is a firm smooth paste. It cannot, of course, be mixed with the fingers in the first instance, because it will be too hot.

Mix the sage leaves with a little pepper and salt on a plate. While the water and lard are heating, cut the meat into small neat pieces and set them aside till wanted.

As soon as the paste is made we must be as expeditious as possible, because the pie is to be moulded while the paste is warm and soft. As it gets cold it will become hard, and then we cannot shape it as we wish. First we cut off one-fourth of the quantity of paste (that is if we are going to make one moderate sized pie), put it on a plate, and set it over a saucepan of hot water to keep it soft; it is intended for the lid of the pie. We then take the remainder of the paste, form it with both hands to an oval lump, and lay it on the table. We keep pressing the centre of the lump with the knuckles of the right hand to make a hollow; we put the thumb of the right hand inside the hole thus formed, whilst keeping the four fingers outside it, and with the help of the left hand we work the shape round and round till we have a firm thin wall to the pie with a solid foundation. We shall find that the walls will show a tendency to grow wider than the bottom, and incline outwards. This cannot be allowed, they must incline *inwards*, and so if they get wide they must be doubled over and then pressed smooth, just as children double over part of a seam when they are in danger of "puckering" it. When we acquire skill in our work there will be no fear of our thus "puckering" our pork pie, and so we shall not need to fold it over, but while we are learners we must do our best, and leave the rest.

Another mistake into which we shall be likely to fall will be that of making our walls or sides thinner in some places than in others. This also must not be allowed. When the pie is filled and is in the oven, these thin places will, if left, burst through, and the pie will be spoilt. Care must be taken, therefore, to make the walls of an even thickness all round, and if any portion should inadvertently become thin and weak we must either double it over and make it thick again, as in the former case, or lay a little patch of pastry inside it to strengthen it.

Girls will see now how necessary it is to be quick in this business. The paste is soft when we begin to work upon it, but every minute it is getting harder. If it were to get quite hard we should have to put it on a plate over hot water to soften it again, and then it would not be so good as when freshly made.

When the pie is shaped we fill it to within half an inch of the top with the pieces of meat, first dipping each one into cold water and afterwards rolling it in the seasoning which was mixed ready for us a little while ago on the plate. We then roll out the piece of paste which was set apart for the cover to the proper shape and size, and lay it over the meat; egg the edges, and press them securely together, and make a hole in the centre of the pie through which the gravy can be poured when the pie is baked. All that now remains to be done is to ornament our work, *brush* it all over with beaten egg, and bake it in a moderate oven, then pour the gravy into it. The ornamentation must be left to taste. The pie will look very pretty if leaves of pastry are laid all round the outside, and if the rim at the top is notched finely and evenly with scissors. I once saw a pie made to look very pretty by placing what the artist called "wheatsheaves" (that is, strips of pastry rolled up, then cut finely at one end to make them look something like wheatsheaves) at regular intervals, with leaves of pastry between. Of course these ornaments had to be fastened firmly to the pie with white of egg.

Raised pies must be baked in a moderate oven, because they are solid, and have to be cooked throughout. A pie such as I have described would need to bake from two to three hours; a large pie would require from four to five hours. Sometimes these raised pies are made in a mould, then the bottom is rolled and laid in the tin; the sides are put on separately, the edges being fastened together with white of egg, and the lid is laid on and fastened in the same way. These moulds are not, however, to be found in every kitchen, and it is a very good thing when we are able to dispense with them.

Girls who wish to become adepts in the art of making pastry must always remember that the most perfect theories are of little use without practice. Practice alone will enable us to make good pastry. We may measure quantities and observe rules with the utmost precision, but until we have had practice we shall creep painfully along instead of marching bravely forward with our pies in our hands.

PHILLIS BROWNE.



A GOOD DAUGHTER.—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in whom a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to whom the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his fireside. She is the morning sunlight and evening star of her parents. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway she holds over their spirit. But this true goodness can only come from the Giver and Source of all good, and in answer to prayer and watchfulness.

BURIED RIVERS.

1. The guardians think the tutor well deserves it.
2. I will procure both a messenger and guide for you.
3. Don't you think Flo uses too much glue?
4. The gum-arabic Amy bought is bad.
5. There is an account of that case in every daily paper.
6. You must tell Ross to urge Harry on.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"Clara, I love but thee alone,"
Thus sighed the tender youth—
"Oh, hear me, then, my passion own,
With trembling lips and earnest tone,
I swear I speak the truth."
He paused—a blush o'erspread her cheek,
She let him draw her near;
Scarce for emotion could she speak,
Yet did she ask, in accents meek,
"How much have you a year?"

SUDDEN resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate little else than the changeableness of the weather.—*Guesses at Truth.*

THE wisest habit of all is the habit of care in the formation of good habits.—*Lynch.*

OUR minds are like ill-hung vehicles; when they have little to carry they raise a prodigious clatter; when heavily laden, they neither creak nor rumble.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 366).

H E A D S T R O N G
O R E
L U N A R
L O O M
A N N A
N O T I O N
D A Y

ANSWERS TO BURIED TOWNS (p. 366).—1. York. 2. Chester. 3. Brighton. 4. Cardiff. 5. Bath. 6. Dorchester.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MADEMOISELLE BRINGS HOT COFFEE.



"YOU will not leave to-night now, will you, Miss Rowe?" asked Miss Crofton anxiously, as she finished strapping up Helen's bleeding forehead, and continued her efforts to restore her to full consciousness. Miss Rowe had just gone to the door to answer the tearful inquiries of Josephine and Milly Wilmot, and did not hear the question. As she came back the Principal repeated it.

"You will not leave us to-night, will you?"

Before Miss Rowe could answer, another voice answered feebly, but decidedly, "No, of course she won't, she is going to stay and take care of me. I shouldn't wonder if I were to go on like this all night, and if I had to be with Milly Wilmot she'd be going off into a continuous series of squeaks, like minute guns, all the while. Miss Rowe will be nice and quiet, and I find she has the most comfortable hands for a headache I ever felt."

"And what is Miss Rowe to do for a bed if you lie here?" asked the Principal, a smile relieving her gravity for the first time since she was hastily summoned to her wilful pupil.

"I forgot that," was the answer, still with closed eyes and slow moving lips. "But after all it's not much good remembering it, for my head has turned into lead, if there isn't anything heavier, so it must stop where it is till it gets lighter again."

And so it did. And Miss Rowe sat up with her, and most patiently ministered to her throughout those long hours of racking headache. And truth to say the two disturbers of the peace of Crofton House got a very large and most undeserved measure of affectionate solicitude from everyone.

"Poor Miss Rowe" and "poor Helen Edison" were words in the mouths of all. Of course, in real fact they needed pity much less now than they had done during the past few weeks; but the thought of bright, blooming Helen lying awake, for nearly the first time in her life, the night through with suffering, and Miss Rowe sitting up the night through to attend upon her, were facts so remarkable that perhaps it is little wonder if they attracted unusual sympathy.

A little before nine o'clock there was a gentle tap at the room door, followed by its opening.

"How nice!" murmured Helen, as she sat with her head leaning against the back of the bed, looking rather ghostlike.

"How nice!" Miss Rowe felt inclined to echo, as the fragrant smell of hot, perfectly-made coffee filled the room. She was beginning to feel very much in want of food; but she said nothing, and Helen repeated, "How nice!" and with some pain opened one eye. She closed it again in disgust. "Ah! take away that horrid bread and butter, I can't eat."

"*Mais donc*," said mademoiselle, in gentle deprecation; "*c'est pour la pauvre Mees Rowe, chère petite.*"

Helen looked puzzled for a moment; and then, in spite of headache and the great blinding bruise, she forced open both eyes and exclaimed, "Oh! what a selfish, horrid thing I am. I thought Josephine was too hard upon me an hour or two ago. I have always thought myself rather grandly the other way; but I see now. Ah, yes, I see now. It has been all I—I—I with me. My 'whims and fancies,' as Josephine said. Of course, I thought the coffee was for me. I always think that everybody must be thinking about pleasing me; and if they don't, I've—I've hated them."

And then, in her sudden awakening and feverish excitement, Helen burst into a violent fit of weeping, and Miss Rowe, having whispered to kind, troubled little Mademoiselle to leave them for a while, set herself to soothe her. Provided with the basin of vinegar and water, she set to work once more sponging the burning forehead and hot face, as she said in low, calming tones—

"You and I have both been wrong, Helen. But perhaps, after all, in the end we shall have proved to have done each other good rather than harm. Over-indulgence has led you to expect to have your own way in everything; unkindness"—and the young teacher's lip quivered for a moment—"unkindness has led me to indulge a spirit of opposition, and to struggle on all occasions for mastery over everyone with whom I have of late years come in contact."

"If it hadn't been for Josephine you would have gone away by now, carrying hatred of me with you," said Helen, heavily; "and I should have gone on hating you as long as I lived."

Miss Rowe shivered. That picture of unending hatred for each other looked very grim, very hideous, when it was painted in those deliberate plain words; and yet she knew well that it had been very possibly a true one. And yet they were both Christians; or no, that cannot be said. They were both, like many others in the world, professing Christians. "See how these Christians love," was said of old. "See how Christians wrangle," might be said of those so-called religious people represented by Miss Rowe and Helen Edison.

There are many things considered old-fashioned and obsolete nowadays, but one of the most old-fashioned and obsolete, one is sometimes tempted to believe, is the saying, spoken nearly nineteen hundred years ago—

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Miss Rowe sat thinking, and after a while she left off bathing the bruised forehead, for its owner was so very still she imagined that she must have fallen asleep. Under this belief she gave free rein to memory. Those other sick beds by which she had watched so faithfully, more than two years ago, came back to her so vividly. She seemed once more to hear the words of Divine consolation with which she had comforted herself as well as those so dear to her, and then she thought of these blank two years of dreariness that had followed upon her decision to do without that strength and consolation for the future. She was startled in the midst of her reflections by the quiet, unexpected remark—

"How very clever Josephine is!"

"Yes—she is," was the equally quiet answer after a moment's pause.

"How queer everyone else here would think it to hear us say so," said the tired young voice after another slight pause.

"Yes," was the earnest reply. "They would not understand." Then soon—"Have you been to sleep?"

"Oh, dear no! I never can sleep in the train. And there are ever so many railway trains in instead of out of my head just now. And I find it quite as bothering, only more so. Have you eaten your bread and butter yet?"

"No. And oh! you have not had the coffee you thought you should like. I am afraid it is cold now. I will have it made hot again."

"Yes, do," said Helen; and when it was brought back steaming once more she rewarded Miss Rowe with a mischievous smile as she said—"No, thank you. Not for me. I couldn't touch it, not if you would promise me the best gallop on the nicest horse in England."

"But I thought you said you should like it," remonstrated Miss Rowe, with a touch of her usual asperity.

"Oh, no!" was the calm answer. "I never said anything of the sort, but if I had said I shouldn't you would never have had it boiled up again for yourself, I am sure. I am going to learn to be clever, like Josephine, you see. She is always thinking for other people's comfort, as if it was just the very thing she liked doing best of anything in the world. The swing is an instance. You know she is always swinging me and the others, and one day last week I asked her if she never had a swing herself. She said just simply, 'No, not now!' I said, 'Don't you like it?' She did not answer; but Rosie did for her, exclaiming, "Oh! I should think she does then. While we were here last summer during the holidays Josie liked nothing

so much as swinging, or sitting in the swing reading. But she won't swing now because she says everyone else likes it so much! That's just Josephine in everything."

"Yes," said Miss Rowe, in a low tone; "she has been a living lesson in the house."

No more was said then, for the door opened, and Miss Crofton appeared with a composing draught for the patient, and an injunction that there must be no talking after it, for fear of destroying its effect. Unfortunately, the violence of the headache compelled silence, so neither Helen nor her companion felt disposed for any more conversation for some hours to come. It was not until between three and four o'clock in the morning that either of them spoke again.

Miss Rowe had been kneeling beside a chair behind the bed for a very long time, when at last Helen fancied she caught the sound of low, smothered sobs. She listened more earnestly, and at length said, but more as if she were speaking to herself than to her companion—

"Yes, after all, it is not quite comfortable. I expect you would have been ever so glad to see little Harry, and of course he would have been awfully glad to see you. Of course you are miserable, and it is still all my fault."

"Everything has been as much my fault as yours," answered Miss Rowe, rising and coming forward. "But do not think that I have been crying now only for sadness. I have been thinking of what you said about the medal for Harry. It seems impossible that he should really have one; but, oh! you cannot think how happy it would make mamma and me to see our little darling's bravery so recognised."

"I should think so," exclaimed Helen. Her headache was getting better now. "I only wish that I had a brother, big or little, to do such a grand thing, and be recognised. But you need not doubt that Harry shall have it, for papa has a lot to do, somehow or other, with the Royal Humane Society, and when he hears what I have to tell him, I am certain that he will say he sees quite clearly where one of the best medals of the year ought to go. I shall go to see Harry in the holidays."

"I thought you were going to Scotland?"

"Was I? Oh! then there'll be two things to do; I shall like that. Do you know, my head is ever so much better. I think I shall be able to lie down now and go to sleep. Please go to sleep too."

And two minutes later she was in a refreshing, dreamless slumber.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WAKING THOUGHTS.

WHEN Helen Edison awoke, about midday, she found Josephine Bell installed in the post of watcher. She raised herself, and glanced hastily around the room.

"Where is Miss Rowe?" she asked, quickly. "Surely, Josie, you have not all let her go away while I have been asleep?"

"She had to go, Nellie, dear," was the quiet answer. "But perhaps she will come back again soon."

"Perhaps, nonsense!" exclaimed Helen, springing out of bed, and beginning to huddle on her clothes with angry impatience, muttering the while—"It's a disgraceful shame of you all, that what it is."

"What are you doing?" asked Josephine, coming forward after a few moments' hesitation. "Miss Crofton left orders with me that you were not to get up, even if you felt able, until she had seen you."

"I don't care what orders were left," was the passionate answer. "A school is not a prison."

"But won't you at least tell me why you wish to get up?" asked Josephine, gently. "Is it to do your lessons?"

"Lessons, indeed!" was the sharp retort. "I should think not. I am going to tell Miss Crofton that she must send a telegram to tell Miss Rowe to come back. And if Miss Rowe won't be here with me, I'll go home."

"Hush, Nellie, dear," said her companion gently, "you are making your head ache again. Miss Rowe has not left on your account now. She got a telegram, unhappily, this morning before nine o'clock to summon her home instantly to see her brother, who was sud-



denly taken worse in the night. In the midst of her trouble and hurry she thought of you. Get into bed again, and I will bring you the little note she left."

Josephine might truly call it a little note, for it only consisted of three lines; but its importance could not be measured by its size:—"Pray for us in our trouble. But whatever happens, believe that I most earnestly thank God that He has taught us to part friends. I hope to see you again soon.—E. R."

For some minutes slow, heavy tears fell upon these few words. At last Josephine Bell said in a low voice, "I thought that note would be some comfort to you."

"So it might be," was the despairing answer, "if I deserved any comfort. Oh! Josie, why don't you all hate me instead of being so good to me? You ought to have beaten me just now, when I got up in a passion, instead of speaking softly to me."

"And so made you worse?" asked her schoolfellow, with a slight smile.

Helen looked more doleful than before, as she replied sadly, "Yes, you are right; it would have made me worse. But it's the way I deserve to be treated, for it's what I've done to Miss Rowe and other people. When they seemed aggravated I have just aggravated them a little more."

"But you won't do so again?"

"How can I say! Last night I thought that I had all of a sudden grown so good that I should never be bad again. And then just see. The first thing that crossed me I was just as abominable as ever."

"Not quite," was the half-laughing answer. "You see this time your wilfulness was for the sake of someone else. It was really the effect of your penitence about Miss Rowe."

"Effect of rubbish! It was the effect of my temper," was the irritable answer. And then Helen laid her head against her schoolfellow's shoulder with a tired sigh, and the remark, "And that last amiable little speech was the effect of my headache, Josie dear, so you'll please let that pass as nothing."

For Josephine's part, she would have let a hundred impertinent speeches pass as nothing if they would have brought the colour back into her companion's cheeks; but the excitement attendant on the past hasty deeds and words had brought back the pain so intensely that Miss Crofton was equally grieved and shocked when she came in a few minutes later to see the patient.

"I wish I could do something for you, my poor child," she said, pityingly.

"So do I," was the quick, unexpected answer.

"What is it, then, dear," asked Miss Crofton, "that you would like me to do?"

"Only just to make me like Josephine now directly, please, if you don't mind," was the cool, slow answer out of lips almost white with suffering.

The tears were in the Principal's eyes, as she bent forward to kiss them. "It will take higher power than I have to do that, my child. Not you only, but I and all here shall indeed have deep cause to thank God if He blesses us with the gift of her meek and Christlike spirit."

"Oh, hush, please, hush," whispered Josephine. "I would not have Nellie changed into a likeness of me for anything."

Possibly Miss Crofton sweetly echoed that exclamation as regarded the wholesale metamorphosis, but she certainly prayed most earnestly that her wilful pupil's present good wishes might ripen into fruit. Bright, winsome, brave, and

bonny as she was, there could be little hope for her of even temporal happiness if self were to continue to be ever the foremost of her thoughts.

(*To be continued.*)

MOURNING ATTIRE.

THE outward symbol of affliction has been dignified with the name of the reality which it so feebly portrays. In the reality, and in its external shadow, I find a rather extensive subject for our consideration.

It has been a necessity of our poor human nature to give vent to feelings of distress in some manner from the earliest period of the world's history, ever since the day that sin "brought death into the world, and all our woe." And in the history of nations—as in those of each individual being, from the cradle to the bier—various in character have been the expressions of mortal anguish when it "must have way."

It is my intention to take a three-fold view of the subject: *historical*, *sentimental* (in the best sense of the term), and *practical*, and further, to consider the case of those who find satisfaction in wearing black garments; those who find none in so doing; and those who, desiring to wear mourning, have not the means to purchase it.

The Israelites used to fast and weep and rend their garments, clothe themselves with sackcloth, hair-cloth, or coarse black or brown cloth. They sat in ashes, threw them on their heads, tore and cut off their hair and their beards, smote on their breasts and tore them, made loud wailing, and went barefoot and bareheaded. All the time of their mourning they sat at home or went to mourn at the grave, and ate whatever they allowed themselves on the ground, their faces being covered. They further gave vent to their misery by leaving their beds unmade, abstaining from the use of a bath, and all the duties of the toilet. It was, of course, impossible to protract a mourning of this description, and the ordinary limit was restricted to a week, but extended to a month on special occasions. Contemporary nations used to "cut themselves with knives and lancets," and gave vent to loud, and what we should regard as extravagant grief; and, as we are informed in Holy Writ, they "made themselves bald for the dead" (Jer. xvi. 6, 7). The mourning by Joseph and the Egyptians for Jacob was of seven days—"a great and very sore lamentation;" and in the Book of Daniel, tenth chapter, three weeks are named as a period for mourning. From what the prophet Zechariah tells us, it would seem that men and women used to part company on such occasions, and give vent to their sorrow. They "put on mourning apparel," and abstained from their "anointing with oil." (See 2 Sam. xiv. 2.) It was also a custom to hire public wailing women to mourn after a complimentary manner, just as we hire "mutes" to wear black, and long black or white bands from their hats, and scarves. See Jer. ix. 17, 18, where "mourning and cunning women" are mentioned; as likewise in the prophecies of Amos v. 16, where persons "skilful in lamentation" are named.

I spoke just now of "the cuttings" made in evidence of grief for the dead by the ancient Israelites as not being peculiar to them. The custom of self-bleeding obtained amongst the Greeks, and also the Turks, and the cicatrices left for the remainder of life served as mementoes of the departed. As to the Lacedæmonians, they used to tear the flesh from each other's foreheads with pins and needles in honour of deceased monarchs. The making bald also was by no means peculiar to the Israelites and their contemporaries, for the Greeks and Romans cut off their hair, as an offering of what they greatly esteemed, to a deceased relative; and sometimes it was laid upon the grave. The whole Greek army would do the same in honour of a much esteemed general. It was also their habit to retire into solitude, and to throw ashes on their heads, under which circumstance it was well that they did cut off their hair; and as natural also that they wore a veil whenever they appeared in public. Their dress was of black. The early Peruvians had an unpleasant prejudice in favour of pulling out the eyebrows and eyelashes as an offering to the dead; and in savage tribes of modern times the sacrifice of the hair, more or less, much prevails, as amongst the Carib and Dakota tribes of North America. The former sacrifice their long and precious scalplock, which is plaited down their backs, as the utmost expression of their respect and utter distraction; and the latter also cutting short, like their slaves and captives, that in which they glory. I have read of some uncivilised tribes who make their expression of grief a still more unpleasant affair, that of cutting off a joint of a finger. Indeed, the devotion of the Greeks to the memory of their commanders is thrown into the shade by some of these aboriginal tribes, whose magnates gave orders that a hundred fingers should be cut off to do honour to the memory of a chieftain just deceased.

The colours adopted in various parts of the world to express respect for the dead have been various. We derived our idea from the Romans, who wore a black *toga* for mourning, and sometimes left it off altogether for the same purpose. So far as the men were generally concerned, the colour did not change either under the Empire or the Republic, but under the former the women wore white, under the latter dark blue—a colour adopted by some of the men.

The Egyptians, in all probability, gave the custom of hiring "wailing women" to sing and lament, and beat tambourines, divested of the tinkling metal plates, to the Israelites. Two or more were engaged to mourn for an hour at a time. Strange to say, the colour adopted by them for their mourning is yellow.

In Turkey they adopt blue or violet, in China and Japan white, and in Ethiopia brown. In Bokhara they wear purple, as we are informed by Thomas Moore, in "Lalla Rookh."

> "Not glittering o'er
> With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
> But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress,
> Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
> Of friends or kindred—dead, or far away."

But throughout Europe, the United States of America, and our own colonies and dependencies, black is universal for deep mourning; and grey, or black with a little admixture of white, for slight mourning.

I have now reached the second division of my subject—the *sentiment*, which supplies the origin of all external exhibition of grief, whether of a positive or negative character.

I have related many extraordinary customs very uncongenial to our feelings, but it must not be supposed that hypocrisy was necessarily exhibited; for, custom having prescribed certain observances, to devote time, care, self-mortification, and money to their accomplishment was surely an indication of genuine respect or affection. And, however barbarous the ceremony, it might have indicated as much genuine feeling as the shedding of quiet tears unseen at home. Few of us "creatures of habit," as we are bound by the prejudices of our friends, care to be remarkable, any more than less civilised nations, by acting after a contrary fashion to them.

But, without scandalising them, a considerable amount of personal freedom is conceded to all. And, moreover, "necessity has no law;" and the pecuniary circumstances of one person might permit of much indulgence in the outward expression of distress, while those of another allow of little or none. It is scarcely possible to find two leaves alike on the same tree; and so even among members of the same family features and characters vary too. Therefore as others differ from us in disposition, we must check all unkindly criticism, misjudging of motives and personal vain-glory. There may be no difference whatever in the depth of feeling between the individual who is shrouded in crape, and one who wears but the most trifling expression of mourning; experience continually proves the fact that each alike may

> ". . . . have that within which passeth show."

A strong prejudice against the wearing of black is consistent with great strength of feeling, yet those who entertain it are too often misjudged. In their behalf I would observe that there are no black flowers in Nature, although there are sombre hues. Still there is nothing really black in the beautiful garment with which our world is clothed. Even the firmament above it, though inky-dark at night, is wondrously glorified and gladdened with its stars. I have known a great lover of the beauties of Nature who mourned for the loss of one beloved for years so acutely that she could scarcely endure to speak of that bereavement, even to the day of her death. And yet she had such an objection to being wrapped in black attire that she omitted to wear it on some occasions when custom required its adoption. A sincere feeling of sorrow was veiled under an ordinary garb, for she wished to look up from the narrow bed, where her dear ones were laid, to their happy place of rest beyond the charnel house, and to shake off as much as possible all depressing influences, that her mind might be the more absorbed in thoughts of the beatific vision of the hereafter. In reference to these mourners after a fashion of their own, I may quote the words of one who had studied human nature more closely than most of his fellows:—

> "'Tis not my inky cloak, good mother,
> Nor customary suits of solemn black
> That can denote me truly . . . .
> These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

At the same time our sympathies may be as tenderly and truly enlisted in behalf of that still larger company feeling a necessity for a vent for grief. Like the outburst of tears and convulsive sobs, that medium for the relief of the nerves provided for all living, so the adoption of a sable garb supplies somewhat of consolation to mankind in general. And thus if some appear to outstep the limits of ordinary custom, in the amount of their crape and the duration of its wear, we must not be censorious, and charge them with affectation nor even with folly. Leave them alone and undisturbed for a season. Let it suffice for you to know that the hand of God is upon them, how heavily, for their state of mind, of health, of nerves, of faith, He only and they themselves can realise. Doctors will sometimes prescribe crying, even aloud, under a certain amount of mental and physical strain. The nerves demand an "opening of the floodgates." The bereaved ones must be left

to turn their sad faces to the wall, and to unburden their hearts for awhile unrestrained. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." God only knows it as well. "In all their affliction He is afflicted," of whom it is recorded when, in a scene of mourning—

"Jesus wept!"

It is a gracious act of Christian charity to supply those of your poor friends or relatives, lacking the means to purchase them, with a black dress, bonnet, or out-door covering which their position in life would demand on such an occasion. For amongst these indigent persons there are those who would derive much consolation from showing outward marks of respect for their loved and lost; and none are so keenly sensitive, as a general rule, as poor gentlefolks, who struggle to keep up a certain appearance suitable to their birth, both because they wish to associate with their own connections, and because they would rather bravely struggle on under unseen privations, than prove a burden to their relatives, however unintentionally. "Withhold not thy hand" in such cases as these. Light up the poor wan faces with a gleam somewhat akin to a smile, by helping them to vent their sufferings in some little external exhibition, in harmony with the "shadow of death" brooding within. In Nature the heavier the shower, the sooner the break in the cloud, the clearer the light, and the warmer the sunshine that follows—a meet emblem of that calm that succeeds a stormy grief, in trustful anticipation of the blessed "clear shining after the rain," and that "reaping in joy" of "those that sow in tears"—"sorrowing after a godly sort." Show no impatience. Let them give free vent to their trouble in their own way, having this consummation in view.

I have now arrived at the third and last portion of my subject—the *practical* part of so-called "mourning." To many a few hints may prove of service.

As to the length of its duration for the several relationships in life, there can be no fixed and unalterable law. A widow, however, could not, with ordinary propriety, leave off her "weeds" under a twelvemonth; nor should deep mourning be left off for a parent under that time. A year is not too long to wear it for a brother or sister; but under any circumstances no change should be made from the first deep crape until six months have elapsed. From three to six months for an uncle or aunt would be within ordinary rules, unless under special circumstances, of early residence under the same roof, or close relations of much affection or obligation. There is a paltry affectation of mourning which is very objectionable for women for a two-fold reason, because, while acknowledging the wearer's feeling of obligation to wear it, the least possible expense and trouble are conceded to that feeling. Better make no sign at all, than one so poor and mean. I allude to the wearing of a band of cloth or crape round one arm, the wearer being otherwise dressed in colours. The second objection to this "freak of fancy" is that it is an aping of a masculine style. In many respects men are allowed more license than women, and often wear a coloured overcoat, if not entire suit, together with crape on the hat alone. Women are hedged about by stricter rules; they are expected to show a greater semblance of grief in family troubles, and to shed tears more freely. Thus, to show any hardness or indifference to the usages of society, is to throw off a certain amount of feminine propriety and tenderness, at once unnatural and repulsive. Wear a black bonnet or hat, and black gloves, in lieu of that strap round one arm; and your ulster, though not a black one, may be worn by as true a mourner, and as true a "lady," as any in the land.

All mourning should be plain, without ornamental trimmings. A widow's dress may be nearly or altogether covered with crape. Paramatta and crape-cloth are suitable for widows, and these, with cashmere, grenadine, camel's hair cloth, and barathea may be worn in mourning for other connections; white for slighter mourning, whether of widows or others. Plain black lustreless silk may be worn trimmed with crape. Plain grey stuffs trimmed with black are suitable for slight mourning; also *crêpe lisse* collars, serge, nuns' cloth, and mohair. For inexpensive mourning cashmerette and alpaca can be worn. Even in deep and expensive styles a slight introduction of white may be permitted; and, for economy's sake, widows may cover their white cuffs with single crape, to keep them clean. Satin, lace, and fringe must be excluded from the black dress worn as deep mourning, either for a husband or very near relative.

The only material exclusively appropriated to mourning is crape, and this is a most expensive item. Only the best in quality is worth purchase, as the inferior kinds wear badly. The former may be renovated. To persons to whom a certain amount of economy is an object, I advise that crape should be reserved for a best dress, and for out-of-door wear; and that a perfectly plain dull black material should be adopted for home wear, and for an ordinary walking costume. French people do not wear crape, except for bonnet and veil. They consider that a plain black crape-cloth which may be sent to a laundress for the common washing, a black woollen shawl, and black woollen gloves—not kid—are full mourning. I also recommend all those who are not wealthy, and who feel themselves under weightier personal obligations than those of "encouraging trade," to have one black dress always on the list of their wardrobe, which will be ready on any emergency, and save some outlay when, perhaps, their purses may ill afford to make it. Such a dress might be worn with equal propriety out of mourning, as it has of late years been so much disassociated with it, if only worn with some coloured article.

And while on the subject of crape I should not omit to tell you that, since it has been known that arsenic is employed in the dyeing of this material, people are less disposed to wear it constantly, and some even send it to go through the process of renovation when quite new, as by this means all that is injurious is abstracted: and it is, moreover, rendered impervious to damp. A crape bonnet no longer new may be restored to its original condition, without being taken off the frame, nor even removed from a silk lining. But were the latter of any other material, the removal would be necessary. If a warmer material than cashmere be desired, merino may be a good substitute. Sealskin fur, black lynx, or sable jackets and cloaks, muffs, and collars may be worn in the very deepest black with perfect consistency, but not as mere trimmings; and chinchilla is a good selection for a slighter degree of mourning, but where not very deep, any fur may be worn the price of which may render it suitable for the means of the wearer.

This last observation reminds me to add a few words for those of my readers whose slender resources preclude their indulgence in what would be to them so great a solace in their affliction. Genuine grief will make itself quite apparent without intentional effort, or any external exhibition in the colour of the dress, at least, to all those whose intimacy, or near relationship would make that sorrow a matter of any interest. Thus no disrespect to the dead will be charged by them to the amount of your coloured dress. And if to add a few black ribbons to your bonnet—in lieu of some faded trimming of a different hue—and one dark outer covering, be all the attempt within your power to make, to conceal your ordinary dress when out of doors, do not fret over your inability to do more. That poor black ribbon tells as much on behalf of your loving remembrance, as the costly and elegant costume a wealthy neighbour may purchase, who consoles herself by the greatest outlay her ample means may afford. Think of it as the utmost that the wise providence of God permits you to do, He who regarded the widow's mite as more than all that the rich, of their abundance, had cast into the treasury, because it was "all that she had." Could your lost ones revisit your dwelling, they would but say approvingly, "She hath done what she could." Besides, as a matter of principle, it is wrong to purchase mourning when the money is due for rent, taxes, or other responsibilities, or when required for outlay on clothing essential for warmth, or for suitable food for yourself, or your family.

I have now no more to say on the question which we have had under consideration, unless it be to remind you of the somewhat remarkable example left us by David, when he lost his child. While yet he lingered in life, the King fasted and wept and prayed; but when God took him, he "washed his face and anointed his head," and, laying aside all external expression of grief, he resumed his public duties. Few could act thus; yet the example is worthy of consideration, as well as that recorded in the sixtieth chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah, twentieth verse, referring to that blessed hereafter, when

"The days of thy mourning shall be ended."

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WINNIE.—At the Teachers' Training and Registration Society, Skinner-street, Bishopgate-street, E.C. Training is given without residence for teachers over seventeen years of age in the middle and higher girl's schools; the fees amount to £24 per annum. The practising school is the Bishopgate middle-class school. The principal (last year) was Miss Lushington; and the secretary, Miss Louisa Brough. We believe that the Froebel Society for the Promotion of the Kindergarten System holds classes for the instruction of teachers at five shillings the course. Apply to Mr. Edward Berry, 27, Upper Bedford-place, W.C. This society keeps a register of daily qualified teachers and schools.

ESTHER.—We see no reason why you should not pass an examination on any subject in England as a foreigner quite as freely and as well as a native. Try to pass the Senior Cambridge or Oxford Examinations for Women over eighteen years of age. Turn for information to the article page 115 in vol. ii., of this paper. Your hand is neat, but why make curls on your "d's" like little pigs' tails?

EVELYN KIRKWOOD.—We think that a *fair knowledge* of German would be essential. Your English education is not, however, sufficiently completed to qualify you for taking such a situation. You employ the word "if" when you should substitute "whether," and you confound "would" and "should" as though you were a "Paddy." Instead of saying "Let me know if I would require," you should say "whether I should." Also, as regards spelling, you should not drop the "e" in the adverb "sincerely" as "sincerly." Your writing is good, and we thank you for your kind letter.

CHUMS and CURRER BELL.—We advise you to write to the Secretary of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East," 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, S.W., which society trains English women for Zenana work, and also assists the medical instruction of those desiring appointments as medical missionaries. We give this address, as all others, on the authority of a guide published last year, expressly to supply such special information. But we cannot be responsible for those with which we do not profess to be personally acquainted.

WORK.

HARRIET.—To restore black cloth see page 316, vol. i. We thank you for the recipe for a marmalade pudding.

"MARY" B.—Our correspondent "Mary" is peculiar in her fancy for inverted commas. She says, "my



question is this——" From what writer she quotes we do not know, but she need not guard so carefully against a charge of plagiarism. To have your dress dyed black is a good idea. Look for the words "correspondents" and "trespass" in your dictionary, and transcribe them several times.

DADDY LONG LEGS.—Our recipe for a Tam o' Shanter cap is a crochet one, and will be found at page 591, vol. i. We have already given advice respecting stammering. One rule is to think of what you mean to say before you speak, and when you speak do so very slowly, beating time so many times between the utterance of each word and its successor. Slope your very legible hand rather more.

N. R. A. S. and E. P.—It is impossible for us to guess for what situation you would be suited. We regret, for your sake, that you should have left school before you had learnt either spelling or grammar. Your hand also is scarcely formed. But you express yourself kindly and gratefully, and we thank you sincerely.

COOKERY.

E. ANNETTE.—The "dough nuts" should be boiled in a saucepan of lard—not "baked"—and this method of dressing will colour them.

A YOUNG COOK.—The right recipe for "Palestine soup" is as follows (it was obtained from a superior French cook):—Melt about as much butter as the size of a walnut in a stewpan. Cut up the artichokes and stew them in the butter for about an hour and a half, or rather more. Then pass them through a sieve, and add some well-flavoured stock, a slice of celery, an onion, a carrot, and a turnip. Strain all this into the artichokes and butter, and boil all together for nearly an hour. Boil a teacupful of good milk or cream, and pour it hot into the soup, adding a little salt and pepper. If a richer soup be desired, beat up the yolk of an egg and put it first into the tureen, and then pour the hot soup upon it, stirring all well together before serving it.

ANNIE B.—We could not, perhaps, do better than give you the recipe supplied us by one of our correspondents for a marmalade pudding:—Take half a pound of minced suet, half a pound of bread crumbs, quarter of a pound of sugar, three table spoonsful of marmalade, and three eggs. Beat all well together, and boil the mixture for three hours. Less sugar might prove more agreeable to some people.

EDITH A. SMITH.—The following will be found a satisfactory recipe for a rich plum pudding:—One pound of currants, one of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of treacle, half a pint basin of flour, a pint basin of bread crumbs, eight eggs, candied lemon and orange peel, of mixed spices a dessert-spoonful, a wine-glass of brandy, and one teaspoonful of salt. Boil slowly for about three hours—not less For a rich Christmas cake we recommend the following:—One pound each of sifted flour, butter, brown sugar, raisins, and currants; twelve eggs, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, two wineglassfuls of rosewater, two ounces of citron, two ounces of orange peel, two ounces of lemon peel, and a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds. Beat the sugar, butter, and eggs together: mix the rosewater and spices together, and add the fruit last. Bake in a slow oven for five hours. You write a pretty, ladylike hand, and your letter is exceedingly kind.

ELLEN E. P.—The chief defect in macaroni cheese, as it is usually dressed, is its dryness. We advise you to try the following method of preparing it. Take two ounces of macaroni, boil it for three-quarters of an hour, and then strain off the water, and place it in a flat dish. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls of corn-flour and a little milk: mix well, and boil it. Pour this over the boiled macaroni, and sprinkle it with four ounces of grated Parmesan (or other cheese). Add some butter and a little pepper, and place the dish in the oven; removing it when the cheese is browned, but before the macaroni is dried and hard.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. HELIOTROPE.—1. Inquire at your nearest post-office. 2. It is not expected that you are to play and sing to visitors. Offer them afternoon tea, answer their questions, pay attention to all they say, and make the kind inquiries that may suggest themselves. Nothing is needed beyond little thoughtful attentions, such as offering a stool or screen, or removing their wraps. Your writing is sufficiently good, but you should not sign yourself "Yours, &c."

M. A. T.—Coarse gravelly sand is the best suited for the cages of birds (canaries included).

JOHN W. R.—In the highest classes of society the trifling practice to which you refer has always obtained until quite recently. Now, amongst some only an innovation, at variance with our contributors' directions, has been observed. Fashions, like that in the pronunciation of words, see changes in course of time; and at all times thoroughly well-bred people may often be at fault in mere trifles such as that in question. We regret to differ with you, but are always obliged for kind suggestions.

ILSE.—To make coloured fire you must procure a number of chemicals. For pyrotechnic mixtures, as an example, if you desired a blue light, you would require of chloride of potash nine parts, of sulphur three, of carbonate of copper three; and for a red light, of nitrate strontia twenty parts, chlorate of potash five, sulphur six and a half, and charcoal one. But we do not recommend your attempting to produce such lights, as the work is dangerous. 2 Consult your clergyman as to your qualification for taking a Sunday-school class. We are pleased with your letter, and your hand is good, but your spelling needs much attention.

HAREBELL.—The coin you mention as having the laureated old head of George III. on the obverse is a shilling, and if well preserved is worth two shillings and sixpence. Your silver coin of Charles II. appears to be a threepenny piece; the value of the smaller coins of this reign being indicated by the number of C's linked together on the reverse. We think you will find it milled and notched in the outer circle, but not marked on the edge. If so, and in good preservation, it is worth from eighteenpence to half-a-crown. Without seeing such articles it is impossible to speak.

AN EARNEST ADMIRER.—Perhaps a little weak gum-water might help you to keep your hair in order. Your writing is very difficult to decipher.

E. O. W.—Inquire for terms at the Ladies' School of Dressmaking, 42, Somerset-street, Portman-square, W.

UNWIN.—Twenty-one is the age of the legal "majority," before which you are "an infant" in the eye of the law; but, so far as money is concerned, a will may make you of age to inherit and dispose of it at any period short of twenty-one years.

ZENOBIA.—We have given an article on skating at page 27, vol. i., and we think it a healthy and excellent form of recreation for girls. If you write for the general catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., you will find a number of delightful books named in it on ancient history and manners.

L. B. C.—At page 617, vol. i., we have given an illustration of a cap, and also instructions how to make it. Your writing is rather irregular in its formation.

TOAD.—Such situations as you require are generally to be found by constant search through the advertising columns of the *Times* and other papers. It is needful to exercise great care in taking them, and we think you will do well to be contented at home.

ABBOTT and ROSABUNDA.—Your writing is legible, but not very pretty.

G. MAXWELL.—Your writing is very ladylike and pretty.

R. H. L.—To cure chilblains see pages 15, 64, and 111, vol. i.

LILIAN.—1. We have just given the origin of the saying you quote. 2. In the phrase you give you confounded the imperfect tense with the past participle. Of course, "Have you shaken?" is correct. Your hand would be pretty if not spoilt by the long flourishes to every terminal letter. Procure the "Handbook to the English Tongue," by Angus, 56, Paternoster-row. It will help you in grammar.

SISTER ANGELIQUE.—A solution of camphor and borax in equal parts, half an ounce of each in a quart of boiling water, will make a nice wash for cleaning the hair. You write fairly well.

MAID MARION.—We regret that it is not within our province to give you the desired recommendation of entertaining songs.

ANTHEA.—"*Chiara oscura*" are Italian words for "clear obscure." The "h's" in the name "Holyhock" are sounded.

THE LITTLE CASHIER.—You write an excellent business hand, and we do not see anything to find fault with.

WINREL.—Perhaps they would receive the partially convalescent invalid to whom you refer at the "Institution for Training Nurses for Nervous and Mental Disorders." At all events, you might obtain advice and all the information you require by making inquiries there. Address the Secretary, at 1, King-street, Park-street, Grosvenor-square.

BERTHA.—We notice that many everlasting flowers are mounted on fine wire, which prevents their falling from the stalk. Your writing is very good.

SWANSDOWN.—We fear that from your account the feathers are spoilt, but we should advise you to consult an upholsterer who cleans feathers. They could be washed or steamed.

A YOUNG WIFE. — Under no circumstances can visiting cards be sent by post in lieu of a visit. Write a gracefully expressed note saying you will do yourself the pleasure of calling as soon as possible, and regret that the distance is so great as to render frequent visits impossible. Seven questions, including a demand for four recipes, is a little too much even for our patience.

G. F. L. S.—We should think you need legal advice, but in "judgment remember mercy," and do not take anyone's dishonesty for granted. Perhaps if you make inquiries in a kind and considerate manner of the son you may obtain your wishes without dispute.

MABRILETTE.—Steam the wrong side of the plush or velvet over boiling water.

G. S.—Consult "My Work Basket."

A WELSH GIRL.—We could not attempt to value stamps. Any collector would tell you of shops where they are both valued and sold. Your writing is legible and well formed.

EMILY.—If the cockatoo you name belonged to us we should consult such a man as Jamrack, or some other large dealer in birds. From your account the complaint seems more like consumption or paralysis than gout. But it would be quackery to prescribe for an individual case without either seeing the creature or knowing more of its symptoms.

IGNORANCE.—There is a children's hospital at Shadwell, E., called the "East London Hospital for Children," where you would do well to send your scrapbook. We have seen poor little ones there confined to their beds from accidents, but quite able to sit up and enjoy any toys given them. You give promise to write well.

LAURA.—It is usual to place your cup or glass on the right side of your plate. But so long as you remain at school you should submit to the rules enjoined there.

CLARA L.—1. Certainly you should *rise* not "raise," on the entrance of the lady by whom you are to be employed or to whom you have come on any business, and remain standing, unless asked to sit down. 2. You may work in the company of the friends remaining with you for some hours. You write pretty well, but with a bad pen.

S. LAWSON.—Send your glass to a gilder and frame-maker. Clean the white fur (ermine), thoroughly sprinkling it with plaster of Paris, then brushing it well, beating out the remains of dust with a cane, and combing it out with a wet comb, after which press it carefully with a warm iron.

CARMEN.—We think there is no such family name amongst the dukes and earls of England.

SELINA.—Velveteen must be sent to a dyer's when much stained. Your writing is good.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.—If sufficiently educated to carry you creditably through life, there is no objection to your going to learn millinery; but if not, you will find the lack of knowledge a drawback later on.

PANSY.—Paint the brackets with black enamel paint, and add lines of gold paint to brighten it. Your writing is very neat.

MRS. TRIM.—The only way to obtain boarders for your school is by means of private friends, or by advertising. Can you not persuade the parents of your nervous pupil to allow her to board with you? With reference to the account, we think you should have an interview with the parents, and endeavour to come to some agreement. Say to them what you have said to us. We much admire your brave spirit, and trust you will have a large measure of success.

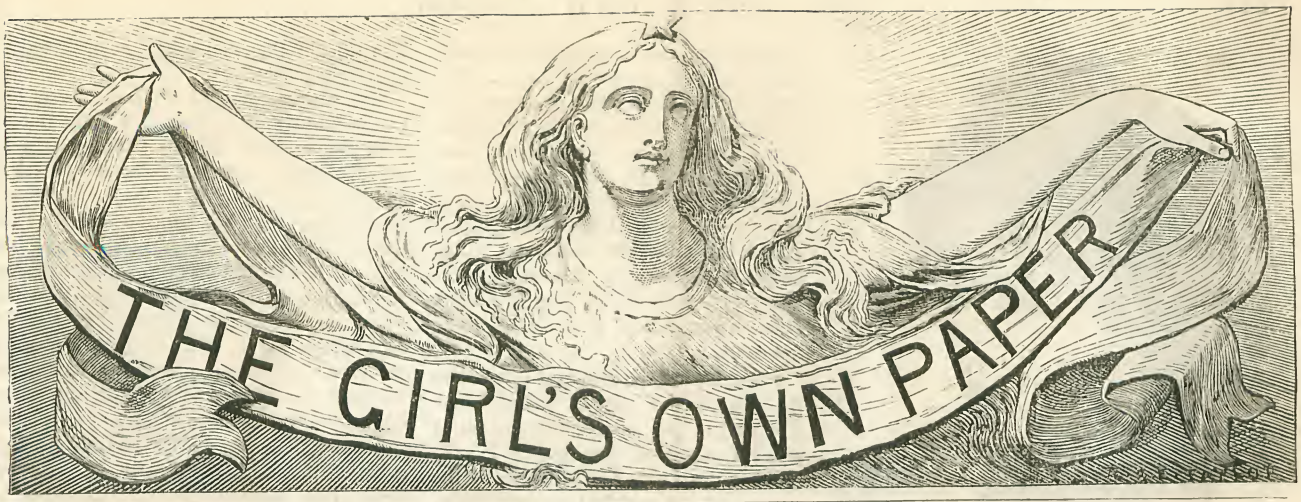
DOVE.—Your mackintosh has been kept in too dry a place. Can you not find a moist atmosphere for it? Your writing is very good indeed.

HOPE.—Unbleached calico becomes gradually whiter through successive washings. To bleach linen or calico it should be laid out on the grass and watered, and left there by night and by day for some time. We cannot advise you respecting such very small scraps of leather as are too minute to form any part of a flower.

FRAGILE FLOWER.—For your grateful letter accept our best thanks. Considering all that you say, we think you write fairly well. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is intended for all classes, and we try to supply something that may be suitable to every reader in each number.

MURIEL.—Possibly to re-dye the Russia-leather by means of a solution of alum and Brazil-wood.

PICCIOLA.—We thank you for your kind, and also to yourself most creditable letter. We are not acquainted with the story-book to which you refer.



VOL. II.—No. 65. MARCH 26, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEASONABLE DRESS, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

WE FEAR that in the spring we shall all be obliged to make a stand, firm and bold, against the invasion of that most inconvenient and needless incumbrance, the crinoline. All through the winter at the extremely fashionable *modistes*, the "dress improver" has been dangling before our eyes, but very few even of the most *outré* dressers have adopted it. We hope the same right feeling will continue in the spring. It is the duty of us all as individuals to make a resolute stand, and prevent a foolish and atrociously ugly fashion from enslaving us again. So we shall look to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, as warm and hearty auxiliaries in the matter, as to them we are always endeavouring to show a duty in all things, small and great; so that, even in their dress, as well as in their demeanour, they may display to the world the highest possible ideal of a fair and Christian womanhood, and a girlhood so thoughtful in spirit and so beautiful in taste, that it could not stoop to extremes of dress or to the adoption of unseemly and monstrous fashions. Happily for us of late we English women have become much emancipated from the control of French fashions, and we are not so much afraid of displaying a little individuality in our dress. For this change we are indebted in a great measure to the high-art votaries or æsthetes, who, in spite of extrava-



[*All rights reserved.*]

PRACTISING.



gance, amounting even to foolishness, have done good service in many ways. There is something dreadfully degrading to our womanhood in the accounts given lately of a Polish countess in Paris, who surprised the world by a harlequin dress, the skirt of which was composed of diamond-shaped pieces of satin and velvet sewn together; and of the eccentric foreigner who created "immense excitement" by a parti-coloured costume—pink on the left, blue on the right, from the crown of her head to the tip of her shoes.

Large and small bonnets are flourishing together in London, so that no one can feel out of date with either one or the other. Plain white straw hats are beginning to show themselves again, and are warmed up with soft crushed-looking poppies, and red strings or trimmings to match. This may be a useful idea to some of our readers who have white straw bonnets of last summer lying by them. They should have them cleaned and re-blocked, and then line them with black velvet, and trim them outside as before directed. The velvet lining should be put in on the bias, and velvet used for the purpose can be obtained, cut in that way in the shops, at less than 2s. per yard. Half a yard should suffice.

The popular flower for the spring is the humble little violet, we are glad to say, as we do not like any fashion which introduces large and gaudy flowers. Mixed with violets we sometimes see a tuft of yellow cowslips or tender buttercups, just as they sometimes grow beside each other in the hedges. These violets are greatly used on the small black straw princess bonnets, to cover the front in a wreath-like form, and with them are used violet velvet or silk strings, a simple and pretty method of trimming our winter bonnets.

The favourite colours for the spring for every-day and walking dress are grey and brown in all shades, from dark to light. Very few plaids are to be seen, and they will be mainly used for trimmings, being placed on dresses of a quiet uni-colour, such as brown, in flat bias bands, sewn on by the machine. They are also let in down the front of the bodice in a pointed shape, and also as yoke-shaped pieces on the shoulders. The new plaids are in very quiet tones of colour, and where brighter hues are introduced it is only in stripes of pale and delicate tints. A great many striped fabrics are amongst the new spring materials, the width of the generality of the stripes being one inch, both contrasting stripes of even width. The colours are quiet, grey and brown, grey and dark blue, brown and old gold, and grey and tan colour.

For those who are obliged to consider the cost of their clothes, and dress on £10 to £15 per annum, the custom of wearing brown is very good; indeed, brown is the colour *par excellence* of the economical, not a washed-out ugly shade, a rich, warm, old-fashioned brown, never found save in fairly good materials and never-failing dyes. This brown, whether in cashmere, cloth, serge, or silk, can always be matched and remade, and it never looks out of place at any season of the year. It shows very few spots or stains, and, if of good quality, should not fade nor become rusty. The best materials are those which are all wool, such as cashmeres and merinos, beiges, or vigognes; they do not easily crush, and they will make and remake any number of times. Mixtures of silk and wool and wool and cotton are all objectionable, and should be avoided. A French lady gives it as an axiom that the fewer dresses, mantles, and bonnets purchased the better, as the quality of them will then be vastly superior to what it would be were the same amount of money spread out over a quantity of cheap dresses—thin mantles and poor finery. The drawback to this good advice is that very few girls, or "grown-ups" either, take sufficient care of their clothes, and in this matter I fear that French women are superior to us.

Our illustrations of this month give, amongst other things, two delightful models of hats, the one turning up at the side, the other turning down all round. The first is of black straw, chip, or felt; the brim is lined with velvet, and a fold of the same is lightly arranged round the crown, while a handsome ostrich feather falls over the side. The second is an entirely new shape, which has just appeared this spring. It may be of black or white straw—in the model illustrated it was black, with white lace turned up over the edge. Black Spanish lace is placed round the crown, and forms the strings, while a feather of small size decorates the side, the colour of which is decided by the dress of the individual wearing the hat.

The five figures composing our large picture represent some of our girls in their pretty home costumes, one only wearing the neat double-breasted tailor-made jacket—the favourite out-of-door dress of our neat English maiden. The one in question is of tweed, with velvet collar, and a flat braid laid on round the edge. The hat is of straw, bound with velvet and a small upright wing in front. The skirt of the dress might be of tweed to match the jacket.

The sitting figure at the piano wears one of the new season materials, of wool, flecked with colour, in a sort of *chiné* pattern all over its surface. The bodice has *revers* in front, and is pointed both at the back and front of the long basque, a belt being worn round the waist. The over-skirt is plain, and draped in folds, while the skirt has two kilted flounces, and a row of pointed tabs over the top of the lower one. The next standing figure has a skirt wholly kilted, with two tiny flounces at the edge. The long bodice is buttoned down the front, and the over-skirt is draped at the edge, so as to hide the union of the bodice and skirt. The large collar and cuffs are of coloured plush, edged with lace. The sitting figure at the extreme right has a striped polonaise, with a *plastron* deeply pointed in front, of velveteen. The polonaise is edged with fringe and draped up very high on the hips, and the skirt is of plain velveteen. The young lady at the extreme left, who is buried in a reverie—which seems a delightful one, whatever the subject may be—is attired in a cashmere dress, of a light colour, trimmed with velveteen. The bodice is pointed, the deep kiltings underneath extending to the back, where they meet the points as they do in front. The front is opened, and a folded *plastron* so introduced. The cuffs are of velvet; the skirt is plain, and edged with two narrow kiltings of the same, and the trimmings at the side consist of a band of velvet and cords to match it in colour.

The new materials of this season are remarkable both for their cheapness and their goodness. Amongst the best of the novelties are those materials which have a border for trimming running along one side of the piece, which is sometimes figured, and sometimes plain. We very much admired a pretty dark prune-coloured beige, which had a silver band along the side; and we thought how pretty it would be with silver buttons to match. But we cannot say how these pretty tinsel materials will wear.



THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TWO STUDIOS.



NCE more at the Great Western Station! And what a crowd it was! The Welsh Choir had assembled to return to their native country, and May and her father were amongst them. She was surrounded by relatives and friends: Uncle Laban, Meredith, Rachel, Little Davy, and others, all pressing about her to say good-bye.

"I will write to you regularly, and tell you everything," said Meredith. "I shall probably soon see you again, for I am sure to be sent to London. You will write also?"

"Yes—oh, yes! Give my love to everyone. Say to great-grandfather that I will do exactly what he bids me. I am always thinking of him and grandmother, and wishing——"

May paused, for her father was close by, and she felt that he was listening. Little Davy limped up.

"I will take care of Evan, Derwen Fach," he whispered. "Meredith is promising that I shall live with him and help him.

May's face brightened.

"I shall tell everybody what a grand lady you are, May," said Rachel, giving her a hearty kiss. "We shall be more jealous than ever."

"Good-bye, May. You will be coming back soon. We can't practise without you. Is that your father? There's tall and thin he do look," sounded on all sides.

"God bless thee, my girl! Be a good daughter," were Uncle Laban's parting words. "You must bring her back soon, or she will be forgetting us all," he added to her father, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"I am afraid she will ade away and pine with me," returned Mr. Goldworthy, looking anxiously at May, who was now separated from him, as she took leave of one and another of her friends.

She needed all the self-control she had summoned to her aid to prevent breaking down as she saw the carriages gradually fill with her beloved compatriots.

Suddenly she was greeted by Caradoc, who shook hands with her, and said he was sorry that she was not to return with them.

"Give her lessons; make a singer of her," he continued, hastily, to her father, who looked bewildered amongst the crowd—he who had fled from his fellow-creatures for years.

May took his hand, seeing how forlorn he seemed, and his clouded face cleared instantly. All her friends were seated save one. Meredith lingered for the last look and farewell, and had the satisfaction of receiving her parting words, and her father's timid assurances that he would make her happy—very happy, and that she should have and do all she desired.

There was a hearty cheer from the spectators on the platform, and a great waving of handkerchiefs by the inmates of the carriages as the train steamed off. The departure of the choir was as triumphant—indeed, more so—than its arrival, for had not its members succeeded in their undertaking? Had not they been *fêted* and lauded? had not they seen the greatest city in the world? and, before all, had they not been received and welcomed by their Prince?

Overflowing with rapture were the hearts that departed, and their joy found vent in song; but very sad was the one heart that remained behind. No attempt at self-control could any longer restrain May's tears, as she and her father stood at the far end of the platform to watch the train until the last wreath of white smoke had vanished.

"Madeline, my child, you are unhappy," said her father. "But I could not do without you."

"No, dear papa. I am only sorry to say good-bye," she replied, as cheerfully as she could.

And there was a throb of pleasure as she thought that, after all, her father wanted her most, for her grandparents had many to love and care for them—he had no one.

And so it gradually came to pass that, as she had been the sunbeam at Derwen Fawr, so she became the sunshine of the artistic house at Brompton. Like the Lady of Burleigh, she soon accustomed herself to her new position. It was not, certainly, a noble one; still it was very different from the one she had so lately filled. Instead of being the child of the farm, she became the young lady of the suburban villa, and her two new friends and devoted slaves delighted in her simplicity, both of mind and dress. She gave herself wholly to her father, who, before the autumn had passed and chilly winter with its dense London fogs crept on, was comparatively well. She encouraged him to paint, she sang to him, walked with him, worked for him, and, as housewife and companion, she became necessary, not only to him, but his friend. Yet was her heart in Wales.

Ridiculous as it may seem to many, Terpsichore was her great consolation. She occupied a conspicuous place in her room, and when her heart was heavy, she would stand and contemplate this full-dressed Welshwoman, until her grandmother seemed to stand before her, laughing and talking as she used to do, and this would bring mirth and comfort to her imaginative mind. She could always talk better to silent things than to lively, and her reserve was a source of trouble to her father, though he could not endure much conversation.

"I am afraid she is not happy," was his constant complaint to Minister.

"She will be happy enough when the winter season begins," the artist replied.

During the months of September and October, she was alone with her father, Minister having gone on a sketching tour. They employed a portion of this time in visiting her old haunts, and she shrank at the recollection of what she had gone through. She looked with terror on the miserable poverty of the locality where her poor mother had died; but she strove to soften it to her father by commenting on Mr. Everton's kindness. They frequently went to Norwood to visit him and his wife, and May's greatest pleasure was to talk over the past with her dear friend Edith. It was to her she turned for advice under difficulties, and to Everton for counsel concerning her father when Mr. Minister was away.

But matters shaped themselves wonderfully to her needs. She knew that her father was now as anxious to get money as he had been hitherto careless of it; for he began to feel himself a burden on Minister, though he actually threw funds enough into the common exchequer to repay him for his and May's portion of the family expenses.

"Now, my Madeline, we will have the lessons, the piano, the harmonium, all!" he exclaimed, one morning, bursting in upon her, as she sat at work in his studio, awaiting him.

She was humming a Welsh air, and thinking of the friends who were so far away.

"Yes, papa; I am so glad you have come. You have been so long away!" she said, rising.

"You have missed me, my darling!" he said, kissing her. "I have a hundred pounds for that small picture I finished yesterday. I have ordered the piano! I have engaged the masters!"

"But, dear papa, Mr. Minister hoped you would have exhibited it," remonstrated May, who had taken her tone from Minister.

"I will finish this—I will paint another," he replied, taking up a brush, and standing before the great painting, still uncompleted.

It was with difficulty he could be kept to consecutive work at one subject, and it was to this May was to urge him. The picture he had sold was one he had thrown off rapidly.

The piano arrived in the course of the day, and May was soon in her element. Celebrated masters came, both for music and singing, who were as much delighted with her talent as she was with their instruction. No better incentive to her father's industry could have been imagined than her practice in one room while he worked in another. Her voice seemed to inspire his pencil, and so they sang and painted, happy in the arts they loved. Yet to May it seemed a dreamy, unreal life, and she pined for the active delights of the country.

Still it was very sweet and pathetic to watch the pair, and listen to their fragmentary conversation. If the father flagged in his work, May was at his side, her hand on his shoulder, encouraging him to proceed.

"Dear papa," she would say, "the first of May is my especial day, because, you know, I was May Queen at the pan-



tomime, and Mr. Minister says the Royal Academy opens on that day. How delightful it would be to see this beautiful picture there, and those other smaller ones you hope to paint. I think it would be almost the happiest day of my life."

"But, my child, I am not sure that it will be hung. It may be rejected, or, if accepted, *skied*," he answered, resuming his brush and painting vigorously.

"Skied! What does that mean, dear papa?"

"Hung so high, my darling, that only the Olympian gods can see it. And we sublunary mortals like to be admired by our fellow-creatures, and to be hung, as they say, on the line; not *by* the line—ha! ha!"

May rejoiced to hear her father laugh. The glad cachinnations of amusement rarely sounded in their pretty studios, and although she did not rightly understand his joke, she laughed with him as merrily as she could. She often thought of the innocent jests and merriment of the past, and longed to see old Peggy hold her sides for very exuberance of jollity.

"You will take me to see the pictures if—if yours is not skied? I could not bear to see this beautiful landscape anywhere but in the foreground. I think I am in dear old Wales again when I see the blue distance, and the gorse and heather growing and blossoming. And the sheep! Oh, dear papa, now that you are introducing the sheep it is so natural! They are like great-grandfather's flock and the dog is Hedfa over again.

"My darling! my Madeline! It shall have the best place in the exhibition! Talk to me of your sweet mother and you will inspire me. Then sing me 'Llwyn On' and this ash will grow under my fingers."

"How did you know that 'Llwyn On' meant 'ash grove,' dear papa?"

"Your sweet mother used to sing it. Ah! she was healthful and innocent as you when I took her away from her home. What if I should kill you, too, my child?"

"Great-grandfather used to say that life and death are not in our hands, dear papa. And we are so happy together. Besides, it is right that parents and children should cling to one another, whatever the consequences. You know you did not mean to leave dear mamma, and she always taught me to pray for your return. I remember that she was always looking for you when she took me to the pantomime and fetched me away."

"Ah! my love! we will go to the pantomime at Christmas. You shall see the gorgeous pageant that employs so many little ones, far, far too young to minister to the amusement of others. And you! rescued! rescued!"

"Great-grandfather thinks acting wicked, dear papa. I should be sorry to do anything he would disapprove." May thought with a shudder of her poor crown and Terpsichore, cast upon the hard, coal fire. "But, I should dearly like to see the children at tea at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Everton says that some good ladies and gentlemen invite them to tea, and talk kindly and religiously to them, advising them to be good."

May was alluding to the "Theatrical Mission," which began that very year, and has since developed into a great general scheme for good.

"We will attend it, my darling, and, when I get more money, subscribe to it," said her father, enthusiastically.

"Oh! papa, what a glorious light!" exclaimed May, as he dotted a gleam of sunshine into his picture. "The

thought of doing good inspired you with that beautiful idea."

She clasped her hands and stood entranced, as her father, by a touch here and there, conveyed warmth to the hitherto sombre colouring. He was almost as much delighted as she.

"How much more briskly they move!" he exclaimed.

"They like the sunshine. So did Hedfa. It makes one happy to think they are only going to the fold before sunset," she returned. "Think how glad dear Mr. Minister will be when he comes back, to find so bright a picture."

It was, indeed, a work of genius—fitful and peculiar, still of genius—and May was astonished to perceive that some sudden impetus moved his fingers into rapidity and his mind to activity. It also induced silence; so she stole back into her apartment and began to practise. The fingers, accustomed to the harmonium, were beginning to adapt themselves to the piano, which she had rarely tried at Derwen Fawr; and the voice, trained to Welsh part singing and national melodies, was being further perfected by the principles and teaching of Art. The red baize door was always open between the two rooms, so that while she studied, she almost fancied she could hear the soft strokes of her father's brush, while he was inspired or soothed by her always sweet, birdlike notes.

"I, too, must earn my bread some day," she reflected, as time wore on, in that new and artistic home.

(*To be continued.*)

ON SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

By JOHN C. STAPLES.

V.



You are now in a position to take your stand before nature, and to attempt a representation of her varied tints and shades, her beauties of colour as well as of effect; but I have still much in my mind that I could wish to say to you in the way of warning and guidance; very many things which I shall not find space to say at all, and others which I must condense into curt suggestions, in order that I may be able to bring them to your notice. These you must try to amplify as your ingenuity and growing experience may suggest. If, after a few months' work, you will take the trouble to read these papers again, you will, I think, find many suggestions not without their value, the points of which you may have missed at the first glance, partly because you had not then felt the difficulties which they are designed to meet.

In sketching from nature in the open air, decision and rapidity of execution are for the most part very essential; but beware of making this an excuse to yourself for careless and slovenly work. You must use your judgment to the utmost, and use it with promptitude and readiness. Before you put brush to paper ask yourself what is the form, what is the tone, and what is the hue of that coloured patch which you are about to represent. Is it gradated, and in which direction? Answer these questions mentally at once, and use your best dexterity to carry out the result in your drawing. Above all beware of encouraging the pernicious habit of putting in ill-considered or unconsidered touches "to see how it will look."

I think you will soon desire to use your sketches at home in the production of more finished drawings of which those are to be the motive and the foundation. It is well you should do so sparingly, if only to show you how weak and poor, for all its elaboration, is work which does not bear the direct impress of nature, but is only her reflection at second hand. Still some transient effects must be wrought out at home by the aid of studies and careful though rapid sketches, and even written memoranda of colour and effect and light and shade, and also by the aid of memory.

It is in this home or "studio" work that the following practical hints on manipulation and management of material can be carried out to their full extent with the proper appliances at hand. You should, however, adopt any suggestion which seems applicable to your out-door work, once more remembering that in such work over-elaboration is to be avoided, and thoughtful care and deliberate but prompt decision to be made to take its place.

In mixing your tints or washes always take that colour first of which the largest proportion is to be used, then add the other.

Never use three colours in combination where two will serve.

Always be very sure to mix and work a wash thoroughly with your brush, not only at first, but every time you take a fresh brushful. Many pigments, the mineral ones especially, however carefully ground and prepared, sink readily to the bottom of the saucer, and, if it were not stirred up, the wash would become fainter from this cause. It is quite difficult to keep a wash of vermilion equal in strength.

In this connection I will add a few words on the mode of gradating a wash of colour, which is a delicate operation, requiring much care and practice.

Prepare in your saucer a small quantity of colour of a strength equal to the darkest part of the gradated tint. Now, with a soft brush, pass a wash of clear water over the whole space of paper to be tinted, and when this has sunk a little into the paper, take up the superfluous moisture with clean blotting-paper. Without this precaution you will never, or with great difficulty, get a perfectly smooth and even gradation. Next slope your drawing-board or sketch-block, and place it so that the part to be darkest lies uppermost. Take a brushful of the prepared tint and pass it across the upper portion of the space from left to right; then add a brushful of water to the tint in the saucer, stir thoroughly, and pass a second wave of colour across the space, letting it just mingle with the lower edge of the first brushful, and so on downward, mixing at each dip of the brush more water to the wash in the saucer until you come to the bottom of the space to be tinted. Here, if the colour runs into a pool, you may take it up with the edge of a piece of blotting-paper, or, having squeezed your brush dry, you may absorb the extra moisture with the point.

In this manner, with practice, you will soon be able to lay gradated surfaces, large or small, and by adding more or less water each time you replenish the brush, you may make the gradation sudden or gradual at will.

Never forget to damp the paper before commencing a wash, nor to use the blotting paper.

Never let the brush be quite exhausted of colour before replenishing it, nor let the brush be so full, or the paper so steeply inclined, as to cause the colour as you float it on to run down in a stream.

Never pass over one wash with another, to strengthen it before the first is quite dry; though, when the first *is* quite dry, you may, and should, again use the wash of clear water and the blotting paper before proceeding with the second, so as to work always, as much as possible, on a damp surface. Note, however, that where there is broken colour, and where irregular forms are found with varied depths of tone, as in the foreground and the middle distance you may often with great advantage add colour here and there, while the undertint is wet, but be careful in doing so not to work up, or disturb with the brush, the colour which is already laid, or you will sully both tints.

Always work as much as possible from above downwards, or, at least, do not wash in an upper portion while the lower is wet, lest the former should run into the latter and spoil it.

Now with respect to the lights in your drawing. If these are soft and gradated at the edges, you may carry the surrounding wash of colour over them; and then, while the colour is quite wet, having drawn your brush through the folds of a sponge or cloth held tightly between the fingers, you may with the point (constantly kept as dry as possible by the same means) absorb the colour where necessary, and so recover your light; but if the light is a large one and sharply defined, it should when possible be *left* untouched in laying in your wash. Do not, however, spoil the breadth and evenness of your wash by trying to leave small unimportant lights. These can always be taken out or put in afterwards by methods which I shall describe.

In the first place you may use a sharp knife or eraser to scrape away the surface of your paper. In this way the spray of falling water may be rendered very effectively, or the bloom of white flowers on foreground weeds, or many other irregular small forms, and if the surface so erased be burnished with some smooth hard instrument, such as the ivory handle of a knife, the surface will then bear tinting with any requisite tone of colour; but great judgment and dexterity are necessary in order to get a good effect by this method, and it is difficult to alter lights so produced.

If the lights to be taken out are not very bright, a good plan is to wet that portion of the drawing where the light appears with a fine brush and clear water in the exact position and form in which the light is desired, and then, having absorbed the moisture with blotting paper, to rub the place smartly with a handkerchief, or, better still, with a wash-leather wrapped round the finger. If this does not produce a sufficiently clear light, the spot may again be moistened, the blotting paper again applied and the space rubbed over with bread crumb or indiarubber, but delicately, to avoid destroying the texture of the paper, and producing a disagreeable woolly appearance. I hope it is hardly necessary to remark that in all cases the surrounding surface must be dry—quite dry.

Lastly, you may put in small sharp lights with Chinese white laid on thickly with a fine brush. These may be glazed over when dry with any hue to any required depth, or colour may be added to the Chinese white before it is applied. This last method is extremely useful in very small touches, but colour so mixed is always rather chalky and dull in appearance (often a great advantage) and

wants the transparency and brilliance attainable by means of glazing, that is, passing a wash of some transparent colour over a painted surface. Again, Chinese white once applied can with difficulty be altered or removed, therefore it, too, requires much care and some experience in its use.

Contrary to general belief, a water-colour drawing is as susceptible of alteration, or even more so than a painting in oil. The damp sponge may be used with clear water and repeated gentle dabbings to reduce the depth of any portion which is found to be too dark, or a wetted wash-leather wrapped round the finger may be used for the same purpose. If, however, the portion to be altered has received much thick colour, as in a foreground approaching completion, and especially if the colours which compose it embrace complementary hues, the mixing of which would produce a dirty grey, it is better to cut out a mask in stout paper which shall expose the part to be erased, and then, having superimposed this shield so as to protect the successful portion of the drawing, to sponge boldly and firmly until the defective work is entirely removed and the clean paper recovered. When the spot is quite dry it may be painted on with as much freedom as at first. These are some of the manipulations, dexterity in which must be acquired before success can be attained. With respect to the contents of the last paragraph, remember that it is immeasurably better to be right at first than to be nearly right at last, and no pains or thought or deliberation devoted to this end of being right at once can be other than pure gain both for the present effort and for future possibility of successful effort. Nevertheless, do not, I beg of you, abandon any drawing which has gone a little wrong. In spite of natural disappointment do all you can with it. Persevere by all methods to make it the very best that your powers at present can produce. At the worst, when you look at it some time hence, it will serve to mark the measure of your progress, and, at the best—and this oftener than you suspect—your fresh eye will detect in it excellences which you cannot now see, and which will serve as a lesson to you in your more advanced work.

I had almost forgotten to say a word to you on a cause of defect which is beyond your own control. In spite of the careful examination of each sheet of paper which I have recommended, you will sometimes find a small flaw make its appearance as you proceed with your drawing, and if it happens to come in the sky or any light portion of the work it will be difficult to conceal. The best plan is to disregard it until your drawing is finished, then, having cut a mask as recommended above, sponge out the defective portion. If the paper is stained, pass a thin wash of Chinese white over it, and leave it to dry. You may then stipple up the faulty space to an equality in tone and colour with its surroundings.

In your early efforts to produce drawings in colour, and, indeed, I think, throughout the course of your practice of painting in water-colours, a new difficulty will assail you. This difficulty is at once to make just allowance for the relative effects of colours one upon another.

You will, probably, have already felt this disturbing influence, in a modified and much simpler form, in the effect which opposing tones of light and shade exercise upon each other. You will have found, perhaps, for example, that a certain bit of distance which you had copied carefully, so that each tone and gradation seemed to have its true relation and modulation of effect, fell away into a ghostly and misty insignificance when you drew in the bolder darks, sharper lights, and more decided forms of the foreground objects. Or a light, perhaps, which looked soft and mellow at first, has been rendered crude and staring by the opposition of a strong dark in its vicinity. Now apart from, and in addition to, mere tone, colours, as colours, have a very complex effect upon one another, and a rudimentary knowledge of the grammar of colouring will be of much service to you.

I say a "rudimentary knowledge," for you might, I think, as well try to foreshorten the human arm by the rules and diagrams of perspective as to get a landscape right in colour by the rules of chromatology. Nevertheless, a comprehension of the broad principles which govern the influence of colours one upon another, may, as I have said, save you some groping in the dark, for the causes which may make your colour at times look all wrong as a whole, whilst at the same time you feel sure that each tint individually is right.

Now, without troubling you much about the composition of white light, prismatic colours, and so on, let me tell you that there are three simple, or primary colours, so-called because they cannot be produced by any combination of other colours. These are Yellow, Red, and Blue. Next come the secondary colours, which are formed by the mixture of these primaries in pairs; thus Yellow and Red produce Orange, Red and Blue produce Purple, and Yellow and Blue produce Green. Orange, Purple and Green, then, are the secondary colours. These, again, mixed together in pairs, as before, form the tertiary scale of colours. Thus Orange and Purple form Russet, Purple and Green form Olive, and Green and Orange form Citrine. If this admixture of colours were carried any further, if Russet and Olive, Olive and Citrine, or Citrine and Russet were commingled, we should get scarcely distinguishable tints of grey; and, since these colours, all of them, are produced from simply Yellow, Red, and Blue we are led up to the fact that these primary colours themselves, when mixed together in certain proportions—that is to say, three parts of Yellow to five of Red and eight of Blue, form a quite neutral grey, that is, such a grey as is produced by the mixture of pure black and white, so that, improbable as it seems, grey, or, in the case of the prismatic colours, pure white is built up of all the bright colours which we see in Nature. Knowing this, we know that, if we select any colour, say Blue, certain other colours added to and mixed with that Blue, would bring the whole to a neutral grey. These additional colours are called the complementary of the colour selected. In the case of Blue—Yellow, and Red, that is to say, Orange, would neutralise the colour. Therefore Orange is the complementary of Blue.

In the primary order of colours, the complementary of each is that secondary which is composed of the other two primaries. Thus—

The complementary of Yellow is	Purple	}	Red. Blue.
„ „	„ Red „	Green	} Yellow. Blue.
„ „	„ Blue „	Orange	} Red. Yellow.

And, of course, *vice versâ*, among the secondaries:—

The complementary of	Purple	is	Yellow.
„ „	„	Green „	Red.
„ „	„	Orange „	Blue.

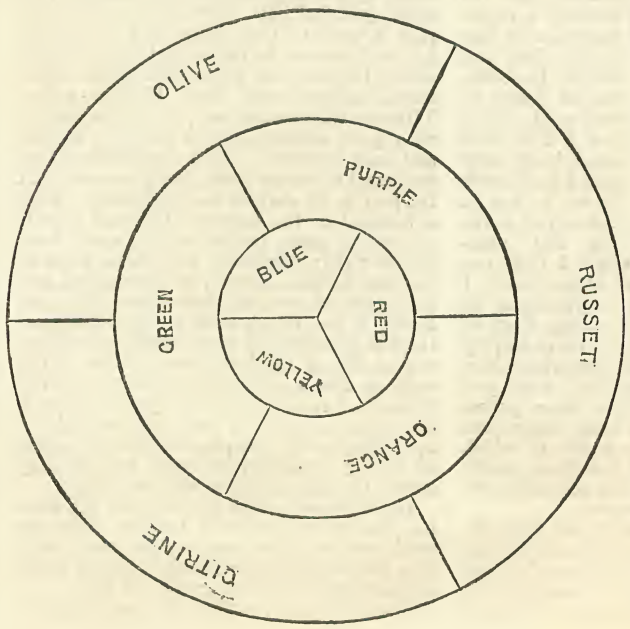
But these secondaries have also complementaries derived from the tertiary scale.

Thus the complementary of Purple is not only the primary Yellow, but also Citrine—that is, the tertiary formed from the other two secondaries, Green and Orange.

The complementary of Green is not only Red, but also Russet, that is, Orange and Purple.

This complementary of Orange is not only Blue, but also Olive, that is, Purple and Green.

The composition of the secondary and the tertiary scales and the opposition of complementaries is clearly given in the accompanying figure. In the intermediate ring each secondary colour embraces the two primaries of which it is composed, and so in the outer ring each tertiary embraces the two secondaries of which it is composed. Again, each tertiary lies nearest to that primary in the inner ring of which it has most in its constitution. Lastly, each colour will be found to be exactly opposite to its complementary. Thus, Purple is opposite to Yellow and also opposite to Citrine—its complementary from the tertiary scale. Green is opposite to Red and also to Russet, and so on. A contemplation of this figure will, then, I hope, elucidate the foregoing remarks, if they require elucidation.



Now, the value of all this for you lies mostly in the fact that any colour is most forcibly and brilliantly brought out and set off by the juxtaposition of its complementary. To borrow an illustration from Mr. Penley's excellent handbook:—"Power" (or force of colour) "does not consist in strong and gay colours, but is entirely the result of proper combinations and contrasts. Place the pale and delicate primrose in warm green, orange, or scarlet, and the contrast is gone; but on a purple or plum-coloured ground it will tell with brilliancy and vigour." The same is true of the other complementaries. Mark the fact well, for it is a warning as well as a guide. Such strong contrasts may be, and, indeed, are, useful and even indispensable at times, when used sparingly and with judgment; but, for the most part, the eye receives a more lasting and refined pleasure from more sober and delicate contrasts.

Next I wish to point out to you two broad divisions, into one or other of which all colours naturally fall. These are the warm and the cool. To the warm scale belong yellow, red, and all the mixed colours in which

these primaries predominate. To the cool scale belong blue and all hues in which it appears prominently. Black, white, and the neutral greys are also assigned to this scale.

These two scales always contrast with each other, much as light and shade contrast in a monochrome drawing. It is scarcely possible to select a landscape in which both warm and cool hues do not appear in a greater or less degree, and it is by a skilful massing of these warm and cool colours and breaking of each into the other, in the same way and under the same restrictions as are to be used in the management of light and shade, that a broad harmony of colour is secured and the necessary degree of contrast introduced.

You may, indeed, with a little ingenuity, apply to this subject all that I have previously said on the disposition of lights and shades by substituting the term "warm colour" for "light tone," and "cool colour" for "deep tone," and the exercise will, I think, serve to impress the rules for the management of both usefully on your memory.

So far all is simple enough, but there are several other and more perplexing considerations connected with the subject. Not only is each tone altered in depth by a different tone placed near it, as I have already remarked, but each warm hue is made warmer by a cool one opposed to it, and cooler by a warm one. Each colour throws a halo of its complementary around it. Each colour causes in the eye a tendency to see the complementary of that colour for a time, wherever else it looks, and finally, every colour seen beside another causes a change of appearance in that other colour and is reciprocally changed itself. These phenomena are, however, very striking, only in the case of the brightest colours most strongly contrasted, and this is one reason why pictures wherein the tertiary colours prevail or in which the brighter primaries or secondaries are sparingly used are so much easier of management.

Further into this subject I may not now go, nor do I think that you need go further unless you intend to embrace art seriously as a profession. Even in such a case, I am not at all sure but that the time you might spend in studying such works as Mr. Martell's little "Handbook on the Principles of Colouring," Field's "Painting," in Weale's series, Field's more important "Chromatics," and the exhaustive work by M. Chevreul, useful and excellent as they all are, would not be much better spent in cultivating what is called "an eye for colour," that is, an instinctive sense of the beautiful in colour by studying and learning to appreciate and love the endless beautiful harmonies and contrasts of colour which nature spreads lavishly around you.

Learn by heart the lovely and tender scale of tints in a young birch stem, which starts from silver and passes through cream colour and ivory to the most delicate flesh tints, and so on through softest, palest browns to a rich velvety depth which reminds you of the colour of a dark sealskin fur; or the gradations on the bark of a young oak, which starts with pale rosy grey on the lighted side, and cools down into lilac, and so into neutral grey and on to cold greyish green, with perhaps a blot or two of rich deep golden green to make all the rest look still more delicate. Mark the tender contrast of the silvery green willow foliage, with its pearly grey bark, which itself finds a contrast in the cinnamon-coloured rifts that break it here and there. Try to disentangle the shifting opalescent tints that flash and mingle when the light from an evening sky strikes upon a not too calm sea. Watch for and enjoy all these and a thousand other lovely combinations which nature will show you as soon as you honestly and humbly desire to see them; but, above all, never, if you can help it, miss an opportunity of studying with admiration and gratitude that great storehouse of infinitely varied scales of colour, ranging from the richest flaming crimson, gold, and purple to the palest green and grey, or the most sombre storm hues. I mean the sky at sunrise and at sunset. Do this, and if an instinctive feeling for what is right and beautiful in colour combination is not thus awakened within you, I fear it would not be aroused by all the rules of chromatology or by the most exact consideration of the coloured rays in the prismatic spectrum.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

Two recipes given for removing spots of mould on fabrics—one by first rubbing them over with butter, and afterwards applying potassa moistened with a little water, and then rubbing the spot, when all traces of it will disappear. The other method directs that the mark be first wet with yellow sulphide of ammonia, by which it will immediately blackened. After allowing it a minute or two to penetrate, the excess of sulphide is to be washed out, and the black spot treated with cold diluted chlorohydric acid, by which it is at once removed. Finally, wash well with water. This method is said to avoid the serious objection of weakening and rotting the fibre.

Copying Inscriptions from Monumental Stones.—The copying of monumental stones is a pleasant and interesting amusement. Lay cartridge paper on the stone you wish to copy and rub it with heel-ball, which is to be got at any shoemaker's. The most perfect impression of any stone will thus be obtained. In a few instances, where there is a good deal of incised carving, such as coats-of-arms, floriated work, &c., or where the stone is much jagged and broken, substitute thin, white, glazed calico for the paper, the latter being liable to be torn by the rubbing.

How to Keep Bouquets Bright and Beautiful.—There are many ways of preserving bouquets, some being pretty successful in keeping the flowers for a long time in all their beauty. Here is a new method we have recently met with: perhaps those of an experimental turn of mind will give it a trial. Sprinkle the bouquet lightly with fresh water and put it in a vase containing soap-suds. Each morning take the bouquet out of the suds and lay it sideways in clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flower lightly by the hand with water. Replace it in the suds, and it will remain as fresh as when first gathered. Change the suds every three or four days. This method, it is said, will keep a bouquet bright and beautiful for at least a month.

For Giving a Fine Gloss to Linen Cuffs, Collars, &c.—Add a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely-scraped white soap to a pint of starch.

To Clean Black Ribbon.—Boil an old black kid glove in a pint of water, and let it cool sufficiently to be held in the hand without burning it. If the ribbon is very dirty rinse it two or three times in clean water, then use the glove as a sponge, well washing the ribbon with the liquor in which the glove was boiled. Iron the ribbon when partly dry, placing paper over it instead of a cloth.

A kind reader sends us the following; the result, he says, of fifteen years' experience:—

Recipe for "Medium" for Painting on China.—An excellent substitute for oil of turpentine, and answers equally well; the only difficulty with it is that it takes longer to dry, which, in my opinion, is an advantage, as it enables the colours to be blended into one another more easily, and for a longer time. Dry the painting slowly before the fire, or in a cool oven, as soon as finished. By so doing the colours are less liable to attract lint or dust. By using this medium it is possible to do much more work, by painting the second time if the first painting be dried very slowly, so as not to burn the nature out of the colour. Half an ounce balsam of copaiba, twenty drops of oil of lavender; keep free from dust. Mix your colours same as usual.

Lemon Marmalade.—Peel and quarter the lemons; soak the peel in water, with a pinch of salt, twelve hours; boil the same four to six hours, till quite soft; take out the peel and drain; scoop out the white, and cut rind into thin threads; divide the fruit, take out pips and white, and soak both the latter in the hot water in which the peel was soaked previously; then strain. Weigh the fruit and the peel; add an equal quantity of sugar to them; and to every 3 lbs. of fruit, peel, and sugar (all together), put ½ pint or (if you like it liquid) ¾ pint of the strained water in which the peel and pips were soaked. Boil the whole together one hour, gently stirring and skimming. The above is also a good recipe for orange marmalade.

Recipe to Clean Silks, Satins, and Ribbons.—Take of honey quarter of a pound, soft soap quarter of a pound, soft water quarter of a pint, mix thoroughly. Apply it to the material to be cleaned as it lies on a table, and well brush it, more especially in the soiled places, with a nail-brush; rinse it then by dipping it in cold water, having provided two or three basons for the purpose, and dipping in each one after the other so as to cleanse it thoroughly; then hang it on a line to drain. As soon as the dripping has ceased, iron it on the wrong side. After this treatment it will not be found to look greasy or become stiff after the ironing.

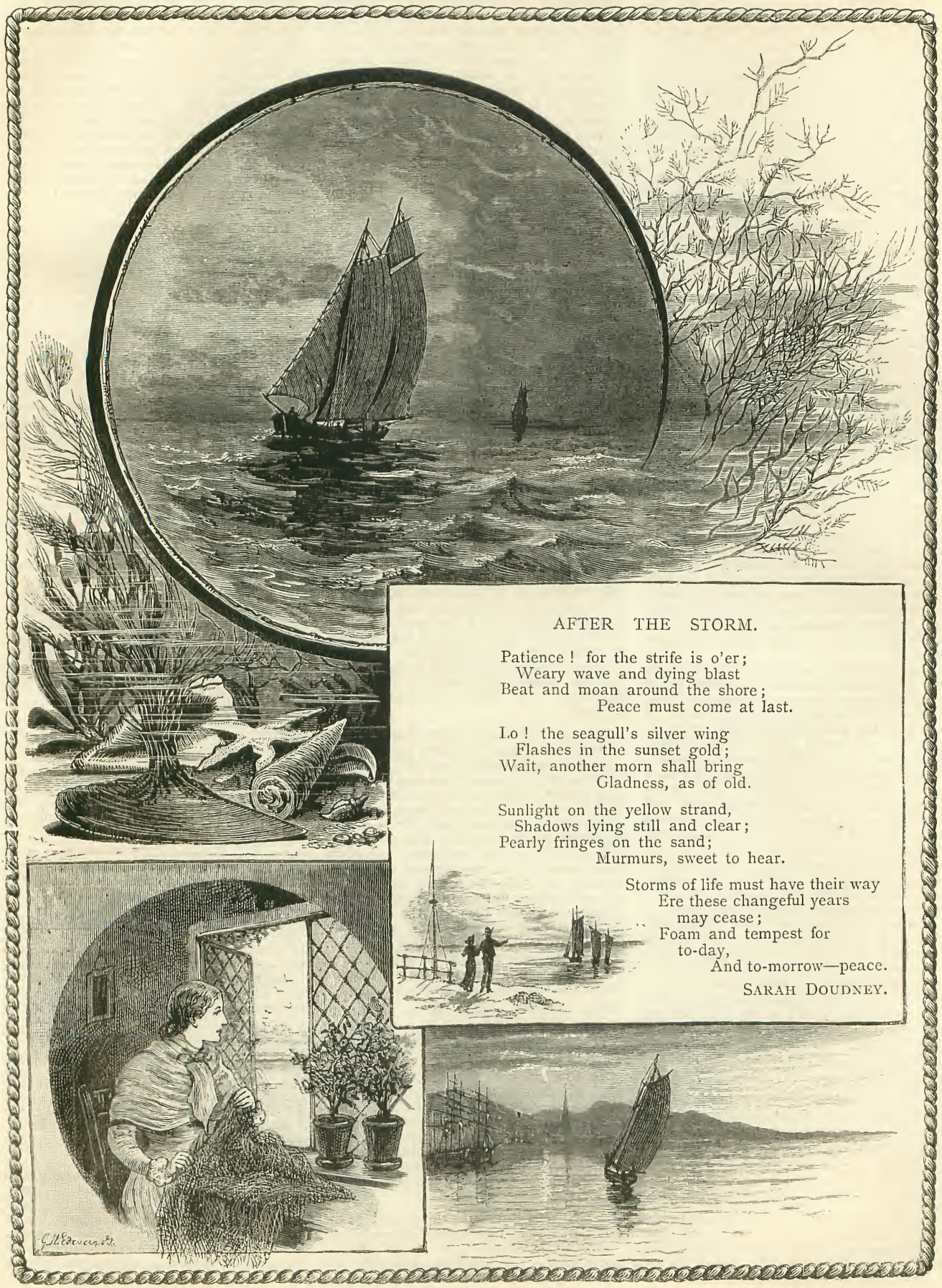
Furniture Polish.—Equal parts of oil and vinegar mixed. It cleans, in addition to giving a polish

Stains on Gold Lace.—Remove the lace from the uniform and boil it (the lace) in hydrochloric acid slightly diluted. The acid will dissolve and remove the verdigris and leave the gold uninjured.

Johnny Cake.—Take of Indian meal, three cupfuls; flour, two cupfuls; sugar, one cupful; carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful; mix all with buttermilk and bake.

Rat Exterminator.—The latest expedient for ridding a house of rats is furnished by a writer in the *Scientific American*, who says:—"We clear our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas, and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with a thick coat of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread we put the crystals of the copperas, and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a squeak of either rats or mice has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the same yellow wash is given to the cellar as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery, or fever attacks the family."

The Best Pound Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, one pound of eggs—weighed before broken—beaten till they froth for about twenty minutes; one pound of raisons (if desired), and one pound of sugar. When well mixed, add half a teaspoonful of milk, and work that in before putting it in the oven.



AFTER THE STORM.

Patience! for the strife is o'er;
Weary wave and dying blast
Beat and moan around the shore;
Peace must come at last.

Lo! the seagull's silver wing
Flashes in the sunset gold;
Wait, another morn shall bring
Gladness, as of old.

Sunlight on the yellow strand,
Shadows lying still and clear;
Pearly fringes on the sand;
Murmurs, sweet to hear.

Storms of life must have their way
Ere these changeful years may cease;
Foam and tempest for to-day,
And to-morrow—peace.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

HOW TO SING IN PUBLIC.

By ANTOINETTE STERLING.

DEAR GIRLS,—Your Editor has asked me to write an article upon "How to Sing in Public." The word *how*, in this connection, has a far-reaching comprehensiveness. "How?" full of significance to some who are in every way qualified to appear in the concert-room. I shall confine myself, therefore, to a few suggestions upon "Singing in Public," trusting they may prove of service to some of you.

Singing in public presupposes a good voice and a considerable knowledge of how to use it properly and effectively. *Less* than this would scarcely be acceptable in the drawing-room when singing before friends; and if your audience consists of those who have taken the trouble to attend a public concert, they are warranted in looking for something *more*. I need therefore say nothing about the formation and cultivation of the voice: these are matters for your master. You have been gifted, perhaps, with a voice naturally well placed and distinctly defined as to its character—something to be thankful for; his work is in this case very much simplified. There is no time lost in forming or "posing" the voice; no anxious uncertainty on your part as to whether it is a soprano, a mezzo-soprano, or a contralto. Undivided attention may then be devoted to its development and cultivation. I fear, however, that much of the natural material which falls into his hands is of a sort corresponding to the cross-grained, knotty wood upon which the joiner must exercise his patient skill.

Your master, then, is—or ought to be—the judge as to when you have reached that degree of development which fits you for singing to the satisfaction of your friends in private, or justifies you in appearing before a large audience. If you have had judicious guidance up to this point, and have done your work conscientiously, singing in public ought not to be fraught with either difficulty or embarrassment.

We will suppose that you have to sing, and that you are thrown entirely upon your own responsibilities. "Shall I be nervous? What shall I wear? What shall I sing?" These questions will rapidly arise in your mind. The fear of nervousness will probably cause you no little uneasiness. Unfortunately it cannot be entirely overcome: the most self-possessed may be overtaken by it under exceptional circumstances. When nervousness arises from insufficient preparation, or from incapacity, the suffering is just, and failure will teach a wholesome lesson. But, so far as each individual temperament may allow, this and all kindred troubles, will give way before what may be summarised in very few words—*Be yourself, and be in your music.* We are what we are. No one's opinion, either for good or evil, can add to or take from your talent. Likewise no dissatisfaction on your part can change the gift which has been entrusted to you. You have only to do *your* best, with no thought of other people or of their gifts. Herein lies your strength before an audience; because there is then no occasion to reflect upon what you might or ought to be: and self-consciousness not only conduces more than anything else to nervousness, but it is a non-conductor of the sympathy which should exist between you and your hearers. If you are conscious of yourself when singing, your listeners will also be conscious of the singer instead of the song. Therefore concentrate your attention upon what you have to say through your song, thinking neither of the audience nor of yourself.

Though music appeals essentially to the ear and not to the eye, it is desirable that your melody should be accompanied by an appearance in every way harmonious. Dress is a question of taste and expense; but whether it be a costly gown from Elise or Worth, or a simple dress made at home, it should as far as possible be the outward manifestation of the inner self—a part of you, in fact. If you *feel* well dressed, it is not of much consequence whether people *think* you are or not, so far as being at ease in your singing is concerned. And, if your dress is in any sense a part of you, there is no more reason for displaying an unnecessary number of new costumes than for the face to present a constant succession of new features.

What is true of dress is equally true of deportment before an audience, whether public or private. There should be no such thing as artificial deportment. Treat the public as you would strangers met in the house of a friend—with dignity, but with frankness. If your manner is in harmony with yourself, it can displease only those whom your personality displeases; and you must not expect to please everybody. Some will understand and like in you that which might estrange others. It is only inoffensive conventionality that successfully evades active dislike.

These, however, are mere adjuncts. Your *singing* is the important thing; for the only legitimate impression made by a singer (off the stage) is that which would be produced could she be heard only and not seen—heart and mind speaking through the voice, divested of all surroundings. In singing, distinct pronunciation is a necessity, and not to make one's self understood is as deserving of reproach as incorrect spelling in writing. The intention must be strong and decisive, otherwise the effect cannot be satisfactory. The clearer your intention, the better your words will be heard. Sing the words as you would speak them, near the front of the mouth. If you experience a difficulty in doing this, you will perhaps find it arises from a false production of the voice—possibly from holding the throat stiff and swollen, so to speak, thinking to produce a "rich" quality of tone. Tone does not come from the muscles of the throat. This apparent richness quickly degenerates into guttural unintelligibility.

Your selection of songs must, of course, depend upon the occasion, but they should always be such as you feel you can do with credit to yourself. At one time, a song which gives pleasure to the *few* may seem most desirable; at another, the *many* may have to be considered. Italian music best lends itself to a display of voice: poetical feeling finds full expression in German and English songs. Do not fancy, however, that a song in a foreign language is of necessity good, and one in English necessarily bad. The Italians, the French, and the Germans all hold tenaciously to their own songs. Why should English people be less national in their love of music? In the days of Queen Bess, England possessed musicians who were the foremost of their time. And one has but to call to mind (among many others) such songs as Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Sweet day, so cool," and Mr. J. W. Davison's "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep?"—beautiful poetry, associated, in both instances, with equally beautiful music—to prove that vocal music of a high character is by no means impossible in this country to-day. English songs are essentially an outgrowth of the English love of English poetry, the instinctive desire to strengthen sentiments which are dear to the people. It is the singer's province to bring these sentiments home to many who may never really have felt them until thus clothed in music. It is also her privilege, and in some sense her duty, to give helpful words to her hearers. Poets and composers may feel impelled to write for future rather than present appreciation; but the interpreter's duty is in the present—one cannot sing for posterity. In choosing songs, therefore, one should from time to time endeavour to reach people of all degrees of culture, forgetting none. If in some cases the music is little more than a vehicle to convey words of cheer or comfort, shall they, because of this, be withheld from those persons who need them? A simple home song with a touch of nature in it, even one which will not bear critical examination, may still give pleasure to some, and thus serve a good purpose. But the subject, great or small, should in all cases be one with which you are in sympathy, or your rendering of it will be unsympathetic. Not unfrequently a song, from its very simplicity, affords scope for, if it does not really demand the employment of higher powers than are required for one of larger proportions. Some artists, whose means are equal to music which they consider makes far greater demands upon their artistic resources, often fail to infuse life into a "simple English ballad."

Hear all the music you can, instrumental as well as vocal. Listening to an artist of reputation is a good lesson, and need not be an expensive one: but listen with discrimination. If you hear an unmusical change made in music that should be safe from such treatment—made perhaps, with a view to creating an effect by sheer body of tone—or a sacrifice of quality to quantity in any way; if, under the guise of a dramatic rendering, you see series of smiles or frowns or shakings of the head which are not the *natural* outcome of the words you have learned what to avoid. Some experience as a listener will doubtless teach you that even the greatest singers have little mannerisms—often a slight exaggeration of really good qualities. This should not, however, cause you to lose respect for a reputation, as its possession implies the possession also of gifts worthy of respect.

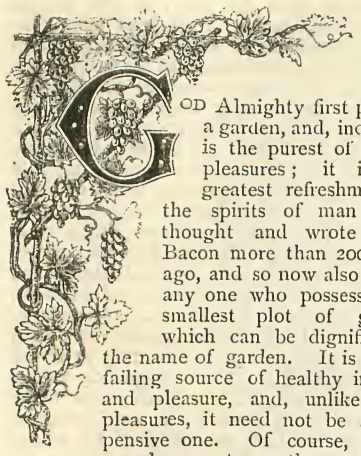
When listening to artists, while endeavouring to assimilate what you can of their good qualities, be careful not to imitate. Emerson says, "The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it because it was natural to him, and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator something else is natural, and he bereaves himself of his own beauty to come short of another man's."

Embrace every possible opportunity of hearing Mr. Sims Reeves. Listen to his pathos, his dramatic power, his tenderness, and his marvellous tone-colouring. Mark especially the variety of colour in his singing, showing how completely the voice obeys the heart and the head, and how perfectly he enters into the very essence of the poetry.

If you have not a strong feeling for words, strive to awaken it. Read the best poetry. Make the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Rubinstein a part of your musical life—they will do much to strengthen your poetical bias; acquire a knowledge of German, that you may enter into them fully. Read Ruskin and Emerson; follow their teachings, for what we are in our singing depends upon what we are out of it. Cultivate children—be much with them. Never repress your sympathies. Give your heart every possible outlet, and your mind every possible inlet. It is by enriching these that your singing becomes of real and living interest. Be *worth* the giving; then give *yourself* to your listeners, in all honesty and truth, for

"*Truth* will stand when a' things failin'."

SOME TALKS ABOUT GARDENING.



GOD Almighty first planted a garden, and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man"—so thought and wrote Lord Bacon more than 200 years ago, and so now also thinks any one who possesses the smallest plot of ground which can be dignified by the name of garden. It is an unfailing source of healthy interest and pleasure, and, unlike most pleasures, it need not be an expensive one. Of course, money can be spent over the garden as well as over the house, but for very little outlay very much enjoyment can be obtained. Two things are necessary—love and labour, which must be bestowed ungrudgingly, for endless is the care and patience required.

Yet what a charm there is in the work and how endeared to us do the flowers become! How often do we hear the plaintive cry, "My poor little veronica is dead!"—overwatered, perhaps, or left in a draught, one day's neglect having killed the object of weeks' solicitude. You cannot exercise too much attention upon your plants, for they will amply repay you. And by living amongst them and studying their habits, their likes and dislikes, their birth and their death, you will learn deeper and truer lessons from the Book of Nature than any reading can teach you. You will see the work of the Almighty in its most delicate form. You will realise the truth that the glory of Solomon was not to be compared to the natural beauty of the lilies of the field. You will see the same wonderful and mysterious laws of life manifested and fulfilled in your plants as in yourself. They have their times of growth and rest as you have; they need air and nourishment as you do; they are grateful for love and thought as you are! They are links in the chain of creation.

This is what Longfellow says:—

"And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

* * * * *

"In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things."

Now having, perhaps, interested you a little in our subject, let us talk more practically. The variation of the seasons is the first thing to be considered: summer, with its long days and warm weather; winter, with its long nights and cold weather; and the intermediate seasons of spring and autumn. The gardener's year properly begins in spring. It is then that seeds are sown, and plant life begins to revive after its long season of inanition. No particular date can be fixed upon which planting and sowing should begin, as in our variable climate much must depend upon the weather and the state of the ground. Night frosts in May (not at all uncommon) will undo all that has been done in April. The earth should be warm and fertile, and the weather "open," before any attempt be made to sow the seeds of annuals that are at all delicate. Hardy annuals may be sown in the ground in March without fear of bad results, but there are some beautiful half-hardy plants which can be safely sown in the open air (without the assistance of a hot-bed) provided the conditions of soil and atmosphere are favourable. These should not be attempted before May, and the thermometer (without which no gardener should be) carefully consulted at sunset, as when it falls the young seedlings must be protected at night. But if this trying spring-time be safely tided over, then summer will bring its glorious wealth of sunshine, and the plants will flourish in all their beauty.

In July and August, during ordinary hot weather, the gardener's chief care must be in the watering of the beds. The best time for this operation is the end of the evening, unless it can be accomplished very early in the morning, before the sun's rays become too powerful.

The water should be given through a "rose" at the end of the watering-pot, and in sufficient quantity to soak thoroughly down into the earth, as mere surface watering does more harm than good. Now is the time for taking cuttings, and all plants which grow very rapidly should be neatly stalked.

Then comes autumn, which is a very busy time. The days shorten perceptibly, and the mornings and evenings are often chilly. Protection should therefore be given to half-hardy shrubs, such as myrtles and fuchsias, to prevent the ill effects of a sudden change in the weather. This is the great time for making such alterations as may be thought desirable, and the transplanting of shrubs should now be undertaken. Keep the beds as neat as possible by plucking off dead leaves and picking up all those that fall naturally by themselves. A garden, with proper attention, may be kept to look gay even until November. Then when the first frosts come, and the last bloom is over, all the dead summer plants should be taken away, and, as the progress of vegetation is now arrested, shrubs and trees should be pruned, a process, like transplanting, which would prove very injurious were the sap still rising. Roses may be planted or moved any time up to Christmas on favourable days. This also is the period for digging and mulching. The ground should be well turned over and exposed to the air; then re-invigorated by digging in leaf-mould, and a mulching of rotten manure laid over the top, round the roots of the rose-trees and other plants that are allowed to remain always in the ground. This mulching protects the roots from frost, and nourishes them all through the winter by means of the rain which soaks through it, carrying with it the nutritive elements of the manure.

Lastly comes winter, forbidding much out-of-door work, and the short gloomy days make one long so earnestly for the first return of the sunshine which will encourage the snowdrops and crocuses to show their little green noses above the ground. In such a frost as in last January of course it is hopeless to attempt to keep anything in the beds, and most perennials which are ordinarily left out all the winter should be lifted, potted, and placed under shelter in a cool frame or outhouse. Thus each season brings its own cares and duties, its hopes and fears—the latter consequent on the ever-changing temperature, about which, by-the-bye, one little word. Do not grumble too much at the weather; it is the gardener's best friend. The rain may spoil your day's pleasure, but recollect that it refreshes and fertilises the earth. The frost may bring chilblains to your fingers, but it kills the thousands of worms and slugs which are always ready to eat up the roots of your flowers. The winter gives the plants a period of rest, and enables them to burst forth into life again with renewed vigour. In the Scilly Islands, where the mean monthly temperature is unusually high (45 deg. to 63 deg.), vegetation is always going on, and no fruit will ripen thoroughly. Geraniums and fuchsias grow to an enormous size in the open air, but at the expense of the flower-blooms; cold is, therefore, as useful as heat. You must stock your garden with those plants which will best flourish in that part of the country in which you happen to live. In the North of England and Midland Counties all tender climbers (tea roses, lemon-scented verbena, passion-flower, &c.) must be exposed on a south wall, and matted up carefully by the end of September. In the South of England much less care is required; indeed, in the Isle of Wight in ordinary winters we take no precautions beyond a good mulching at the roots, as protection, and very rarely lose any of our treasures. Plants in a state of repose are simply withered by the frost, and after a thaw recover themselves again. At first the frost only affects the surface of the ground, but if of long duration it gradually penetrates to the depth of from six inches to a foot, which is the maximum of cold in England. Below the part affected the ground retains its ordinary warmth (48 deg. to 58 deg.), varying very little during the whole year. When snow covers the ground the plants are protected from frost, but when the snow begins to melt the snow-water should be suffered to run off as quickly as possible, as nothing is more chilling to plants than melting or melted snow, the reason being that snow, in melting, parts with its cold, and the water that flows from it is colder than the snow itself. Therefore, hasten the snow away from your beds when, after a heavy fall, the thaw commences. Spring frosts, after a mild winter, are more fatal than any other kind of cold, as they attack the plant when the sap is rising.

After climate comes the consideration of soil, a knowledge of which is most important to the amateur gardener.

Garden soil usually consists of loam of some kind, the consequence of long cultivation. Loam is the result of the admixture and decay of various earths, and is extremely productive. It is the best of all soils as a rule, for it contains a little of everything. Plants, in order to flourish, must derive from the soil certain proportions of silica, salt, lime, phosphates, alkalies, &c., and we can to a certain extent provide the plant with its nourishment by digging and manuring the ground. If your garden soil is good and deep, it may be freely trenched and dug up, as this process favours the deep rooting of your plants. But, if the top soil is shallow, you must be careful how you bring up the subsoil from beneath it, as this is crude material, and may be totally unfitted for planting or sowing. If you have a clayey garden to deal with, you must add farmyard manure and an occasional application of lime. If your soil is chalky apply stable manure, and now and then add some old mud from a pond, which is very beneficial. This soil should not be dug up until softened by rain. Sandy soils are rather hopeless, as their absorbing power is very great. A free application of Peruvian guano is most suitable is such cases. You will now see how necessary it is to understand thoroughly the nature of your ground, and to know what will best improve it. Such knowledge will also guide you in the sowing of your annuals, and in time, after repeated failures perhaps, you will learn the nature and character of your garden, and discover what will succeed and what will not. It is not every plant that will grow in every garden. Mignonette, for instance, is very capricious, and will not tolerate any heavy damp soil. In dry earths it will grow like a weed. Lime, again, in the soil will destroy rhododendrons and other American plants, which require a rich peaty substance

wherein to grow. Many have bought their knowledge by sad experience; but in all cases forewarned is forearmed, and if the climate under which you live and the ground you have to deal with be carefully regarded and consulted, much time and patience may be saved in the culture of flowers. Plants, like animals, require food for their nourishment, and, being unable to move about in search of it, stretch out their roots into the soil for the purpose. Their health and vigour depend upon a full and unfailing supply of the particular foods on which they subsist. These foods are conveyed to them in a liquid state by the aid of water, are sucked up by the roots through the earth, and are carried up to the leaves in the form of sap. But do not err on the side of over-feeding, which is quite as harmful as neglect. If, through an excess of zeal, too much liquid manure is supplied, the plants will be gorged with undigested sap, and bloated leaves will be the result, so nearly allied are the functions of the animal and vegetable kingdom. And it is not only by the roots that plant life is sustained; the leaves play an important part in supplying nourishment. Plants grow by the absorption of water and the fixation of carbon. This latter process is performed by the foliage. Never therefore pluck the leaves from a plant, with the idea that it has got more than can be nourished by the roots, for the leaves are its supports. The nutritious fluid of the plant, like the blood of animals, needs exposure to the air before it is assimilated in the body, and this contact with the air is brought about in the leaf. The green colour of a leaf is owing to the powerful effect of light upon it, so that plants raised in the dark become of a sickly white. Vegetable life is an inexhaustible study, and a little knowledge of its workings is necessary to everyone who possesses flowers, be they in gardens or in rooms.

The following is a list of some useful annuals which will generally succeed in any ordinary garden soil. They are divided into hardy and half-hardy kinds. The hardy ones may be sown in the ground any time during the first fortnight in April, according to the season. Those that are half hardy should not be put into the ground before the middle of May, or even later, if the season is backward. In all cases the seeds should be sown on a carefully-prepared surface from which all large stones have been removed. Sow thinly, and cover with a very thin coat of fine dry earth. If the weather be dry at the time of sowing the ground should be well watered beforehand, after which no further watering will be necessary. The mode of sowing is to make small circles, according to the size of the border, scattering the seeds evenly and not too thickly. An excellent way of protecting the seedlings of annuals is to invert over the small circles where they have been sown flower-pots of proportional size. These may be raised above the soil by means of bits of brick or wood to the height of an inch or more to admit air. In case of severe weather they may be placed down on the surface and the hole covered up. As the plants come up occasional light waterings with a fine-rosed pot should be given, provided that the weather be dry and not very cold nor bleak. The evening is the best time for watering in mild weather; the morning when there is a frost during the night, and the water should be slightly tepid.

1. *Hardy Annuals for April Sowing.*

Calandrinia speciosa (*magenta*).
Campanula Lorei (*light purple*).
Candytuft (Tom Thumb) (*white*).
Clarkia (rosea and alba) (*pink and white*).
Dianthus Heddewigii (*crimson*).
Erysimum Peroffskianum (*orange*).
Eschscholtzia crocea (*orange*).
Godetia (Lady Albemarle) (*crimson*).
Helianthus (the sunflower) (*orange*).
Larkspur (dwarf double German) (*various*).
Mignonette.
Nasturtium (Tom Thumb) (*scarlet*).
Nemophila insignis (*blue*).
Sweet Peas (*various*).
Prince's Feather (*Red*).
Saponaria calabrica (*pink*).
Virginian Stock (*various*).

For the guidance of the amateur the colour of each plant is indicated in italics.

C. D.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"So unselfish," Helen had been called from babyhood upwards by nurses, friends, and acquaintances, and even by her father and mother.

"So unselfish," Miss Nellie had hitherto thought herself, because she was gifted with an open-handed generosity and keen sympathies. She was slowly, painfully beginning to learn from Josephine what a far more wide and wonderful thing unselfishness is than she had ever imagined, and how utterly impossible of acquirement without the help of One with whom all things are possible.

The three companions had been silent for some time, each engaged with her own thoughts, when Helen murmured, with scarcely moving lips—

"I am worrying myself so much about little Harry. I try not, but I cannot help it. Would it be giving you a great deal of trouble to let me send an answer-paid telegram to Miss Rowe to ask how he is this afternoon?"

It need scarcely be said that the petition was granted, although with some fear on Miss Crofton's part lest the news should be bad. Helen dictated the message herself.

"Please let us know how he is. Don't trouble yourself to send more than a word."

Her excitement grew so painfully intense before the answer came that Josephine found even her soothing influence wasted. Indeed, poor Helen could scarcely bear to be spoken to. At last she burst into tears, and said piteously—

"Oh, Josie dear, don't be vexed with me, but please leave off attending to me, and just pray for me, that Miss Rowe's little brother may live. It seems to be all self again even now, you see, but I cannot help it to-day. My head won't let me forget myself."

And after that outburst she said nothing more until Miss Crofton came to her with the open return telegram:—"Slight improvement again. Doctor bids us not despair. Grateful thanks for the inquiry."

This second improvement in the little boy's condition was happily permanent, and from that day he began to amend far more rapidly than before the alarming relapse. But the comfort Helen Edison derived from the answer to her telegram was all she was capable of receiving on that score for many days. The blow on her head proved to be of a far more serious character than had been at first supposed, and when she woke up to consciousness at the end of some days she found her mother installed as nurse at her bedside, and little Rose seated, quiet as a little mouse, on a footstool at her mother's feet, knitting. The pair looked so still, so calm, so grave, that it was quite restful to watch them. But they little knew there was a pair of wide open eyes gazing at them while they bent so diligently over their work. They were finely startled at last.

"Let's have a game with your wool ball, Rosie, before it's all used," said a weak, thin little voice, followed by a weak, thin little laugh, which was repeated at sight of the commotion the simple speech had caused.

The next minute Rose had been gently banished from the room to fly wildly all over the house, even into the kitchens, proclaiming the joyful news that "Helen was well again."

"What!" exclaimed Milly Wilmot, between tears and laughter, "well again all with one jump?"

"Well, getting well," corrected Rose. "But it's all the same, for I heard the doctor tell her mamma that once she took a turn she would be all right in no time, and she has taken a turn now, for she wanted to have a game with my ball of knitting-wool; so you see——"

And whatever Milly might think, her little schoolfellow ran off with the decided conviction that she had come off conqueror in that matter. Meanwhile Mrs. Edison held her child clasped closely in her arms, while she murmured fervently, "Thank God for sparing me my child!"

"And thank God, mamma," whispered Helen, "that He has spared me that I may learn to grow like Josephine."

"Or, as I suppose Josephine herself would say," said Mrs. Edison gently, "to grow to be like her Pattern?"

"Yes, mamma."

Mrs. Edison let her talk no more then, but laid her back on her pillows, gave her some beef-tea, and bade her go to sleep again. She obeyed the injunction so well that morning had faded into afternoon, afternoon into evening, before she again opened her eyes to look round the room. Her only companion now was Josephine, who was instantly beside her when she found that she was awake.

"Have you slept comfortably, Nellie, dear?" she asked, as she stroked the little white hand which had grown so very thin during the past fortnight.

For a few moments there was no answer. Then a sigh came, and Josephine asked more anxiously, "Were you in pain again?"

"No, not in pain," was the quiet reply. "I think I must have slept a long time, very soundly indeed. But for the past hour or more, as it seems to me, I have been dreaming, and dreaming the same thing over and over again, till it got quite terrible, and I felt I would give anything to be able to say the words aloud, to get rid of the sort of muffled sound of threatening in them."

"What words were they, then? Anything very dreadful?"

"They sounded very dreadful to me, partly because they were said so often, and partly because I have thought lately what an impossible command they give: 'Be ye perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect!' On and on and on, Josephine, that text has rung through my brain this afternoon while I have been sleeping. It seemed as though some other voice than my own was repeating it, and as though in grim mockery of my weakness and wickedness."

"Dear Nellie," said her schoolfellow, tenderly, "conscience often does seem like some other person's voice speaking to one, I think. And it is your own fear, you see, which puts in the mocking tone. But, do you know, I think you are beginning to worry yourself rather in the wrong direction now."

"Oh very likely," sighed Helen, rather bitterly. "What ever I do is pretty sure to be in the wrong direction. I know that as well as you."

"But I don't know it," said Josephine, half laughing. "Is it likely that you would be chief favourite with us all if you were *always doing* things in the wrong direction? But, like everyone else, you have been doing some things in a wrong direction, and now you seem to think that you are expected in your own strength to go right. You know our Saviour said, 'Without Me ye can do nothing.' What I think we all want is more faith and more love. You will soon find that loving Jesus Christ is the most wonderful help to doing the things that please Him."

"You love Jesus Christ, Josie?" said Helen, in a low voice.

"Yes, so much!" was the simple, fervent answer, and then the conversation ended, for the door opened, and a mass of golden curls appeared bending cautiously in, and then a pair of earnest blue eyes, and finally, when the blue eyes had discovered that the invalid was wide awake, the rosebud of a face full of an eager air of importance, together with the rest of the dear little maiden came bravely in, and broke into a quiver of delight.

All the seriousness faded from Helen's countenance as she looked at the bright little being.

"Come here and be beaten, you little impudence," she said, laughing. "How dared you run off with that ball this morning? Lift her on to the bed, Josie. There, that's nice! Now, Miss Impudence, it looked to me this morning very much as if you had been stealing some of my mamma's love—what do you say to that, pray, little thief?"

"Oh, Helen!" exclaimed the child, "she is so nice, you don't know! Almost as nice as you and Josephine!"

"Don't I know, indeed," was the gratified retort. "And as to being almost as nice as me, you blind little bat, why she's at least one hundred and fifty times as nice. Even bread and butter is nicer than I am; at least, it would be just now."

Rose laughed and clapped her hands. "How funny that you should say that! Miss Crofton sent me to say that Josephine and I might have tea here if you were awake and would like it. She told me to say 'and if you would not mind seeing us eat bread and butter.'"

"Not if I may share it, certainly not."



ROSIE.

"Ah," said Rose, rather crestfallen, "but that I am afraid is just what you must not do. The doctor said you were not to have anything solid till to-morrow."

"Then he's a solid old humbug, and I've a good mind to swallow all the brass knobs of the bedstead this minute."

"Swallow what, my dear?" asked a bright, pleasant voice in a tone of astonishment.

Helen raised herself with a glad cry, and stretched out her hands—

"Oh, madam, madam, how nice to see you again! I did talk of swallowing the bed knobs to revenge myself on the doctor. But I'll swallow my indignation instead now."

Miss Crofton smiled, as much in gladness at her pupil's recovered strength as at her speech.

"What is the complaint you have against the doctor, lassie? I can assure you that he has been very good and kind to you."

"Maybe, madam," with a doubtful little pout. "But he *is* shockingly stingy on the article of bread and butter."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE RIGHT HAND OF CHARITY AND THE LEFT HAND OF MALICE.—There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands: either with the right hand of charitable construction or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion; and all things so succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself, but to misconstrue a good thing is a treble wrong—to myself, the action, and the author.—*Bishop Hall.*

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

THE central letters read downwards and across will give the name of a country in Europe:—
A vowel, a conjunction, an irregular verb, a country in Europe, a fresh-water fish, to finish, a consonant.

NEW NAMES FOR THE MONTHS.—At the time of the Revolution of 1792, the French adopted a new set of names for the months of quite a descriptive order. They were happily turned into ridicule in the following lines and soon ceased to be used:—

Autumn.—Wheezy, sneezy, freezy;
Winter.—Slippy, drippy, nippy;
Spring.—Showery, flowery, bowery;
Summer.—Hoppy, croppy, poppy.

BURIED NAMES.

1. Of course, the bicycle mentioned in the list is sold by this time.
2. Make haste and come, Valentine, or you will be late.
3. Tell the painter to send me some stiff red paint.
4. Auntie is working a daisy mat for the Bazaar.
5. Will Mab eat rice-cake in preference to sponge?
6. Sir Arthur exclaimed, how ill I am, I fear I shall not recover.

DUET FROM "THE MAID OF HONOURS."—"Where are you coming from, my pretty maid?" "Coming from Girton, sir," she said. "Then I will not marry you, my priggish maid." "Nobody asked you, sir," she said. She was a Senior Wrangler.—*Punch.*

ANSWERS TO BURIED RIVERS (p. 395.)—1. Orwell. 2. Thames. 3. Ouse. 4. Cam. 5. Seine. 6. Stour.

EVIL PUT TO FLIGHT.—Evil is a nightmare; the instant you begin to strive with it, to bestir yourself, it is already ended.—*Richter.*

A SAFE GUARD AND A PLEASANT GUIDE.—He travels safely and not unpleasantly who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

NEW MUSIC.

BOOSEY and Co., 295, Regent-street, W.:—

The First Letter. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy (in two keys).—A first letter from a sailor lad, of which the singer says—

"'Tis the first that I've had from my sailor lad,
There are no fine words of tender passion,
But it's all just expressed as I like it best,
In his own true, simple, honest fashion.
'My dear little girl, I'm so hard and so rough;
And you're sweet and good, and I'm not good enough,'" &c.

Let us hope that love did not blind the sailor lad or mislead him into supposing that his "dear little girl" was better than she really was. This is a charming and simple song, sure to be successful if sung brightly.

The Children of the City. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Stephen Adams (in two keys).—This is a truly beautiful song, the study of which is sure to be profitable. It tells of the unfortunate children of the city, with no one to care for them. In the workshops and in the street toiling for bread, and life seems so hard for them that—

"They lose the glimpse of heaven,
And there seems no better life.

Abba Father, Abba Father,
From their bondage set them free
Abba Father, Abba Father,
Suffer them to come to Thee."

Stephen Adams has illustrated these beautiful words sympathetically and well, and we heartily recommend the composition.

That Sweet Story of Old. Sacred song. Set to music by Theo. Marzials (compass, D to F).—Every girl knows the words, "I think when I read." This simple and familiar hymn is suitably set to music, and forms a composition admirably adapted for Sunday use.

The Cavendish Music Books.—Messrs. Boosey are sure to have a large sale for these books (about thirty in number). Each book is sold for one shilling, and contains thirty-two pages of valuable music—songs, duets, &c., No. 1 Book, for instance, is called "Songs of the Day," and contains ten songs by Sullivan, Molloy, Diehl, Cowen, Pinsuti, and others.

GODDARD and Co., 4, Argyll-place, Regent-street, W.:—

Resignation. Words by Longfellow. Music by Percy G. Mocatta.—Every girl knows the poem—

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;"

and many will be glad to have this suitable setting of it.

Augustus Buhl has written seven short Studies for the strengthening and equalising the fingers of young players; and "a wrist and finger exercise" in a single study, which must be of immense benefit to any one who will carry out the author's advice of practising them from ten to fifteen minutes daily. These exercises are not intended for a beginner, as they require the hand to be sufficiently developed to grasp an octave. The method of fingering each exercise should be carefully attended to, and practised slowly and firmly until quite mastered.

A Romance Sans Paroles. By Henri Stiehl.—The air, which is produced by the left hand, is very smooth and pleasant. The accompaniment is light and graceful and played with the right hand.

LAMBORN COCK, 23, Holles-street, Oxford-street, W.:—

Has sent us four of six musical sketches by Claudius H. Couldery—Nos. 1 and 2 separately, and Nos. 3 and 4 together—all of which are admirably adapted for young players, well fingered and marked, so that, by careful practice, there can be no doubt as to the pleasure they will afford. No. 1 consists of only two pages: an andantino, easy to read, and very sweet.

No. 2.—Another two-page piece, is of a different style, graceful, and well-defined.

Nos. 3 and 4, published together.—No. 3 is in waltz time, and No. 4 is a beautiful slow movement which must become a favourite.

A Gavotte. By H. Fliege.—A very spirited piece in march time, quite military, with its staccato and crisp octaves.

Fragments selected from the instrumental works of Haydn: No. 1, a romance from the symphony, *La Reine de France.* A smooth and easy arrangement in three flats, without any great difficulties either in execution or time.

An Allegretto Grazioso, by Charles Steggall, requiring a little more advanced pianiste and careful playing. The composer has marked the character of each bar most plainly.

A Rondo à la Valse, upon one of Rossini's well known operatic airs, not at all difficult, and well carried out.

Gai Réveillé. By Henri Stiehl.—A brilliant little piece, working up to an accelerando crescendo which will awaken the dullest listener.

Lost. A romance for the pianoforte. By Richard Dressel.—The introduction in the first page prepares for the andantino movement, which is "singing," leaving the player to imagine and arrange her own romance according to the suggestions of the music.

METZLER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.:—

The Language of Flowers (by Frederic H. Cowen) is a much more pretentious composition, capable of testing the high taste and execution of the performer.

Six flowers have been selected: No. 1, the daisy (innocence); No. 2, the lilac (first emotions of love); No. 3, the fern (fascination); No. 4, the colombine (folly); No. 5, yellow jasmine (elegance and grace); No. 6, lily of the valley (return of happiness); each of which is supposed to demonstrate the charac er of its subject.

It is arranged both as a solo and duet for the pianoforte, and, if only as a study for clever reading, will be found useful to the diligent student.

NOVELLO, EWER and Co., Berners-street, W.:—

Pianoforte Solo. Gounod's sacred song, "There is a Green Hill Far Away." Transcribed for the pianoforte by Berthold Tours.—The name, both of composer and transcriber insures a production of more than ordinary merit. The well-known air is treated in a simple and effective style, and is sure of success.

An easy arrangement for the pianoforte of Fritz Spindlar's *Husarenritt.* By Berthold Tours. In the key of D. We can recommend this as being easily committed to memory, and sure to give pleasure.

THE LEISURE HOUR for April, 1881. *The Girl's Own Paper* Office, 56, Paternoster Row, London.

The Sisters. Duet for female voices. Words by Alfred Tennyson. Music by Arthur Sullivan. Surely it is a sign that the magazines issued from 56, Paternoster-row, are keeping pace with the progressive musical culture of the English public when we see in its oldest magazine, the *Leisure Hour*, a duet, the words of which are written by the Poet Laureate and set to music by Arthur Sullivan. The words are taken, by Mr. Tennyson's permission, from "The Sisters," a long poem just published in his new book of "Ballads," and characteristically set by Mr. Sullivan in his usual charmingly-melodious style. Every musical girl who desires to keep herself well informed upon the subject of new music should at once procure the above number of the *Leisure Hour.*

ROBERT COCKS and Co., New Burlington-street, W.:—

To Inez. Words by Lord Byron. Music by H. F. Limpas (B to D sharp). A graceful and superior composition, suitable for a trained mezzo-soprano voice.

J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street:—

Minster Window. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by Ciro Pinsuti (in three keys). An easy, effective song, with a moral which is cheering to a saddened heart. The stained Minster window of martyr and saint soften the heart, for they "show of a sorrow greater than mine."

The Dream. Words by Adelaide Ann Procter. Music by Luli (compass B to F). A pleasant and easy spinning song.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By DORA HOPE.



BETSY'S return was indeed a happy event for the young mistress of the house. The visit home and intercourse with her sick and dying mother had had, as Margaret phrased it, "a chastening effect," and now, with the little brusqueness and angularity rubbed off, the maid was all that could be desired, willing, neat-handed, scrupulously clean, and honest as ever, and it is to be doubted whether Margaret ever again longed for a pretty, refined attendant.

One fault still remained to trouble both mistress and maid, for the latter regretted it almost as much as the former, namely, unpunctuality.

"I can't think how it is, Miss Margaret," she said one morning; "only look at last night, I thought as I was sure to be in time with the tea, and yet before I'd done laying the cloth I heard your pa's knock, and when I finished it off as quick as I could, and run downstairs, I give a look at the clock, and there it was gone seven, and my meat not dished up."

"In future, Betsy, you must come up and lay the cloth half an hour, or even longer than that before the meal, then you will not be all in a drive at the last; there is nothing like being *beforehand* in preparing for everything. You know you take your time early in the morning and afternoon, and then as the meal hour approaches you get quite in a flurry. So try to be quicker early in the day, and get forward

with the work beforehand; that is the only way to be punctual."

"Then you see, miss, perhaps I shall get a a bit too punctual, and have things done too soon, and then they're spoilt that way."

"Quite true, Betsy; that is almost as bad as being too late, in cookery. But if at any time you should have to keep roast meat after it is perfectly done, you can prevent its spoiling by putting it in an old dish on the oven, with a dish-cover over it, and over that a cloth. To keep greens hot you should put them into the colander, leaving the water in the saucepan; then cover them and set the colander on the saucepan, and the steam from the boiling water will keep them quite hot without their getting either dry or sodden. Potatoes are the greatest difficulty; it is almost impossible to keep them hot without their getting discoloured. The best plan is to strain off the water till they are quite dry, then lay over the saucepan first a cloth, several times folded, and then the cover; take off the lid of the boiler, ours fortunately being one which you can open, and stand the saucepan over the entrance in place of the lid. But of course there is no reason for adopting these plans unless papa is late home, or the meal delayed from some such reason. Your part is to have all ready to the minute; if you cannot manage it you must always be ready five minutes beforehand.

"But now for to-day's bill of fare. I am expecting two young ladies to dinner, so as we shall be sitting in the drawing-room, you can lay the cloth as early as you like. We will not have soup; but as fresh herrings are just coming into season, I should like you to boil some, and if you do exactly as I tell you they will be as nice as mackerel. When you have cleaned them well, get a saucepan of water, quite hot, but not boiling. Put the fish in with a little salt, and boil them pretty fast for about fifteen minutes. You must be sure to take them out directly they are done, and serve up in a fish napkin as usual. They will not require any butter, they are quite rich enough without."

"There's no meat in the house but the cold beef, miss."

"No, but it is no use attempting a great meal, so we will make that do. I want you to try some potato-chips to-day. They are perfectly easy, and I will tell you how to do them:—

"Peel the potatoes, and cut them. Give me one and I will show you exactly how to do it. There, you see, I have cut it into slices, as thin as possible, the thinner the better. When this is done, take the small frying-pan and half fill it with dripping, and as soon as it boils put in the slices of potato. Boil them for about five minutes, take them out with the egg slice, and serve directly on a nice hot dish, but do not cover them, as that would take away the crispness. The only thing you must take particular care about is that the fat is hot enough before you put in the potatoes, not bubbling up, but perfectly still, which is the sign of its being at boiling-point. The dripping, of course, can be used again, so you must save it, and put it away in a jar."

"And what pudding will you have, miss?"

"I shall make a small rhubarb tart."

"Rhubarb! why miss, it isn't even showing above the ground down home."

"No, of course what we get now is forced; the garden rhubarb will not be ready for a long time. But the forced is not at all expensive, and will make a delicious tart with a little lemon-peel and juice under a short crust."

Margaret had taken the opportunity of Betsy's return to make one or two changes in the arrangements which for some time she had thought would be an improvement. First, as to the maid's tea and sugar. Hitherto there had been no special allowance of these items, but now it was arranged that she should have a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar per week, to use how and when she chose, which plan proved more satisfactory to both parties. As to beer, she never took anything of the sort, and was still too unsophisticated to ask for money in place of what she never dreamt of requiring; so that Margaret was saved the twopence a day, an extortion to which so many housekeepers feel compelled to grumblingly submit. Even with Spooner she had not paid beer money, as Mrs. Trent had advised her to have a clear understanding on the subject before engaging her.

Then there was the "day out" question. Betsy's father had now come to live in the same town, and Margaret thought it only right that Betsy should have a little time with him occasionally. So it was arranged that once a month, when convenient, Betsy should have a half-day to spend with her father, besides which Margaret arranged as often as she could spare her, to send her out for a walk, frequently giving her permission to spend half an hour with a friend, on condition that she always came back punctually at the time fixed for her return, and as Betsy soon found that the repetition of these short outings depended on her keeping scrupulously within the time, she took care that there should be no complaints about unpunctuality.

A little management was necessary to arrange for the half-days out without inconvenience to the household. Betsy cleared away the dinner with the greatest expedition, and at once laid the cloth for tea. Cold meat was made to suffice at that meal on these occasions, and everything put ready in the kitchen; there was nothing for Margaret to do but make the tea and toast, and bring the eatables up into the dining-room, which, with the assistance of her brothers, was an undertaking she rather enjoyed.

After tea Margaret and her young assistants would carry down to the larder any viands which would spoil by remaining in a warm room; then the family adjourned to the drawing-room, leaving the rest of the clearing away, and the washing up, till Betsy's return; unless, which frequently happened, the young mistress had a burst of kind feeling towards Betsy, on which occasions she would remove the tea things herself, and wash them up too, that her gay handmaid might not find a great quantity of work awaiting her on her return. The only drawback was that callers were sure to choose that very day for coming to the house. Margaret was forced to open the door to them with the best grace she could. If she considered an apology necessary, she at the same time explained how matters really stood, and those whose opinion was worth having thought none the worse of her for her candour.

Amongst other preparations for Betsy's return had been the organisation of a housemaid's cupboard. Hitherto all the requisites for housemaid's work had been kept here and there in the kitchen and pantry; but it occurred to Margaret that a small cupboard under the cistern on the top floor would answer the purpose of a regular housemaid's cupboard, though it hardly deserved so imposing a name. Here were to be kept a pail, dust-pan and brush, hot-water cans, brush for cleaning water bottles, cloths, dusters; in fact, everything that was exclusively for bedroom use. As there was both hot and cold water laid on upstairs, none of these articles had to be taken downstairs, even to be washed, with the exception of the cloths which were to be returned immediately after drying.

It was a little trouble to Betsy at first to keep all the contents of her upstairs cupboard in their place, but she soon came to appreciate the increased convenience and orderliness gained by the arrangement.

It must not be supposed that our young housekeeper's mind was so taken up with domestic matters as to have no interest in pleasure and amusements.

As the Easter holidays drew near she joined with zest in her brothers' excitement, and many were the discussions as to how the week should be spent. Joanna's house boasted but one spare room, so that an exodus thither of the whole family was quite out of the question. Mr. Colville thought that, for himself, two or three days spent quietly at home would be the most refreshing form of holiday, and Margaret declared that under those circumstances she could not possibly go to her sister's, even had it been practicable in other ways.

"For you and Betsy between you would turn the house upside down without me to look after you," she cried, when her father suggested her leaving him.

Thus it was that the two boys set off in high glee, the day after breaking up, to spend a week with Joanna and her husband, whilst Margaret reconciled herself to the prospect of a quiet, very quiet, week.

As she went to her room the night after the boys' departure, she thought to herself, with a little sigh, that now she was indeed settled down into a humdrum old housewife.

"Oh dear! how dull it will be without the boys," she pondered, as she stood brushing out her long rippling hair. "I never have spent such a dull Easter as this is going to be! How different it was last year with Joanna at home, and Arthur Helier staying here, and I, a scatter-brained young ignoramus, without a thought about such horribly prosaic matters as boiling potatoes and balancing accounts. Oh! who'd be a housekeeper! Fancy a whole week of dulness, when everybody else is merry making."

Then, feeling repentant, she went on.

"There, now I have grumbled enough for one evening I consider, and I shall have quite enough to do to keep father from being dull when severed from the charms of business, without getting so myself; and he certainly deserves a good holiday," and throwing him an imaginary kiss, she hopped into bed, and was soon asleep.

The dreaded week passed only too quickly; Margaret had never had her father "all to herself" before, nor had she ever before thoroughly appreciated his companionship and bright clever conversation. Mr. Trent, too, must have shared Margaret's fear lest Mr. Colville should find the leisure days dull, for he came in repeatedly, and seemed to have an unfailing supply of new books and pictures for his entertainment, though, as Mr. Colville remarked privately to Margaret after one of his visits, he must have thought him interested in a strange mixture of subjects, for a large number of the books and magazines seemed much more adapted to interest a young lady than an elderly gentleman, but he supposed he bought anything the bookseller recommended without troubling to look into them.

Easter Monday was the day Margaret had most dreaded; for, as usual on Bank Holidays, the town was not agreeable, being full of holiday makers mooning about and wearing anything but a festive air, though certainly as the day wore on they became decidedly noisy.

Mr. Colville spent the day in a long walk out into the country with an old friend. Hearing of his intention, her never-failing friends, the Trents, insisted on Margaret's accompanying them to the house of a relative some miles away, which was reached by a pleasant drive through pretty country lanes along which the trees and hedges were just bursting forth into foliage, and the fields were dotted with early spring flowers.

Here, far from the haunts of men, one could go one's own way without being con-

stantly reminded that it was Bank Holiday. After early dinner, a walk through the woods was unanimously agreed to. Under a blue sky, the air filled with the songs of birds, and the clear April sunlight, it was hard to realise that it was not already summer.

"I really think spring is the jolliest season of all the year, don't you, Miss Colville?" asked Wilfrid.

"I used to once," replied she, plaintively, "but now I always associate it with that dreadful spring cleaning; however, I suppose you don't know what that means?"

"Oh! don't I? I assure you I am not so ignorant as you might suppose, for anyone who has once suffered from a spring cleaning will never forget what it means. Every article of furniture put out of its proper place and turned quite upside down wherever such a revolution is anyhow possible; meals eaten in any room but the right one, and all for no earthly reason that I can discover, for I declare when it is all over everything looks precisely the same as it did before, neither better nor worse."

"Ah, that is because gentlemen never do appreciate clean furniture and rooms; but I assure you it is the proper thing, or else why does everybody do it?"

But though Margaret expressed so decided an opinion, she was far from feeling equally sure as to its necessity, in her own mind, and determined to consult Joanna on the earliest opportunity as to the possibility of doing without the disagreeable affair.

It had been arranged that Mr. Colville should terminate his walk at Mrs. Trent's house, and, accordingly, soon after the return of that lady and her party, he arrived at the hospitable mansion, and, as Margaret said after they reached home, "Their delightful day was wound up with a still more delightful evening." Mr. Colville was in his most lively mood, and kept the whole company merry, while Margaret frequently enlivened them by some of her sweetly-sung ballads.

Seizing an opportunity when the gentlemen were deep in talk, Margaret whisperingly asked Mrs. Trent whether this alarming spring cleaning were really necessary.

"Well, dear, not to the extent to which some people carry it. If you keep your house clean all the year there is no need for a thorough upset in the spring, though a little extra 'doing up' of the house for the summer is certainly advisable. It is a great mistake, however, to do this until it is warm enough to leave off fires, for the dust and dirt arising from them soon sullies the purity of the most spotlessly 'cleaned' house."

"Oh, thank you; I should never have thought of fires affecting the question at all. There is one other thing I want to ask you about. You promised the other day to tell me of some variety in the way of sweets, and as fruit is still so dear I thought you would not mind my reminding you of it."

"Have you ever tried a prune tart? No? Well I think your father would like it. You must stew the prunes till quite tender; being dry, they require a good deal of water, about a pint and a half to a pound of fruit. Let them get cold, put them in a pie-dish with the juice and a little sugar, cover with a rather thick crust, and bake it.

"The other receipt I spoke of was simply for a good but most economical plum pudding; not that it can be considered a *new* dish, but it is such a favourite with young people I think you will find it useful. It is this: Take of flour, suet, sugar, and scraped carrots each a quarter of a pound; half a pound of potatoes boiled and mashed, and half a pound of currants. For flavouring add a little spice and essence of lemon, and boil it in a cloth for six hours."

"Why, do you know, Mrs. Trent, there is a similar recipe in Joanna's old miscellany book, but I thought it such a repulsive idea to make a pudding of vegetables."

"It is only in idea that it is repulsive, I can answer for the pudding being well received; but now, dear, try and forget your house and its puzzles. My nephew has been frowning at me for the last ten minutes for monopolising you so. If you are not too tired, give us my favourite 'Mary Morrison,' please, and you shall come and lunch with me on my 'repulsive' plum pudding to-morrow."

Thus the days passed by happily enough. Tom and Dick were heartily welcomed home, and their first evening was merry with tales of the adventures and fun of the holidays. As the family separated for the night, Margaret said, with an arm round the neck of each sturdy boy: "Well, father, boys are a great trouble in some ways, but I should not like to be without them after all, should you?"

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

MARIE STUART.—Put one egg less in the recipe, as there may be too much liquid. The oven should be a cool one for cocoanut cakes also. Your writing is neat.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—Inquire at a furnishing ironmonger's for the frying basket. It is a light wire one with a wire handle. If desirous of continuing the acquaintance, recall yourself to his memory by mentioning where you were previously introduced.

F. T.—The oven used for your cake was probably too hot—a cool oven being requisite, as the cakes must first dry a little, so as to turn out properly. Wash the combs in tepid water, though, if cleaned with bran and well rubbed, they really do not need washing, but they take more time in the cleansing.

JEANIE L. M.—Buckmaster's recipe for hotch-potch is as follows:—"Grate coarsely two young carrots, and slice three carrots, three turnips, and three onions; then cut up one lettuce and a bunch of parsley. Take a pint of green peas, shelled, and the sprigs of a cauliflower, and put half the peas away in a basin. In a four-quart saucepan place three pints of mutton broth, and all the vegetables save the peas in the basin, as well as some half-dozen cutlets off the neck of mutton. Let them come slowly to boiling. Add two ounces of rice or pearl barley, and simmer till the meat be ready. Skim, and season with pepper and a little loaf sugar. Boil the remaining peas separately, and add them to the hotch-potch just before serving.

HOUSEKEEPING.

POPSEY.—We have just given full instructions to another correspondent about to be married respecting the house-linen that may be required. As to materials, that for the table should be damask linen, more or less fine; the sheets either of linen or calico, or perhaps linen for the top and calico for the under sheets; and calico sheets and pillow cases for the servants' beds. Huckaback and Russian diaper for the towels, and some Turkish bath towels. Linen for the best pillow-cases.

MAIDEN HAIR.—For restoring a marble chimney-piece read what has been said at pages 223, 255, 511, and 592, vol. i. Your Tudor bedstead, which you say has been already painted, might be made very handsome by means of good "decorative panel painting;" but to pa te pictures over it, in patch-work screen fashion, would be in very bad taste. Had it been of old oak, we should have advised the removal of the paint with emery paper, and a thorough waxing and polishing.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.—Try putting some unslaked lime in the kettle to remove the coating; and, when clean, keep an oyster-shell in it.

ART.

VIDA.—We propose to give some instructions on the art of colouring photographs. Grey hair at an early age might be an hereditary peculiarity, or they may show a need for the strengthening of the general health.

A NATIVE OF HOBARTON, TASMANIA. — Our competitions take place about three times a year, or every four months. If you were prompt in your response, and as the mails take six weeks only, we think you might be in time. Thank you for your kind letter of acknowledgment.

CELIA.—We could not tell you how much it would cost, but it could be made by an ordinary carpenter. Probably the cheapest way of procuring a screen would be to utilise a common clothes' horse, which you might cover for yourself. Your writing is very faulty.

CLARICE.—1. Procure a manual on the subject of painting. You may paint in oils either on canvas stretched on a frame or on prepared millboard, also on panels. 2. The origin of calling the first four weeks after marriage the "honeymoon" is derived from a practice of the ancient Teutons, who drank hydromel, or honey-wine, for thirty days after marriage. Attila, the Hun, died of his excessive drinking of this wine at his wedding feast.

PANSY and FORGET-ME-NOT.—Perhaps an article on leather work may be given.

MUSIC.

BARBITON.—Go to a good second-hand musical instrument dealer. We have lately seen a very excellent violin which cost under 30s. second-hand. We should advise no delay in consulting a doctor.

HAUTEUR.—Unless they had arranged to have music, or you thought them likely to have it, you would not take it. We could not say, unless we know what kind of a performer you are.

EDITH A. W.—We think you could improve yourself much during the winter with one music lesson a week and diligent practice. We know of no method except advertising.

TERPSICHORE.—Read "How to Play the Harmonium," page 472, vol. i. Grease your skates to take off the rust. Your writing is shocking.

G. J.—Your writing is good. We do not give addresses.

FLOSSY.—We do not advise you to sing under the circumstances. As you know nothing of music, we think it extremely likely that you will break down. You spell very well, but write a poor and badly-formed hand.

IRENE HELEN M. and ADA.—Judging from the list of your acquirements, music appears to be the study in which you are most at home, and for which you possess certificates; so we should advise you to try that branch of work, and endeavour to find employment.

MIRANDA.—All the hospitals appear to be glad of magazines and newspapers. The house surgeon is interested in the question sometimes.

EDUCATIONAL.

ECONOMY.—Apply for information on correspondence classes to Miss Arabella Shore, Taplow, Maidenhead.

IVY.—The first step to knowledge is to know your own ignorance. The most learned have been ever the first to feel how small is the sum of their own acquirements; so do not be discouraged by your "profound ignorance." We think that "The Handbook of English Literature," by Angus, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would be a most helpful book for you, and would instruct you how and what to read. You could learn French alone, but you would need lessons in the pronunciation of it.

JUNE.—The "New Companion to the Bible" is especially suitable to your purpose, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 2s. 6d. We could not give advice on the entire discontinuance of your musical studies, unless we were better informed.

BRIC A BRAC.—If the lessons be gratuitously given in a friendly manner, you would probably give pain by offering money for them, but there would be no objection to your taking advantage of the Christmas season to make some pretty acknowledgment.

DOEY.—All maps issued for the current time and suitable for candidates for the Cambridge and Oxford Examinations are to be found in the map shops round Trafalgar-square: one in the square, one at the top of Parliament-street, and a third in the Strand. Your writing is good, but too upright.

GERTRUDIS.—The correct way of writing the French sentences which you quote is "Mon père et moi nous irons," ... "Jouir de ma visite," ... "Jouer aux cartes," "J'y a été pour prendre le thé." We cannot give advertisements. Inquire for the book at your bookseller's, who could procure it. You write well.

STUDENT.—It is quite impossible for us to tell you what an imaginary foreigner may charge for private lessons in modelling.

A LOWLAND LASSIE.—Your question seems so entirely a personal one that we can give no opinion on it, as we do not, of course, know of what value your services are to the managers of your school. The whole question hinges on that.

W. A. S.—Consult Dr. Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," page 118. You will find excellent and clear rules for the use of the letter "h," which he says "ought always to be pronounced at the beginning of words." The seven exceptions to this rule are—"heir, heiress, hour, humour, hostler, honesty, honourable." Your handwriting is clear, but irregularly formed.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER. — 1. We should not advise your proceeding to the Cape without having previously obtained a situation, unless, indeed, you have friends there with whom you could remain. 2. It would be advisable to have your mother's advice.

LIZZIE LEE.—If you apply by letter to the Secretary, H. Bonham Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, W, you might possibly enter St. Thomas's Hospital, Westminster-bridge, to be trained as a nurse, as a Nightingale probationer. You would then receive a rising salary, beginning at £10 per annum, and be supplied with partial uniform, board, and lodging. But then your services would be at the disposal of the committee for a period of four years after admission. You might, if failing to obtain a free entrance here, be admitted at the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn-road, W.C., where probationers are given a salary equivalent to fourteen guineas, rising in time to £25.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAY QUEEN.—The great salt-mining districts in England are in Cheshire, and the principal seats of the manufacture of "rock salt" are Winsford and Northwich. In all ages salt has been used; and its employment is referred to in the Book of Job, vi. 6. Where there are no salt mines "bay salt" is procured, by evaporating sea-water in large reservoirs by the heat of the sun.

BOBA.—The rules for competition are very plain, and are usually understood by those who compete. For a girl of fifteen the handwriting is good, and we appreciate the kindly feeling of the letter.

PETITE (Addiscombe).—1. Blue blood has no reference to venous as contrasted with arterial blood. It is only by a figure of speech we say that persons of high rank have "blue blood in their veins." "Of gentle blood" is a phrase used by Shakespeare, and long familiar. Blue blood is of more recent use. It is probably taken from the Spanish "Sang azul," when the old Castilian families disclaimed any taint of Moorish or other connection. 2. Æsthetic signifies that which belongs to good taste. Like many other words of modern introduction, it is often used in a burlesque or ironical way. As tastes proverbially differ, so does the application of the term "Æsthetic." There is much affectation about "culture" and "high art" in our time, and those who talk most about such things are often very deficient in good taste and common sense. 3. We wish all our correspondents wrote as clearly and as briefly.

ZULU.—Corned beef in tins, if of a good brand, from some respectable firm, is made from the best meat, and is often more wholesome than fresh beef, if that is not of first quality. Sometimes, but rarely, a tin is bad from imperfect exclusion of air in closing, and it is well always to make the retail dealer open the tin when for immediate use. Poor people and servants are usually prejudiced against anything cheap.

GOODY TWO SHOES.—The tinted paper makes your letter almost illegible. Sensible people prefer white paper. The medical questions can only be answered by a doctor, after examination. If the lungs are diseased the treatment would be different from what an attack of pleurisy would require. Removal from the sea would not necessarily be beneficial. It may be colder and bleaker inland than on the coast, as of the Isle of Wight or Devonshire, for instance.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—You will find the information in vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in articles on crewel work.

CAROLINE.—The most suitable dress depends on the figure as well as the taste of the wearer.

MARIE.—A song can always be better sung and better listened to if the performer knows the words and music, and can sing without the usual large music sheet, which seems to cover the whole of the figure, and is always in the way. Madame Antoinette Sterling and many other vocalists sing with the words written on a sheet of writing paper, or in a small memorandum-book. As an amateur, you must be careful to sing with modesty, and with only sufficient declamation to render intelligently to the audience the intention of the song. But, Marie, when you *do* sing, we hope the hearers will be more satisfied with your voice and manner than we are with your handwriting.

BRENDA RONALDSON.—The Editor thanks you heartily for your kind gift of a box of beautiful snowdrops.

F. C. G.—Carbolic soap is more likely to irritate than to cure if left on the face so long. Your letter is very clearly written.

POESIE.—"The old Saturnian reign," in Longfellow's poem and elsewhere, has no reference to the planet Saturn, nor to Saturnalian festivals, but means "the golden age," which, according to ancient mythology, was under the reign of Saturn. The earth is said to have then produced food in abundance without labour, and there was frequent intercourse between gods and men, which ceased in the brazen and iron ages. Astræa, the goddess of justice, who tarried longer than other deities, at last provoked by the wickedness of man left the earth. The only heavenly visitant then left was Hope. In all this legend there is a beautiful tradition of the early days of Paradise, the Fall, and the hope of better days to come through the promised Messiah. "The Saturnian reign" is a poetical phrase for prosperous and peaceful times. As to the Tennyson family, the poet laureate's elder brother, Charles Tennyson-Turner, was a poet of no mean rank. A portrait of him, with memoir and specimens of his poetry, will be found in the *Sunday at Home*, volume for 1876, page 724-28.

SENSITIVE.—The rite need not be in the great congregation, nor by immersion, in order to confirmation in the Church of England. We do not give advice or opinion upon subjects of theological or ecclesiastical controversy. About baptism there are wide diversities of opinion, from the Friends, or Quakers, who recognise no baptism with water, but only with the spirit, to those who deem water baptism necessary to salvation.

K. O. P.—May 20, 1874, was a Wednesday. Latin is useful, though not necessary, in education. It helps greatly in the understanding of many words in the English tongue, and in acquiring the continental languages chiefly derived from Latin, especially Italian, Spanish, and French.

A CARLOW GIRL.—There are boarded covers for preserving the numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Cases for binding cost 2s. 6d., to which a small sum would be added by a bookbinder.

THREE BLIND MICE.—We advise you not to use the remedy advertised, but to trust to diet and exercise. For the etiquette of visiting, see our first volume. A hedgehog is not a suitable pet, especially if on duty as a policeman against the black beetles.

ILL-USED GIRL.—We hardly believe that any lady would shut up a child in a dark room all day without food as a punishment. You ought to be glad to be sent to post letters and to do other little services, instead of showing temper on such occasions.

PINK and BLUE.—Both unusually clear and good, though so different. Some would prefer the pink, and others the blue as more marked in character. For keeping a kettle free from fur a couple of white playing marbles may be used. Some coarse sawdust is said to guard even large boilers from any incrustation. Hops are also said to be effective, but for drinking or cooking purposes something must be used at once tasteless and not needing filtration.

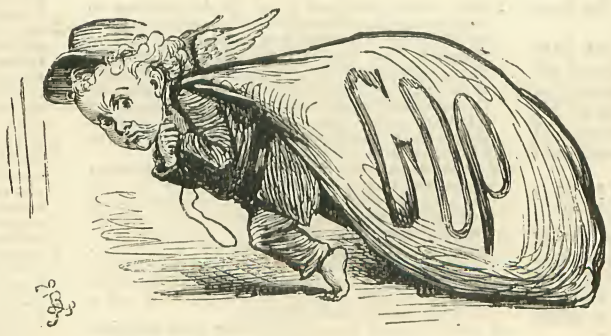
PUSSY.—Garibaldi's chief claim to honour is his helping to free Italy from foreign power, and destroying the despotic rule of the King of Naples. The Boers in the Transvaal are fighting for independence. British rule would interfere both with their own ways and with the treatment of the native races. The causes of the South American Wars it would take longer time to explain.

ADA E. T.—Wear the cape as it is. If good lace, the yellow hue of age only makes it look better. Drape round the neck in folds, caught up in front and behind with ribbon bows.

AMY.—Perhaps brushing your hat with a damp brush may restore it in some measure. We are glad to hear our papers have been of so much service to you. Your writing is beautiful for your age.

DIANA.—How happy we should be if we could help our many correspondents to earn some money! But we think you are well off as you are learning to earn your livelihood, and it is better to do one thing well than to attempt too much.

FLORRY.—THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER was commenced in January, 1880, and the bound volume can be ordered through any bookseller from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.



"OH, THOSE GIRLS, TO THE EDITOR DEAR,
WILL KILL HIM AND ME IN TIME, I FEAR."

TWEEDSIDE.—As your parents are Scotch, you must be Scotch too. Your writing is very pretty.

TERPSICHORE.—The largest letter in a monogram is usually that of the surname, the next in size that by which the person is called. "A. E. G." is the monogram, "G." being the surname.

MELISSA.—We fear you will not succeed with your beaver hat, and should advise having it re-dyed by a proper person.

DAISY-EYED SUNFLOWER.—Gold and silver bracelets are both "worn at the present day." Judging by your writing we suppose you are a very little girl; and if so, your hair may hang down at the back, and the front hair can be drawn back over it, and tied together with a ribbon bow.

DOLORES.—Say, "Between you and me." You write a very good hand; and we offer our best acknowledgments to the "Père et Mère" for their kind message of approval of our paper.

MARY.—You wish us not to repeat your questions, which makes it difficult to give an explanation. Your whole sentence is incorrect, and does not keep up throughout "correspondence in time;" "You were naughty when you broke," &c., would be correct. "Do not disappoint me after having promised," &c., is also correct. Study the various tenses of the regular and irregular verbs; and be careful not to write half the sentence in one tense and the remainder in another.

MANX CAT.—Whether or not you should knock at a door before entering depends on whose door it is, and who you are. At any other person's bedroom door you should always knock; or at the door of a study, where privacy is desired. But you need not do so at a dining or drawing-room door.

BO PEEP.—The method of making the paper rosettes you require is too complicated to be explained without demonstration. Your writing is not yet formed, but promises tolerably well.

ANTIE.—Of course if your father be gratified by your writing verses from time to time, you are right in giving him pleasure. But, as you say, the specimen you have sent is not strikingly like the style of Lord Byron, nor of the Poet Laureate. With the pious feelings expressed we must warmly sympathise, but advise you to improve your composition, by counting the feet in each line, placing the emphasis (or beat) in the right places, and attending to the rhymes. "Thoughtful" and "out" do not rhyme very successfully together, and you should not repeat the same word to rhyme with itself.

MANCHESTER.—For directions respecting the cleaning of black silk, we refer you to page 463, vol. i.

CARLIEU wrote a very good hand when she penned her letter of November 5th. The variations in her writing from day to day may be consequent on the change of her pens. 2. We advise you to take your swimming lessons in the summer, in preference to any of the other seasons, as you are tempted to remain in chilly water much longer than is good for your health.

THOMASINA L.—The term "crewel" is a corruption of "clewel," from "clew," a ball of thread, or "the thread that forms the ball." The English term "clew," or "clewel," is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *cleow*, a ball of thread. To guide people who become confused in the mazes of a labyrinth, a ball of thread, otherwise called a "clew," was employed, which, unwinding as they went formed a guide to them to find the spot where they had entered. Your writing is fairly satisfactory.

C. A. DE LYNDESYE.—Barbers used to act as surgeons in former times. The striped pole which they have long adopted as their sign is emblematic of their original profession. The gilt knob at the end represents the brass basin, the pole a staff held by the person bled, and the spiral ribbons painted round it the two bandages employed on that occasion.

AUTOGRAPH.—The idea that the month of May is an "unlucky" season for marriages is derived from an ancient Roman superstition, and is mentioned by Ovid. The feasts of the dead were held in this month, and perhaps such a time was thought unsuitable for so different a kind of ceremony.

ALPHA.—Personal application will always prove the most satisfactory method of obtaining any situation or employment.

GYPSIE.—If you wish to wear natural flowers when in mourning white ones would be the most suitable, or a bunch of violets. Your writing is too upright.

THREE FRIENDS.—We prefer Amy's writing. Alice promises well, but her hand is not quite formed. That of Gertrude is cramped. She should practise making graceful flourishes so as to arrive at a more free and flowing style.

*** The Editor begs to announce that in the next monthly part for May two new serial stories by Alice King and the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "A Sister's Love, &c.," will commence. Also that particulars of new Prize Competitions will be given. Our girls are asked to make this known to their friends, in order that new subscribers may commence to purchase the magazine with the right monthly part.



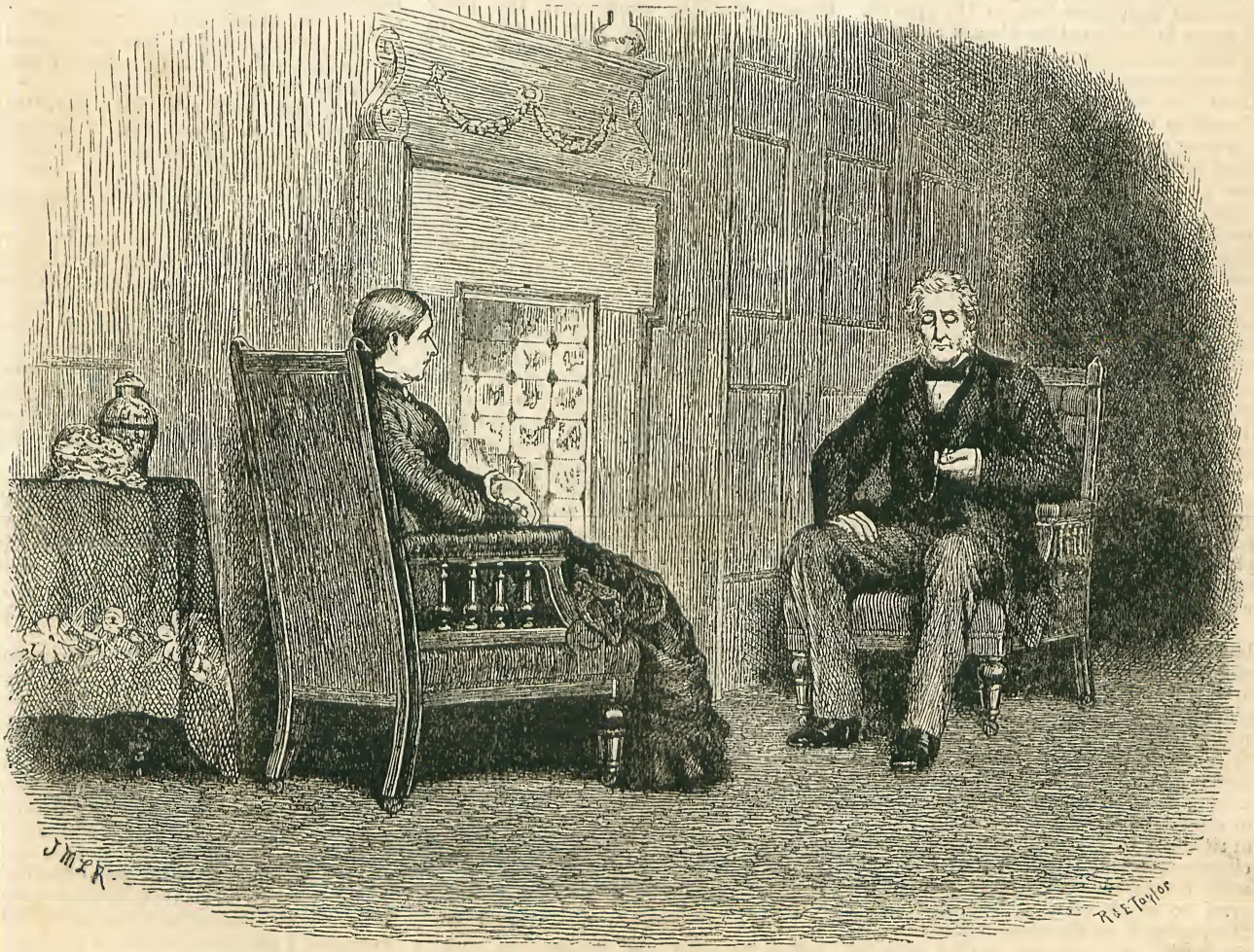
VOL. II.—NO. 66.] APRIL 2, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

BY

ALICE KING.



[*All rights reserved.*]

"'HOW LATE THEY ARE,' SAID THE OLD GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER I.

ONE evening in late autumn, when the rain was falling in short heavy showers and the wind was bounding with a shout over field and leafless woodland, two carriages, coming from entirely different directions, were driving along muddy country roads towards an old-fashioned grey house, that stood in the midst of wide gardens and shrubberies, whose prim arrangement told that they had been laid out and planted in days now long gone by. In each carriage sat a very young lady, and, strange to say, in each of these young ladies' minds exactly the same question was being repeated over and over, till the very hoofs of the horses and the sound of the wheels and the raindrops, pattering against the window of the fly and dripping from its roof, seemed to be re-echoing it, "What will she be like? what will she be like?"

The occupant of one of the carriages—the one which had come from a little distant country station—was a slight, graceful girl, with a very pretty face, a face that had something of the sparkle of water in the sunshine always about it, in the lively intelligent, brown eyes, and the smiles which were often flickering about the red mouth, and the bright, changeful colour on the cheeks, which was ever ready to come and go fitfully, often telling many a secret about what was going on in the heart and mind within. When this face was in repose, there was a certain resolute look in the firm way that the lips rested one on another, that gave the idea that the young lady might have a will of her own; and when she was excited about anything there was a flash in her eyes which suggested that the young lady might have a temper too. Even her very movements, as she sat there alone in the carriage, told of energy of character; one or two of the parcels she had with her were shaken by the jolting over the uneven country road off the back seat, and she picked them up in a quick, petulant way, and put them in their place with a little shake, that seemed to say she was determined they should stay where she had placed them.

The girl in the other carriage, which had only come from the station in the neighbouring town, appeared to be cast in a very different mould. It was a placid, good-tempered face, but a face without any decided beauty of feature or expression, which looked out from beneath the black hat ornamented with a long white feather; she was dressed in deep mourning, but mourning which, in richness of material and fashionable elegance, seemed to tell that she who wore it was not too deeply plunged in grief to think of what was becoming. She lay back on the cushions of the carriage with a contented, rather indolent air, and never once took the trouble to look out of the window to catch a glimpse in the twilight of the country she was passing through; her chief interest, and that was shown in a quiet, languid sort of way, appeared to be in preventing a drop of rain from finding its way through the fly windows on to the handsome fur mantle in which she was wrapped, for the evening was chilly as well as wet.

"Ella Ringwood," so ran the thoughts of the pretty girl with the face like rippling water, for to her we will now return; "what a nice sound there is in the name! I do hope she will be tall and dark, and something like an Italian lady; I never saw an Italian lady certainly, but then that is how I have always pictured to myself all the great women in Rome and Milan I have read about in the history books, and I want her to be like it. Did not someone tell me she got her pretty name of Ella from an Italian duchess who was related to her mother? Yes, I am sure they did, and that is then what she must be like. I do hope she will be fond of music, or reading, or drawing, and very enthusiastic about whichever she has a taste for; if she is not she will be dull, and then I shall be quite sure to quarrel with her, which won't be nice at all.

"Oh dear! these fancies about my new companion are putting everything about the old place out of my head already. I am forgetting all about the pony and the flowers and the cows—yes, the pony and the cows and the flowers are the only things which will miss me. If aunt and uncle and cousins had cared for me more, I should not forget so soon. What a good, sweet thing it must be to have a deal of love around one; if only father and mother had lived long enough for me to remember their faces;" and tears rose up and filled the clear eyes. "Poor Ella, she has just lost her father; how sad she must be, and how kind that ought to make me be to her! but I never am kind when I ought to be, that's certain, though if anyone else should say it except myself, I daresay I should not be very pleased with her. How I do wish I were better than I am, but I see no chance of it, till I get someone to show me the way."

Now let us peep for a moment into the thoughts of the other young lady. "All that I hope is that she will be peaceable and quiet," so ran her reflections in a tranquil stream. "If she's always wanting to be routing me up like that horrid French teacher at school did, now calling me to take a long walk, and now wishing me to read some hard book, she will be simply insufferable, and I shall shut myself up in my own room all day; I can always do that, and I shall be quite sure to be comfortable if I can only have an easy-chair and a fire; those were things which we never had in our bedrooms at school, but they are what I am determined to have now. I wonder whether she will be good-looking? I should like her to be, for I like seeing pretty things, and I should enjoy having a pretty face always near me; but I expect she is short and fat and red-haired and plain; I don't know why, but I have a vague notion that that is what she will be like. Well, it's not worth the trouble after all of wondering so much about her, for I shall soon see her," and she settled herself in a yet more easy position in a corner, and drew her warm cloak a trifle closer, and closed her eyes.

But enough about the young girls. We will next take a look into the house to which they are going; we shall have plenty of time, while they are jolting over the mile or more of road which lies before them before they turn up the avenue. In an oak-panelled room, a room which, doubtless, beheld hoops and patches pass in and out when hoops and patches had their day, sat a lady and a gentleman. They were both elderly and there was between them that shadowy likeness in face, in voice, and even in their way of moving about and expressing themselves, which we often see between the members of the same family; they were evidently brother and sister, and not husband and wife. Yet, though they were alike, there was a marked difference in their appearance. They had neither of them friendly faces, faces that would make anyone in trouble or difficulty go to them for comfort or advice. So far there was a perfect similarity between them, but in one thing they were not at all like each other—the man's features were cold and stern, the woman's were full of restless activity.

"How late they are," said the old gentleman, looking at his watch. "I sha'n't wait dinner for them; six-thirty is my dinner hour, and at six-thirty I shall sit down, six-thirty sharp, whether they are come or not."

"Oh, Matthew," cried his sister, "we can't be so uncivil to such a young lady as Miss Ringwood as to sit down to dinner without her. The other child of course does not matter in the least, but she——"

"But she," broke in her brother, taking the words out of her mouth, and turning them as he pleased—"but she is a rich heiress, who must be treated with all manner of respect; and it is just because she is an heiress that we bother ourselves at all with such uncomfortable bits of goods as two girls, and just because we like the increase made to our income by what we are allowed for taking charge of her. It's always as well to speak out the truth at once, Nancy, especially when we are sitting together by ourselves."

"Matthew, you always put things in such a coarse, plump way," said Miss Nancy, bridling angrily. "I hope you won't do it before Miss Ringwood—I'm sure she won't like it if you do."

"I am not going to let Miss Ringwood or Miss anything else put me one inch out of my way," growled the old gentleman. "It was your covetousness, Nancy, that made us think of having two such inmates, and now you have got them I wish you joy of them; all I have to say is, that I won't have one single thing which I am concerned in changed in the house for them—no, not so much as the standing-place of my arm-chair. I always hated visitors, because they force one to alter one's ways; so from the very first I am going to put a stop to all encroachment of that sort."

Miss Nancy made no answer to this speech, nor did she seem to pay much attention to it; those who live near a waterfall get so used to its roar, that they sleep through it soundly, and perhaps it was from some such cause that Miss Nancy often appeared to heed very little certain words of her brother.

"I expect Miss Ringwood is a handsome, commanding-looking girl, such as her position requires her to be," she began, following calmly the course of her own reflections. "Now Ruby Stanton will, no doubt, have all sorts of sly, creeping ways, as people always have who have lived in a house in the situation she has. Don't you go and spoil her, Matthew, just because she makes up to you with a few buttery words, and soft, sneaking ways."

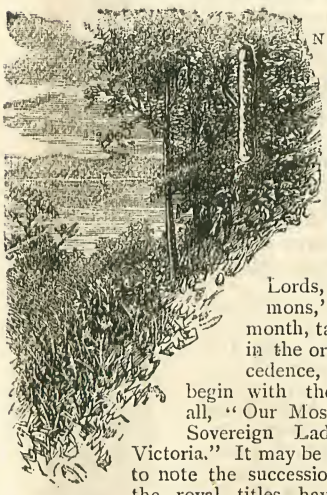
"I shall do just as I please," retorted the amiable brother in his usual key. "I shall——"

But here the conversation was interrupted by the sound of wheels on the gravel outside.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.



In the first article on this subject I briefly glanced at the general constitution of England—"King (or Queen) Lords, and Commons," and this month, taking them in the order of precedence, I must begin with the head of all, "Our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria." It may be interesting to note the succession in which the royal titles have swelled since the time of Henry IV., "Grace" and "My Liege" then being conferred on him. "Excellent Grace" added in 1422. Edward IV. was styled "Most High and Mighty Prince." Henry VII. and VIII. were variously styled "Highness" and "Grace"; but on the memorable Field of the Cloth of Gold the French King addressed his Royal brother as "Majestie," ever since retained, with the present addition made by James I. of "Sacred" or "Most Excellent Majesty," but it was reserved for the later years of Queen Victoria's reign to add yet one title more, and in the year 1877 Her Majesty was proclaimed "Empress of India." The present line of succession to the Crown was regulated by an Act in the reign of William III., by which the Roman Catholic branch of the Stuart family was for ever excluded from reigning; neither can a marriage be contracted between any member of the Royal Family and a Romanist. At the time of our Queen's engagement to the late Prince Consort the subject was under discussion, and Lord Lyndhurst, in a speech in the House, reminded the nation that there could never be a question as to the legality or not of an alliance with a Romanist, as such a marriage necessarily involved forfeiture of the Crown, and if the Heir Apparent were to contract such a marriage he would from that moment forfeit his position.

"The King never dies" is a very old saying, the explanation of which may be found in the fact that when the official announcement is made of the death of the Sovereign, the successor is at once publicly proclaimed. Some of us can remember that lovely summer day when a vast crowd assembled in the courtyard of St. James's Palace, and there watched for the moment when a young fair girl, dressed in deep mourning, appeared at the open window, and the heralds proclaimed aloud the royal titles of *Victoria, Queen of England.* In the following year she was solemnly anointed and crowned in Westminster Abbey, according to the Divine institution, and her person is for ever sacred. The maxim of the law is that the sovereign can do no wrong; that is, cannot be responsible for any act, as of course there is no human tribunal competent to call him to account, and no admission upon his part can be taken advantage of. Certain rights, belonging exclusively to the sovereign, are often spoken of as the prerogative of the Crown, and these include pardon to convicted offenders, the creation of all titles of nobility, the gifts of all civil and military orders. Besides the multiplicity of other State documents, every commission in the army bears the royal signature, by which my readers will see that the duties of our Queen are not a mere sinecure, but that many, many hours of her life must be devoted to real business often of a very uninteresting description.

The taxes forming the revenue of the kingdom and the rental of certain estates throughout the country, which are called Crown lands, are collected into the funds out of which large sums have to be paid for the support of the Royal household and the dignity of the Royal state, and from this source the expenses of keeping up the army, navy, &c., are supplied. The Queen has another title, that of Duchess of Lancaster, and as such she receives the rents of the Duchy of Lancaster, and they are not paid into the national funds.

The State ceremonials and the many old customs attendant thereon would provide material for an article to itself. The Lords should next demand our notice, and the roll of peers is now over 500, in which are included the five Royal Princes (the Prince of Wales and his three brothers and the Duke of Cambridge). Since their union with England, both Ireland and Scotland have representative peers in the National Assembly: 16 Scotch, who are elected at each new parliament, and 28 Irish, who are elected for life. The Sovereign can add to the number of English peers, *ad lib.*, and such elevation is often the reward of illustrious generals in our army or distinguished statesmen. But a peer of Scotland is no longer created, and only one Irish peer when there have been three lapsed peerages through the failure of any heir. Twenty-four bishops have a seat in the House of Lords, besides the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Primate of Ireland.

On the creation of a new peer there is a quaint ceremonial connected with his first entry into the House which may amuse my readers.

At the appointed time the Lord Chancellor, who is the President of the Upper House, as the Speaker is in the Commons, takes his seat on the woolsack (of which more hereafter) with robe and Chancellor's wig, and mace by his side; a few peers in ordinary morning dress are on the benches, when through the doors at the lower end of the House a small procession advances. First a herald in quaint dress precedes the Duke of Norfolk, Marshal of England, following the Usher of the Black Rod, and the newly-created peer comes next between two supporters, and peers of older standing, all wearing their scarlet robes. Passing round the House, all make low obeisance to the Chancellor and to the empty throne; then, advancing to the table, a clerk reads the style and title of the new peer, who signs the roll, and again the little procession walks round the House, and then the three peers take their seats on the lower side of the House; each of them puts on a small cocked hat, and three times removing it as they bow low to the throne, the ceremony is over and the procession leaves the House. The scarlet robes are set aside, and they appear in their places in usual attire. The peers never wear their robes in the House except on this occasion, and when Parliament is opened by the Sovereign in person. The distinctive marks of a peer's rank are the bands of fur on his robes, and the bright new shade of the cloth betokens new creations, as of course they are hereditary, and their antiquity is their special value.

I have no doubt my readers will feel curious about the Lord Chancellor's seat being called the woolsack. It is best described as an ottoman, having neither back nor arms, no luxurious change in its shape having been made since its first introduction, which dates from the time of Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth, some difference of opinion among historians existing upon the point. From the "Lives of Lord Chancellors" we read that in an Act respecting the precedence of the Lord Chancellor it is stated that he should "take his seat upon the *uppermost sack* in the Parliament Chamber, called the Chancellor's woolsack." Others state that when an Act of Parliament was passed in Queen Elizabeth's reign against the exportation of wool from this country the Chancellor took a sack of wool for his seat as a memento of the Act. It is also known that in the earlier days of history sacks were placed for the members to rest upon, and no doubt, wool being the staple commodity in England, it was chosen as the seat of honour for the President of the Council; but I think its official recognition and establishment may be reckoned from the reigns of the Tudor Sovereigns. Upon one memorable occasion during the present century, during the great debate on the Reform Bill, Lord Brougham in an ecstasy of enthusiasm threw himself upon his knees on the woolsack at the close of his own speech.

Curiously enough, when the Lord Chancellor would make a speech he cannot do so from the woolsack, but has to move to the top of the dukes' bench on the left of the throne, he taking precedence of all temporal peers, save Princes of the blood royal. History explains this by saying that in olden times the Lord Chancellor was not of necessity a peer, and therefore had no right to a seat in the Lords' Chamber, so the woolsack was brought in, but is still according to law no *part* of the House, and therefore a speech cannot be made from it.

The peers have some privileges which do not extend to other persons. They have the right of audience with the Sovereign upon any occasion. A peer cannot be arrested for debt, and by his brother peers alone could one of their order be tried for felony or treason. In the House of Lords a vote may be given by proxy as well as in person, a privilege not accorded to the Commons; and in the details of any debate in their chamber a slight difference is perceptible. As I have before said, all alteration of law, or introduction of any new bill, must originate with Parliament and receive the assent of the Sovereign; there is, however, one exception to this rule. Should it be the in-

tention to pass an Act of General Pardon, this must be an original act of the Crown, who sends it to the Houses of Lords and Commons, where, after being *once* read, it is passed.

The old French terms are still much used in official documents and announcements, and the Clerks of the House may still be heard to say, "La reigne remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur bénévolence et ainsi le veult," when a Bill of Supply has been granted on the occasion of some allowance to any member of the Royal Family, &c., &c.

As a rule the debates in the House of Lords are less frequently of the exciting nature of those in the Commons: the reasons are many. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has his place in the Lower House, and there the great financial question of the Budget is discussed. The members of the Lower House are chosen from every phase of political opinion, and thus arise discussions on points which would receive unanimous support in the Lords. But great orators are alike to be heard in each House when some great event of national importance is before them.

RACK-FRAME KNITTING.

UNDER this new name I am not going to introduce to you any novel work. A look at the illustrations will show you at once that you are familiar with a few of them. You have all made, or at least heard of, this kind of knitting as scarf or frame-knitting, which is, in fact, its trade designation. Neither term, however, conveys a fair idea of the work; there is another sort of frame used for the same purpose, and scarves too can be done as well with needles as with pegs. Moreover, with the latter other things besides comforters can be turned out; therefore to the uninitiated the trade-appellation is perfectly vague. Now, being rather old-maidish in my ways, I am most particular to have a place for everything and everything in its place, and for the same reason I like outspoken things, which lead to no indecision or equivoke. "A spade is a spade," that is my motto. Hence, for your better enlightenment, I have coined the speaking title of rack-frame knitting. I had first thought of calling it *peg*, but this would not have been so precise. Pegs take different shapes and may lie in different sorts of rows, while a rack is even one of the toys of a baby, and our frames have the pegs set in just the same straight way.

You see that in the most trivial matters a little thought and trouble are always indispensable; never forget this if you want to do your duty and to succeed in the world. The new title explained, I must tell you why I considerd such easey work sufficiently importwant to rite a paper upon. I acknowledge that for a long time I looked upon the occupation as a childish pastime, but one day, being very ill and unable to see, to think, or even to bear the slightest sound, I listlessly took up a frame which happened to be near me, and almost unconsciously wound the wool round and round until, behold! I saw that I had got through quite a good piece of knitting! This surprise rather roused me up, and gradually I seemed to feel better as the work proceeded. How true it is that the best solace for physical and mental depression lies in some *trifling employment* which will divert our thoughts from our sufferings and prevent the hours lagging so wearily! Indeed I believe the rack-knitting is just the very thing for elderly ladies and invalids, it does not call for any attention or good sight, so large are its wooden spikes and so thick the wool. It has also another advantage: it can be made in a recumbent position, either with the right or left hand, and requires but little motion, and that only from the elbow.

Mark well that when I said invalids I did not specify ladies, for I think the frame will be quite as much a boon to the infirm or rheumatic man, and not less so to the boys during the long winter evenings or wet half holidays, when, for want of something to do, they drive the whole household nearly out of their wits. I really wonder that in these days, when so much is astir for the distraction and improvement of our boys, nothing as yet seems to have been done to give them a love for some quiet fireside pastime, which, keeping them at home a little more, will preserve them from the society of bad companions, and later in life from the inducements of the publichouse. I have well studied the subject, and have been struck by the difference between the homes of idleness and those where father and sons take to some little hobby, such as fretwork, knitting, &c. The Kinder-garten system has this very end in view; unfortunately it is not sufficiently followed, specially in the lower classes. Anyhow I strongly advise mothers and sisters now and then to induce their sons and brothers to share their occupations, were it only for peace' sake. I have generally found boys very much delighted with the framework, particularly as they had no tools to buy for it, and with a little coaxing they will manage a very fair piece to help you on. Therefore to the invalid, the blind, and the young of both sexes the work may prove useful

Like everything else, this knitting has a drawback; no attempts seem to have been made in England to extend its application beyond mufflers, nor to greatly diversify the stitch. Yet, as shown by the illustrations, there are many innovations to be brought in, and no doubt when once the class of workers whom it specially benefits will have taken it in hand, they will soon discover fresh and pretty modes of turning it to account. I have never tried it, but it occurs to me that the braid for bath towels might readily be made on the spiked frames in any width, for although from twelve to thirty pegs are current in the trade, any size could be ordered of a turner.

As I told you, the work is very old, and in all our grandmothers' workboxes might be found a small ivory tube fitted with pegs. This tiny instrument is the origin of the frame-knitting, and by schoolgirls it is replaced by a more primitive tool—the reel.

The cut represents a cork, another thing always ready at hand, but I far prefer the machine reel as being so much firmer; besides, the hole is already bored, needing only widening to the required size. The cork or reel prepared, you have but to fix in the four or six pins or needles, which serve as tiny posts on which to twine the stitches. Now, with a bit of wool, silk, narrow braid, or whatever you have at disposal, lay the foundation round, thus:—Pass the wool from left to right at the back or inside of the poles, twist it round one peg, pass to the next, twist again, and repeat for the remaining two or four. You have now fastened a loop on each pin. In the second circle, do not coil the wool round the pegs, but merely hold it in front, with the left hand, and make it secure at each post by lifting over it, with a large pin, the loop of the first circle. Work thus, round and round, always keeping but one set of loops on the pins; little by little you will see your small tube-chain emerging down through the hole of the reel; continue till you have the length desired. Fig. 1 shows the work mounted on the cork, and fig. 2 the pipe in course of execution, though very much enlarged.

Necessarily the cord obtained by the reel cannot be very wide, and is only suitable for watch-guards, eye-glass chains, &c. As children are seldom trusted with a large amount of silk, they spend their pennies in skeins of some bright Berlin wool, always giving the preference to the shaded and the Dolly Varden. Then they race one another as to who will make the greatest number of yards, and I assure you the boys are not by any means the drones of the hive. When they can proudly display six, eight, or even twelve yards of tubing, they remove the loops from the pins, and fasten off by drawing the wool tightly through all at once. "What is to be made with that endless pipe?" you may ask. Very pretty and compact mats by sewing the cord round and round, just as for the string mats, and finishing off by an upright wavy border, similar to those you have probably often made for crochet cuffs. Into one hole work a scallop of seven long trebles, and, without any intervening chain, make the same number of trebles a quarter of an inch or so higher up, but exactly in the same line of holes. To descend and complete the wave make one single crochet a thread farther on, then seven trebles again, slantwise downwards on the level of the first group of trebles. Naturally the space between depends on the desired depth of the fluting.



FIG. 1.—COMMENCEMENT OF CHAIN.

A much stouter cord can be obtained by working it upon two opposite pairs of pegs on the rectangular frame, of which I will speak by-and-bye. Indeed, many other contrivances will suggest themselves to the intelligent girl.



FIG. 2.—CHAIN ENLARGED.

ROUND OR CROWN FRAME.

Now, to pass to a more important undertaking, I will tell you how to make a scarf on the round or circular frame. Choose a coarse wool. Any of the Scotch fingering yarns are too thin, but double Berlin, or, for less expense, three or four thread fleecy, will all do very nicely. These round frames are not ruinous. One of twenty-eight pegs costs about two shillings, and with it you will produce a seamless tube, 15 inches in circumference—*i.e.*, right round; the prongs stand a little more than an inch high and half an inch apart. Take your wooden crown in the left hand, seizing the inside of the rim with the fingers and resting the thumb on the outside. Under this thumb secure, for a little while, one end of the wool, and going from left to right, twist it round every peg, gradually twirling the frame as you

do so until you have returned to the starting-point, which will always be indicated by the end of the wool, just as in the rounds of your stockings. At the back of the spikes you will have reproduced the continuous line seen in fig. 4; the coiling here has formed two

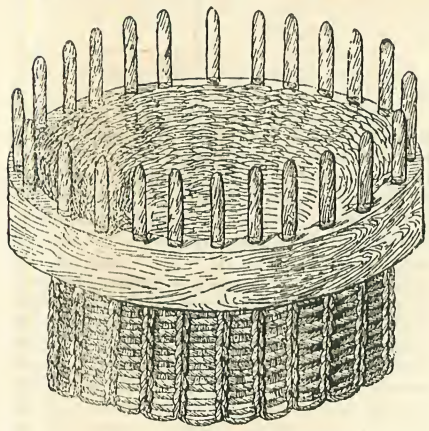


FIG. 3.—ROUND FRAME.

loops, whilst in front there is but one loop like for knitting. Work a second round in the same way, but instead of twining it all at

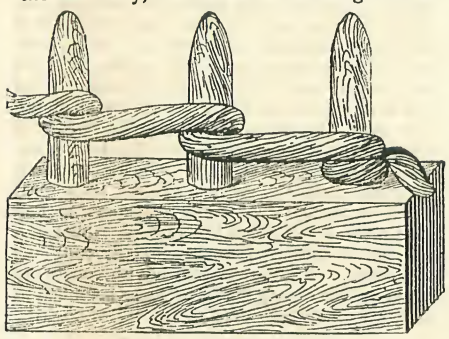


FIG. 4.—FIRST DETAIL.

once you may do a few at a time—say, six or eight—and with your finger or knitting-pin lift the under loop over the upper one and let it drop at the back.

You have now the whole secret of the work; is it not easy and regular fun? So quickly made, too, you will find a quarter of a yard oozing out below the frame in no time. When you have a good length for a comforter, mind that there is but one loop on all the pegs, then remove them, and with a threaded needle pass through the loops, puckering them up and making them fast by a knot. Repeat this at the opposite side and add pretty tassels. Your scarf will show large loose webs, whilst the inside will, of course, have the purled appearance of a stocking. There are several ways of slightly altering the web; I will only mention two or three, leaving to your imagination the pleasure of finding out new things. A

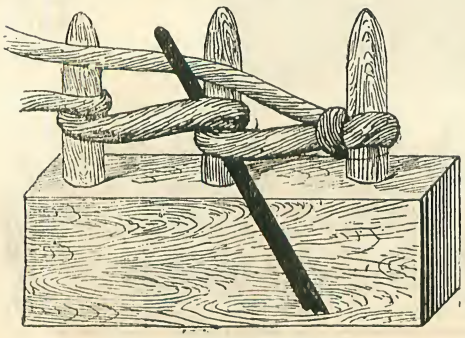


FIG. 5.—SECOND DETAIL.

slighter make consists, for the second row, in slipping the loop over a stretched thread, instead of the regular loop. In another method the continuous line lies in front, as in fig. 4, which you obtain by curling from left to right. In the returning round you pass the wool as shown by fig. 5.

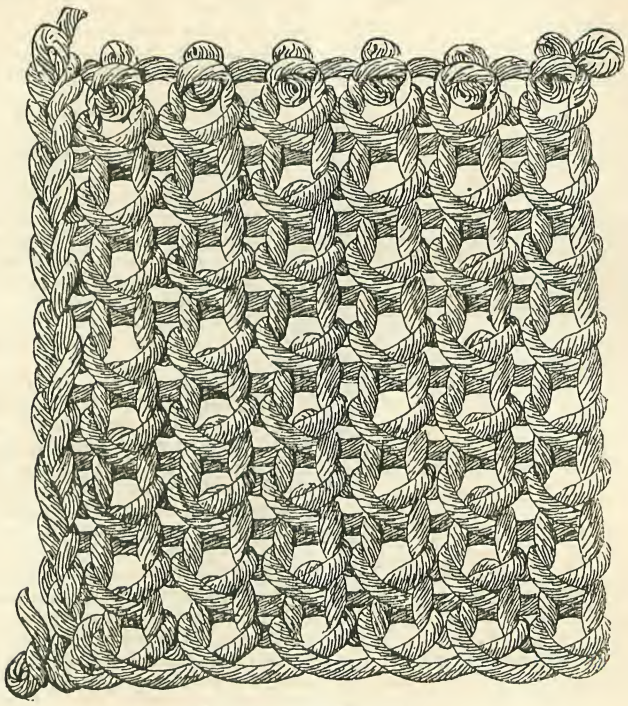


FIG. 6.—RIGHT SIDE.

When instead of three rungs on the peg you have four by an exact repetition of the first round (fig. 4) you obtain no longer a web but a rather pretty open work with a right

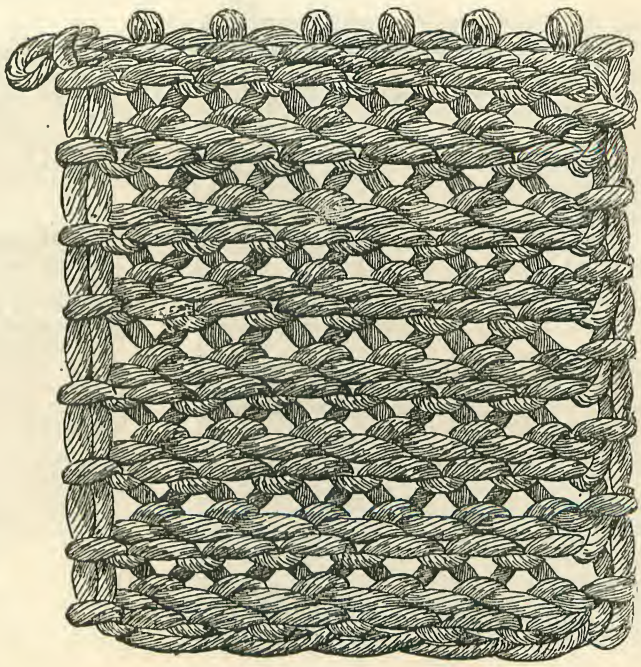


FIG. 7.—WRONG SIDE.

and wrong side as beautifully delineated in figs. 6 and 7, for the better understanding of the young ones.

I think with these few directions you will be able to manage many useful articles, as sack-slippers, bags for the dressing-room, and even straight under-sleeves, supposing you have a smaller frame containing, perhaps, twelve teeth. Crochet or knitted lace is a tasteful finish to the work. However, before quitting the subject, I may as well describe how to form, on this frame, a plait-web (see fig. 7), by making two rounds according to the first explanation, and commence a third one, which gives three loops on each spike. Then draw the lowest loop over the two above, and repeat as long as required. Evidently the scarf becomes closer, and hence warmer, the crossing threads of the web are doubled, and

when removed from the frame two loops necessarily lie together, and must be threaded together. If you prefer a strip to a tube, work backwards and forwards, the width of the band depending on the number of pegs taken.

LONG FRAME FOR FLAT KNITTING.

With the long frame every one of the above stitches can be reproduced, only in lieu of the boa you will have a flatter doubling. The

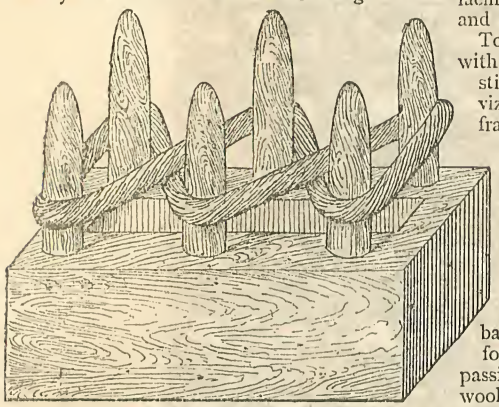


FIG. 8.—THE X FOUNDATION.

rectangular frame much resembles the one of fig. 10, except that a connecting peg is fitted at each end; this kind is, I believe, the sole one known in England. A frame of twenty-six teeth gives a breadth of about twelve inches, twofold if worked right round, and single if made on one row of spikes. But should you not like, for a change, to learn how to produce a warm strip without any wrong side? I will just give you two examples: tie the wool round one of the end pegs, leaving aside the two corner ones, pass it round the opposite spike, and from thence thread it from one side to the other, forming a series of V's similar to the foundation of your Swiss

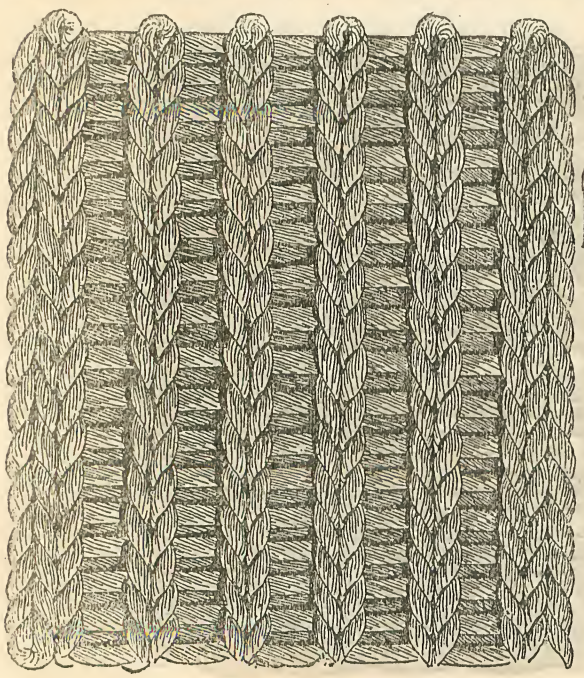


FIG 9.—DOUBLE FACED KNITTING.

darning. Half of the pegs on either side are still empty, now come back in the contrary direction, thus shaping X's or lattice-work (fig. 8).

There is but one strand on every tooth, to obtain a second one go through this process again, then carefully pull every under strand over the upper. Repeat. This method makes a double-faced knitting, as in fig. 9, composed of webs, separated by straight bars or purls. Replace these X's by eights or a double herring-bone, twine a second layer, and again draw the first loop over that above and you will produce a double-crossed knitting, divided not by straight bars, but by a strange interlacing not unlike the rib of the brioche (figs. 10 and 11).

To make things quite clear I will go over with you the respective ways of making the stitches. I will divide them into two classes, viz., those adaptable to both round and long frames, and those reserved for the long ones alone. In every case remember that to form a stitch you must always have two loops on a prong, the entire work being done on the under loop, which, slipped over the peg, falls inside. When possible, always pull with the finger instead of the needle, as it is not only easier but quicker.

1.—*Left to Right.*—Pass the wool to the back between two spikes, bring it again forward, then round to the back again passing it this time behind two pegs; bring the wool forward, and from right to left, curl it round the second peg, then behind two and repeat to the end. Second round alike; you have two loops, at each prong lift the under loop over the top one. At the end of the circle one loop only remains on the pegs, as in fig. 3.

For a thicker rib twine three rounds before one is picked up; consequently when the under one has been dropped there must always be two loops instead of one on the spikes. In a lighter make only prepare one round, and for every succeeding circle drop the stitch over the strand of wool just held in front.

Right to Left.—To bring the wool in front, exactly the reverse of the preceding method, drop the end of wool inside, and twist it round each post from right to left, back to the right and across two pegs, bringing the wool inside, to the right again between the two enclosing pegs. Continue thus. At the end of the circle you will have two twirls on each prong (fig. 4). For the second round proceed with a single strand as shown in fig. 5. Two rows similar to the first will give four twirls, two of which are dropped each time, and thus produce an open work, with a wrong and a right side, as exemplified by figs. 6 and 7.

2. This class includes the two fanciful foundations representing X's and herring-bone.

All the various ways are now, I hope, thoroughly mastered, and the only puzzle that remains is what to do with these tubes or strips which we cannot shape with our elementary machine, the forerunner of the round Rapid or the long Lamb's knitting-machines. Besides the bed-socks, little bags, and scarves already alluded to, I would suggest an attempt at the large carriage purses, provided they have a lining of sateen or sarsanet. These fashionable pouches, enlargements of the old money purses, could be made in strips seamed together, leaving, of course, a large centre slit for the hand; the ends, drawn tightly, terminate, like the mufflers, with tassels; each compartment is separated by big ivory rings. The circular knitting might also answer the purpose, if, to form the slit the tube was broken at the right height, by working backwards and forwards instead of all round. A nice cover could likewise be contrived for a chair-bolster, and numberless petticoats, straight vests, wraps, quilts, sofa and carriage rugs, &c. The colouring need not be uniform; contrasting horizontal stripes are obtained in the usual manner by changing the wool at regular intervals. Longitudinal bands cannot be executed on the frame, but evidently the effect may be produced by sewing together stripes of various colours, their ends being mounted on a large wooden pin and cast off as for ordinary knitting. A fringe or a crochet or knitted lace will prettily complete the whole. I would further advise you to try to introduce simple little patterns so much in vogue for knitted gloves. PENELOPE.

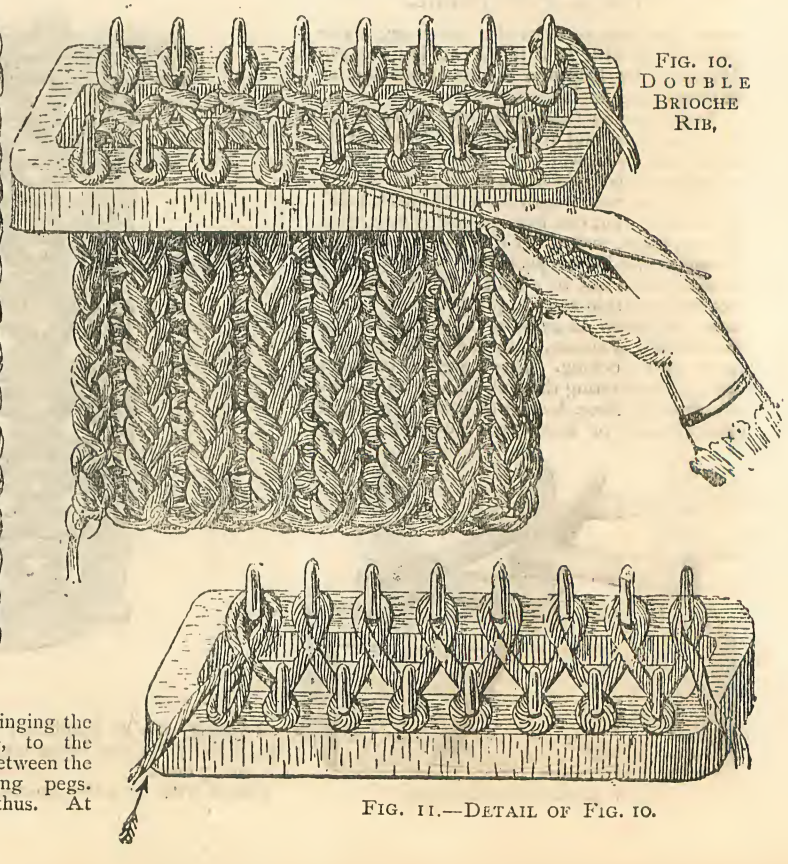


FIG. 10. DOUBLE BRIOCHE RIB,

FIG. 11.—DETAIL OF FIG. 10.

WOMEN OF INTELLECT.

MADAME DE STAEL.



MADAME DE STAEL was born and lived during a period when the literary career was not recognised so distinctly open to women as it is in the present century. Her works were, no doubt, hailed and read with applause and appreciation, but there was probably a feeling that in adopting a literary career she was seeking to overstep the legitimate sphere of a woman's influence, which, together with her love of political intrigue and the dangers and persecutions which this entailed, combined to prevent her from reaping the full satisfaction that she would otherwise have derived from her undoubted celebrity.

Anne Louise Germaine Necker, born in 1766, was the daughter of the celebrated financier who strove in vain to stem the tide of the French Revolution, whose enlightened views were too advanced to be acceptable to the King and the corrupt privileged classes, yet whose timidity prevented him from boldly casting in his lot with that of the best leaders of the popular party. A native of Geneva, and sent to Paris at the early age of fifteen, he rose from the post of clerk to that of partner in Kelusson's bank. He was appointed Resident of the Genevese Republic at the French Court, and the Duc de Choiseul subsequently made him administrator of the French East India Company, in which capacity he managed to accumulate a considerable fortune. To his essay, written in 1773, and entitled "Eloge de Colbert," the Academy prize was awarded; he also attracted public attention by his writings on the corn laws, and having established his reputation as a financial administrator, he was appointed Director-General of the finances in 1777.

Necker had married Mademoiselle Curchod, the daughter of a Genevese Minister, a lady remarkable for her beauty and her accomplishments, the tendency of whose intellect, however, was heavier and more profoundly learned than that of her witty and vivacious daughter. This daughter was an only child, and Madame Necker, who had an exalted standard of education, and who was probably encouraged in the pursuance of the high-pressure system by the precocity which the child displayed, accustomed her from an early age to the society of grown-up people, to drawing-room conversation, and to an atmosphere of political discussion. Madame de Staël was bred up to publicity from her cradle, and this early training, combined with an active restless intellect to produce that habit of mind from which she never wholly set herself free, and which made her shrink from a secluded life as a peculiarly terrible doom.

But the undue strain upon imperfectly developed powers produced its inevitable result, and by the time she reached the age of fourteen it was necessary to send this precocious child into the country for rest and change. Even under these circumstances the bias of her intellect asserted itself, for we are told that she and her friend, Mademoiselle Huber, spent their time in writing plays and poetry, which they themselves recited, dressed in the character of muses! This, however, was probably all in the way of amusement, since Madame Necker, after her daughter's collapse in health, ceased to take any interest whatever in the progress of her education. A clever woman and a good woman, I yet gather that Madame Necker was essentially *dull*. She would have moulded her daughter, according to her own notions, into a pedant, but when these notions were thwarted, she could not perceive that the girl possessed any genius. Wit she probably could not understand, and therefore failed to appreciate, and her frequent answer to those who sought to gratify her by praising Mademoiselle Necker's powers of conversation and repartee was, "All that is nothing—nothing to what I intended to make her!"

The result of the little encouragement or notice which she received from her mother was to bring Madame de Staël into closer companionship with her father. Necker's affection for his only child was intense, and as the girl grew up to womanhood he watched the development of her genius with pleasure and with pride. He superintended her education, exercised her intellect, corrected her errors and affections; she, on her part, strove to cultivate her powers from a praiseworthy desire to fit herself to be his companion, and thus to afford him some relaxation from the daily cares of public responsibility. The mutual love and sympathy thus early established continued unchanged till the day of his death. Many years after, at a time when the words were an epitaph, she wrote: "I owe no gratitude on earth but to God and my father; the remainder of my days has passed in contention; he alone poured his blessing over them." And however much posterity may dissent from her estimate of Necker as a statesman, the devotion which prompted her unqualified eulogy of his abilities shows at least that in Madame de Staël, restless, vain, cynical though she was, cold though she may have been in some of the relationships of life, the teachings of her heart were yet not wholly subservient to those of her head.

In 1781 Necker published in his "Compte Rendu," addressed to the King, a statement of the finances past and present, which occasioned no little excitement, and which was virulently attacked by Maurepas. Necker demanded a seat in the Cabinet as a sign from the king of his support and favour, and on this being refused, he resigned the office of Director-General, and retired to Coppet, near Geneva, an estate which he had recently bought.

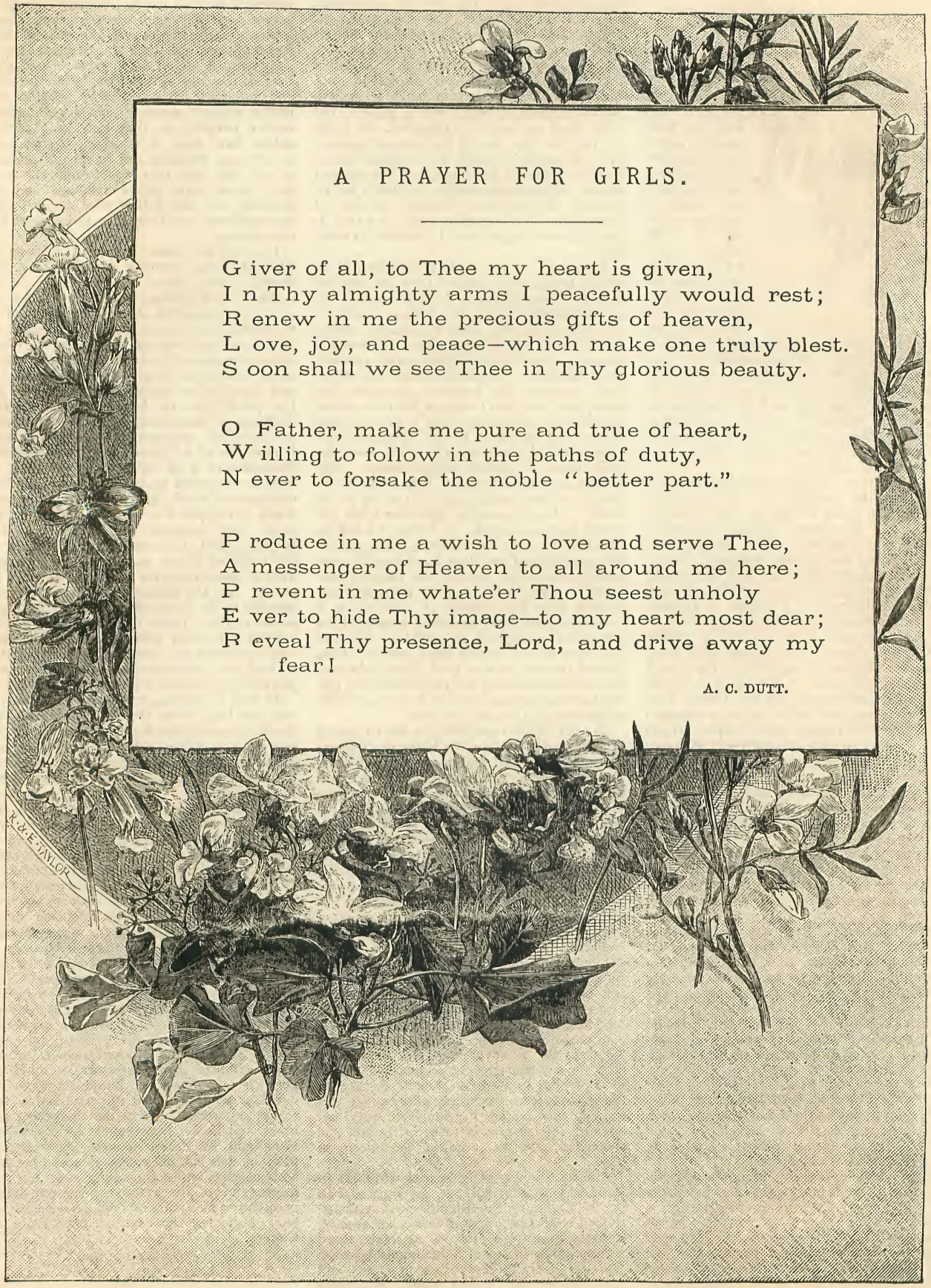
An account of the different financial administrations which succeeded one another during the period that elapsed between Necker's first resignation and his second acceptance of office would belong rather to the history of the nation than to the sketch of the life of an individual. For the next six years, while the French Revolution was inevitably tending towards its consummation—a consummation which neither Calonne nor Loménie de Brienne, nor Necker himself could by any management of financial affairs, have possibly prevented—Madame de Staël in the comparative seclusion of Coppet, was training and testing her literary talents, was winning applause from those with whom she associated, and was acquiring confidence in herself.

Life at Coppet, as compared with that in Paris, was no doubt dull; but, as compared with the life that many English girls are accustomed to lead between the ages of fifteen and twenty, it must have been full of excitement and variety. The house of a distinguished exile was not likely to be wanting in guests, and long before she flashed upon fashionable Parisian society, Madame de Staël had found a public in her father's friends. In accordance with a social custom of the day, she was encouraged to read out in company the tales, poems, and plays with which her imagination teemed. No doubt a good deal of flattery was bestowed upon her as an eminent man's daughter; no doubt much indulgence was extended towards the productions of a lovely and agreeable young lady; probably her earlier writings possessed but slight intrinsic merit; nevertheless they must to a certain extent have been interesting as the work of a young intellect and as giving promise of the fine fruit that was to follow. Anyhow, these early public readings and the applause with which they were received gave her confidence and taught her to believe in her own genius.

In 1786 her marriage with the Baron de Staël-Holstein, Swedish Ambassador at the French Court, placed her once more in the midst of that brilliant society which by her wit and conversation she was peculiarly fitted to adorn, and the exclusion from which in after years was one of her bitterest trials. Upon her marriage, and in her new capacity as ambassadress, she was presented at Court, and shortly after made her literary *début* by the publication of her "Letters on the Writings of Rousseau." Courted as a conversationalist, applauded as an author, with the prestige of a high social position and the reputation of a wit and an improvisatrice, it must have seemed to her then as if the ideal existence of which she had probably dreamed when at Coppet was destined indeed to be hers. But Madame de Staël began her brilliant career at the critical moment when an old order of things was about to be swept away to make room for a new. Her place in society and the places of such as her were speedily to be included among the infringements of the "rights of man"; and, for all her wit and all her talent, she was as powerless to preserve her *salon* as Marie Antoinette, with all her beauty and all her courage, was powerless to save her husband's sovereignty.

In 1788 Necker was recalled to the Ministry, and not long after, the convocation of the States-General being loudly demanded by the people, the King, by the advice of his Minister, was induced to make this concession to popular claims. The event was fixed for May 5th, 1789. Madame de Staël, who shared her father's liberal views, hailed the assembling of the States-General as a first step in the right direction. Long afterwards she wrote: "I shall never forget the hour that I saw the twelve hundred deputies of France pass in procession to church to hear mass the day before the opening of the Assembly. It was a very imposing sight, and very new to the French." She admitted that she "gave herself up to the liveliest hope on seeing national representatives for the first time in France." But Madame de Staël, whose lessons in liberalism had been taught her by her father, looked to the establishment of a constitution framed on the English model as the remedy for all the evils of which the people complained. Necker trusted, by the introduction of such a measure, to avert impending calamities, but Necker, though his daughter naturally failed to perceive this, was really too weak to guide the temper of the times, and he fell between his loyalty to the King and his desire to serve the suffering people. His half measures alienated the one without conciliating the other, and, after the insurrection of the 14th July, his popularity gradually waned, till, in 1790, he received his final dismissal, and retired once more to Coppet.

(*To be continued.*)



A PRAYER FOR GIRLS.

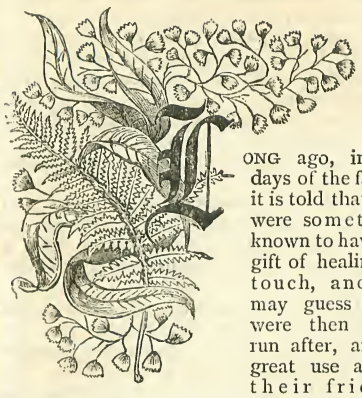
G iver of all, to Thee my heart is given,
I n Thy almighty arms I peacefully would rest;
R enew in me the precious gifts of heaven,
L ove, joy, and peace—which make one truly blest.
S oon shall we see Thee in Thy glorious beauty.

O Father, make me pure and true of heart,
W illing to follow in the paths of duty,
N ever to forsake the noble "better part."

P roduce in me a wish to love and serve Thee,
A messenger of Heaven to all around me here;
P revent in me whate'er Thou seest unholy
E ver to hide Thy image—to my heart most dear;
R eveal Thy presence, Lord, and drive away my fear!

A. C. DUTT.

A GIRL'S INFLUENCE.



LONG ago, in the days of the fairies, it is told that girls were sometimes known to have the gift of healing by touch, and you may guess they were then much run after, and of great use among their friends. These days are gone, and that gift is now never heard of, but you, girls, have a power remaining quite as wonderful and every bit as serviceable. And what is that? Spiritual influence, young folks. Indeed, I am not sure but that the spiritual influence you may exercise, if you choose, is worth any number of the gifts of that age of sleeping beauties and enchanted castles.

Most of you—there are just a few sleepy heads excepted—are eager for power of some sort. You see that life is too serious an affair to be frittered away in doing nothing, and you don't want to be spoken about in the long run as having lived altogether in vain. Sensible girls! There is nothing like leaving one's mark, though it be but a little mark, on the world. Try, then, to have influence, for by it we may multiply ourselves to almost any extent, and have a hand in many another person's schemes and—not in a bad sense—a finger in many another person's pies.

"It is a fine subject," says Mary, "but of no practical account to me, for influence I have none." Don't you remember, Mary, how the wren said, as he dipped his beak into the lake, "Thou art lessened by this mouthful"? The wren, no doubt, expressed himself boastfully, but he spoke sound philosophy, for even the least has some power. You have relations and friends and acquaintances, so you have plenty of influence, and you could hardly be without it even if you went to play the hermit in a wood and live on crusts and watercresses.

The first field for the exercise of influence is certainly home. Never go out of your way, but start with what lies nearest. There are most difficulties there, for it is much easier, as everyone knows, to appear a model worthy of imitation to people we meet, say, once a week, than to those who see us every hour of the day. But at home you should begin. Be good daughters and loving sisters, and the greater blessing will follow that influence for which you have leisure out of doors. How much a girl can do to make her father's house brighter and happier, and how sweet a transition it will be when she comes to supply sunshine to a house of her own! "You have ever been an angel to me," a poet said, when on his death-bed, to his wife. May many a one, girls, have as good reason some day for using the same words about you!

Be eager for opportunities both at home and abroad, but not too eager either, for we may become greedy of power just as we may of money. Keep within bounds in this as in everything, and indeed the sober joys of influence are enough to satisfy anyone.

The best influence lies in example. In real gentleness and a consistent life there is something very persuasive; never forget that. Be, then, as near perfection as you can.

But what am I saying? Whatever you may think about yourselves, my friends, perfect women, as perhaps I have told you before, do not run thirteen to the dozen. Indeed, someone says there are only two good women in the whole world, and of these one is dead and the other cannot be found. I only mention this calculation, however, as a curiosity, my own opinion being that it would be absurd to make a lower estimate than half a dozen good women at least to every good man.

If the best influence lies in example, the worst very often lies in advice. You think, Julia, this is a hit at you. Well, if the cap fits you, little one, wear it. Nobody likes being preached to, or to have even the best counsel administered for all the world as if it were a black draught. Do it gently if at all, just like my Nanette, who wrote the other day a letter of advice to her brother, and "I know you will not take it amiss," she added, "from your poor sister who loves you." Who could take it amiss when it was put in that way?

When you have influence, don't boast about it or encourage other people either to boast about it for you. A friend once told me he had overheard a girl's mother telling how her daughter could twist him round her little finger. "From that moment," said he, "the feat was impossible." His self-love got up in arms at the suggestion that he was not quite a free agent. So if any of you girls think yourselves born to rule the universe, or any single individuals in it, you had better keep the notion to yourselves.

Influence is not to be measured by the stir it makes in starting. Kisses, it is said, are not accompanied by so loud a report as cannon-balls, but they echo a great deal longer through the universe. Example, too, is a silent sort of speech, but it is far more powerful than if you kept your tongue wagging all day like a lambkin's tail.

Words, however, are not to be despised; the great thing is to take care to have them few and choose them well. Such was the case with one I remember, whose name the world never heard, and whose address, if she is still living, I do not know. All I am quite certain about is that by gentle words, united to a most perfect character, she acquired so great an influence over all her friends, that one of them said to me no later than yesterday, "As to my thoughts, I am not sure to whom they belong: I know not whether they are hers or mine."

JAMES MASON.

EXAMINATIONS, AND HOW TO PREPARE FOR THEM.



THERE can scarcely be a reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who does not know something about examinations, either by reading, by conversation, or from practical experience; and it is not in the least to be supposed that all our readers hold the same views with regard to them. Some like examinations; some dislike them; some think they do good, while others think that they do harm. Let us try to discover some of the causes for these widely different views, and calmly consider the question of examinations generally.

The word examination *literally* means to test by a balance, to weigh exactly; *educationally*, that is, in the sense in which we wish to examine it, it means to inquire into, to try by question. An examination may test our general knowledge without any special preparation for it, or it may follow a particular course of study, and it may be either *written* or *oral*.

Everyone knows that there are some things about which one has "a sort of idea," a hazy kind of feeling that one knows "all about it," but that if one were called upon to make a speech, or to give a written account of the subject in question, one would make rather a sorry figure. This being admitted, it becomes clear that we do not always know as much as we think we know. The difference between what some people know, and what they think they know is often very considerable! One strong argument in favour of examinations is that it is good for us to know exactly what we know, or at least to be tested by another standard than our own, in order to prevent our falling into false positions, or attempting to undertake work for which we are totally incompetent.

Imagine some one who thinks he knows "all about" medicine and setting up for a doctor, or someone who thinks he knows all about ships and the sea and applying for the office of captain! What would be the inevitable result if each of these men was able to command the position sought without any form of inquiry being made or proof to be shown that he was "duly qualified"? That people have acted in this way, if not exactly in these special cases, is a fact, and a fact which has been productive of very injurious results. Notably has this been the case with teachers, it not having been unusual to suppose that *anyone* can teach!

Happily this way of thinking is now beginning to be old-fashioned, and examinations are doing their utmost to place education on a higher level. Schools are inspected, pupils are examined, teachers obtain certificates, and many positions both for girls and boys, men and women, can only be obtained by public examination. It is less a question now whether the place suits the person, than whether the person suits the place.

Examinations are certainly an established fact, and it is probable that the earnest desire, on the part of those who are real workers and thoroughly honest, is the main cause of their enormous extension. That they may be carried to excess is possible. That intensely competitive examinations are healthy is doubtful. That *all* examinations are prejudicial to health is an utterly false assertion. The causes of the disrepute into which examinations sometimes fall are worthy of investigation, and they must be sought for in the many and various motives of the different grades of persons connected with them. It is scarcely necessary to say that none of these persons are entirely disinterested; they include children, parents, teachers, and examiners. I think I may safely say that some faults belong to each of these classes, and though I do not propose to discuss each *seriatim*, yet the general bearing of this remark will be borne out by what follows.

Examinations have a right use and a wrong one; they have their advantages, but they also have their disadvantages; and consequently we find that there are bad results as well as good ones to be traced to them. A few words as to their right uses.

1. As tests of exact and real knowledge they are invaluable; they place one in an honest position with regard to one's fellows. They help us to distinguish what we know from what we *fancy* we know. They point out to us those subjects of study which require our special attention; they show us our weak points, besides giving us the satisfaction of knowing that we have accomplished some-

thing. In other words they encourage us to work and correct our errors in working, and help us to become "realities" and not "shams."

2. As encouragements their value is scarcely of less importance, and to those who are brave enough to work for the love of the work itself the satisfaction which comes from having done well in an examination is beyond description.

3. As guides, especially to private students, who have few opportunities of judging from any other standpoints than their own, they point out the position they take in the world at large when measured by a general standard of opinion.

Many points might be given here, but we will pass on to another view of the case, what has been called the *wrong* uses of examinations:—

1. The narrowing of the depth and breadth of intelligent culture and the degeneracy into a system of *cram* and *superficial* knowledge in order to secure a "pass" must always be looked upon by true educationists as a wrong use of examinations. A necessary evil some people call it, surely without having sufficiently weighed the matter. Where does the fault lie? In the pupil? In the teacher? In the examination questions? Where?

2. The pushing on of quick pupils to obtain distinctions, to the disadvantage of the moderate and slow workers in a class, is another wrong use to which some persons put examinations.

3. The undue pressure put upon some to secure success, whether self-inflicted or otherwise, cannot be a good or right use of examinations, and yet how often one hears of this pressure. Injudicious parents in some cases urging their children forward; enthusiastic and eager teachers overtasking young brains; or ambitious and over-wrought students pursuing a reckless and ill-regulated course of study to pass an examination, which in its very preparation has eaten out the life and health!

The inquiry into this phase of the subject might be pursued much further, but we will proceed to find out some of the effects of examinations, both good and bad, and leave our readers to decide what they consider to be advantages or disadvantages. In their reflections here, too, we would ask them to consider whether the system of examinations is always at fault, or whether the evils which arise may not spring in many cases rather from its *abuse* than its legitimate use.

1. Examinations help us to establish an approximate standard of the acquirements and culture of people in the *mass*. This enables us to classify and arrange persons and things. It helps us to put "the right person in the right place."

2. Examinations often require great detail and minuteness of work, hence they encourage patient research and steady perseverance. In many cases they create a desire for the *best*, for excellence in everything one undertakes, for reading up much more than is required to "pass" the special subjects of study, for wider and better reading than one has been accustomed to indulge in, for real thought and serious inquiry for legitimate grounds upon which to form a judgment on a given subject; in fact, they tend to produce the most admirable order of mind.

3. But examinations are often productive of undue emulation, jealousy, and prejudice. They sometimes, especially when success (as often happens) follows "cramming," produce a conceited, ill-regulated, and contemptuous order of mind: we know these people tolerably well, and give them a class to themselves in the world. We call them "prigs."

4. Some examinations have such definitely marked features that, after a little careful analysis of previously given questions, their requirements may be reduced to the state of a series of probabilities. This often leads "adventurers" both among teachers and pupils, to "cram" up to the particular points and produce an artificial and much-to-be-deprecated educational polish. One might compare this to veneered furniture, plated metal, &c., which are often well got up, expensive, showy, but valueless.

5. Examinations are accused of producing nervous diseases and mental disorders. We cannot deny that they sometimes do this. But why? Are there no circumstances to blame outside the examination?

What little child is there who is incapable of answering a question? Who is thrown into a state of nervous excitement because a question has been asked? There *may* be some children of this kind, but are they healthy? What boys or girls are there who will not have to answer many questions during life; accept many positions not always quite in keeping with their wishes; fulfil many duties which are not real pleasures? What man or woman is there who will not be called upon to pass many judgments; to take decisive steps in many duties of life; to undertake many duties which will not be perfectly agreeable?

My reader who has so far followed will agree with me that some sort of preparation should be given to the little one for the duties of youth, and to the youth for the duties of maturity. Perhaps no better preparation could be given in many cases than by a steady system of examinations. One point only I insist on, *the examination shall be suited to the age, acquirements, and temperament of the examined.* By degrees the nervousness, indecision, hesitation, fear, &c., will all disappear, and a clear, cool, decided, well-regulated mind must be the natural outcome of such a course of training. When people plunge headlong into impossible studies and work at impossible speed to make up for defective training or idleness, or to satisfy an unworthy ambition, or from some other cause, then these evils will result; but I *deny* that the examination itself is the sole cause of the evil.

6. One evil I should like to point out specially to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It is the increased production of unsatisfactory books—"cram-books." They are, as a rule, replete with errors, but they are cheap and have a wide circulation. They should be avoided. They are deceptive, and those who build up their minds on such a foundation will be shallow, frivolous, and conceited.

Let us now for a short time turn our attention to the *best methods of preparing* for an examination.

All who have read carefully up to this point will realise that the writer assumes that no one would attempt to pass a public examination without having a good foundation of general knowledge. Now we may fairly launch out into the question of particulars.

1. First obtain the syllabus of subjects which you will be expected to answer questions upon.

2. Obtain the necessary books required.

3. Fix the certain amount of time to be devoted daily to each subject, and keep to it.

4. Concentrate your whole thought and attention on the subject in hand. Do not for one moment suppose that you can comfortably carry on a conversation with your friends while you are "getting up" the prescribed pages.

5. Make from memory notes of the portions you feel you have mastered, and compare these with the books you have studied.

6. Clear up every difficulty as you go, either by reference to other books or to persons to whom you can apply.

7. Never be satisfied with "that will do" unless you have done your best.

8. Provide yourself with copies of questions, which have already been given in previous examinations, and test yourself by them.

A good preparation for examination can scarcely fail *to produce a good pass*, and to secure this let us sum up a few points to be remembered:—

1. Carry out fully all the printed rules provided for you.

2. Write clearly and distinctly, and spell well.

3. Write your answers (for the most part) at once on the examination paper. Do not make rough copies. There is not time to copy, for one thing; and in copying mistakes often occur.

4. Do not write something that you happen to know in the place of something that you happen not to know. Answer the question asked of you, and keep to the point. The question, the whole question, and nothing but the question, will be a good motto for examinees.

5. Do not spend too much time over the first few questions. Find out how many questions are expected of you and arrange the time given to the best possible advantage.

6. Read your question at least twice before writing your answer, and be sure that you see exactly what is required of you.

This inquiry, though far from complete, will perhaps open up a new vein of thought to some who are interested in examinations. It will be clear that there are several ways of viewing an examination before we give a judgment as to its use, and that there are certain natural defects in examination systems as in most other things in this life. We do not put them forward as being perfect, but we do wish to show that those who dread them most and abuse them most are probably the people who have never thought of them in the true light, and who include among them some persons who regard them in the light of modern innovations, and as instruments of torture.

J. P. M.

HOME TRADES.—III.

BOOKBINDING *(continued).*



EXT, prepare the plough, securing the cutter, or shear, with the screw, and wedging the frame of the plough with a scrap of paper, if unsteady. Let the point of the shear just touch the leaves of the volume when fixed into the vice. Measure on the outside leaves at each end how much may be spared from the margin, cutting off as little as possible, consistently with obtaining a clean border. Take the hammer and knock the back and top of the book quite square. Place the cutting boards on each side, respectively, the under one beyond the margin of the leaves to be cut, and the top one so as to form a line indicated by the marks already measuring the new margin. Fix all in the laying-press, the back being perfectly even, and turned downwards, ready for the cutting of the foredge (or long way of the leaves. Take the plough by the screw-handles on each side, and begin planing, or ploughing, backwards and forwards, your left hand to the book, turning the handles at each forward pass of the shear from you, but very slightly indeed, because, if it were pressed violently forwards, it would force its way through too many leaves at a

time, and probably tear, or rub them out of place, and fail to make a clean cut and to leave a polished surface. As the process of shearing is going on remove any loose shreds of the paper which may be in the way. Having ploughed the foredge, leave the head and tail of the leaves uncut for the present.

The next business is to glue up the back to hold all the sewn compartments the better together, and to make them take the form, and retain it, produced by the process called "rounding." Take the backing-hammer and beat the book at the back and head, and when quite true place it between old boards of any kind, firmly screwing it into the laying press, the "slips" being well drawn down out of the way on either side, underneath the old boards, to preserve them from glue. Then apply the latter well heated, but in no great quantity; remove what is superfluous, and leave it to dry for about three-quarters of an hour.

All books should be more or less convex in the back, and proportionably concave in the foredge. To effect this change in form, so hold the book in the left hand as to force out one edge of the back into a sharp angle, making the back to form a continuation of the side. Lay it thus held on the table; then beat the back with the face of the hammer to flatten it on the latter, and, after several firm strokes up and down, turn the book, reversing the angle of the back, and treating it in the same way. On closing the book after the repetition of this process it will have assumed the form desired.

The time has now come for ploughing the head and tail, and the cutting-boards are to be placed again in position, first for the head and then for the tail, always keeping the back of the book towards you, and then the edges will be ready for colouring, if desired.

In case you should wish, for example, to give your book red edges, procure some powdered vermilion, and mix it with paste; lay down all the leaves on the table askew, or "fanning" them, *i.e.* opening them all out, so as to show each other's edges successively, one beneath another. First hold one end of the book, and when the other end is "fanned" pass a brush dipped in the vermilion paste over the edges, then hold it at the other end as soon as dry, and fan the uncoloured portion, painting it also. Afterwards turn the book on the other side, and repeat the double operation as before described.

The colour being dry, draw the slips out of the way, replace the backing boards, the thick edge of the boards towards the back of the book, at about the sixteenth of an inch from it on either side. Tighten the vice of the lying-press on the boards and book, the back upwards. Then (the glue being tacky, and nearly dry) the grooves on either side of the back have to be formed. To accomplish this take the hammer and beat the back with the sharp, adze-shaped end, crosswise (or slanting), not on the rounded centre of the back, but down one side in regularly successive lines, and then down on the other side, always taking the same forward direction. This will press the angles of the back over the backing-boards, forming a groove on either side beneath them.

It is time now that the millboard covers be prepared. That called the "Buckingham," of Maidenhead, is one of the best descriptions. All kinds are sold by weight, and the heaviest are superior in quality, the black being made of old naval tarred rope, and the darker and harder the better. A new sort of board has lately been manufactured, which is composed of wood-pulp, and intended to supersede the common strawboard. Whichever kind may suit your purpose, lay a sheet on the table and the book upon it, and measure accurately with the wing-compass, obtaining the width by extending it from the back of the book to the edge of the smaller bolt, or fold in the foredge.

Then mark the length and width on the millboard with the bodkin. After screwing them up, knock them square, they can be cut by the plough laid up against a "cut-against," or held steadily by hand in a cutting-press, under the sort of lever-guillotine knife; or else by means of fixing one handle of the large shear-scissors in the vice of the lying machine, and pressing down the other to cut it. When the covers are ready, lay them on each side of the book, respectively; mark the inside of each, and arrange where the several pairs of holes are to be pierced, those nearest to the back being opposite the hemp cords belonging to them; open out the strands of the slips, scrape the points, and taking a little paste between your thumb and forefinger, twist them into points so as to pass them easily through the holes to be made in the covers. Take the bodkin, or awl, and pierce the first hole slantwise through the cover, first on the outside, about half-an-inch from the edge which is to lie in the groove of the back, and then turn the cover, and make the fellow-hole out through the cover again in a sloping direction from the first, and about half-an-inch from it. Pass the slips through the holes, and "draw-in" firmly, tapping them gently so as to close the frayed pieces of the holes closely upon each; after this cut them off flush with the covers, and lay the latter alternately on the knocking-down iron, and, holding the hammer very square, beat them gently, till quite flat with the boards.

The pasting of end-papers should now be finished; two leaves on each side will be loose, the third or coloured leaf is to be pasted down inside each millboard cover. The millboard may be lined if desired, but this should be done when the boards are made.

This accomplished, fix the book into the laying-press, and cut out the thick brown-paper for making a spring back. It should be made double the width of the back, and an inch longer at each end, and then folded double. Glue the back of the book, and lay one-half of the brown paper along it, taking care that it be laid on the outer side of one of the folds. Rub it down well with the folder; lay back over it the loose half of the brown paper, and make a cut at each end, exactly in the crease of the fold, dividing the loose from the glued portion at each end, head and tail of the book, making the cutting in the crease of the fold nearly as far up as the first bands, respectively. Then cut off the ends of the glued half of the brown paper quite flush with the head and tail of the back.

The binder's cloth should next be prepared. Cut out a piece a good inch wider than the covers of the book every way. Lay it on the table upon a clean sheet of paper, the inside upwards, and brush some hot, but rather thin glue quickly all over it with a large firm brush, and not very thickly laid on. Remove any scraps that the brush may leave, and fix the book as soon as possible into the cloth cover, first one side, and then turning it over on the back to lay it on the other side. Take the folder then and rub the cloth very carefully and rapidly over, that it may adhere to the covers in every part, and fit well into the grooves. Next, hold up all the leaves with the left hand, resting the back of the book on the table, and tuck in the margin of the cloth under the back of the book at head and tail with the folder, there being an opening in the spring-back to allow for its insertion. After this, take the shears and cut off the four corners of the cloth, but not quite flush with those of the millboard. Indent the bend of the cloth corners with the thumb-nail, so as to make a sharp fold closely to the mill-board when turning in the cloth. Draw the margin evenly over at the side, and then each end successively, repeating the operation at the other side. Shut the book speedily when the work is done; lay the pressing-boards on either side, within the grooves, and place all exactly in the centre of the press, or under a heavy weight.

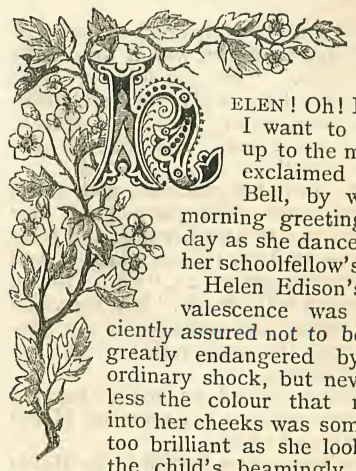
(*To be concluded.*)

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"WISE AS SERPENTS, HARMLESS AS DOVES."



"HELEN! Oh! Helen, I want to dance up to the moon," exclaimed Rosie Bell, by way of morning greeting, one day as she danced into her schoolfellow's room.

Helen Edison's convalescence was sufficiently assured not to be very greatly endangered by any ordinary shock, but nevertheless the colour that rushed into her cheeks was somewhat too brilliant as she looked at the child's beamingly happy face and started forward to ask what caused her excitement.

"Come here, little one," called Mrs. Edison; "come here and sit down, and tell Helen you are to give her no explanation until she comes back to her breakfast. To-morrow morning," added the mother, smiling, and addressing her daughter, "you shall have it in bed again by way of punishment for getting up from the table in this fashion."

"Suppose I sit on the bed to eat my dinner to-day instead, please ma'am?" was asked demurely and with folded hands, and then an eager return to the little schoolfellow.

"But now, Rosie, out with that news of yours. It will burn a hole in your mouth as money does in my pocket."

"I think it's much more likely to serve me as that sugar-plum did yesterday, and choke me," laughed the child. "But you know, Helen, I ought not to have made you think so much about it, for it is nothing much to concern you, after all; excepting as you care about me and Josephine. For they are not your papa and mamma, you see, and you don't even know them a weeny bit."

As Rose finished this long and somewhat incoherent speech, she wound up breathlessly with a "*Don't Helen!* how can you? What an ugly face!"

"Mrs. Edison also laughingly ejaculated, "Don't Helen; you look a perfect little fright."

"'Little,' mamma?" was the slow, grave inquiry; "rather a lanky 'little,' isn't it? But I am sorry I look a fright.

I only ought to look stupid, as I feel. Rose has been telling me something that is harder to understand than German grammar, and yet she understands it all, though she is such a mite. I wonder whether if I parsed it I should make out the sense better. 'Your,' pronoun, possessive pronoun. That means mine——"

"Oh, Helen! I said——"

"And I said 'Hush, Rosie; don't interrupt.' 'Papa and mamma,' nouns, active nouns—at least, sometimes—they are under the head of Varieties, I suppose — not always amusing. Then 'weeny' — Greek participle — obsolete —word used by pre-Adamite man—no longer, understanded of the common people.' No, Rosie, I give it up. The only bit I understand is the active nouns."

"And you certainly don't understand them," was the retort, with a toss of the golden curls. "For you said they were yours, and all the while they are mine, and they are coming home to England, and then you'll see. And, oh! I—I—am—so glad."

And to prove her gladness, with those last words the child jumped off her chair and ran to hide her face and tear-filled eyes in Mrs. Edison's lap. And Helen tried to get out an, "Oh! I am so glad for you both, Rosie," but her voice choked before she could finish the sentence, and the tears rolled down her cheeks instead.

Josephine looked as really puzzled when she came into the room as Helen had pretended to be.

"Has Rosie hurt herself? Is Helen worse?" she asked, anxiously.

Mrs. Edison opened her lips to reply, but Miss Nellie was too quick for her.

"Worse! I should think I am worse, indeed. Riddles are bad enough when they are served up as dessert in the evening with chestnuts and a big fire. But administered raw, in the morning, they are simply awful."

"Then you certainly should not be administering them to me," said Josephine, smiling. "What is the matter?"

"Riddle, you mean. Why, given a papa and mamma bound to stay in India another three years, how can they be coming home in three months? That mean little thing, Rose, hid her face so as not to tell us the answer."

"Oh, Helen!" expostulated a rosebud mouth, as an April little face raised itself from Mrs. Edison's lap to lean itself instead against that lady's arm.

But little heed was paid to the expostulation, as Nellie pulled the elder sister down on to the half of her own chair, and repeated her demand for explanations.

"They are very simple after all," said Josephine, with a tremor of gladness in her voice. "There is some important Government inquiry going on over here into some Indian affairs. And it seems that our father has made himself so much better acquainted with the matter than anyone else, that it has been found almost necessary to send for him to discuss and help to arrange the business. Mamma says it is considered that he has won great honour for himself, and at any rate he has won great happiness for us."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Edison, with the heartiest sympathy. "I don't wonder that you are both bright at the unexpected prospect before you. It will make an especially great difference to you, Josephine, too, I suppose, for no doubt you will live at home with your mother?"

"Yes, so mamma says," was the glad answer. "I am to have a teacher at home, and learn under mamma's own help and guidance."

"What do you mean?" asked Helen, in a tone suddenly grown so sharp and hard that all her hearers started. She drew away the hand linked in Josephine's arm, and turned to face her as she put her imperious question. The gladness that had begun to make the pale, care-worn face more like those around it died away, and the old look of troubled perplexity gave all the answer Josephine found power to make.

Helen shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and pushed her plate from her, as she said, passionately—

"Oh, of course. You are just like everybody else, after all; I was a ridiculous donkey to suppose anything else. You were willing to do a good work here, so long as it was no bother to you, but the very moment there's anything nicer you rush off as if the place were on fire. Very well, then. Only I tell you this, you need not be surprised, if you leave me, to hear that I have fallen back into being as bad as ever again."

"That cannot be much worse than you are showing yourself while she is still with you, Helen," said Mrs. Edison in a voice of shocked reproach. "Where is your hope suddenly fled to that you would never again let self usurp the whole of your thoughts? Oh, Helen, my child! truly you make me ashamed of you, and still more ashamed of myself. I am beginning to learn, but almost too late, I am afraid, that I must have been cruelly injudicious in your upbringing to foster you so in selfishness."

Mrs. Edison stopped speaking, and Rose, who had been looking in great bewilderment at her companions, echoed the word "selfishness," as though she could not believe her ears.

"Please, ma'am, you don't mean that Helen is selfish, do you?"

"Aye, indeed, little one. What is it but selfish to want to keep Josephine here, instead of rejoicing that she should go home to be with your mamma?"

However, instead of looking convinced, Rose only answered, "Ah! but that is because she is so nice, and loves Josephine so much."

"Of course it is," broke in Helen, but with the passion in her voice changing into a sort of doleful little growl. "And because I look up to her so much, and because I trust her so much, that I know it is no good for me to hope to leave off being a plague if I haven't her to help me."

Josephine began to smile again. "I think you are flattering me, Nellie, as you do when you tell me I shall find out some day that I have learnt as much as most people."

"That's not flattery."

"Well, at any rate, it is pleasant to believe, and a help to me too. And if—if—" timidly, "you really think I can be of any little help to you, I will tell mamma I should like to stay another term."

Helen put up her hand again, not to her schoolfellow's arm this time, but around her waist. "You'll do no such thing, my dear. But I wish Milly Wilmot were here now."

"Why do you wish that?" asked three voices at once.

"Because when I told her, a few days ago, that Josephine was the sort of stuff martyrs and missionaries are made out of, she said, 'Nonsense, girl, stuff was never strong enough for that sort of wear.' And now she could just see who was right."

"And do you mean that it was only to prove this that you spoke and acted as you did just now?" asked Mrs. Edison.

"Not altogether," was the answer with a grim little smile. "The fact is, mamma, as I heard that dear wise old Doctor Humbug telling you yesterday, my nerves are rather weak just now, and Josephine's announcement came without any preparation, like a bombshell into the midst of all my diligently matured plans, hopes, and aspirations for the coming term. And, really and truly, do you know, I think you had better take me away now, before I get into any more scrapes; for whatever I shall do without this dear old Josie I don't know."

"'Take care of me,' Josie said," whispered Rosie, coaxingly, as she slipped her little hand into Helen's.

Helen's eyes opened, and the expression in their dark depths deepened and softened wonderfully. "Did Josie really say that?" she asked, in almost as low a whisper as the child's.

Josephine answered for herself. "Yes, Nellie. I hoped that you would. I wish you would. It would make me so happy and at rest about her to think she had you for her friend here."

"You would really trust me, and trust me gladly, to look after your pet and darling?"

"Aye, indeed. Only help her to grow as worthy of love as you are yourself, and I shall be content, and papa and mamma also," was the hearty answer.

And Helen laid her cheek against her companion's, and said quietly, "Clever Josephine."

Soon after the two sisters went off together, and as the door closed behind them Mrs. Edison asked, "What was your thought, my child, awhile ago, when you said, 'Clever Josephine?' Can you tell me?"

Helen was seated on the floor before the fire with her head resting on her mother's knees, but she looked up now as she answered—

"Since she is not going to stay with me any longer herself, she is leaving her trust in me for my safeguard."

"And you will not abuse it?"

"Please God, never!"

"Clever Josephine," murmured the mother in her heart, as she also uttered a prayer and a fervent blessing.

(To be continued.)

BITS ABOUT RATS.

THE following anecdotes illustrative of the marvellous sagacity and strategical powers of rats were told me by a gentleman who, during a long life, had been much given to studying the habits and natures of animals; he assured me there was not the least exaggeration in his account. Should any doubt arise as to its veracity, I have no objection to giving my informant's name.

As far as I can remember I will repeat them in his own words—

"I used to keep in a cupboard, in my studio, a stone jar partially filled with oil. When I left home for a few days, I dipped all my oil-painting brushes in this jar to keep them soft, not, of course, leaving them there. Naturally they absorbed but a small quantity, yet I invariably found on my return my stock of oil considerably diminished. I had strictly forbidden the servants interfering with any of my painting materials, and they assured me they had never done so. One day I took the key of my cupboard away with me, so you may imagine how surprised I felt when, on my return, I found my stock of oil had disappeared at a greater rate than ever.

"One day I found some clue to the mystery. I had mounted a ladder outside my window to nail up a clematis which grew round it; as I looked into the room I saw a rat come out of the cupboard, look cautiously round in every direction, then rush across the room; his flight was followed by that of four others, and they all disappeared under the skirting board.

"I went indoors at once, visited my oil jar, and found, as I expected, it was emptier than when I last saw it; but what thoroughly puzzled me was, by what means these little thieves obtained the luxury they were so fond of.

"After various conjectures on my part, I could come to no conclusion on the subject. I therefore determined to watch them at work. The next day I left the oil jar in the middle of the room, and again mounted the ladder outside. In a very few moments a large rat, evidently the leader of the troupe—the one who had first come out of the cupboard the day before, to see if the coast was clear for their escape—ran across the floor towards the cupboard, but stopped short as he passed the jar, attracted by the odour of his favourite beverage.

"He walked round it, stood on his hind legs, leaning against it, and then rushed back to the hole in the wall. He instantly re-appeared, followed by his companions; there was evidently a consultation as to whether an attempt would be safe; they ran round it, looked in every direction, and finally decided the chance was too good to be lost.

"You may imagine how excited and interested I was, and if you did not know me well enough to be sure I would not tell a falsehood for your amusement, you could hardly believe what I there saw. One rat stood on his hind legs, leaning against the jar, his face towards it; a second climbed up his back, and stood in the same position; a third mounted on the shoulders of the second. Clever as this certainly was they could not reach the oil by this means, and I was all excitement to see how that feat was to be achieved. A fourth rat climbed up the others, and, turning round carefully on the shoulders of number three, sat on the edge of the jar, his face turned my way, his long tail hanging within the jar. In a moment or two he turned round again; the secret was discovered. The aforesaid long tail had been thoroughly soaked in the oil, and the head rat, the captain of these brigands, standing upright, with evident relish licked the oil off the instrument his friend had kindly lent for the purpose.

"When his appetite was satisfied he changed places with the top rat, and performed for him the same service; the other rats then took it in turns to feed, and he fed them. After they had washed their faces with their paws, just as cats would have done, they returned to their hole in the wall."



"My next experience in the intelligent ways of these animals was even more wonderful, and showed an amount of determination, patience, and hard work that would be creditable to any of us. One day, entering my studio suddenly, I heard a great rush across the floor, and trod on something just inside the door, which I found to be an egg. Surely, I thought, the rats cannot be answerable for *this;* but, after making inquiries from everyone in the house, I received no explanation, and my mother told me she had missed an egg from her bedroom, where she had taken it the previous night, having been ordered a raw egg before breakfast. This bedroom was separated from the studio by five or six stairs only. After what I had seen the rats perform, I thought it very likely they might be the thieves in this case, and lay in wait to watch their method of performing so wonderful a feat as taking an egg down a flight of stairs without breaking it. The cupboard I spoke of before faced my door. I made in it a small hole through which to watch the operations; I then left the room door wide open, and placed an egg on the landing outside my mother's door. I did this two or three days after treading on the egg in my room, expressly to give them time to recover the fright I had caused them before. My cupboard was a very large one, and I was enabled to sit down and wait patiently for the entertainment I expected.

"Before long a rat crossed the room and went out at the door, came back directly, and, I suppose, told his family of the grand find he had made, for they all followed him up the stairs, walked round the egg, smelt and touched it, then coolly rolled it to the top of the stairs, one going in front, I suppose, to break its fall. Now comes the marvellous part of the affair. When within five or six inches of the top stair, the rat in front turned over on his back, with his four feet in the air; then turned on his side towards the egg, and the other rats arranged it for him between his four legs, with which he tightly grasped it. His friends then raised him till he was on his back again, the egg safely resting on his chest; two took him by the head, two by the feet, and lifted him to the very edge of the stair; then two went to the next step to receive him, and he was absolutely lifted down by the two left above, the other two breaking his fall. The other steps were descended in the same manner, and when they reached level ground they rolled the egg along, preserving the same precautions as adopted before starting their clever descent.

"I am sure I need not tell you I allowed them to carry it safely home, before I came out of my hiding place."

M. R. L.

VARIETIES

THE LOWLY PILGRIM.—Here is a verse from an old poet, which in these days, when pride seems to flourish everywhere, it will do us all good to commit to memory:—

"Humble we must be if to Heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low:
Where'er thou speakest, look with lowly eye,
Grace is increased by humility."

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

MY whole is a battle fought in the reign of Henry V. My 2, 3, 4 is a spirit. My 1, 8, 9 is part of the verb "to be." My 6, 7, 9 is not at home. My 5, 1, 9 is a domestic animal.

ANSWER TO DIAMOND PUZZLE (p. 412).

E
A N D
F I G H T
E N G L A N D
R O A C H
E N D
D

ANSWERS TO BURIED NAMES (p. 412.)—1. Clement. 2. Eva. 3. Fred. 4. Ada. 5. Beatrice. 6. William.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE, author of "Idonea," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

It was the first of May, and Madeline Goldworthy was the happiest of May Queens. She undrew the cretonne curtains very early in the morning, and looked out upon the little walled garden. It was quite like a paradise, for had she not worked in it, and planted spring flowers, and was it not dedicated to her? She sang as she dressed for very joy of heart. She smiled and thought of her grandfather, as she tried to restrain the exuberant golden head-gear by a piece of blue ribbon; for the hair was as restive as ever, and called forth as much remark.

"But for it I should never have found my dear papa," she said.

She was usually down stairs long before the others; but on this first of May they were awaiting her, and—oh, surprise and joy!—there stood her dear cousin Meredith.

"Meredith! come at last!" she exclaimed, putting her hands in his, and receiving the old cousinly embrace. "How is great-grandfather? how are they all? Now you will see the pictures!"

While she was speaking, and before Meredith had time either to release her hands or to reply, her father and Mr. Minister stood behind her and placed a wreath on her head. She felt its slight pressure, and turned to see what they were doing.

"Grandfather sent it, cousin May," said Meredith. "He got the children to make it yesterday of all the flowers you loved best. I had to come up on business by the night mail, so I brought it, and it is quite fresh. He told me to give you his love and blessing, and to say he hoped to see you again before——"

"Hush!" interrupted Minister. "Nothing but life on the first of May. Look, Madeline, what a pretty crown it is," and he led her to an oval mirror that hung against the wall.

"Oh, how pretty! How kind of great-grandfather!" she exclaimed, tell-tale tears springing to her eyes.

"My May Queen, indeed! Crowned to inaugurate a new era of joy and success," said her father, pressing his lips on her fair brow.

"How fresh, how sweet, how wood-like it is!" cried bewildered May, standing in the midst of her friends. "It is like being under the oaks at Derwen. The hyacinths overpower the violets; but then we have so few scented violets in Wales—and there is actually hawthorn."

"Yes; grandfather sent ever so far for it. He was quite poetic, and said he must have the May for his 'child.' And I was to tell you that little Gwen, Leah's eldest girl, helped to make it. She is quite clever at stringing berries for New Year's Day, and twining spring garlands."

"We will paint her, Goldworthy, just as she stands, admiring herself in the mirror," laughed Minister, who was for ever sketching May in some attitude or other.

"Oh, please, not looking in the glass," exclaimed May, hastening to the breakfast table, and appearing quite abashed beneath her pretty crown.

She was no longer awkward in the duties, but began to perform them naturally, while her father and Minister opened their letters.

"I have actually a friendly letter once more!" said the former. "This is neither from dealer nor dun, but from our benefactor, Mr. Everton."

"Not to put us off!" exclaimed May.

"No, but to ask us to bring cousin Meredith with us. Mr. Richards has written to say that he is to be in town this morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Everton greatly hope that he will join their little party."

"Thank you, but will you say I cannot? I have an engagement," stammered Meredith.

He looked at May, and met her anxious and appealing glance.

"Oh, do come, dear cousin! Then it would be quite perfect," she said.

"Of course, he will come, my queen," said Minister. "This is your day, and you are to be denied no request. But we must not lose time in discussion, or we shall come in for the crowd at the Academy. And your cousin must be famishing after travelling all night; besides the anxiety he must have passed through concerning the wreath."

"To say nothing of the soaking," laughed Meredith. "For the moss in which it was enclosed was so wet, that it soon saturated the box, and penetrated to the skin."

"You have not taken cold?" asked May, alarmed, which elicited a laugh from her three admirers.

Meredith did honour to his good breakfast, and as May watched him, she said to herself, "There is no one in London half so nice or so good-looking as cousin Meredith," which was, certainly immoderate commendation, seeing that London contains some four millions of people.

Still he was a very comely young man and quite presentable in any society. He and May were equally remarkable for a certain adaptability, which inherent nobility of character gives. His advancement in this world's good was rapid, and his talent and industry, together with his devotion to the interests of his employer, bid fair to raising him to the rank of master.

May could neither eat nor drink for watching and wondering. Her life-long fairy tale seemed to have come to its climax. There was cousin Meredith quite a gentleman. Mr. Minister, benefactor, poet, artist, all in one; and there was her father, "clothed and in his right mind;" while she, the poor little pantomimist, was almost, nay quite as happy there with them as she had been in the old place, to which she was, nevertheless, longing to return. God had, truly, "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb."

They were soon, all four of them, seated in a Brompton omnibus, on their way to Piccadilly, and finally reached Burlington House. May had been there with her father to see the winter exhibition, so it was not altogether new to her. But she had only one object at that moment, and scarcely glanced at the pictures, until she stood before the landscape she had watched until she loved it as a personal friend.

"Here it is, cousin Meredith!" she cried. "Hung on the line, in one of the very best places, and not skied! Is it not beautiful? Do not the sheep look as if they were going to the fold with Hedfa? You see it is sold already."

And such was the case. The picture so fitfully painted, so long in progress, was amongst the gems of the exhibition, and had been sold for five hundred pounds. Meredith had a taste for all that was beautiful, and his expressions of admiration satisfied May. They were more to her than the praises of the public.

"Now we will come and see Mr. Minister's pictures," she said, perceiving that their earnest comments attracted the attention of the bystanders. "They all admire it," she added, in a whisper, as remarks were made in its praise.

Her father and his friend had withdrawn to a little distance, and the young people joined them.

"It is nature itself. Oh, sir, nothing could be more truthful and beautiful!" said Meredith, and no words of commendation could have given greater pleasure to the painter or his child.

"It is all May's work. Had I not found her it had never been finished!" said Goldworthy.

Mr. Minister was an artist of reputation, and had several pictures in the exhibition. He was chiefly a figure painter. They went from one to another, until Meredith exclaimed—

"Why, May, this is you!"

"Oh, no. It is a young lady going to a party; only Mr. Minister took my hair, you see, because it is exactly like the hair they used to wear frizzed up above the face and neck, like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' he says."

It was May, nevertheless, albeit attired in brocade and lace, with pearls in her hair, and fan in hand.

"I like you best as you are, dear May," said Meredith.

"Oh, yes, cousin; but Mr. Minister wanted me so, and called me his 'artist's model.'"

And so they wandered through the rooms, till the crowd thickened, and Goldworthy, anxious to escape observation or recognition, proposed that they should withdraw and return another day. As Meredith had business in the City, and Minister elsewhere, May and her father went back to Brompton alone.

They did not remain there long. They took a hasty luncheon, after which May withdrew to her room to change her dress. How pretty she looked in that soft, dove-coloured lama, with its pink bows and white lace ruffles! It was a present from her father, and worn for the first time. As she gave the finishing touch to her attire she caught Terpsichore's eyes glaring at her from her seat on a neighbouring chest of drawers. She laughed merrily, as she said aloud—

"How proud grandmother would be of me in this new dress!"

Her father was waiting for her. He had carefully replaced the wreath in its box of damp moss, and enveloped the whole in brown paper.

"You must show Mrs. Everton your great-grandfather's crown," he said.

"Oh, yes, dear papa. She will think she is in the woods again when the scent of the hyacinths greets her, just as I did this morning."

A slight shadow passed over the father's brow.

"We also will have our sketching tour, my darling," he said.

"Oh yes, dear papa. But I was not thinking of that. Mrs. Everton and I are very happy, only we love the country and the flowers."

They were soon on their way to Sydenham, and reached the Crystal Palace about four o'clock. Here Mr. and Mrs. Everton met them, and took them to a private room, where a lady whom they knew personally was about to give a tea to the ladies and children of the ballet. May was asked to preside at one of the tables, and was soon surrounded by a score of children.

She knew them to be little dancers, though they dressed like ordinary poor children. She was at home with them at once, remembering her own childhood. They were as ready to talk as to eat and drink, and she rejoiced to think that their wearied limbs were resting and their bodies strengthened by food during the brief interval "between the acts."

"Give them plenty of cake, dear papa," she whispered to her father, who was waiting upon them at her request.

And he obeyed, delighting the young people by his politeness and attention. While the meal was in progress, May learnt that all these children were playing much the same *rôle* as she had played, and determined, with her father's permission, to help them if she could. This was the second year that good Christian people had sought to benefit them, and Mr. Everton had told her that their endeavours were already blessed, and that friends were seeking to aid them round about other theatres besides that at the Crystal Palace.

While she was pouring out the last cup of tea she was startled by the words, in an eager voice—

"Were you not once the May Queen at the —— Theatre?"

Giving her father the cup, she turned to see a girl about her own age, and pale as herself, who was poorly, though tidily dressed.

"Yes. How did you know me? Who are you?" she asked.

"I knew you by your hair. I was Mother Hubbard. You had a doll you called Terpsichore. I had a dog named Cerberus."

"I know—I remember," cried May, rising and grasping her old friend's hand."

"Where do you live? Can I come and see you?"

"We lodge with Mrs. Pope, but not where you used to lodge," was the reply.

"Mrs. Pope!" exclaimed May. "Oh! I am glad! What is the address?"

There was a sudden call for silence, and a request that all would take their seats.

"Hush! May I sit by you? The kind gentleman is going to address us who spoke to us once before. They are trying to help us to lead good lives in the midst of our many temptations," whispered May's friend.

They seated themselves side by side, Mr. Goldworthy standing behind May's chair. A hymn was sung first, in which she heartily joined, sharing her friend's book.

"I suppose you are a public singer now!" said the latter, when the hymn was done.

"No; but I have found my father," replied May.

Then she gave all her mind to Mr. Everton, who addressed the young actresses, by whom he was surrounded, kindly and appropriately. It is not necessary to give his brief sermon here. Suffice it to say that it was suitable to the needs of those to whom he spoke; and that not only deep attention but occasional tears accompanied his words. Another hymn, another short address, and a prayer concluded this, to May, especially interesting reunion.

"Tell Mrs. Pope that I will come and see her, then I shall meet you again," she said, as she wrote the address of her old landlady on her father's tablets.

"And you will come and see my child?" broke in Mr. Goldworthy; then whispering to May, "Now Mrs. Pope will help us to find your dear mother's grave, and we can raise the monument and plant the rose."

"Good-bye! good-bye!" said the children, pressing round May, and she perceived that the party was breaking up, for its members would soon have to "play their mimic parts again."

Shaking hands with one and another, and embracing her old friend, she and her father watched them as they dispersed. Each received a book or tract as they passed through the door, and all bore away with them a sense of thankfulness for the Christian love that prompted the gathering.

"I might still have been thus but for God's mercy and great-grandfather," thought May.

And that evening, when she, her father, Mr. Minister, and Meredith were quietly conversing about many things with Mr. and Mrs. Everton, she inquired the way by which she might be of use in this mission. As she sat amongst her friends with her pretty wreath on her head, she felt bewildered by the events of the day. She was thankful for its many blessings, and her heart beat joyfully at sight of Meredith, who was apparently quite self-possessed in the presence of "Miss Edith." Indeed, the evening was as pleasant as the day had been. The old friends sang and talked of Derwen, while the new ones discussed art and the miracles always enacting in London, silently acknowledging that not the least of these was the meeting as friends of that little party at Norwood.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DAISY.—Your writing would be improved by more roundness, as it is angular and a little stiff. Memory may be improved by the practice of learning by heart.

LALLA ROOKH.—The poet alluded to in the verse quoted is Longfellow. The original idea is from St. Augustine, we believe.

BRUSSELS.—You are too young by four years to be trained as an ambulance nurse; twenty would be quite young enough. We thank you for your nice letter. Try not to forget your mother tongue. You should not say "the kind Mr. who answers letters," but "the Editor," or "the gentleman."

M. BEBE.—Write for all particulars to the London School of Medicine for Women, 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C.; Mr. A. T. Norton, Dean of the school.

NEZ RETROUSSE.—A German translation book or Reader may be ordered through any bookseller. Your writing is excellent.

WINRUL.—Such homes are best found by advertisement. We could not give addresses of this description.

A PUPIL TEACHER.—The "Home and Colonial Training College Kindergarten," Gray's Inn-road, W.C., would probably suit your purpose best, as we suppose you intend to be a teacher.

GERMANIA.—If you can procure the *Times* at your place of residence you will probably find something in its advertising columns or obtain an idea for an advertisement of your own.

M. A. M.—Write for the particulars of the Oxford Examinations for Women over Eighteen, to the Rev. S. Edwardes, Merton College, Oxford. Three examinations are held:—1. Preliminary, fee £2; 2. Pass; 3. Honours, fee £2 10s.

PENELOPE.—Write to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, and inquire, stating particulars.

MIGNON.—We do not give addresses of the sort you require. Inquire at a good musical instrument maker's. We do not see that your being a good pianist would make any difference.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A SERVANT GIRL (Coventry).—Take a soft piece of flannel, roll it tightly round your finger, dip it in whitening moistened with water, and rub the ivory handles the right way of the grain as hard as you can, and then polish with dry whitening.

ADELAIDE MAY.—Make a solution of alum in water for the frosting of windows. You write rather nicely.

AN AGGRAVATING GIRL.—We do not give addresses, but we have no doubt if you go to a really first-class grocer and make the inquiry you will obtain all the information you need.

BUTTERCUP.—We could not undertake to advise you as to the best kitchener, as we do not give addresses. Your writing is not at all formed, though a very neat and correct round hand.

GLADYS.—We never find any difficulty in getting crewels or wool-work washed. The only secret seems to be in speed. Wash through a tepid lather, rinse, and if possible wring until nearly dry. If

you have no wringer use a succession of dry towels, and wring the articles through them. If left with too much moisture the colours will run. Press on the wrong side with a comparatively cool iron.

INQUISITIVE.—Both felt and oil-cloth may be used, instead of the linen covering, or the Indian and Persian rugs which are now so common.

WORK.

A. ROSE.—The silver-grey Japanese silk might be renovated by adding deep red satin, plush, or velveteen to it, or else a suitable shade of blue. The underskirt should be of the velveteen or plush, if possible. Your writing is rather careless.

DILLIS.—See pages 37 and 189, vol. i., for most careful descriptions of tracing on material.

GERTRUDE CAMERON.—As your dress has been worn but a few times, we should advise your leaving it as it is. For advice on "weak eyes" see page 288. Do not read nor work by a bad light; gaslight is also unsuitable for you.

A. E. S.—The material you send us is a beige. Read "Seasonable Clothing," page 72, vol. ii., and take an idea from the illustrations. For a woollen antimacassar, see page 376, vol. i. Your writing and spelling are both very poor indeed for your age.

PATIENCE.—The pattern for a netted bed rest will be found at page 557, vol. i. A description of a crochet half shawl, which might be tied at the back by strings, is given at page 508, vol. i.

NANCY LEE.—We should advise a card or millboard foundation as being the strongest. Your writing is singularly masculine in appearance.

SPES.—We consider your writing well formed and elegant, and we are grieved to hear that you are such an invalid. We hope you will find our articles on "Occupations for Invalids" useful to you in every respect, and especially in the way you need.

BERTHA F——N.—The cardboard is cut out in a pattern on each of the four sides and the top, and they are then lined with coloured ribbon or silk gummed on. They may be tied together at the corners by narrow ribbon. Your writing is very good indeed.

WOOLGATHERER.—*We can give* you a very simple method for washing an Eiswool shawl, kindly sent us by a correspondent. Make a lather in some hot water, bearable to the hand, immerse the shawl in it, shake about and rinse it in the lather, but abstain from rubbing it. When clean, rinse it in clean warm water to remove the soap, then lay it spread out on a clean cloth or sheet, roll it up, and gently wring it, and hang it on a clothes-horse well removed from any fire, so as to be dried without heat.

JEAN.—We think if you wrote to your present source of supply in Glasgow and explained your wish to obtain a finer thread, they would either procure it or tell you where it could be had.

E. O.—We do not agree with you that the stitch would make a nice doll's counterpane, as it is too open, but you could finish it as you began by knitting a band and taking up every alternate stitch on the edge.

ART.

M. P. L.—We have always found the milk and water method of setting pencil drawings to answer, and we think your failure is due to some fault of your own. They can also be set with water starch (of such a strength as to form a jelly when cold), applied with a broad camel's hair brush. Thin cold isinglass or rice water may also be used for the purpose.

PUSS.—Use either water-colours or oils; no varnish is required. The "w" in German is always pronounced like "v." The best German is not spoken in South Germany, but in Hanover.

JEANNE.—We do not give addresses. Try a number of pens, and make your selection from the most suitable for etching. Your writing is legible.

PEARL.—To enlarge designs, see the instructions given at page 111, vol. i. Your writing is peculiar, not pretty nor elegant.

KATHERINE C.—The translation of the Italian sentence is as follows:—"This music must be played with great lightness, if not with a little playfulness, but not without feeling and softness." Water-colour paintings do not require "setting," but both chalk and pencil drawings do. The School of Art recipe for setting chalk drawings is—two ounces of methylated spirit and half drachm of gum mastic, applied with an odorator or spray diffuser. See answer to M. P. L. for the method of setting pencil drawings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIZZIE.—Twenty-one is the legal majority.

A. B.—We have advised the use of rain-water, where it can be procured for washing in, many times. Your writing is good.

RUBY.—We do not give addresses, but we may inform you that it is not easy to obtain an opening in either an architect's or engineer's office without a premium.

HILDA MARCUS.—Keep the books as in ordinary business, with "credit" and "debit" sides, all receipts and expenditures being carefully entered. The list of subscribers, dates of subscriptions due—whether paid or unpaid—at the beginning of the book.

GERTRUDE TREVOR.—We fear you would find some difficulty in getting the boy into an orphanage, as he is not really an orphan. As he has been at school for the past four years, would it not be wiser to endeavour to place him with a stationer or bookseller, where he would obtain his board and clothing, and could continue to attend school at night.

ELLINOR P.—Thank you for your kind note. Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," page 259, vol. i.

DUNELM.—You do not tell us what your own feelings are, so our advice would be useless. But we should think that you had better speak to your father if you wish to put an end to the acquaintance, and let him act for you. We regret that your writing should have been so much neglected.

A CURIOUS GIRL (Dalston).—We quite understand your feelings and difficulties. Those whose hearts cannot be drawn towards God by love and gratitude—to One to whom they owe every comfort in this life and hope for the hereafter—are urged, by Him who "desireth not the death of a sinner" by the dread of punishment. So that strong inducements are held out suitable to the higher and the lower natures amongst us. Observe, secondly, that we are not to be judged of by comparisons with murderers and thieves, but by our faith, penitence, love, and gratitude, so influencing our wills and works that every kind or useful act is performed with the grand view of pleasing Him who gave His life for our redemption. Failing in this respect we are monsters. Ingratitude towards a tender earthly parent stamps a child as an odious, hateful, unnatural being. What then must those who despise the infinite mercies of their God and Saviour appear in the eyes of the angels and the redeemed? Do they deserve to be with Him for ever whom they neglected and judged so harshly all through the life that He gave them on earth? We should like to hear from you again.

ALPINE SAPLING.—The "Willow Pattern" illustrates an old traditional Chinese story of two young people who married clandestinely, were pursued by the bride's father to be beaten to death, but were changed into turtle doves, and so escaped. The three figures are represented on the bridge; that nearest the willow is the mandarin with the whip. On the right is his country seat; the small cottage is that of the gardener from whence he watched them. The island home in the distance is that of Chang, the young lover of Lichi, the mandarin's only daughter.

BEATRICE.—Because you have been seven years in your situation you wish to change. You had better think twice and oftener about it. There are hundreds and thousands who would gladly take your place if you left it.

FAITH.—No letters are answered privately, but all our correspondence is confidential, not going beyond the Editor or those who assist in various departments. The answer to your chief question is what we may give to many:—If there is no stronger call, the duty is clear to remain in the position where the providence of God has placed you. If for your good, or the greater good of others, He will open a way for change.

ELLA.—It is foolish to compare "accomplishments" and domestic work. Both are good in their place. As to which is the best and most useful, let us quote an old ditty:—

> Some people choose wives who can sing,
> While others choose those who can smile;
> Or because they love books, or are nice in their looks,
> Or by talking a dull hour beguile.
> I don't care who 'tis, but he'll have to pay damage,
> If, in learning all else, she's not learnt *how to manage*.

But there is a higher merit even than this; and it is when the good manager also knows that the soul, as well as the body, has to be cared for. The best woman is "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," and tries "to have Mary's heart as well as Martha's hands."

ALMOND TREE.—Very dark hair often turns white sooner than lighter hair. It is not a sign of ill health as much as is early losing the hair.

SP.—Wait for five years. What is done in haste will be repented of at leisure.

AGNES.—It is not possible to reply to individual inquiries about what has been published in previous numbers.

BESSIE HADLEY.—The old English rhymes, like many proverbial sayings, are by an unknown author.

TORCH.—A handwriting society would involve too much labour if on a large scale. Better arrange it among local friends.

CORISANDE.—There is no dependence to be put on such a complexion as you describe. It may be from nervous disorders, without any lung disease. You must consult friends or a doctor.

CONNIS.—The "gangway" of which you read in the debates in the House of Commons means a space, or gangway, separating the seats which are nearest the Speaker from others more distant. Members wishing to be independent of the two great parties sit below the gangway.

SNOWDROP.—March 10, 1861, was Tuesday. There is room for much improvement.

JEAN.—The photographs are of scenes in the Passion-play of Oberammergau, a place where there are dramatic representations of the scenes of Passion week. You will find an account of it in Dr. Green's book on Germany, published at 56, Paternoster-row.

PYGMEE.—Several hundred letters of correspondence come every week. It is possible to give replies only to a selected number, which seem to have special interest. Many are about trifles, or ask questions which anyone at hand could answer if asked. Never be ashamed to confess ignorance by seeking information.

MABEL BOLTON, of Weymouth, writes to say, "I shall be obliged if you will intimate that the Mabel Bolton whom you advise not to waste her time and fancy on attempting to write verses is some other than myself. I ask this because your criticism and the somewhat uncommon designation of your correspondent have misled my friends and exposed me to some unpleasantness."

H. BECKETT.—Certainly we will take the certificate of the old friend of your mother as your mother is not alive. We congratulate you on living such an earnest and useful life.

LIZZIE.—Your nice letter has greatly interested us. You can exercise an influence upon your poor father for good if you like by reading to him from the Bible, by interesting him in your GIRL'S OWN PAPER and getting him to read it, and by your own example. Go to work in a delicate manner to reform him, for he naturally would resent being preached at by his own child. Cannot you be of service to your stepmother also? for as you are not at home a great deal of your father's time must be spent in her company. Pray for his reformation and ask God to give you strength and wisdom.

EMILY P.—Thank you for your kind suggestion. We will gladly think it over.

ORION.—We know nothing of the person you mention, and cannot recommend you to respond to her request.

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.—ESSAY WRITING.

THE theme for the next competition in essay writing in which all our readers, young and old, are asked to join, is—

MY CHRISTIAN NAME.

The treatment of the subject is left entirely to each girl to think over, and to decide for herself without aid from others; and no question referring to it will be answered by the Editor. Books relating to any branch of the subject may, of course, be read by the competitor, but the language must on no account be copied.

Two Prizes of THREE GUINEAS and TWO GUINEAS will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates to the two most successful competitors of or between the ages of twenty-five and twenty.

Two Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors under the age of twenty and above the age of sixteen.

Two Prizes of ONE GUINEA and HALF-A-GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful candidates under the age of sixteen.

The last day for receiving the essays for examination is Friday, July 29, 1881.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The essays should be written upon one side only of four pages of ordinary foolscap paper. These four pages must be sewn together at the left-hand top corner.

Each essay must bear on its back the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this essay is the sole work and in the handwriting of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated.

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher).



VOL. II.—NO. 67. APRIL 9, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TO APRIL.

OH, April, fickle April, with thy sunshine and thy showers,
Thy breath of soft sweet perfume from the many-coloured flowers;
Oh, April, fickle April, I love thy changeful face,
With its varying lights and shadows of beauty and of grace.

Oh, April, lovely April, with the garland on thy brow,
Of the violet and primrose and the budding hawthorn bough,
Coming smiling through thy tears, we hail thee with delight,
As the harbinger of other days both beautiful and bright.

I see thee in revision in days long since gone by,
In life's drama then enacted beneath thy chequered sky,
Mixt with infant forms of beauty and childish prattle heard,
In mingled happy harmony with the song of early bird.

Oh, April, changeful April, how like thou art to life,
Now bright with joy and sunshine, now dark with care and strife;
But the beauteous bow of promise, like a halo round thy brow,
Speaks in comfort to the Christian of a better life than now.



Oh, pilgrim, weary pilgrim, to glory pressing on,
Where bright angelic spirits are clustering round the throne:
Soon shall all thy woes and sorrows be for ever past,
And thy weary feet stand firmly on Zion's hill at last.

[*All rights reserved.*]

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By Alice King.

CHAPTER II.



ELLA RINGWOOD was the daughter of a general officer, who had seen service in India, and spent the greater part of his time there. There he had married, rather late in life, a young wife, and there Ella had been born. In the days of her babyhood she had been the pet and toy of her parents and all the ladies and gentlemen in the station; but at the usual age, when the Indian climate becomes unhealthy for European children, she was sent home to her mother's relations in England.

General Ringwood was a man of good private means besides his military income, and he had married a lady of large independent fortune; thus Ella, since no little brother or sister came to dispute her rights, was regarded as a future heiress, and was brought up by her grandmother, in whose care she chiefly was, in the most showy and expensive way. Her placid, almost sleepy, disposition and sweet temper had, however, prevented her being as much injured by this style of education as many girls in her place would have been. A more lively nature would have been more easily infected by bad habits, and had she been overflowing with high spirits and airy fancies, she would have been more thoroughly intoxicated with the flattery which surrounded the heiress. On the other hand, she did not profit, as a girl of any intellect or talent would have done, by her costly educational advantages. Professors, teachers, and mistresses of all sorts of languages, sciences, and accomplishments worked away with laudable patience at the heiress's brains, but only succeeded in scattering over them a little superficial knowledge on the most ordinary subjects, and just a smattering of a foreign tongue or two, and in causing to float through them some faint perception of music, to which she now and then gave expression, painful to her friends with sensitive ears and nerves, if truth must be told, in waltzes played on the piano. She had none of that resolute, patient perseverance which will often do much towards supplying the place of mental gifts; therefore, teach her what they might, it was all a simple failure.

No doubt Ella's heart would have borne far better fruit under cultivation than Ella's head had done; but as yet it had lain like a piece of fallow ground in her young breast. Mrs. Ringwood had died about a year after her little daughter left India, and the child's nature had never known a sweet awakening up to melody at a mother's touch. Her grandmother was a vain, worldly-minded woman, whose life was made up of flimsy trifles and hard striving after social position and distinction. She sent Ella to a large, fashionable school as soon as ever she was old enough to go, and never had her with her except in the holidays, during which the chief things she laboured to instil into the girl were family pride and a firm belief in the power of money. General Ringwood was in a certain way fond of his daughter, but he was a dry-mannered, stiff man, who knew nothing of the secret of finding the road in a child's heart; besides he had only been in England twice since Ella left India, so that with a character of such sluggish sympathies and feelings she scarcely had time to learn to care much about him; indeed, the chief things she remembered with pleasure his visits by were the Indian muslins and jewellery which he brought her. Thus poor Ella had never been taught much of love for man, and still less had she learned anything of love for God. She had, indeed, been brought up to observe certain religious forms, but to her they were nothing more than outward and visible signs of social respectability; she had never thought of looking deeper into them.

Thus things had gone on with Ella till she was sixteen, then changes had come for her. First of all her grandmother had died, after which Ella spent her holidays with a cousin of General Ringwood; then, about a year after, had followed her father's death. These two losses, coming so close one upon another, would have cast a deep shadow on most young lives, but neither her father nor her grandmother had troubled themselves to awaken any strong affection in Ella while they were alive, and so, naturally enough, her grief after they were dead assumed no very violent or lasting character.

General Ringwood had appointed in his will, as his daughter's guardian, his old friend, Mr. Matthew Lindhurst, who lived with his sister at Larcombe Priory, not many miles from Exeter, in Devonshire; the Priory was the old family home of the Lindhursts. Now Nancie Lindhurst, Matthew Lindhurst's sister, was a lady who had always, in every chance and change of life, a keen eye to her own and her brother's interests; therefore when she found that the young heiress was left, till she came of age, in Mr. Lindhurst's guardianship, she resolved that they themselves should get some solid profit out of the circumstance. Matthew Lindhurst would have been very well satisfied to leave his ward in charge of her father's relations, while he only looked after her fortune for her; he had lived for many years in a narrow groove of quiet self-indulgence, and he dreaded and disliked nothing so much as being disturbed in it. But restless, scheming Miss Nancie combated this plan with all her might, and insisted on Ella making her home with her brother and herself till she came of age. General Ringwood's will allowed a most liberal yearly payment for the person who should have the care of Ella during her minority, and Miss Nancie was determined that this money should go into no hands other than her brother's and her own.

General Ringwood's cousin, with whom, as has been said, Ella's holidays had been passed since her grandmother's death, made not the slightest objection to giving up the charge of her; she was rich, and did not want the heiress's money; she had several daughters of her own growing up, and she was not at all desirous to have another girl as an inmate. Ella herself made no opposition to the new plan of life which was proposed for her. Her easy-going, placid temperament made her submit to it very quietly; therefore when at seventeen she left school for good, she travelled down at once to her guardian's house in Devonshire.

Ella Ringwood had, however, made one stipulation before she went to live with Mr. and Miss Lindhurst, and this was, that a girl of her own age should be her companion at Larcombe Priory; she did not like the idea of spending her whole time alone with two elderly people. This companion was to be paid for out of Ella's fortune; her guardian could, of course, have objected to this wish of his ward, but Miss Lindhurst advised him to accede to it. She at once set about looking for a girl who would suit the situation, and at length fixed on a young second cousin of her own, called Ruby Stanton.

Ruby was the daughter of a merchant who had failed in business, and, broken in mind and body, had sunk under the weight of crushing ruin, leaving his wife and unborn child no other legacy except a load of debts. The young mother had striven to bear up bravely, but it had been God's will that she should soon find rest; she had not outlived, but a few hours, the birth of her child. Mrs. Stanton's relations were for the most part poor, and were possessed large families of their own. Little Ruby had been bandied about among them, getting, as her share, here a scanty portion of kindness and pity, there nothing but cool indifference. But the Father of the fatherless had been good and gracious to the orphan; he had endowed her with much personal beauty and charm; with a quick intellect that made more out of a crumb of knowledge than many slower minds would have done out of a richly-furnished meal; with a capacity for enjoyment which found, with magic power, pleasure in the smallest bits of brightness that came in her way; and, best of all, with a warm, generous heart and disposition which were always longing to do some good, sweet, noble thing. As yet, it is true, perfect Christian light had not streamed into young Ruby's soul. She had had many hindrances in the right way—some from her own quick, passionate, wilful temper, some from the misunderstanding and coldness she had met with from

those around her; but she felt a longing for a fuller and higher life, and was groping her way towards it.

When Ruby was fourteen her relations chose to consider that her education was finished, so they took her away from the very indifferent school at which they had placed her. An uncle and aunt who lived in the south of Devonshire had, through injudicious spoiling, turned two pretty engaging children, a boy of five and a girl of three, into a couple of most insufferable imps of mischief; they took it into their heads that Ruby, if they had her to live with them, would prove a sort of safety-valve to carry off what they were pleased to call the high spirits of their two pets; and so poor little Ruby, still scarcely more than a child herself, was installed in their house under the pathetically ridiculous title of nursery governess.

For a whole year Ruby had filled her most uncomfortable place, a dreary, little round peg in a very large square hole; the children teased her unmercifully at their sweet wills, and were only rendered more inveterate by her ebullitions of temper towards them; while their parents complacently and gravely laid at her door all their most flagrant misdoings. Ruby was beginning to feel, in spite of her cheery nature, that life was a hard burden to bear, when Miss Lindhurst made her the offer of coming to be Miss Ringwood's companion. Nancy Lindhurst was always fond of doing a philanthropic or charitable act without being at any expense herself; her conscience had long whispered that she and her brother, Ruby's only rich relations, ought to do something for the orphan, and now here was an opportunity of that something being done, and of Miss Nancy accommodating herself with what she just then wanted, at the same time. Poor Ruby thankfully accepted the offer; anything would be better than her life in her uncle's house; and this was how it was that on that autumn evening she, as well as Ella Ringwood, came to be driving towards Larcombe Priory.

But to return to Mr. and Miss Lindhurst. At the moment when they heard the carriage wheels on the gravel Miss Nancy hastily popped on her cap—which she had been sitting without, because it was a new one and she feared for it the result of a doze in an arm-chair in which she had been indulging before her brother's voice roused her—Miss Nancy popped on her cap, and blissfully unconscious that she had put it on the wrong side in front, for they were sitting without candles, hurried out to the door. In another minute a slight girlish form was being clasped in Miss Nancy's ample arms, and she was murmuring softly over it,—

"My love, come in from the cold air; I have such a blazing fire in your room, my dear child; it is such a comfort to hold you at last in my motherly embrace."

Miss Nancy had made up this little speech for the reception of the heiress, and was really quite proud of it. They stood now in the light of the hall lamp.

"Doesn't it strike you—the likeness to her dear father?" cried Miss Nancy, ecstatically, turning to her brother.

"I don't see the slightest trace of the General in her," answered Mr. Lindhurst, with cool decision.

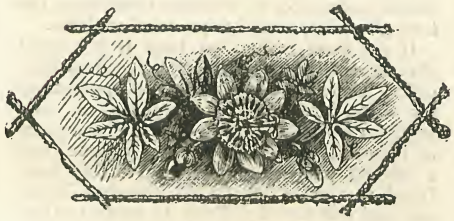
"The General!" stammered the new comer, bewilderedly.

"Yes, my dear, your father the General," replied Miss Nancy, blandly. "You know, of course, that he and Mr. Lindhurst were just like brothers; that was how General Ringwood came to confide you to our loving care."

"General Ringwood!" repeated the guest. "Why, I am not Miss Ringwood; I am Ruby Stanton!"

Oh unforeseen, unlucky mischance! Miss Nancy had given the poor little dependent, Ruby Stanton, the reception she had intended for the heiress

(*To be continued.*)



MY CHRISTIAN NAME.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

My Christian name, my Christian name,
I never hear it now:
None have the right to utter it,
'Tis lost, I scarce know how.
My worldly name the world speaks loud;
Thank God for well-earned fame!
But silence sits at my cold hearth,—
I have no household name.

My Christian name, my Christian name,
It has an uncouth sound;
My mother chose it out of those
In Bible pages found:
Mother, whose accents made half sweet
What else I held in shame,
Dost thou remember up in heaven
My poor lost Christian name?

Brothers and sisters, mockers oft
Of the quaint name I bore,
Would I could leap back years, to hear
Ye shout it out once more!

One speaks it still, in written lines,
The last fraternal claim,
But the wide seas between us drown
Its sound—my Christian name.

I had a long dream once. *Her* voice
Might breathe the homely word,
And make it music—as love makes
Any name, said or heard.
O, dumb, dumb lips!—O, silent heart!
Though it is no one's blame:
Now while I live I'll never hear
Her speak my Christian name.

God send her bliss, and send me rest!
If her white footsteps calm
Should track my bleeding feet, God make
To them each blood-drop balm!
Peace—peace. O mother, put thou forth
Thine elder, holier claim,
And the first word I hear in heaven
May be my Christian name.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOLARS OUT OF SCHOOL.



DIFFICULTY much felt by the conscientious Sunday-school teacher is that of keeping up some sort of communication with the scholars during the week. In the hour or two devoted to teaching on Sunday afternoon, particularly if the class be held in a large room amongst a number of other classes, it is almost impossible to create any feeling of sympathy between teacher and each individual scholar. Visiting at the homes does not altogether afford what is wanted, for with the parents, perhaps, and the rest of the family standing by to listen, both scholar and teacher may very naturally feel a little shy and ill at ease. Conversation on religious subjects is difficult, and if persevered with appears forced and unnatural. Such *interviews* are not likely to strengthen the bond of affectionate intimacy between teacher and pupil, though visiting the girls at their homes is much to be recommended on other grounds.

It is difficult to make suggestions likely to prove useful to all, for the circumstances and arrangements of schools differ so widely.

It is often the case that a school devotes itself to one special branch of mission work; for example, the support of one or more missionaries in a foreign land, to whose maintenance the proceeds of its collecting-boxes and cards are given, and for whose welfare special prayer is often made. In such case, the interest of the scholars should be aroused on matters relating to the country and people where their missionary is working.

An occasional week evening might be spared to meet the class, when pictures and maps of the country and people may be looked at and talked over, their curious customs in religion and way of life described, and any tidings of the progress of the gospel made known.

Another evening might be made interesting by a display of curiosities from different countries. Each scholar should be invited to contribute something towards the entertainment, and by means of intelligent descriptions and conversation on the part of the teacher, much interest in general missionary work may be aroused.

It will be found to stimulate the memories of the scholars on points of biblical geography to require them to make outline maps during the week; these, as soon as they are fairly correct, should be brought to school every Sunday, with a pencil. Each place mentioned in the lesson is to be marked; and when the travels of any individual form the subject of study, the course taken should be indicated so as to be recognisable at a glance. Thus, Abraham's journeyings may be marked by a dotted line, Paul's by a waved line, and so on. The making of these maps also prevents the Sunday lesson from being utterly banished from the mind by the other engagements of the week, which it is to be feared happens but too often amongst our scholars.

If the girls are of a suitable station in life, one evening in a fortnight may be devoted to working in some way for the poor. A penny a week saved by each one will buy sufficient material for strong warm clothing, unbleached calico, linsey, and so on, which, together with any old clothes the scholars and teacher can provide for cutting up, will help to warm many a little shivering form and lighten the load on many a hardworking mother's heart.

The girls should be encouraged to seek out any deserving poor families and mention them at this meeting, when the best method for helping them may be discussed and acted upon. By thus comparing notes at the meeting each is able to help the other in her labour of love. At the beginning the girls might spend a few minutes in finding texts in the Bible bearing on the subject of charity or some kindred virtue, and the families who are being helped should be mentioned in the prayer with which the teacher closes the meeting. On these occasions it is well to ask those present to try and bring others with them, try to make them feel they are living for others, no longer only for themselves. Get them; to look out for girls who attend neither school nor place of worship and to persuade such to accompany them on Sunday. This will call up a feeling of responsibility much to be desired.

Supposing a class to be composed of poor and neglected girls, a weekly gathering may be held with advantage for helping them on in their secular learning. To read and write *well* are rare accomplishments amongst the lower classes, whilst nearly all are deficient in arithmetic, needlework, and cutting out. Such instruction is indeed a boon to poor girls, and will benefit them all through life, by rendering them fit for domestic service and other situations for which they would otherwise have been unsuited. Show them how to darn, patch, and keep their clothes tidy in all ways, and give them at the same time a little simple instruction in cookery, cleanliness, the laws of health, and such practical subjects.

If the class is not too large it is a good plan to remember the birthday of each member of it. These anniversaries give an opportunity for writing to them or visiting them, and urging them to look back upon the past years of their life, and to make the present time a turning point in their career, if they have failed to decide for Christ already. Those teachers who find it difficult to speak to their girls individually of heavenly things, out of the Sunday-school, will find this plan helpful, as it is incomparably easier to visit or write to a scholar, having some definite object in view, which can be given as explanation of the letter or visit.

Should any scholars evince any serious thought, or appear to be concerned for their spiritual state, it will help them in their decision if the teacher invite them to a special meeting at her own house, or in the schoolroom.

The number so invited should be but small, or it will be difficult to make each feel herself personally addressed.

The girls should be encouraged to tell their teacher about any difficulties they may meet, whether in religious or other matters. An hour in each week might be fixed when the scholars would be sure of finding her at home, and at liberty for a little talk with them on any subject, for kind sympathy and help and readiness to listen to and advise in *all* the affairs of daily life will go far to commend Christianity to the girls. A teacher, who can talk to her scholars of *nothing* but religion can hardly hope to gain their confidence or find a way into their hearts. It is therefore most desirable that she should meet them occasionally *out* of the Sunday school, and a meeting, similar to one of those alluded to here, and suited to the circumstances of the class, may easily be organised, and will offer the necessary opportunity for that intercourse, the want of which is so often felt.

D. H.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EVAN'S DREAM.



IN July and August all London goes a touring. The great city is deserted and the country invaded. Even quiet Derwen had its visitors, and the station was a very different scene on one especial autumn day from what it was when May first landed on it, a lovely six-year-old child. It was actually dotted all over with people, although it was not market-day; and when the train arrived there was quite a hubbub. One would have thought that it was an excursion train at least, so great was the excitement. Yet only two passengers descended from it, who were instantly surrounded by friends, all of whom seemed to talk at once. The burden or the refrain of those assembled to receive the travellers was, "Welcome home, May *fach*."

Yes, the arrivals were May and her father, and all the clan Morrison had come to meet them, besides other old friends. Meredith was, however, the one to help them out of the carriage, and afterwards to see to their luggage. May had as much as she could do to return the warm greetings and introduce her father.

"Aunt Lizbeth! how kind of you to come! How well you look! This is my dear papa," on one side.

"I am remembering him, sure. How do you do, Mr. Goldworthy?" in reply.

"Cousin Leah, and Rachel, and little Gwen. Oh, I am glad to see you all again!" on another.

"And you so grown, cousin May. Why, you are as tall as I am!" from Leah.

"Papa, this is Dai Bach, and this is cousin George, and here is the vicar, and here comes Uncle Laban."

Mr. Goldworthy had more than he could do in shaking hands with friends, old and new, while many memories crowded upon him.

"How are great-grandfather and grandmother?" asked anxious May of Dai Bach.

"All of a fluster to think of seeing you, May; but they couldn't come to the station."

"Oh, no," sighed May; "but I shall see them to-morrow."

Instead of Evan's old cart, and Siriol to draw it, a neat dog-cart awaited the travellers, into which Meredith stowed their luggage, a great portion of which was made up of Mr. Goldworthy's easel and sketching apparatus.

"I shall see you all again to-morrow," was the farewell of happy May, as she took her seat beside Meredith, her father mounting behind.

A drive of three or four miles over hill and down dale brought them to Meredith's house. May had not seen this since it had been changed from manager's offices into manager's abode, and she exclaimed, as they approached it—

"Oh, cousin Meredith, how delightful! This is our fairy tale again."

brook which ran through the hamlet into the valleys was up among the hills behind it, and in front was the delightful vale of Derwen.

It was no wonder that Mr. Goldworthy sat speechless and entranced at sight of this beautiful scene, and that May could scarcely speak for tears.

"She isn't spoilt by going to London," she heard one whisper to another in the old familiar tongue.

It was a good-sized house with stone porch and mullioned windows, and was surrounded by a garden. May was enchanted by the flowers and shrubs, partly cultivated, partly wild. On one side was



"SHE LOOKED BRIGHT AS THE GOLDEN MORNING."

Although the house was situated in the centre of the mining district, it was not disfigured or incommoded thereby, being surrounded by trees and backed by mountains. It lay beyond Leah's old house, and was about a mile from Laban's. The silent pool that was the source of the rapid, dancing, mischievous

One old friend came to hold the horse, another stood in the doorway as domestic servant, and two or three others were lingering about the place. The greetings were true and hearty, and as May shook hands with all in turn she presented her father to them with shy pride, who shook hands also.

a natural bank covered with ferns, gorse, and heather, and surmounted by a tangled hedge of roses, privet, hawthorn, and what not, while on the other were a few beds filled with geraniums, calceolarias, and other autumnal flowers.

"I had them planted that you might not miss your pretty garden at

Brompton," said Meredith, as they walked up the path covered with grey gravel, or rab as it is called.

"Look, my darling, my Madeline, we have a picture before us," said Mr. Goldworthy, pausing beneath the porch to survey the expanse of hill, wood, water, and cornfields that lay before them. "This is too enchanting. We shall not want to go farther, and shall tire you out, Meredith."

"The longer you stay the better, sir. This is your studio," replied the young man, opening a door that led into a comfortable parlour, where a fire was burning cheerfully. "You are to do exactly as you like, for this half of the house is yours, as we agreed. I have put the harmonium here, Cousin May."

It had been settled that Mr. Goldworthy should pay his portion of the household expenses, and have his private rooms, and that his friend Minister might join him when he liked. On no other terms would he accept Meredith's invitation to make Plâs Mynydd his abode, or rather head-quarters, for the autumn.

"You must be my guest this first evening," said Meredith, opening another parlour door, and displaying a table groaning with good cheer, and a hob on which stood a steaming kettle. "And this is one of Hedfa's puppies that grandfather has reared for you, Cousin May," he added, as a riotous pup jumped about him.

"Are they not kind? Is it not delightful, dear papa?" was all that May could articulate.

"It is, indeed, my child," replied the father, gazing from the window on the rising moon to conceal his deep emotion.

They were a happy trio that evening as they sat round the fire, discoursing of things past and present, Hedfa's puppy in May's lap and her hand in her father's. Meredith's room was full of books, maps, pictures, papers, all that could contribute to the improvement of his mind and the furtherance of his work. He told them that he had resumed the secretaryship of the institute, and his classes both on Sunday and once a week, and that he joined the musical practices whenever he had time. He said that Dai Bach was now under instruction as organist, and that Miss Richards had taken May's place until he was ready. It was hoped and expected that May would take the organ while in the country. This she agreed to at once with her father's consent. It evolved, incidentally, that Meredith's salary increased yearly, and that there was every prospect of his eventually becoming a shareholder in the mine he had been the means of reopening. In fact, Mr. Richards and other influential men had such a high opinion of him that he was pretty sure, if life were spared, to be a man of mark and wealth in the course of years. He did not say this, but his friends knew it.

May and her father were as communicative and confidential with him as he with them. The latter said, with a half sigh, that a career was opened before him when he was waxing old, but for May's sake he hoped to pursue it. He had been a burden on his friend Minister long enough, and it was now his wish either to make a separate home for himself and child, or to come to some agreement with Minister as to the expenses.

But both the young people knew that he was a dreamy man, and looked at one another instinctively, as he spoke of his future. They had little doubt that he would paint beautiful pictures; but they misdoubted his capacity for managing his own affairs. It was with some difficulty that May spoke of herself. She had an intuitive dislike so to do, even to Meredith, although she had not yet had experience enough of life to prove to herself that the wisest people are those who the most seldom use the little pronouns *I* and *me*.

However, she and her father between them told Meredith that her musical education progressed so rapidly as to cause her masters to propose her studying the art as a profession, either as public artiste or private teacher.

May inclined to the latter, her father to neither, and Meredith gave no opinion. He could only look at his sweet and gifted cousin, and think of her future and his own with a kind of uncertain hope; while she was sufficiently happy in the present to leave the days to come to shape themselves.

And so the quiet evening passed.

The following morning Meredith was up when the early birds began their *réveillé*, for he was obliged to go to a distance, and would not be back until the evening. But May was down as soon as he. She looked bright as the golden morning as she stood in the porch to see him mount his horse, and to watch him canter across the mountain road. Then she wandered out among the ferns and flowers, happier than the birds that now sang in full chorus above the house. Her father soon joined her, and she was thankful to see the calm and repose of nature reflected in his usually fitful glance.

"How delightful, my darling!" was all he said.

After breakfast they started together for a "home tour," as May phrased it. First, across the mountain and down the ravine to Tygwyn. She knew and greeted everyone they met. They found Aunt Lizbeth in the beehive chair, and Leah busy about the house. They did not stay long, though long enough to note many fresh comforts, the result of Meredith's thoughtfulness for his parents, and to hear Aunt Lizbeth acknowledge that she was better and stronger than she used to be. Then she led her father through the oak wood, and so to the well-known garden gate.

"It was here grandmother met me," she said, her heart beating as rapidly as it did on that occasion.

In another minute she was within the dear old room, and before her father had mounted the steps had her arms round her grandfather.

"I knew thee woulds't come, child, and I waited in," he said, laying his hand on her head.

But she could not speak for tears. At last she sobbed out, "Dear great-grandfather, I am so glad," and he added, "God bless thee, *merch fach*, and I thank Him that I have lived to see this day."

"Here she is, Dai Bach; here she is, Mally!" broke in upon the solemnity and pathos of the meeting, and old Peggy appeared.

Another fond embrace, and then May looked round for her father. He was standing in the doorway. She went to him and led him in.

"Here is my dear papa, great-grandfather," she said.

Evan made an effort to rise from the settle, but Goldworthy, who was the most nervous of the party, sat down by his side. Their hands clasped, and there was peace between them.

"I thank the Lord for all His mercies," said the old man, and "Amen" reverently replied Goldworthy; while Peggy again broke up the scene by a boisterous welcome.

Over a year had elapsed since May left Derwen, and there was little perceptible change in the old people. They had missed her sorely every day and all day, but Dai Bach had taken up his abode with them and did his best to supply her place, while Mally was there daily. The orphan boy was very grateful, as she had been, and read and sang to them of an evening as she had done, but still, as they would say to one another, "He is not May."

"You will spare her to us now and then, sir," said Evan to Goldworthy.

"Every day, whenever you like. She but replaces her of whom I robbed you," he replied.

"Have you paid your duty to Mrs. Richards, child?" asked old Peggy, who had a becoming sense of the proprieties. "Miss Richards is going to marry the vicar. They have been a long time about it. I hope you won't be so long making up your mind. But I suppose you'll be picking up some fine Londoner."

May shook her head, and Peggy laughed, saying that she looked like her old self again. Then May told her that she and her father were going to call at Derwen Fawr, and would come back to tea.

"In time for me to set the cups and saucers," she added.

"Go you and come back quick," said Peggy.

No sooner had they departed than there was a great commotion in the little farm. Everybody was setting everything to rights, and Evan was in and out continually, until Peggy declared he was getting "quite a molly in his old age."

May and her father returned about four o'clock, having seen Mrs. Richards and her daughters, and been cordially welcomed by them, and visited the Institute. May busied herself at once in arranging the tea-table as of old, while her father and grandfather had much serious discourse. Peggy and her dependents had prepared all sorts of dainties, and May declared she had not seen such cream and eggs since she left Wales, and as for the cream-cakes,

oh, dear! there were no such delicious things to be found out of the country.

Evan and Mr. Goldworthy on the settle, Peggy opposite, May pouring out the tea, and little Davy assisting. What a happy party! and what more could be desired? One thing, perhaps.

"I wish cousin Meredith would come. He promised to do his best to be here early," said May.

And he came soon after they were all seated round the table.

"Now it is perfect," thought May, as she welcomed him with her sweet smile.

Little Davy made way for him; but he was too generous to take the lad's place next May, and seated himself near his grandmother.

When the meal was over it was May who cleared the table and washed up the tea-things, and as she moved about like a fairy Evan murmured many a "God bless her!" and as to old Peggy, she never ceased exclaiming—

"She's as handy as ever, though I declare she's dressed as prettily as any fine lady."

When the clatter of house-work ceased, Evan pointed to May's harmonium, and asked for some music. She was soon seated before it, with Meredith and Dai Bach on either side of her, and Hedfa's nose on her lap. The low-raftered room soon sounded with song, which seemed to be echoed by the choruses of birds in the great oaks without. All was aglow with sunshine, and a more beautiful family picture could scarcely be imagined. During the pauses in the music the two men on the settle spoke in whispers, and Peggy, garrulous as ever, applauded aloud.

"Mrs. Richards is all for her 'coming out,' as she calls it," said Evan. "But I'm for women keeping in their places, and minding their own business."

"I hope there will be no necessity for her to do anything for her livelihood. So long as I am spared in tolerable health, and my mind is clear, I can support both," whispered Goldworthy.

"God willing!" said Evan. "I shall not live to see it, but I have my thoughts and wishes. They are very fond of one another. Like brother and sister heretofore, but I believe the day will come when they may be more to one another. You would not object!" breathed old Evan, as the music went on.

"Object!" repeated Goldworthy, and while the word was on his lips, Laban entered.

He was soon swaying himself to and fro, beating time, and joining in the music, standing behind the performers.

"He is just like a boy, is Laban," said Peggy.

"They are saying that Mr. Richards is going to live at a grand place in the next county, and that he means Meredith to live at Derwen Fawr," continued Evan, still under his breath. "What a blessing he and May would prove to the miners. It is my constant prayer that this may be brought to pass. Then, you could live with them, and——But I am getting foolish in my old age. It is all in the hands of the Lord."

"It is a pleasant dream. May it be realised," said Goldworthy, bowing his head.

And thus we bid farewell to the May Queen, satisfied that we leave her in the path of duty, and that she will continue in it. And should old Evan's dream come true, the path will still be the same, widening ever until it shall join the road that leads to the Eternal City.



USEFUL HINTS.

INK SPOTS.—If soaked in warm milk before the ink has a chance to dry, the spot may usually be removed. If it has dried in, rub table-salt upon it, and drop lemon-juice upon the salt. White soap diluted with vinegar is likewise a good thing to take out ink spots.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one half-cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one-half of a nutmeg, one tablespoonful of ginger: do not mix very stiff; two teaspoonfuls of soda (dissolved in a little hot water); put this in last; bake in a quick oven in a square tin.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four large eggs, two cups of flour, two cups of sugar; beat the two parts of the egg separate, the whites to a froth; then beat them together, stir in the flour, and, without delay, put it into the oven.

RECIPE FOR GOOD MARKING INK.—Mix a solution of vanadiate of ammonia with tincture of galls. The result will be an intensely black fluid which cannot be obliterated by the action of acids, alkalies, or chlorine.

AUSTRALIAN BUSH COOKERY RECIPES.—In making bread and pastry to ensure success with soda, or baking powder, your sponge must be lightly mixed, not at all stiff, just firm enough to mould into the form of loaves, and must be put in a hot oven. Take 12 lbs. flour, 1 heaped tablespoonful salt, the same of soda; mix with skim milk or buttermilk. If very thick the bread may be baked at once; if only sour, leave the sponge mixed for some hours; mix lightly again, and bake in small loaves or flat cakes; bake one hour. Another receipt: 12 lbs. flour, 1 heaped tablespoonful each salt and soda, 1 flat tablespoonful cream of tartar; work this a little stiffer than milk bread, put in the oven at once in loaves or flat cakes; bake one hour. Excellent scones or tea-cakes may be made by taking a piece of dough mixed by either of the above receipts, rolling it out about a quarter or half-an-inch thick, and baking on a hanging pan or camp-oven on a slow fire, turning them over from from side to side as they cook. To make cakes with either soda or baking powder, take a quarter of a pound dripping or lard to every pound of flour (sugar, if you wish them sweet, half-a-pound; with quarter of a pound they are nice), and currants or carraways, of either quarter of a pound or less if you choose; of baking powder add one level teaspoonful to every pound of your mixture, and mix with either sweet milk or cold water. For soda take one heaped tablespoonful for every 10 lbs., and mix this with sour or butter milk. If you wish you can make this receipt into either small or large cakes by mixing it like batter, or stiffer, as you think best. Mixed thin, and boiled in a greased basin, the above mixture will make an excellent pudding. Dripping will do, though by substituting the same quantity of suet it is improved. With no currants in it, only sugar and a little essence of lemon, it is an excellent pudding. To make fritters, mix 1 lb. flour, quarter-teaspoonful soda, ¼-lb. or less sugar in a batter, with thick milk; add a few currants if liked; drop with a spoon into a pan quarter-full of boiling dripping; when coloured on one side, turn over. They should be like small cakes when done, very crisp and light; sprinkle with white sugar when served. To make baking powder as good as can be bought, take 1 lb. carbonate soda, ¾-lb. cream of tartar, ¼-lb. tartaric acid; mix, pass through a flour sieve or wire strainer, bottle in pickle bottle, and keep well corked.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

"By Hook or by Crook" is a saying we hear,
But sometimes its meaning is not very clear;
Now some of our readers may like to be told
That its origin's really exceedingly old.
It dates from a time we can easily fix—
The year sixteen hundred and sixty and six,
When London was burned almost down to the ground,
And the boundary marks were not readily found;
So, when the rebuilding was first set in hand,
Many questions arose as to who owned the land.
Law Courts were appealed to, but no good did they;
The suits appeared endless and caused much delay.
So at last 'twas resolved that two men of renown,
Surveyors of very long standing in town,
Should be chosen to act as joint referees—
And the plan did the citizens mightily please;
To them the responsible task was entrusted
Of seeing the properties fairly adjusted;
In cases of doubt they gave the clue needed,
And forthwith the building of London proceeded.

Now, if for their names in old records we look,
We find that they happened to be "Hook" and "Crook,"
And allusion to them was repeatedly made,
On account of the wisdom and the tact they displayed;
And thus it passed on, from father to son,
When anything difficult had to be done,
"We must do it by Hook or by Crook" they would say,
And we say the same to this very day.

K. F. W.



FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

By LADY LINDSAY (of Balcarres.)

M.M. ♩=96.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

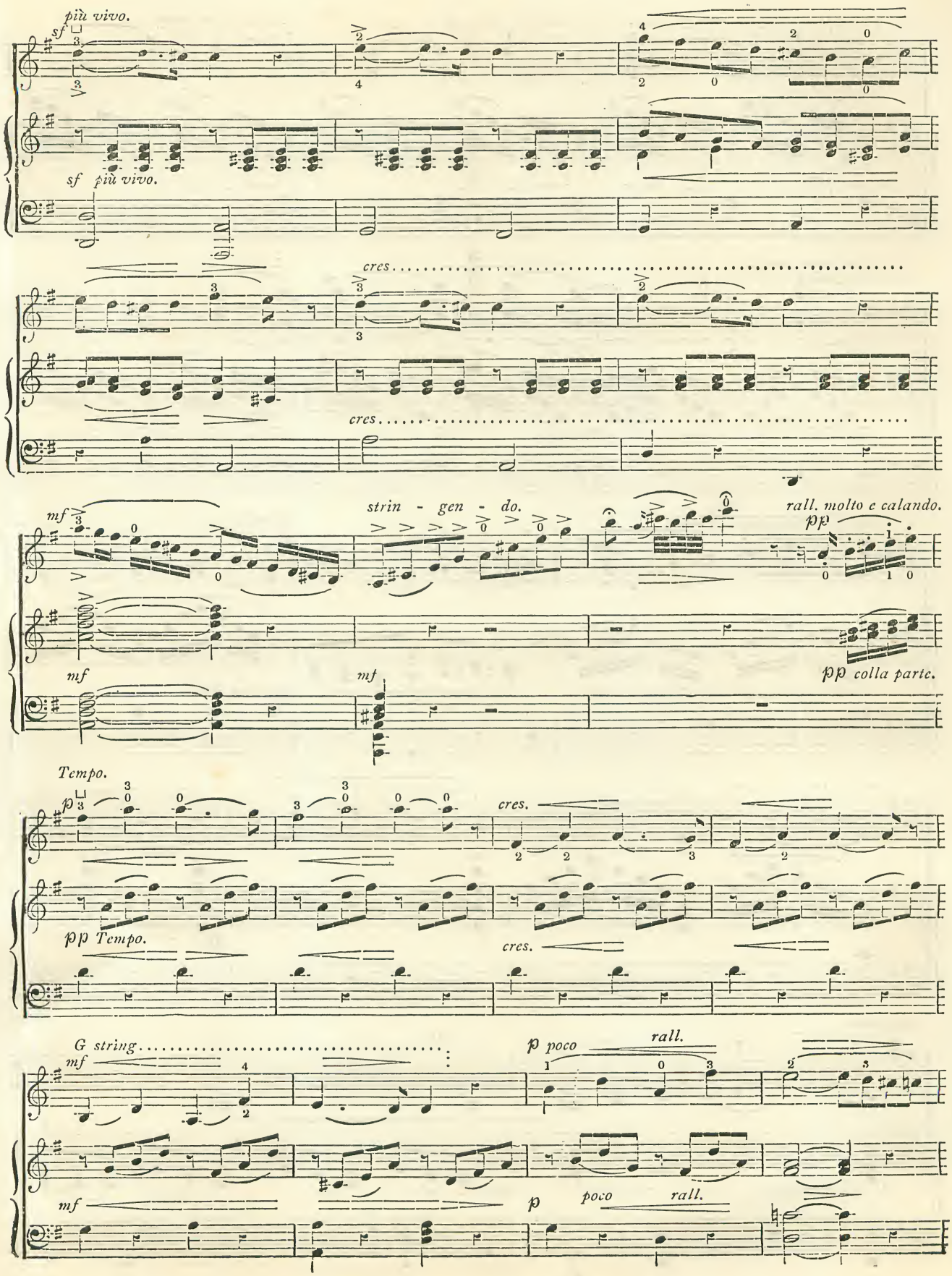
Andante e molto legato.

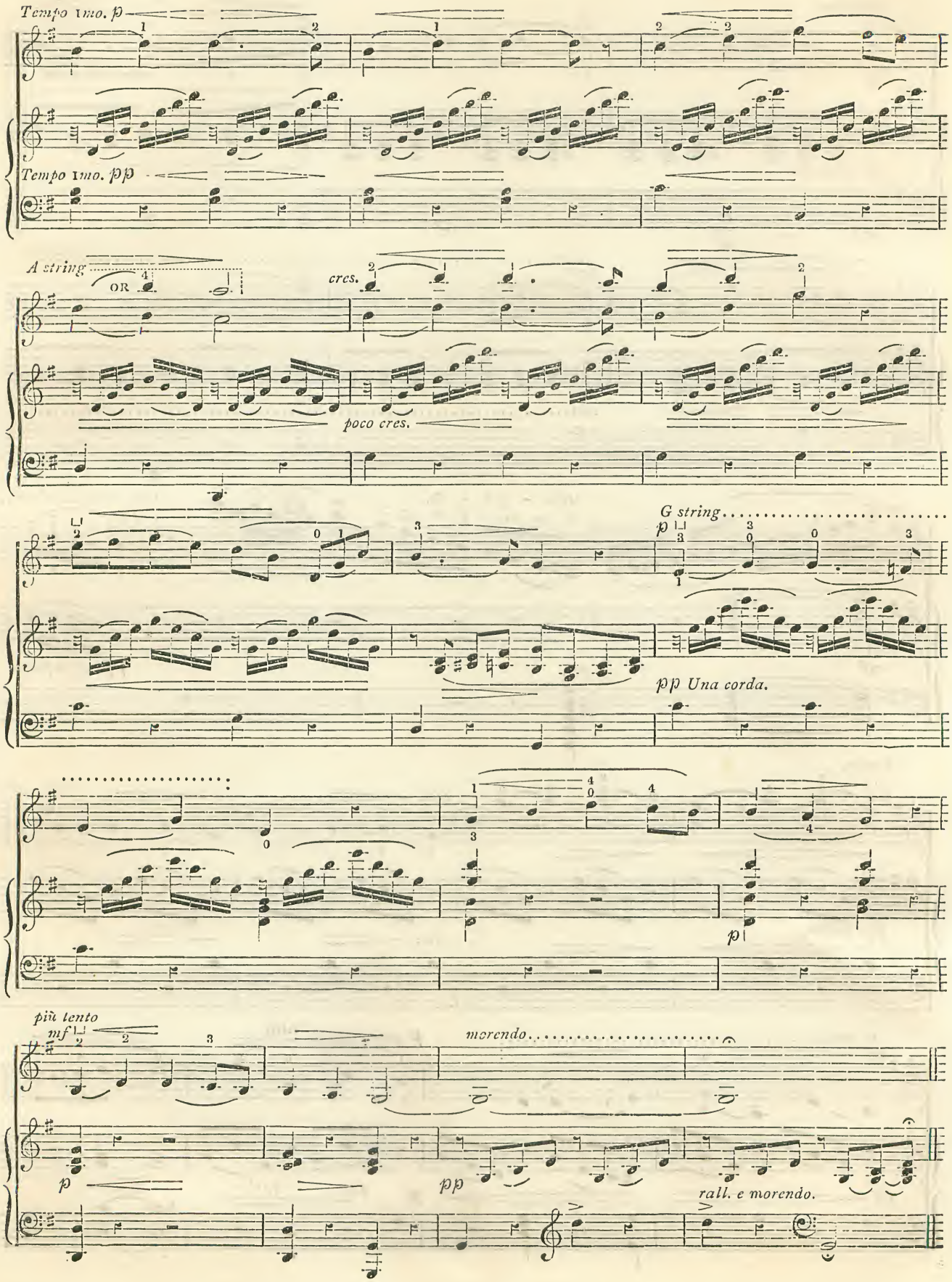
dolce. *p*

poco cres.

poco cres.

* The fingering above the notes is better, but more difficult than the fingering below the notes.


più vivo.
sf
sf più vivo.
cres.
cres.
mf
strin - gen - do.
rall. molto e calando.
pp
mf
mf
pp colla parte.
Tempo.
p
cres.
pp Tempo.
cres.
G string.
mf
p poco
rall.
mf
p
poco
rall.


Tempo 1mo. p
Tempo 1mo. pp
A string
OR
cres.
poco cres.
G string
p
pp Una corda.
più lento
mf
morendo
p
pp
rall. e morendo.

THE TOILET-TABLE, AND WHAT SHOULD LIE THEREON.

By Medicus.



ITH the toilet-table, as a table, it is not my province to speak, nor to tell you how it should be draped or bedecked; but neatness, tidiness, and perfect cleanliness should reign supreme in a young girl's dressing-room, however splendid and beautiful the fittings thereof may be, or however humble and poor.

Now, under the title I have chosen for this paper, I mean to give you many little hints, and not a few harmless recipes; and if you attend to the former, and make use of the latter, I have no hesitation in saying that improvement in your personal appearance will be the result. Beauty is your birthright, you ought to try to look as well as you can, both for your own personal comfort and for the sake of those around you. By taking pains to improve your looks by natural and simple means while young, you will retain your beauty even when, with the ever-recurring years, youth is slipping slowly away. But nothing in after years can atone for, what I may call, the want of attention to the simple rules of personal hygiene in your younger days. Does, then, attention to these rules lie in the proper use of the adjuncts of the toilet-table, and dressing-room? Not quite. These are mere accessories, indispensable I willingly admit, but accessories nevertheless; and even their constant use has no more effect without something else, which I shall presently name, in retaining true beauty, than an occasional coat of paint to a rotten boat has in keeping it seaworthy. The something else is health—perfect health. And even granting that you have the strongest of constitutions, and the highest of animal spirits, if you do not cultivate habits of temperance and moderation in all your actions and thoughts, take my word for it you are but frittering those precious possessions away.

"Oh!" I think I hear some of my young readers exclaim, "this isn't a medical paper, this is a sermon 'Medicus' is going to preach."

If "Medicus" does preach, depend upon it he will preach common sense, but not one inch will he budge towards the toilet-table, until he has had his say. "As soon," remarks a great authority, "as we begin to live we begin to die." This is true; and even in youth our bodies are but the strongholds behind which we live, and the stouter the ramparts the more likely are they to ward off the shafts of disease and death. But these very ramparts themselves have a tendency to crumble away, and we must study to strengthen them; we must look upon them as our foes likely at any time to fall and crush us; in other words, we must conquer self, we must study abnegation in everything, for abnegation leads to temperance, indeed, it is the root and soul thereof, temperance leads to health, and health is the foundation of true personal beauty. Be temperate, therefore, in eating, and temperance in this respect will become a habit, although it may cost you much abnegation to acquire it. But look up, never look down, for in this world, though we may sow in tears, we reap rejoicing in the life which is to come.

Be temperate in your hours of pleasure and sleep. Over indulgence in either produces wrinkles and sallowness of complexion. This is easily accounted for in this way, and I will put it as simply as I can. When the heart is overtired from long hours of wakefulness, or languid and weak from over indulgence in sleep, it is unable to receive the blood back sufficiently quick, the tender tissues around the eyes get puffy and swollen, the skin is thus stretched, and when the puffiness goes away it is inclined to lie in folds or wrinkles. The skin, of course, is very resilient and elastic and will regain its former appearance again and again for a time, but a constant drop will wear a stone away, and at last its elasticity is lost and wrinkles are the result. Be temperate in talking and self-abnegating in argument, you will thus preserve your good temper.

Having heard me patiently, I will now advance to the toilet-table, the largest and most conspicuous object on which is the mirror. However big this may be, or however small, let it be a true glass. A few shillings spent on a good mirror is money well laid out. A proper looking-glass certainly will not flatter you, but, on the contrary, it will point out to you in a friendly way all your defects, and if there be means of remedying them it will give you light to do so; but a bad glass is your worst friend, because it not only hides your faults, but gives an imperfect and very far from flattering reflection of your face and figure, and this would be no comfort to you if you were going out anywhere to spend the evening. The looking-glass should be kept perfectly clear and bright; it should be well polished once a week at least, but this must be carefully done. Thus: dust the mirror first with a soft brush to prevent scratching, then take a damp sponge, and sprinkling a little eau de Cologne on it, rub the surface gently over; then dust over with good whiting, and while it is still damp polish with a silk handkerchief. The sponge itself should be perfectly clean, and sponges, whether used for the bath or simply for face ablution, should be invariably soft and clean and pure. When bought new, before you use them, shake out the dust, and then steep them for some hours in soft water several times renewed. Soap spoils sponges. If soap must be used with a sponge, rinse the latter in warm water before you put it away. Press or squeeze a sponge—do not wring it—and if it gets slimy, which it never ought to, soak it in water and soda for some hours. The bath sponge should be a very large one, if you mean to benefit by the use of the bath. The bath itself should be kept spotlessly clean; when spots of rust begin to appear in it, it is time it was repainted, else it will not wear. Iron rust is rather good in the water than otherwise; indeed, I have known much good come from a course of iron baths. The iron bath is a simple tonic one, and should be used every morning for a fortnight or three weeks at a time. It is composed of water one bucketful, sulphate of iron a quarter of an ounce, placed in the bath over night. While taking a course of such baths, a tepid bath with soap should be used twice a week—to thoroughly cleanse the skin—the last thing before going to bed. For young pale girls with weak nerves and languid circulations the iron bath is likely to be of great use, especially if steel drops—ten in a little water thrice daily after food—are taken at the same time.

Meanwhile, I am turning my back on the toilet-table, so I must face round again. Here are a couple of hair-brushes. How beautifully white and clean you keep them! This delights my eye. Of course you wash them occasionally, by dipping them in cold water in which soda has been dissolved—not soap—with gentle friction on the palm of the hand, holding them in such a position that the backs do not get wetted, and afterwards standing them in the wind, but not in the sun, to dry.

Do you ever use the metallic brushes? They are so cooling to the temples on a warm summer's day, but must be kept dry, else they are apt to rust. I sometimes think they stimulate the growth of the hair by their pleasant, cool friction. When you wash your hair do not use soap, unless the very mildest transparent kind, the same as you use for hands and face; but yolk of egg is better, well rinsed out with lukewarm water, then with cold soft or rain water, and, when partially dried by means of soft towels, combed and brushed.

Rain water is a great beautifier of the complexion. Collect it, and keep it in jars, after having it run through a filter. This is a hint worth much fine gold, so lay it to heart and you will look well.

Now, I am not your hairdresser, but I know you want me to tell you of something to increase the strength and beauty of the hair. I am good natured, and can't refuse. Here is a good application, a little of which may be rubbed into the roots of the hair, after moderate friction with the brushes every morning:—Tincture of cantharides, a quarter of an ounce; eau de Cologne, one ounce; bay rum, one ounce; rose water, two ounces. You can make your own bay rum simply enough: get two ounces of fresh bay leaves, and steep them for six days in six ounces of best rum. These are valuable receipts, but they must not be used more than once a day, nor longer than a fortnight at a time, and if they produce the slightest irritation or heat of the skin they must be omitted for a time.

Here is a good and very safe pomade for thinness of the hair: Pure lard four ounces, pure white wax half an ounce, melt, then remove from heat, and add half an ounce of balsam of tolu and twenty drops of oil of rosemary. Equal parts of bay rum, eau de Cologne and castor-oil form a good hair cosmetic.

The most innocent of white powders for face or skin are composed either of oxide of zinc, magnesia starch, or levigated starch. Be on your guard against such as are sold under fancy names. Be on your guard, too, against the dangerous compounds that are advertised by taking titles. Here is a recipe for the best bloom for lips or cheeks:—Early rising, morning tubbing, and plenty of out-door exercise. Soap is a necessity of life, but pray get it pure, non-alkaline, and transparent, and not the dangerously dyed masses of unhealthy curd you see so often exposed for sale.

Toilet vinegar should always find a place on the table. A little in the basin of water you lave your face with is delightfully refreshing.

Does your face often flush—I do not mean simple blushing? If it does you cannot be over strong, you need tonics and more fresh air. No applications will do good, but continuous flushing of the face under the least excitement is very apt to spoil the very best complexion.

Cold cream is one of the most harmless of applications to tender lips or skin.

Here is a lotion for freckles. It is a drachm of the muriate of ammonia dissolved in a pint of soft water, and a dessert-spoonful of eau de Cologne added; apply twice a day. The following is a good wash for sunburning:—fifteen grains of borax, an ounce of limejuice, and a dessert-spoonful of eau de Cologne. Buttermilk applied before going to bed, especially if a little sour, is very cooling after a hot day. Milk of roses (the best) is also a good face application; and here is a very simple one. Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of borax in a pint of elder-flower water, and add an ounce of eau de Cologne. By the way many harmless and delightful preparations can be prepared from flowers, as well as many good but simple perfumes, and if my girl-readers care for it, I feel sure the editor will grant me

space for a nice summer article on this subject.

I think, in a former paper, I mentioned tooth-powders. Charcoal is unsightly but very effective, and it can be made more so by rubbing up with an ounce of it as much quinine as will lie on a sixpenny piece; a few drops of otto of roses may be added. Or, make a tooth-powder thus (if you can find a pestle and mortar): Equal parts of burnt crust of bread, white sugar, and Peruvian bark, and a drop or two of otto of roses. If you prefer a paste, add a little honey. Use a soft and a hard tooth-brush, and never omit brushing the teeth inside and out after meals as well as in the morning.

HOW DRESSING-GOWNS ARE MADE.

I SUPPOSE every girl who reads these pages will agree with me that a dressing-gown of some sort is a necessity of her existence. Like the modern bath-room which is now introduced into every recently-fitted house, no one who has once known the comfort and benefit of it would ever again be without it. A dressing-gown is to my mind at once a necessity and a luxury, the greatest comfort and the most indispensable article of a girl's wardrobe.

On one occasion the writer of this paper was going into the country on a visit with her husband, several small children including a baby, and a nurse. In the midst of our preparations, my husband came and requested me to reduce our luggage to two trunks, which, with the addition of the nurse's, he said would look sufficiently formidable to carry into a stranger's house.

We performed marvels in the way of packing, for there were interminable white frocks and pinafores and pelisses for the children, but in the end we had squeezed everything into the prescribed limits but two articles—my one visiting dress of black silk, and my crimson dressing-gown. One of these could by great management be included, but only one, and the difficulty was to make the choice. Nothing could possibly be omitted from the contents of either box. After much deliberation I decided that my dress would be most useful to me, so with many regrets I relegated the dressing-gown to its usual peg in my hanging closet.

On the eve of our departure we received word that fever had broken out in our friend's house, but that they had secured farm-house apartments for us a few miles off.

We accordingly took up our quarters at the farm, and I had not been there two days before I was taken ill. Then how willingly would I have exchanged my silk dress for my dressing-gown. There was not such a thing in the place, and as I became convalescent, after a somewhat sharp illness, I had to see the doctor wrapped up in a blanket, or undergo the fatigue of a complete toilet. Nothing again would ever induce me to leave home for a single night without such an invaluable adjunct.

Nor is there any reason why every girl should not possess so desirable an addition to her comfort when we consider how easily and inexpensively it may be procured. A plain serviceable dressing-gown can be made at home with comparatively small outlay of money, time, or trouble, although for those of my readers who have a fair amount of each of these at their disposal, there are most charming and elaborate *robes de chambre*, about which I shall have a word to say further on.

The simplest and least expensive form of dressing-gown would be one composed of pretty cambric or print, but unfortunately these are only suitable for summer wear, and necessitate a warmer one for winter nights and mornings; or in case of sudden sickness during a winter night, the sort of occasion which proves to you the real value of a comfortable, handy garment, easily thrown on, and sufficiently warm for the purpose.

On the whole, therefore, where economy must be rigidly studied, I should advise the choice of a flannel dressing-gown in preference to one of any cotton material, probably prettier and costing less, yet I am convinced not likely to prove so really serviceable. I shall therefore speak first of a plain flannel dressing-gown.

I have known people swear by dressing-gowns of ordinary petticoat flannel, either white or scarlet, because of their supposed superiority for washing purposes. It is a mistake. They do not wash better, a red one not as well as many patterned ones; the white soil in a tenth of the time, and are most unbecoming, a matter not without importance. If it is right and commendable to cultivate a high standard of artistic excellence in our household surroundings, let us be consistent and apply the same principle even to our dressing-gowns.

Therefore I advise every girl to choose as pretty a flannel as she can, taking care to select such colours as will not be positively unbecoming. But she must think of something else as well, so she must be satisfied if they are not the tints most decidedly becoming. She wants something that will wash, as it is to last her a long time, and be usable on every possible occasion. Then let me advise her not to buy twilled flannel of one colour, which is to be had at very inexpensive rates of all drapers. I have tried cardinal, violet, blue. Each of these washed execrably. The cardinal, I am assured, will wash if bought in a very good quality, but for this I cannot answer, and am inclined to doubt it. The twilled flannels are as a rule mixed with cotton; hence the difficulty in washing.

We arrive, then, at figured flannels. These are, I believe, quite the best for the purpose, and are to be had in such pretty designs that I do not think any girl would regret giving up the notion of the "splendid cardinal" or "lovely blue" on which she had set her heart. Here, again, another word of advice. Don't choose any pattern in which violet, black, or blue, is predominant. A tone of blue may be had by choosing a flannel in which a thin line of that colour occurs, or, indeed, where it is introduced in any way that will not render the pattern grotesquely incomplete when the blue has retreated, as it most probably will after several washings. Blue is such a favourite shade that I cannot find it in my heart to restrict its use altogether, nor do I think that even those with whom economy is a very special object will find it undesirable wear if chosen with due regard to the hints I have given.

Shirt flannels may sometimes be obtained in designs pretty enough for dressing gowns. These are very good for the purpose, washing well if chosen carefully. The remarks just made apply to these, as well as to the dressing gown flannels. They range from 1s. 6d. per yard. A very charming material is that called velours flannel, which, as its name indicates, has a velvetty appearance, and is made in very pretty stripes of pale blue pink, &c., on a ground of some neutral tint. I find that the colours stand washing perfectly well, but that the flannel is inclined to shrink. The prices are from 2s. 11½d. per yard.

Pompadour flannels are very pretty, but here again economy steps in. If your gown is to be made as inexpensively as possible, we must have no pattern to which there is an up and a down, a right and a wrong side. If we do we must have more stuff, as then we could not fit the gores in one with another.

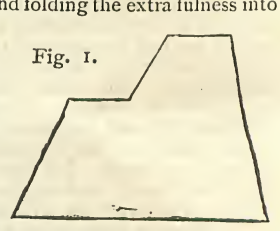
As regards the making, if you have no notion whatever of dressmaking, I feel inclined to give a piece of advice which may read to you something like *Punch's* advice to those about to marry. It is, don't attempt it without a pattern. Very useful patterns can be bought for a shilling in most places, and as an accurate fit is not required, there is no risk to be run. The inexpert will find the matter greatly simplified by this means. There is at least one firm of pattern cutters who, on receipt of a few simple measurements, will send a pattern of any garment, from which an accurate fit may be relied upon.*

Armed with this our dressing-gown is a very simple matter indeed, requiring no directions that are not given with the paper model.

If a girl has some experience of making dresses, an ordinary jacket-bodice pattern will serve our purpose, if we remember to allow a good margin at all seams, for a dressing-gown must never be a close fit. Having first measured the length back and front that would allow your gown to touch the floor in front and lie about a quarter of a yard upon it at the back, it would be necessary to cut each piece so much longer than the jacket pattern as was indicated by the measurements, allowing quite three inches more for a hem, and taking care that each portion widened proportionately towards the bottom of the skirt. The fronts, which are cut without the two darts usual in ordinary bodices, should measure at the hem about twenty-seven inches in width, including turnings, the side pieces seventeen, and the back gores eighteen inches, and narrow up to the waist by a gradual slope. It would be best to cut the back pieces first of the length required, bringing them up by a somewhat sharp slope to a length five inches more than the front measurement, at the seam which under the arm joins the back and front of the gown together. The fronts must be cut correspondingly, sloping to a length at the sides five inches more than at the front. Thus a dressing-gown for a person of ordinary height might measure *from the waist*, at front, where it fastens, thirty-seven inches, side seam under the arm, from waist, forty-three inches, and middle of back from waist, forty-seven inches.

Many persons give greater fulness to the skirt by the addition of a pleat in the back seam about a quarter of a yard below the waist. This is done by cutting the seam in this fashion (fig. 1), and folding the extra fulness into a flat pleat on the wrong side.

Fig. 1.



I need hardly add that both the centre back pieces must be perfect duplicates. All dressing-gowns, whether of flannel or cambric, have a lining in the upper part extending some little distance below the waist. Cashmere gowns are generally lined through. A pocket laid on the right side, turn-down collar or pleating round the throat if preferred, simple coat cuff and waist-band, complete the gown, which will require from six to seven yards of flannel, according to width. The accompanying diagram (fig. 2) gives a perfectly plain wrapper such as I have just described, but without the pleated back.

This form of dressing-gown may be embellished by the addition of a kilting round the hem, revers down the front, reaching from the

* Butterick and Co., Regent-street.

shoulder to the hem and narrowed at the waist, or by a cross-way band of the same material, about three inches wide, neatly stitched on at each edge, arranged to form a point at the back of the neck, come over the shoulder down each side to the hem, and then round the whole skirt, as in the accompanying diagram (fig. 3). A double-breasted dressing-gown is very warm and comfortable. To make this, cut the fronts three inches larger than the pattern, taking care to cut the neck so as to allow for buttoning over (fig. 4).

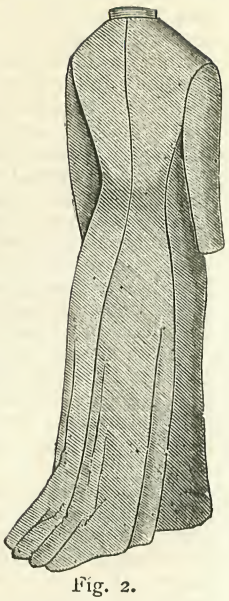


Fig. 2.

This form of dressing-gown requires two rows of buttons, and seldom has any further trimming. Some people add a hood, which, however, may be thought to resemble an ulster too closely (fig. 5).



Fig. 3.

Very dainty summer dressing-gowns may be made of pretty cambrics, or any of the host of washing materials each season presents to our notice. The princess form, which I have just described, is the foundation of all these, which are generally adorned with more or less trimming in the shape of kiltings, lace-edged frills, and ribbon bows. Oatmeal cloth or holland, adorned with crewel work, forms a charming wrapper, and would certainly be received by any bride as a most welcome addition to her *trousseau*. A pretty running pattern could be worked down the front, with a small corresponding group on cuffs, pocket, and waistband, or the waistband may be dispensed with, and the gown fitted to the figure by means of the two darts. A flat piece of

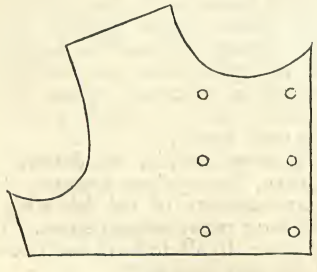


Fig. 4.

cloth, worked with the pattern, may also be placed on the back, terminating about a quarter of a yard below the waist with a knot ws.

The transfer papers sold at all fancy shops will supply a variety of designs suitable for the purpose.

Cashmere is a material in great favour for dressing-gowns where economy need not be rigidly studied. These are usually made with quilted satin, to match the shade of cashmere; but a far prettier trimming is a band of the stuff worked with a design in crewel silks; for instance, a pale blue cashmere, with rose-buds and leaves, is most charming.

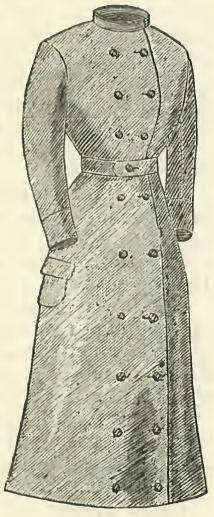


Fig. 5.

Various modifications and elaborations of form are sometimes employed, such as the Watteau wrapper, made with a large box pleat at the back, reaching from the neck to the ground. I should not advise any girl to attempt this style without a pattern, nor can I see that it has either beauty or convenience to recommend it. There is also the short round dressing-gown, which is usually made with a deep cross-way flounce, gathered on rather below the knees with a small heading. This, again, is frequently edged with a cross-way band or small kilting. A short dressing-gown, unless for a child, should just reach the ground (fig. 6).



Fig. 6.

I may here mention that the dressing-gown I have just described is very suitable for little girls, who ought to be provided with these useful garments quite as much as elder sisters, and made to use them too. Like the eggs sold by the sheep in "Alice's Adventures," two are cheaper than one, especially where a material is used which has a pattern and is not alike on both sides, for then all sorts of pieces come in which would otherwise be wasted.

And now having, I hope, interested my readers sufficiently to make them set to work immediately on the pleasant and not difficult task of providing themselves, and perchance their little sisters, with home-made dressing gowns, I think I have amply provided them with work for the present; but I warn them that when they have accomplished this I shall not be content until they have bestowed a similar kind attention upon each of their brothers, and their father too; and on this subject I shall hope to further enlighten them in another paper.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXX.

A CHANGE FOR MISS ROWE.



IT wanted but one day to the end of the Easter holidays, but one day to many changes in the small world of Crofton House.

"And who of us all, *I* wonder, will be most affected by the changes?"

It was Helen Edison who spoke, and she looked round at the little group gathered with her about the fire in the backroom—good-natured little Fraulein, the two Bells, and her mother.

There had been a long silence in the room, when Helen broke it abruptly by her remark, following a habit common with her of uttering aloud the climax to a long train of thought. The softly-spoken exclamation had so little to do with Fraulein's merry German song, which had been the last subject under discussion, that no one was immediately ready with an answer. At last Mrs. Edison said with a slight smile,—

"If your enigmatical speech, Nellie child, refers to the changes here, I should think there can be no shadow of a doubt that Miss Bell will be the one to feel the change most greatly."

"I don't know that, mamma," answered Helen. "I decided so at first; but the more I turn the matter over in my mind the more doubtful I grow. There is Rose, you know, without her sister."

A deep sigh from that small maiden announced her opinion of the serious importance of change. Helen continued, "Then there is the change to one of having to learn to change from a monkey into a human being. That will be an awfully tremendous change, I can tell you, let alone the horrid change of having to learn to do without Josephine. But, do you know, the person who *I* think will surely feel changes most of all will be Miss Rowe."

"The change from taking charge of a monkey to teaching a human being, you mean?" asked Mrs. Edison, laughing.

Helen laughed too. "No, mamma, great as that change will, no doubt, be, I do not mean that. What I have been thinking of is the different position she will hold in the school this next term, and I am afraid she will feel it very much indeed. You see last term she was next in authority to Miss Crofton herself. When Miss Crofton was away Miss Rowe was supreme."

"Excepting where a certain obstreperous young lady, whom we know, was concerned."

"Ay, and even there. For the unfortunate referred to did have to submit very often, poor thing, whatever you may

think about the matter, and though she kicked sometimes. But now, only think what a contrast Miss Rowe will feel it now that Mrs. Grey is coming back again to take her own post once more."

"That Meesis Gray is verry nice, *meine liebe*," said Fräulein reassuringly. But Helen shook her head. "So she may be nice. I suppose she is, since you all say so. Miss Crofton says that I shall learn to like her better than I love herself, which, of course, is absurd. But however all this may be, it cannot prevent poor Miss Rowe from feeling that she is gone down in the scale."

"How glad you would have been a few weeks ago," said Mrs. Edison, gently, "that she should have this painful experience."

Helen looked up quickly. "Why, *mamma, that is the very thing.* It is just knowing how tremendously delighted I should have been at her deposition, before I got my head cracked."

"My dear child!" in remonstance, "where do you get such expressions from? Not from your father or me, I know."

"No, mother dear, it's innate genius. *Milly Wilmot says I'm* quite a prodigy in those sorts of ways. But I was going to say it is because I know how glad I should have been in those once-upon-a-time days that I think I can understand better than any of you, better than anyone else, what sort of a trial it will be to her to seem to sink lower before us all. It is the pretty general opinion here that I was rather clever in inventing ways to annoy her, I wish I could manage to show some cleverness in inventing a way to spare her some portion of this vexation."

As Helen proceeded in the above little speech the face of her schoolfellow, Josephine Bell, had been growing more and more intent, and she now bent forward and laid her hand on the little ones lying folded on her companion's lap, as she asked eagerly,—

"You do really feel like that, Nellie? You do really wish that Miss Rowe should be spared any pain, or—or—as you say, vexation perhaps, that she might be caused by having to submit to quite a different position here to what she was able to hold last term? You really would be sorry for her?"

Helen looked searchingly at the face bent towards her. "Really *would* be sorry? Josie, what do you mean? what is in your mind? You are hiding something from me, and you are not clever at deception. Out with it. Tell me what *you are thinking of.* Is anything more going to happen that I know nothing about?"

There was no answer. Helen looked steadfastly at Josephine, then raised her eyes to the countenances of the others of the party, then back to Josephine again. But still there was silence.

"Well?" said the clear, quick voice at last, "why have I been kept in the dark about this other change that is to take place?"

"Because I was afraid to tell you—you have said you don't like changes."

"And so, on the strength of that admission, my friends are benevolent enough to administer them to me in the form of thunder-claps? Very considerate of them, I'm sure. You, at least, might have been kinder to me surely, mamma?"

There was a suspicious tremor in the girl's voice as she uttered the last expostulation, speaking of genuine distress, and Mrs. Edison answered instantly,—

"I am not to blame in the matter, dear child. I know as little as yourself to what Josephine can be referring."

"And I—I have not the leetle hint," added Fräulein.

"Oh!" ejaculated Helen, beginning to look much relieved. "Then I suppose the scheme, whatever it is, is still safely stowed away in Josie's own brain. Is it open to discussion, Josie?"

But the half-laughing question met no smiling response. Indeed, Josephine's countenance expressed more distress than before as she answered in slow, hesitating tones,—

"I am afraid there will not be much use in discussing the thing now, for it's done. Miss Rowe's letter this morning quite settles it."

Helen sprang up from her chair with an impatient flush in her eyes. "Oh! Josie, you are trying to-day. What thing is done? What does Miss Rowe's letter settle?"

"About her coming to be with me."

Helen sat down again without a word. She understood it all now. She had little need of the explanations which, after a long pause, Josephine proceeded to give of how this last great change had been brought about. The new home which Mr. Bell had commissioned his friend to rent for him during his stay in England was within a mile of the Rowes' cottage, and when Josephine received a letter from her mother, telling her to lose no time in securing a companion teacher for herself, aided by Miss Crofton's kind and valuable assistance, her thoughts at once turned to the young governess, who had written to accept the offer, which would keep her so close to her home, with the deepest gratitude.

"And won't it be a most beautifully delightful happy thing for Harry, don't you think, Helen?" exclaimed little Rose eagerly, her face bright with sympathy. Her favourite schoolfellow, however, was not just then in tone to be quite so enthusiastic about the matter.

"Oh, I suppose he'll like it," she said grimly. Everything seems to be going to be beautifully delightful for everyone but myself. Mamma, do you think I've a right just now to quote on my own account poor old Jacob's words and say, 'All these things are against me?'"

A smile flitted for a moment over Mrs. Edison's face as she ejaculated, "My poor little hardly-used daughter!" But the smile disappeared, and she looked very serious as she added earnestly,—

"No, my child, indeed no. So far from adopting the patriarch's sad and bitter cry, you should sing with the Psalmist, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. . . . Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.' For my part, I see in the changes now taking place about you the tender care of that most gracious and loving Father who watches over even the most insignificant of His straying lambs, and takes care that none are tempted above that they are able to bear. The mutual efforts of you and Miss Rowe after patience, gentleness, and forbearance are as yet very new. It is more than possible that in the hurry and wear of hard school-work you would both break down in your good resolutions if you come too much in contact before they have had time to grow mature."

Helen shook her head. "Besides, how am I ever to know if there is any improvement if I am never tried?"

"Never tried, indeed! Why you are being tried now, and," with a rather mischievous smile, "not coming out of the trial quite with flying colours, although there is a decided improvement in your manner of receiving Josephine's other important piece of news. If you go on improving at this rapid rate we shall have to frame you as a sort of pattern sampler."

"Or make me into a caravan exhibition—'To be shown at a penny a head, the Patience Prodigy!' Don't you come to see me, Rose, for they'll have to feed me on live children to keep me in a properly docile condition."

"What are you talking about now, my queer lassie?" asked Miss Crofton, who had just come into the room with a letter in her hand. "I never knew before that the baby-eating ogres were considered patterns of docility. But here is a letter for you which may agree with you better at present than a cannibal meal."

Helen's bright eyes, as she saw the handwriting, gave full assent to this supposition.

"It is from papa," she announced gladly. "An answer, of course, to my one about little Harry. Oh, Madame Josephine, you may be giving Miss Rowe the pleasure of living near her brother, but if *I* were a sister I know I should think a thousand times more of the pleasure that I shall have helped to give them."

"What is that?" asked Miss Crofton, drawing in a chair beside Helen Edison, and joining the little circle about the fire. "What pleasure do you hope to procure them, my lassie, that can compare with the pleasure of being together?"

"Why, honour and glory to be sure," replied Helen, with glowing cheeks. "The exquisite pleasure of having the world recognise that her brother has performed a splendid action. Is not that worth ever so much more than seeing each other?"

"To some people, no doubt," was the grave, low-spoken answer "The Spartan mothers of old felt with you, and so have many women since. But it is not given to all to have such courage for those they care for."

"Not me, for one, I fear," said Mrs. Edison. "But open your letter, child, and see what your father says. You know you are making very sure of little Harry having that medal, before you

have heard if there is even the slightest chance of his getting it."

"Slightest chance!" repeated Helen, half indignantly. "Oh, mamma, how can you? Who can have done anything much braver than Harry did to save a life? And now that papa knows all about it, and can tell all about it, what doubt can I or any one else have on the subject? But, never mind, you'll soon hear."

So saying Helen tore open her envelope, and drew out the letter, with the chief contents of which she believed herself already so well acquainted. She began aloud in a triumphant tone,—

"MY OWN DEAREST DAUGHTER,—I am so thankful to receive such good accounts of your restored health. Your account of that fine little fellow's noble act has greatly interested me. Something certainly should be done for him, although—although—I—I——"

Helen's voice wavered—stammered—stopped. Her eyes rapidly ran over the next few words, then, with a low cry, the paper fell from her hands, she started to her feet, and turned to run out of the room. Instead, however, of accomplishing her purpose she ran into Miss Crofton's outstretched arms, who held her close, while she said, tenderly,—

"My poor little lassie! What is it now? You seem to be always in trouble."

"Yes, yes; so I say—always in trouble!" readily assented Helen, ceasing to struggle for freedom when she found her captor so in accord with her own sentiments. "I told mamma just now that I am like Jacob with his 'All these things are against me,' and so I am."

"My dear, my dear," began the Principal, vainly trying to steady her voice, and then breaking into uncontrollable laughter, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, Helen, my dear, you must forgive me; but you are so odd. What does the child mean by being like—like—Jacob?"

A rueful little smile lurked around Miss Nellie's own lips, as she answered for herself,—

"So I am. He lost his children, and I am losing, one after another, all my hopes and plans. And they were nearly all of them hopes and plans for other people. I am sure if things go on like this it will be a proof that it is ever so much best to be selfish."

"Ever so much best you mean, my Nellie, or ought to mean," said Mrs. Edison, gently, "to learn, not only to be unselfish, but also to say meekly, 'Thy will be done!' But why does your father say that Harry cannot have the medal?—for I suppose we may guess that much from your doleful looks."

"Yes, indeed; and all because that baby—the tiresome little thing—tumbled under a train, instead of into the water. It really deserves a good pinch."

"Oh, Helen, how can you?" murmured Rose, in a shocked whisper. "And Harry's mamma says it is such a dear little baby."

"She won't call it a 'de-e-ar' little baby—aggravating little creature—when she hears that it has lost her 'de-e-ar' little boy a medal, I can tell you."

"But, Nellie," remonstrated Josephine, "you accused me of talking in riddles a while ago, and I am sure that you are doing it now. What can that poor little baby have to do with Harry not getting a medal?"

"Why, don't I tell you? If it had tumbled into the water, and Harry Rowe had fished it out, he could have been eligible for one; but as, instead, he saved it from being scrunched up by a train, he isn't eligible for anything."

"Except," said Miss Crofton, slowly, "the loving admiration of all those who know him, or who hear of his gallant deed. But, of course, gold medals and parchments are to be prized far above that."

"No, they are not," was the abrupt contradiction. Then, with a blush, Helen added—"I beg your pardon, madam; I did not mean to speak like that, but I think you are all rather hard on me to-day. It was not for Harry's sake, but for Miss Rowe's, that I wished him to get the medal. And the more love and admiration she and her mother give him, the more they would have rejoiced over that public acknowledgment of his deed; and—and—Miss Rowe did look so pleased when—— But please let me go now. I will come back soon."

And with that petition Helen escaped, and ran off to have a hearty cry by herself over her disappointment and the disappointment of her former antagonist. She never had a harder task in her life than the self-appointed one which she performed that night of writing to tell Miss Rowe that she had just learnt that the highly-prized medals of the Royal Humane Society were given only for the rescue of people from the perils of the water, and that she had raised hopes not to be realised.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ETHEL D.—"Tripoli" powder, to be obtained of any chemist, would take the marks from your dining-table. Your writing is pretty good.

FUN AND FANCY.—You probably mean "dessert d'oyleys," not finger napkins. Jean is the best material to be used as a ground for etching upon. The edges are fringed.

ZENOBIA.—We think that a careful clever manager could make £300 per annum to answer for rent taxes, wages, living, and dress, in a country town, where provisions are cheap, but we fear that your inexperience will make it a difficult task. The following is a rough statement of how the necessary expenses might be met:—

Rent	£50.	
Taxes	£10.	
Wages	£25.	
Dress, &c., ...	£50.	(for 2 people)
Living	£150.	
	£285	

a calculation which leaves a margin of £15 for the doctor, medicine, washing, stationery and postage, and any "sundries." If the washing and baking can be done at home, a great saving of expense is made. We imagine from your own account the fault of your character is procrastination, which can only be cured by the exercise of much determination and a fixed plan for your daily life. Need we add, by the help of God's grace also.

ELSIE.—The serviette should be placed in the centre, between the knives and forks of each person respectively at table, and sometimes the bread or roll is placed inside the folds, otherwise on the right side. There are so many ways of folding table napkins that we could not say that one mode of so doing is more fashionable than another, and it would require diagrams to explain how to fold them.

SINCERE FRIEND.—Mrs. Phillis Browne, with whose writings in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER you are acquainted, is the author of "A Year's Cookery." We think that "A New Companion to the Bible," intended for Sunday-school use, would be what you require. It is published at 56, Paternoster-row.

HADEON.—Glasses of all kinds look best and brightest when washed in cold water. Unless greasy they require no soap at all. Silver should be first well washed in hot water and soap, wiped dry, and polished with whitening or plate-powder. Your writing is most clear and legible.

LOUISE.—1. You do not mention the cause of the stains. Tea stains are taken out of linen with glycerine. See pages 80, 64, 304, 319, vol. i., for other stains. 2. The star in knitting indicates the place where the repeat commences. From your writing we should think you a gentleman.

EDUCATIONAL.

J. G.—You will do well to study Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography," which will answer most of your questions. Your writing is legible and neat.

A. E. P.—We quite approve of your plans for your two young sisters, and applaud you much for being wise enough to make use of "*that which lieth* nearest." Your second sister would do well to continue her studies at some school of art, and your mother's plan is the wisest for your third and less clever sister, for unless some one is the housekeeper you will all suffer in health and pocket by bad food and want of careful management. We think your mother singularly happy in her sons and daughters, and we wish you all success.

CORABEL.—There are three verses to the poem by Kingsley. Your writing is fair.

BAY LEAF.—Your letter has been answered. The address of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East is 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W.—Secretary, Miss Webb. Write for information as to Zenana work and medical training.

M. BEBE.—The rules are all given in the number for November 27th, 1880. An essay is both a history and a *critique*.

EILEEN.—We fear there is no way of making arithmetic "interesting," and do not think it would be desirable either. The more pains taken with its tables and rules the more satisfactory the progress of the student. Your writing is good.

ART.

M. S. S.—Unless you had a furnace built for the purpose, you could not bake your china at home. Your writing is very good and legible.

CECILIA.—If your copy be not outlined over the original, but fairly copied by yourself, it deserves much praise, and you have evidently a taste for drawing. But, alas! there is a wide distance between your copy and the requisite skill to be acquired for the earning of money by the art. Could you not attend a School of Art?

RAW UMBER.—Your painting should not be varnished immediately after it has become dry. Leave it for some months as it is. You can procure the proper picture-varnish from any artist's colourman, and when you employ it let it be on a fine dry day, and out of any current of air, avoiding its exposure to dust. In packing an oil-painting, we think you might prevent the adhesion of the paper cover by placing a narrow frame of millboard upon the face of the picture, over which a sheet of millboard might be laid, and a covering of stout brown paper wrapped round the whole. Any little adhesion of the frame of millboard could easily be washed off the extreme edges of the painting when unpacked.

WORK.

SYBIL.—Some little work baskets or boxes would be the most useful present for your little scholars. They can be obtained of *all sizes and kinds* in fancy shops and bazaars.

INEZ.—The "fringe" about which you inquire is called "Macrainé" lace. It was originally made in the 14th century, we believe. Patterns and instructions, as well as a cushion for working upon, can be obtained at needlework depôts. Your writing is not very good for a girl of seventeen.

CHOW CHOW.—The heelless stockings are said to be very comfortable; andalusian or merino wool would answer. The newest crewel work is that with the figure done in outline, and the background in darning stitch.

EVELEEN.—Cashmere, or an inexpensive Indian washing silk, would be pretty for your dress. Any light colour or white would be suitable.

PENELOPE.—Many thanks for your information. Your writing is good, but rather careless. Andalusian, merino wool, and Shetland, would be suitable.

KATHIE and SALLIE.—Kindly read the many articles on crewel work which are contained in vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We have no intention of giving papers on the subjects you mention.



MISCELLANEOUS.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—Mr. Weatherly's last volume of poems is "Dresden China," published by Diprose and Bateman, London.

WILLIAMSON.—There are respectable agencies for governesses required abroad, but the demand is not great. Before entering on any such engagement it would be well to have a reference to someone from whom you can make inquiry, such as foreign clergymen or consuls resident in London. Let girls be cautious about going among strangers, however tempting the offered salary. The promises may be delusive. Miss Leigh, the foundress of the Home in Paris, 77, Avenue Wagram, can tell many true and sad tales of English governesses enticed to go abroad by specious advertisements and letters.

EXILES.—We are glad to hear that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is so widely read and so much appreciated in Melbourne, as we know it is in many other far distant places. In most colonial towns there are booksellers who get parcels regularly from London, and who will supply the parts or volumes. We regret that the postage to some colonies is still so high, instead of being at the lower newspaper rate. Inquire at any post office what are the postal rates for book packets. Meantime lend your own copies to as many as possible.

M. L. H.—You will find an account of the Spectre of the Brocken in a paper on Natural Magic, by Mr. Maskelyne, in the *Leisure Hour* for January, 1878. About Pyrmont you must consult Murray's "Handbook of North Germany" or a recent Gazetteer. We have not space to describe places.

JESSIE MCD.—It is difficult, if not impossible, to acquire correct pronunciation from books alone. It is easier to do so with Italian than French, as Italian is written more phonetically than other modern languages. Not one in ten who read French can speak it, even after being at a boarding-school with a French governess. The best plan is to get lessons of an informal kind by conversation on common topics, without books. We have known a governess whose lessons were entirely given during walks or sitting out of doors with pupils, and talking about various things as they occur.

N S.—Second word illegible, which is sufficient answer as to handwriting, of which the first requisite is to be easily read. 1. Wear jet, if anything, but all such ornaments are disliked by the most sensible people. The more barbarous people are the more they like personal ornaments. Savages wear nose-rings and lip-rings as well as ear-rings. 2. Most flowers lose colour when pressed and dried. Red and yellow keep colour more than blue; but make trial before sending them abroad. 3. We do not know the lines, but an iceberg is the only berg likely to be meant, as it would melt in spring.

FAILSWORTH.—The pieces must be cut into squares or other rectangular and regular shapes. In March part, 1880, of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER an article appeared about patchwork, also a pattern, which can be worked plain as well as coloured.

DAISY.—The translation literally is, "Let them behold virtue, and pine away if it is lost."

ELLA.—White in any material would be unseasonable for months to come. A stimulating wash may be useful for the hair.

NORTH COUNTRY MAID.—In the "British Ferns," by Thomas Moore, most species are described and delineated.

JEANETTE.—Brentford is the county town of Middlesex. London is the capital of the empire, and occupies part of several counties.

RED RIDING HOOD.—We wish your complaint were more common. The only remedy for the hands aching with long practising is to rest them or use them in some other way.

HAPPY GIRL.—Try nitre lozenges, or any other which a chemist may recommend for the voice.

SEMI-FRENCHWOMAN.—Cork work can be cleaned with a long-piled soft brush like a gentleman's hat-brush. Or it can be washed, when not forming a case for anything to which damp would be hurtful.

VERITAS.—Consult the manager of some school agency. There is a little book by Mr. Mair which contains information about scholastic engagements, notices, &c. A bookseller would find the title and price from "The London Catalogue."

PARIS.—The three English girls at school in Paris may be learning French, but the one who wrote to us is forgetting English, as she speaks of being at a "Bording school." The reason why that part of Africa is called "Prester John's Country" is that a Christian evangelist or bishop of that name was formerly famed in Abyssinia, where there are still churches nominally Christian. As to another question, there is no record of Jezebel's ancestry in Scripture, and in tradition one never knows what is truth and what is nonsense. Pigmy's English hand is better than the French one.

HATTIE J.—The lines are from "Cleansing Fires," by Adelaide Proctor, set to music by Virginia Gabriel.

P. PICKLE.—Write to the place where you bought the unworkable filter. The charcoal may only need cleaning with a good hard brush and water.

NELL O'CONNOR.—In our first volume recipes were given for many good puddings, and others will appear from time to time. There are multitudes of names given to a few puddings by different persons.

MAUD.—At the wedding ceremony in church the bridesmaids are ornamental rather than useful. The principal one, nearest the bride, holds her glove and bouquet when she is about to have the ring put on by the clergyman. At the wedding breakfast the bridesmaids are all expected to pay attention to the guests and otherwise make themselves agreeable. Their services are also usually sought in despatching bride cake and other customary details.

BESSY S.—The whole of the early numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are on sale. You had better buy the first volume complete, the price of which handsomely bound is six shillings. You had better take the clergyman's wife into your confidence, in case of getting something either useless or already possessed.

BLUE COAT SCHOOL.—Write to the secretary or head master, or get some friend in London to inquire for you.

JESSICA.—Drilling may do more good than dancing, but without personal attention no artificial and temporary effort will cure the habit of stooping. If health is good and exercise can be taken, the carriage can be easily improved. Jaques, not Jacques, is the usual spelling, probably to prevent the too clipt pronunciation of the French Jacques, which would be rather undignified in the grand and wise speeches uttered by him, such as that passage, "All the world's a stage." It would sound small to ascribe such a speech to "Jack." Some lines in the play require two syllables, such as,—

"And melancholy Jaques grieves at that."

LITTLE WOMAN.—Safer to send ostrich feathers to a professional cleaner. White soap and warm water, about an ounce to the pint, may be used, washing afterwards in clean hot water, and shaking till dry.

F. E. F.—The writing seems to be from an older hand. Write to the Secretary of the University of St. Andrews.

A. M. C.—Article on Swiss darning, or Jersey and stocking mending, with illustrations, in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for May, 1880. You had better procure the first volume, which contains many practical subjects to which we cannot return.

WHEAT.—The name of Sodor is an abbreviation or corruption of the old Norse Sudreyjar, or Southern Isles. The Norwegian kings so called all the islands south of the Orkneys where they bore sway, and the title survives in that of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

MOLLY.—Write to the Secretary of the Hospital for Women, Soho-square, London.

MEMPSEY.—Forte pedal and piano pedal are simple enough. Semper ped. directs to keep the pedal down.

PORTIA.—The length of holiday depends entirely on the convenience or the kindness of the mistress, if no agreement was made. See papers by Medicus, in previous numbers, for hints about health and beauty.

ADELINE.—There are no rules on such matters; all depends on circumstances, but good sense and right feeling are shown by reserve on your side.

NANCIE EMILY.—The postage stamps after being delivered at the Savings' Bank are worthless, save as the record of a shilling having been paid for them. On the same principle when bank notes return to the Bank of England and gold on demand has been paid, they are burned as waste paper.

EVA.—The age for confirmation varies; some are prepared earlier than others, but the great thing at any age is to have right feelings on the subject, and not to regard any religious ceremony as a mere matter of form. In the Scotch and Continental Protestant churches, and among Dissenters in England, there is no confirmation service, but if you have been brought up in the Church of England it is essential for communion. Consult your minister or some one in the church where you attend.

PATALONA.—The material would dye black, but it looks nice as it is, if all as clean as the specimen. Before calling, it is usual to know something of a new neighbour. Merely being a stranger is no reason. In London people often live next door for years without any acquaintanceship.

LECONFIELD.—You are both right. In old atlases the highlands of Abyssinia are called the "Mountains of the Moon," but the name has disappeared from modern books of geography.

EVELYN.—To write good newspaper articles the qualifications are rare, at least rare in combination, good information, good style, good sense. Very brilliant or great authors, such as Dickens or Carlyle, may be very poor writers of leading articles. Editors employ writers known to them as capable of supplying what suits the politics and taste of their readers.

HIRONDELLE.—You will find what you seek in Professor Rawlinson's article on the "Religion of the Ancient Greeks" in the *Sunday at Home* for February.

PASCOVIE.—We never heard of any condition attached to the casket given by the Duke of Wellington to his godson Arthur, now Duke of Connaught.

ZOE B.—The less hemp given the better. Ask a florist, or notice what flourishes in other houses.

BETA.—Swansea is one of the best places to make inquiry on the subject. Any shipowner would advise where to write to in London or Bristol, in case there is no opening at Swansea.

E. W.—The enigmas and puzzles kindly sent are good home exercises, but we have more materials than we can publish.

ARIADNE.—Miss Leigh does not manage a governess agency, but is the benevolent superintendent of a home for English governesses and others in distress, of whom there are sadly more than the funds at her disposal enable her to relieve.

ALLIE.—Letter perfectly clear. We advise you to get the first volume, price bound only six shillings; the index will show series of practical papers on many points.

H. M. G.—Very creditable verses, but not up to mark for publication. A basketful of "poetry" accumulates every few days, but nothing of sufficient interest or merit to occupy space in printing.

LOUISA.—Try wrapping a hot damp cloth round the neck of the decanter, and very gentle tapping with something not metal.

VILLEMONT.—There are graver's tools specially for woodcutting.

MAORI.—You had better wait till you are older, and if the taste continues ask a physician or clergyman, who will advise you. Remember the advice given in the Bible about first showing piety at home. See 1 Tim. chap v. 3.

DULCINEA.—You will find a memoir and portrait of Jules Verne in the *Boy's Own Paper* for April, 1880. Order it from your bookseller.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Assisted and sometimes free passages are given to emigrants. Write to the Emigration Office for information. Address the Secretary of Government Emigration Office, Downing-street, London. There are Government Emigration officers also at Plymouth, Liverpool, Glasgow, Greenock, Queenstown, and Londonderry.

SALUTA.—Barrack is derived from the Spanish *barracca*, a cabin or hut.

A WEAK HEART.—In the *Leisure Hour* for May an article will be given about Married Women's Property. Some changes in the present law are proposed, and you had better wait till the result is known. One thing you may be told now, that any money lodged in the Post Office Savings' Bank cannot be taken out without your husband's written signature, and whatever is bought with your savings is his, not yours, by law.

EGREMONT.—"The Story of the Earth and Man," by Principal Dawson, of Montreal (published by Hodder and Stoughton), is the very book for you, after your elementary work on geology.

HOPE.—1. The word "practise" is a verb, and "practice" a substantive. 2. From the results which you experience after sea bathing, it is evident that it is quite unsuitable for you, and the heart has not sufficient power. Even were we duly "licensed to kill," we should not prescribe for individual cases without personal acquaintance with them. The best and latest medical works limit the sea bath to a plunge in and out for some, a five minutes swim for others, and ten only for those who can come out of the water in a glow of heat. The amount of reaction is the only reliable criterion for your guidance. Your writing is pretty, and your claim to be one of "the Girls," fully admitted.



VOL. II.—No. 68.] APRIL 16, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

BY

ALICE KING.

CHAPTER III.

THE heiress had, in very deed, arrived at last. Miss Nancy had smoothed her mind, greatly discomposed by the late mischance, by speaking the right words in the

[*All rights reserved.*]

"WITH A GREAT EFFORT RUBY KEPT BACK THE ANGRY WORDS."

right place. True, they did not sound so well the second time as they did the first, but then Miss Nancy consoled herself with the thought that they were at least new to Miss Ringwood. That young lady did not seem to trouble herself much about the form or nature of the salutation that she received; she was chiefly occupied in examining whether her train had been at all soiled or damaged on her journey. Almost immediately after Ella's arrival, Miss Nancy had discovered, to her extreme discomfiture, the terrible fact of her cap being on the wrong side in front. She had received the first hint of the truth from a smile on the face of the housemaid who came to carry in the luggage of the guest. Something had told her that it concerned her own august person, and then the glass over the mantel-piece, when she took Miss Ringwood into the drawing-room, had revealed to her the whole horrid truth. Hereupon she had made a hasty retreat to the privacy of her own room, and ushered Ella to hers.

Ella was just going to throw herself into the easy chair which, as if in a fairy tale, she found awaiting her, according to her so lately-expressed wish, when she was stopped by a vision of beauty which suddenly met her eyes. Her room opened into another room, and there, in the door-way, with the fire-light playing rosy games around her, with her cheeks all glowing like midsummer roses as the warm air of the house touched them after the chill evening breeze, with her rich brown hair, which she was rearranging, falling in silken waves on her shoulders, with her slight, flexible form clasped by a glittering steel girdle, with her eyes all alight with eagerness, with her red lips all flickered about with smiles, stood a girl. The two remained motionless, gazing at each other for several moments, then one said,—

"Are you Ella Ringwood?"

And the other cried, "Are you Ruby Stanton?"

After that, as by a sweet simultaneous movement, each drew close to each, and their lips met in a kiss. Then they looked at one another again, and, as if prompted by a common feeling, both burst into a little ripple of laughter. The fact was, each was struck at the same moment with an absurd thought.

"I was quite sure you would be like a grand dark Italian lady," exclaimed Ruby, "because I had heard you had Italian blood in your veins.

"And I was positive you would be short and stout, and have flaming red hair," said Ella.

Then they broke into merriment again at the ludicrous unlikeness to herself of the picture which the other had conjured up; but their mirth was quickly silenced by the sound of the dinner-bell, and before they quite knew where they were, they were sitting at table between Mr. and Miss Lindhurst.

Miss Nancy found that first meal with her two new inmates, if truth must be told, rather a heavy task. As a matter of course, the heiress had to be flattered and petted, but unfortunately she did not seem to appreciate the operation. Equally, as a matter of course, Ruby, whom Miss Nancy had already ticketed in her own mind as "a very uppish young person," had to be snubbed and kept under; but she also, unluckily, was apparently quite indifferent to the process. Then there was Matthew, who looked sour every time that a dish was handed to the young ladies before himself, and would not get up the smallest scrap of conversation, leaving the ball of talk to be set rolling by Miss Nancy's tongue alone.

"I dare say you are very tired with your journey, dear," said Miss Nancy, sympathetically, to Ella.

"No, I don't know that I am at all," answered Miss Ringwood, placidly, "I wrapped myself in my fur cloak, and made myself very comfortable the whole way with my feet on a hot-water tin. I hardly knew that time was slipping on; I think I was half asleep."

"Did you sleep on the journey?" cried Ruby. "Oh! I was so wide awake, and so amused with everything every minute; I suppose it was because I have been so little used to travelling."

"Rather you had had the amusement than me this cold wet weather," said Mr. Lindhurst, drily.

"Besides," went on Ruby, heedless of the wet blanket which the last words had flung over her, "besides, in the second-class carriage with me there was a poor, pale, sickly woman, with a very restless baby. The child seemed too much for her, so I took it and danced it and played with it and amused it half the way. Oh! it is so nice to feel that you are ever such a little bit useful to any one."

"If I had been in your place I would have just left the woman and her brat alone," grumbled the old gentleman; "I never see any profit in bothering yourself with the plagues and worries of other people; it's much better to leave your neighbours to bear their own share."

A cloud of perplexity came into Ruby's bright eyes; she had thought she had said what was right, but here was an old man blaming the feelings which she had so simply expressed.

"But is it not always a good thing to do what we can to help others?" she said, timidly, "I hope you and Miss Lindhurst will let me often do something for you."

The old gentleman gave a very ungracious sort of grunt, which might have been regarded either as an assent or a negative. Miss Nancy turned on Ruby a stony glance, and tried to look as if she had not heard a word she had said. She considered that the girl was talking a deal more than suited her position, and thought that Matthew was encouraging her; whereupon she made a little memorandum in her mind for a lecture on the subject to be administered to that gentleman by-and-by when the young ladies were gone to bed.

Poor little Ruby felt chilled and disheartened at the way in which her first friendly overtures in her new home were received. She had so hoped that this change in her life would open to her a gate into that fair upward road which she so longed to get upon; she had conjured up such bright kindly pictures of the old man and his sister to whom she was going; she had so wanted to find friends and guides in them, and now they met her in this way. What a difficult thing life is, she thought, with a little sigh, and her pretty brown eyes fell dejectedly to her plate. While she sat thus she did not know that the old gentleman's glance rested on her for a moment with a touch of softness in it.

Ella's easy good temper, however, brought Ruby a gleam of comfort.

"Ruby shall do as much as she likes towards helping me in everything I do," she said, smiling, "that is to say, if ever I do anything that wants help; but, after all, I am not much given to undertaking things in which I want assistance."

"Quite right, my dear," said Miss Nancy, "I'm sure repose in everything is most ladylike."

In the drawing-room after dinner poor Ruby found herself no better off than she had been in the dining-room. Miss Nancy made a grand show and parade of bringing out a very large knitting-basket filled with all sorts of wool, gravely took a half-finished stocking into her hand, but soon fell most comfortably and soundly asleep. Miss Ringwood made not the faintest attempt at any semblance of employment, but followed the elder lady's example so far that she flung herself into an arm-chair, and seemed very much inclined for slumber. Ruby wandered about the room rather aimlessly, like a little bird who can find no place on which to rest; until at length she came to a standstill before a tall, well-filled bookcase. The girl was a great book-lover; she had never had an opportunity of satisfying a quarter of her hunger for reading; with eager, hasty eyes she devoured the titles of the many volumes before her, and as the thought shaped itself within her that she should now have perhaps leisure to become acquainted with all of these new friends one after another, a little cry of joy escaped her.

"Goodness gracious, child, what is the matter?" cried Miss Nancy, awaking up at the sound with a start, and awaking in no sweet temper, as is often the case with elderly ladies who are caught by slumber unawares in their chairs. Then carrying on the fiction, also generally observed by the said ladies, of "never having been asleep at all," she added, "How can you disturb me so over my work."

"O, Ruby! how can you make such a noise?" said Ella, in a drowsy murmur.

"It was only that I was so pleased to see so many books all at once," stammered the culprit; and then her hasty temper coming to the front, she added with hot cheeks, "I don't think I did any harm, after all."

"You don't think," retorted Miss Nancy, "you will please to think as I do, Ruby Stanton, now that you are come to live in my house."

"Oh, do let her enjoy her books, as long as she does not trouble anyone else

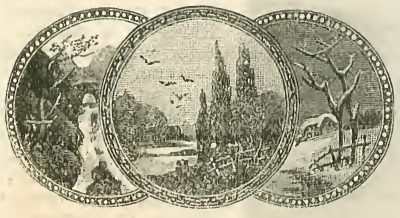
and vex and weary their brains as well," said good-natured Ella, who had already a sort of liking for her pretty little companion.

With a great effort Ruby kept back the angry words which were fast rising to her lips in answer to Miss Nancy; she took down one of the books, and was soon for awhile far away from her surroundings.

Yes, she was far away from all about her while she read. Yet that night when all the house was still, and she was alone in the silence of her own room, a great sense of desolation came over the orphan, and tears fell thick and fast on her pillow. Then, as if brought by an angel watching somewhere near, the sweet words, "Our Father which art in heaven," rose to her lips, and she repeated them over and over till she fell asleep, and dreamt that she was with her mother, and that she heard her say,—

"I told them to call you, Ruby, because I would have you so shine before men that one day you may be a jewel in the crown of the dear Lord above."

(*To be continued.*)



WOMEN OF INTELLECT.

MADAME DE STAËL.



MADAME DE STAËL, who was present at Court when, on the 5th October, 1789, the famished and furious mob marched on Versailles, remained in Paris after her father's banishment. The state of society was not favourable to literature, and she appears at this time to have exchanged authorship for political intrigue. It was she who, by her own account, succeeded in getting Monsieur de Narbonne nominated Minister of War, and with whom she seems to have laid some plan for the secret escape of the Royal family. In March, 1792, however, Dumouriez succeeded Narbonne, and, Roland being appointed Minister of the Interior, the Girondists and the Republican party came into power.

In her "Considérations sur la Révolution Française," Madame de Staël gives an interesting account of the dangers to which she was exposed while remaining in Paris after the memorable 10th August, 1792. She contrived to conceal some of her friends within her own house, and it was by personally pleading with Manuel, one of the members of the Commune, that she saved the lives of Jancourt and of Lally-Tolendal; but not even her position as Swedish Ambassadress could secure her from a domiciliary visit, and on the 2nd September she resolved to leave Paris. This, however, she did not accomplish without many delays and considerable risk; and she must indeed have been a woman of no common courage who for three hours could front the fury of the mob, and for half a day wait in the chamber of the Commune, uncertain whether the permission to quit Paris would be granted her or not.

Fortune in this instance favoured her, and with all her attachment to the French capital we can hardly doubt that on this occasion at least Madame de Staël turned her back on Paris with a sense, if not of pleasure, at any rate of relief. Had she lingered, she had, as a member of the Court circle, as the daughter of an unsuccessful Minister, as a political intriguer, too many titles to popular condemnation to have escaped a fate which awaited so many others less prominent than herself.

It was at this time that she paid her first visit to England, which, though it lasted only a few months, was yet long enough to impress upon her mind those phases of English life and those traits of English character that she afterwards so faithfully reproduced in "Corinne." The impression left upon our minds after reading that work is that Madame de Staël must have found our national temperament uncongenial to her own. Anyhow, she did not linger long among us, but hastened to rejoin her parents in her old home at Coppet. Here it was that her mother died; here also that she wrote and published, in 1794, at the age of 28, her "Reflections on Peace," a work which Charles James Fox deemed worthy of quotation in public.

In 1794 the Reign of Terror closed with the fall and the death of Robespierre, and in the following year, Sweden having acknowledged the French Republic, the Swedish Ambassador and Madame de Staël returned to Paris. Here she once more opened her *salon*, once more plunged into literary and political pursuits. She intrigued for the recall of her friends; she had a hand in the appointment of Talleyrand to the department of foreign affairs, though which way her political sympathies really tended it is not always easy to make out from her writings. "I certainly would not have counselled," she says, "the establishment of a Republic in France; but when it once existed, I was not of opinion that it ought to be overturned. Republican government, considered abstractedly and without reference to the great state, merits the respect it has ever inspired" — and she deprecates all approval of the fatal step of the 18th Fructidor, by which the Republic in introducing a military Government paved the way for a military despotism. She probably still clung to her father's ideal of a constitutional monarchy framed on the English model.

In 1798, when Bonaparte declared his intention of attacking Switzerland, with a view to reducing it to the condition of a French province, Madame de Staël left Paris, in order to share with her father any danger that he might incur. But, though she condemned the attack as unjust and tyrannical, she does not appear to have treated it as a national question in which she was personally interested. She was essentially a Frenchwoman, and not a Swiss, and such she always considered herself to be. When the conquest had been effected, Switzerland being now part of France, Necker could no longer logically come under law as an emigrant; she therefore returned to Paris to get his name erased from the list of such, in which undertaking she was successful. She was present in the French capital on the 18th Brumaire, 1798, when Bonaparte was proclaimed First Consul.

From the beginning of his elevation to power Bonaparte looked upon Madame de Staël with distrust and disfavour. He was the last man on earth to brook any interference or opposition on the part of a woman, and from the moment when Madame de Staël dared to support and to shelter Benjamin Constant, who had boldly declared himself against the elevation of the First Consul, he commenced against her that long series of petty persecutions which continued, in a greater or lesser degree, until his career culminated at Waterloo. She had countenanced the First Consul's open enemies; she had recently published a book, in which no mention was made of the First Consul's exploits. The second offence, to a man of Bonaparte's inordinate egotism, was even worse than the first, and he had it in his power to make Madame de Staël suffer in the manner she would feel most acutely. He ordered her to leave Paris.

Her exile in this first instance, however, was not final. At an interview which took place in Switzerland between Bonaparte and Necker, the former agreed to permit Madame de Staël to reside again in Paris. Shortly after this she lost her husband. Very little mention is made of Monsieur de Staël in her writings, but the marriage was evidently not a particularly happy one. At one time, indeed, a separation took place; a reconciliation, however, was afterwards effected, and she was with him during his last illness.

In 1802 she published her first novel, "Delphine." This story, which created a considerable sensation at a period when the novel had hardly won for itself a high and honourable place in literature, is tedious, in spite of much beautiful writing, and would not find many readers in the present day. It was denounced by some critics as immoral. A very lofty tone is not to be found in any of Madame de Staël's writings. Like many an author since she mistakes sentiment for principle, and does not always see clearly where good degenerates into evil; but there is in "Delphine" not much that could be stamped as positively pernicious. The heroine is supposed to be drawn from the author herself, and the false friend is Talleyrand, in the guise of a woman.

About this time Necker published his "Last Views on Finance and Politics," a work which, exposing as it did Bonaparte's designs on the throne, tended greatly to increase both his dislike and his fear of Madame de Staël, and, as usual in his dealings with her, he showed a mean and an unmanly spirit. Since Madame de Staël had conveyed to her father such false impressions of France and its government, she should not be allowed to reside in Paris; and in 1803, on her journey thither from Coppet, where she had been spending the summer with Necker, she was stopped, and ordered to return. Disgusted and depressed, she sought to find in travel a relief from the tedium and monotony of exile. Accompanied by another illustrious exile, her friend Benjamin Constant, she visited Germany, to study its people, their ways, and their works, in the intention of writing a book on German life and literature.

From this journey she returned to face the bitterest sorrow of her life. The beautiful and pathetic friendship between her and her father was suddenly severed. In 1804 Necker died at Coppet, and she had not even the consolation of attending his last moments. How intense was her affection for him, how complete her belief in him, how strong the influence which he exercised over her, may be judged from the following words. Writing of him twelve years later, she says, "The recollection which I have retained of his talents and virtues serves me as a point of comparison to appreciate the worth of other men; and though I have traversed all Europe, a genius

of the same style, a moral principle of the same vigour, has never come within my way. . . . I have even now more confidence in the least of his words than I should have in any individual alive, however, superior that individual might be. Everything that Monsieur Necker has said is firm in me as a rock. . . . The identity of my being consists in the attachment which I bear to his memory. I have loved those whom I love no more; I have esteemed those whom I esteem no more; the waves of life have carried all away except this mighty shade whom I see upon the summit of yonder mountain pointing out to me with its finger the life to come."

After her father's death, Madame de Staël resumed her travels. In 1805 she paid a visit to Italy, which was followed by the publication in 1806 of "Corinne," perhaps the one amongst all her works which will longest be associated with her reputation as an author. I do not say that "Corinne" is a book which the modern lover of fiction could read through from end to end. The story is somewhat fantastic and much too long, and great catastrophes are made to hinge upon phases of feeling which strike us as being inadequate to produce the effects they do. The merit of the book, however, does not lie in plot and incident so much as in the beauty of the writing, the subtle delineation of character, and the masterly descriptions of places and people both in Italy and in England. Short as was her stay in England, Madame de Staël seems to have grasped certain of our leading national characteristics, and her picture of English home-life (making due allowance for the progress of seventy years) strikes us even now as accurate and familiar. But the main interest of the work lies in the vivid descriptions of Rome, with all its treasures of art and antiquity. Altogether, "Corinne" is a beautiful book, and will repay reading to those who can appreciate something beyond a mere story.



MADAME DE STAËL.

"Corinne" was followed in 1810 by "L'Allemagne," a work which roused afresh the mean antagonism of Napoleon. Madame de Staël had submitted the manuscript to the censor, had made such alterations as he required, and had come no further than Blois (which was at the prescribed distance of forty leagues from Paris) to superintend the publication of the book. Yet, because, being merely a work on German literature, it contained no mention of Napoleon and his wars, he seized the first edition, ordered her to give up the manuscript, and to quit France within three days. The Minister Savary asked why she had made no mention of the Emperor and his victories, and on being told that such mention would be out of place in a work on literature, he replied: "Do you think that we have carried on a war with Germany for eighteen years, for so well-known an author to omit all mention of us? The book shall be destroyed, and it would be well if the writer were sent to Vincennes." Madame de Staël must by this time have known perfectly well the conditions on which any work of hers would be tolerated, and there is something almost sublime in the way in which she persistently refused to purchase the permission to publish by flattery of the man whose rule she detested.

Returned once more to Coppet, and subjected to a renewed system of petty persecution, Madame de Staël seems to have given up all hopes of publishing, hardly daring even to write. The Genevese Prefect, being judged too favourably disposed towards her, was removed, and another sent in his place; her children were forbidden to enter France; she was not permitted to visit Savoy for the benefit of her youngest son's health; Wilhelm Schlegel, who had come to live at Coppet as tutor to her children, was ordered to quit the château; Monsieur de Montmorency was exiled for visiting her; and her great friend, Madame Recamier, incurred the same penalty for spending a few hours in her company. Cut off, not only from that brilliant society which she rightly felt to be her natural sphere, but even from those friends to whom she was most deeply attached, the unhappiness of her cruel position was heightened by the conscientious scruple which forbade her to encourage her friends in their visits, knowing, as she did, the risk they ran and the price that they would probably have to pay.

Madame de Staël was at this time married again—to a young officer, named Rocca, who had been badly wounded in the Spanish wars. Though she was twenty years older than himself, being upwards of forty at the time, and had never been remarkable for beauty, he nevertheless was so deeply fascinated by her brilliant conversation and the power of her intellect, that his own words, "I shall love her so much that she will marry me," eventually proved true. It is, however, a curious evidence of the weaker side of Madame de Staël's nature that the marriage was never acknowledged during her life. What were her precise reasons for maintaining a mystery on the subject it is not easy to explain. Perhaps a dislike to changing her name had something to do with it, for she is known to have said, "Mon nom est à l'Europe"; probably a sensitiveness as to ridicule on the score of disparity influenced her to a certain degree. No doubt, too, she had her fears for the safety of Monsieur Rocca and for that of their infant child.

Constant chafing against her captivity at Coppet, together with a perpetual dread lest her friends should suffer at the hands of her enemy, resulted at length in a nervous illness. "There is a physical pleasure," she wrote, "in resisting unjust power," and she resolved to compass her escape. After due reflection and a careful study of her route, she succeeded in reaching Russia by Germany and the Tyrol. From Russia she went to Sweden, where "L'Allemagne" was published, and from Sweden she proceeded to England. This had always been the country which she intended to reach, but so widespread was Napoleon's power that it was only by the above-mentioned circuitous route that she could hope to carry out her design without running the risk of arrest. In England she remained until Louis XVIII. was seated on the throne of his fathers, when she deemed it safe to return to her native country.

With the escape of Napoleon from Elba she once more fled to Coppet. The position of Napoleon, however, neither in France nor in Europe, was precisely what it once had been, and he was disposed now to conciliate those whom he had previously persecuted. He invited Madame de Staël to return to Paris and to assist him in framing a constitution. Her answer was very characteristic: "Il s'est passé, pendant douze années, et de moi et d'une constitution, et il n'aime ni l'une ni l'autre."

After the occupation of Paris by the Allies, an event which to her proud national spirit was peculiarly painful, she continued to reside there until her death, which took place in 1817. Her declining years were cheered by the presence of her daughter, whose marriage with the Duc de Broglie had given her great pleasure, and her stormy eventful career closed in comparative calm and comfort. She was

but fifty-one years of age when she died, and Monsieur Rocca, whose health had long been declining, survived her only a few months.

Her last work which she lived to see given to the world was her "Dix Années d'Exil," and her "Considérations sur la Révolution Française," a work which is valuable as coming from the pen of a living observer of those troubled times, was published after her death by her son-in-law, the Duc de Broglie.

HARRIETT CHILDE PEMBERTON.

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.



I REMEMBER once hearing of an old gentleman who went to visit at a house where there were three young ladies in the family. While he was there the cook was taken ill, and it was thought advisable for her to have a little gruel. It turned out, however, that there was no one who could make it. The young ladies looked at each other with blank countenances. The housemaid prudently withdrew from the kitchen, and busied herself with brushes and brooms, but the gruel was not to be had, and the sick woman was obliged to put up with a cup of tea in its stead. The feelings of the old gentleman on the occasion are more easily imagined than described. He never forget the occurrence. As long as he lived those unfortunate girls were associated in his mind with ignorance concerning gruel. When, after a time one of them married, he regarded her husband with feelings of the deepest and most heartfelt pity.

The recovery of a patient very often largely depends upon the food which he takes, and as his power of taking food is affected very considerably by the way in which it is served and cooked, it is well worth while trying to learn how an invalid's food should be prepared.

Cookery for invalids is usually very plain and simple. All rich, highly spiced, and fatty foods are entirely out of the question, and small delicate dishes, light foods, and cooling or nourishing drinks are needed more than anything else. Variety, too, is a great thing in invalid cookery. We all enjoy frequent change of food, and would grow weary of a dish that was set before us day after day. How much more is this likely to be the case with invalids, whose appetite at the best is poor, and who have been rendered fastidious and fanciful through disease. The skill of a cook is shown quite as much in the readiness with which she can provide pleasant little surprises as in the delicacy of the food prepared.

Take, for example, the food which is perhaps more valuable and more frequently prepared for invalids than any other—beef-tea. When first supplied in cases of weakness beef-tea is usually taken with great relish. It seems to give strength and to supply just what is wanted, and a patient will look for it and enjoy it heartily. In a very short time, however, the appetite for it will fail, and the very name of beef-tea appears to excite loathing. In cases of this kind a nurse who is a clever cook will introduce a change of flavour; present the beef-tea under another form, and avoid the *name* altogether.

A very agreeable variety may be made by using half beef and half mutton or veal in making the tea, or by stewing an inch or two of celery, or even an onion and one or two cloves with the beef. The addition of a little sago also, or crushed tapioca, and a small quantity of cream to the beef-tea will alter its taste, whilst the addition will increase rather than diminish the nourishing wholesome qualities of the tea. When making this, soak a tablespoonful of sago or tapioca in a little cold water for an hour. This will take away the earthy taste. Strain it and put it into a saucepan with a gill of fresh water and boil gently till tender. Add a pint of good beef-tea, hot; simmer this with the sago for a minute or two, then add a quarter of a pint of cream. Stir thoroughly, and serve. If liked, an egg or a couple of eggs may be added to the beef-tea as well as the cream. The eggs must be broken into a basin, and the specks must be carefully removed. The hot tea, with the cream or without it, should now be poured on gradually, *off the fire*, and stirred well that the eggs may be thoroughly broken up and separated. Beef-tea may also be used in savoury custard such as is sometimes made for putting into clear soup. For this, take the yolks of two eggs and the white of one, beat them well, put with them a quarter of a pint of strong beef-tea, and season with a little salt. Butter a small jar or basin, and pour in the custard. Tie some paper, slightly buttered, over the top, and set the basin in a saucepan containing boiling water which will reach half way up the basin, but which must on no account touch the edge of the paper. Set the saucepan by the side of the fire, and simmer very gently till the custard is set. It will take about twenty minutes. If the water is allowed to boil fast round the basin the custard inside will be full of holes, instead of being smooth and even. This custard may be served hot or cold.

Sometimes invalids who have a great distaste for ordinary beef-tea served hot, will enjoy it served cold, or offered as a jelly. Now, the best beef-tea, made from juicy meat, such as the roll of the blade-bone, and which has not been allowed to reach the boiling point, will not jelly when cold; but beef-tea made by thoroughly stewing the shin of beef will jelly. Beef-tea jellies because of the gelatine which it contains. Gelatine is the least valuable part of butcher's meat, and it is obtained chiefly from bone and gristle. I do not recommend, therefore, that beef-tea should be made into a jelly because it will be more nourishing, but because it may prove more appetising. I have known invalids enjoy jelly beef-tea who turned away with loathing from liquid beef-tea.

Jelly (I do not mean now beef-tea jelly, but calf's-foot jelly, and isinglass or gelatine jelly) has fallen very much in the estimation of doctors and nurses of late years. I can remember that when I was a girl calf's-foot jelly was the one article of nourishment that was supplied before all others in cases of weakness. If any member of a family was taken ill the cousins and the aunts, but especially the aunts, used to come round at once with superlative moulds of jelly, as furnishing undoubted proof of sympathy and affection. We children used to regard it as one of the compensations attending indisposition that we were allowed to have an unlimited supply of the same.

Of course calf's-foot jelly is a very different thing to gelatine jelly, but it is possible to estimate even calf's-foot jelly too highly. Jelly is very good when mixed with other substances, which are nourishing, but, taken alone, it serves too often to satisfy the appetite without doing much good. Gelatine jelly made from the gelatine sold in packets is of no use. Hear what Miss Nightingale says about it: "Jelly is an article of diet in great favour with nurses and friends of the sick. Even if it could be eaten solid it would not nourish; but it is simply folly to take one-eighth of an ounce of gelatine, and make it into a certain bulk by dissolving it in water, and then to give it to the sick, as if the mere bulk represented nourishment. It is now known that jelly does not nourish—that it has a tendency to produce diarrhœa; and to trust to it to repair the waste of a diseased constitution is simply to starve the sick under the guise of feeding them. If one hundred spoonfuls of jelly were given in the course of the day, you would have given one spoonful of gelatine, which spoonful has no nutritive power whatever."

We must return, however, to our beef-tea, for I want to write a word or two about the best way of making it. I said a little while ago that the roll of the blade-bone of beef was the best part that could be chosen for making beef-tea. I must not forget to add that the butcher should be asked to supply freshly-killed meat, because that will be more full of gravy than well-kept beef. To make good beef-tea, take one pound of meat, trim away all fat and skin, cut the lean into very small pieces; place these in a jar, pour over them one pint of cold water, and cover the jar closely; leave the meat to soak for one hour, stirring and pressing it now and then to draw out the juice. At the end of this time put the jar, still closely covered, into a saucepan with boiling water, which will come half way up, but which cannot touch the paper, if paper has been tied over as a cover. Keep the water boiling round the jar for two or even three hours, then pour the tea from the meat, add a little salt, and it is ready for use. Put it in a cool place till wanted and warm a little as required, but do not keep the tea hot till wanted or it will spoil.

Mutton-tea or veal-tea may be made exactly in the same way as beef-tea.

Perhaps girls feel inclined to say, Why should we not put the beef at once into the saucepan, and never mind the trouble of putting it into a jar first? Because by taking this extra trouble we make the beef-tea more digestible. People who are in a weakly condition need to have food that can be very easily digested. If the tea were to reach the boiling point, 212 deg., for even a second, the albumen contained in it would harden, and the tea would not be nearly so wholesome. Therefore we give great care to keep the tea from boiling, and we know that if we thus place it in a jar set in a saucepan of boiling water it never will boil, even if it remains on the fire all day, and so we are safe on that point. All we have to do is to keep putting more water into the saucepan, for fear it should boil away and leave the pan dry, for if this mischance should occur our beef-tea would be burnt.

Perhaps some economical person feels inclined to ask, "Could we not make more beef tea by putting in a quart instead of a pint of water?" Of course, you could put in a gallon of water if you liked, but, after all, it would only be so much more water, and it is the beef-juice that does good, not the water. If I wanted very strong beef-tea for very weak people I should put less water even than this; and in cases of exhaustion, when the patient could take very little food at a time, no water at all should be

put with the meat. The simple gravy of the beef should be drawn out by steaming the meat in the way already described, but without water in the jar, and the juice thus drawn out would be the strongest beef-tea that could be made. The beef-juice or beef-essence, as it is called, is sometimes poured over a slice of crumb of bread freshly toasted, then seasoned with pepper and salt, and served on a hot dish; and this is an excellent dish for an invalid.

A good many poets have occupied themselves in singing the praises of sparkling wine. I wish some very clever one would take it into his head to sing in praise of good beef-tea. I am sure it deserves far more than wine to have its virtues told. Properly made, of fresh meat (not of somebody's extract), and taken, not instead of food, but in addition to food, I know of no more valuable restorative. It is particularly useful for bringing sleep to people who are overworked and overwrought as so many are nowadays. Let such a one have a cup of beef-tea by the side of his bed, and take it, not the last thing at night, but *in* the night when he wakes up, and finds Black Care sitting by the side of his pillow, and hears her say, "Now I have you in my power, sleep if you can." Beef-tea will chase away the demon. Let the victim drink it and he will be very different from most people, if he does not lay his head on his pillow, and in less than half an hour fall asleep as quickly as when he was a baby and his head lay on his mother's breast.

In cases of typhoid fever and some other diseases, doctors frequently give orders that raw beef-tea should be administered to the patient. This is made by drawing the juice of the meat out in cold water as already described, then straining it off at once and serving it uncooked. This tea must be made in small quantities, as it will not keep.

In making broth or beef-tea for sick people, great care should be taken to remove every particle of fat from the liquid, for fat will not only be likely to upset the stomach of the invalid, but it will prove most objectionable to him. If there is time for the tea to go cold, the fat will cake on the surface, and can be easily taken off. If, however, the tea is wanted at once, a sheet of clean blotting-paper should be passed lightly over the top of the liquid. The fat, being the lightest, will rise to the surface, and will be taken up first by the paper. The fat will rise more quickly if the jar containing the hot tea is set in a bowl of cold water.

Care, too, must be taken about seasoning the broth or tea. People who like highly-seasoned food in a general way, frequently object to it strongly when they are ill. It is wise, therefore, to season beef-tea or broth very slightly, and to place pepper and salt on the tray, and let the invalid season his food for himself, if able to do so.

We must not think that we have done everything that is wanted when we have made the tea or broth, seasoned it lightly, and removed the fat. A very great point in catering for sick folk is to make food *look* inviting. Every article used should of course be perfectly clean and bright, the tray should be covered with a spotless napkin, and if we can put on it a glass containing a few flowers as well as the food, all the better. Also we must remember not to take over much food up at one time, for this will be likely to set the invalid against it altogether.

Another point is worth remembering. As soon as the patient has eaten as much as he can, take the food quite out of the room, and when it is time for food again bring it in afresh, in a fresh basin with a clean spoon, having made a change in some way. Nothing is more likely to disgust an invalid than to have the food which he had left brought to him again and again, as if he were a naughty child and must finish one portion before any more were given him. We should anticipate and consider the fancies of sick people. We want them to take nourishment and grow strong, and we know that a great deal is accomplished when food is enjoyed; therefore, anything we can do to this end is well worth the trouble.

Chicken broth used to be very highly thought of a few years ago, but it is not worth very much when all is said and done. It is strongest when the whole fowl is cut up, covered with cold water, boiled up, then drawn back and allowed to simmer gently for three hours, and strained for use. A little boiled rice, boiled barley, or chopped parsley can be added with the seasoning. This, however, is a painful way of making broth, because it is giving so much to produce so little. It is better to take the flesh from the bones, stew the latter for broth, then cook the meat separately, turning it either into panada or mince. Panada is very nourishing and very good, but the meat must be well pounded after it is cooked, or it will not be made the most of. The meat is cut up and stewed gently with a little good broth, not being allowed to reach the boiling point. It is then pounded to a pulp, pressed patiently through a sieve, seasoned with pepper and salt, and mixed with a spoonful or two of cream, and served. For variety's sake veal may be substituted for the chicken and cooked in the same way. In either case a spoonful of barley may be soaked and boiled, pounded and pressed through the sieve with the meat. It will be a great improvement, but will be difficult to get through the sieve. Chicken mince is made by mincing the meat when raw, heating it gently in milk or good broth for a few minutes without allowing it to boil, then serving it immediately.

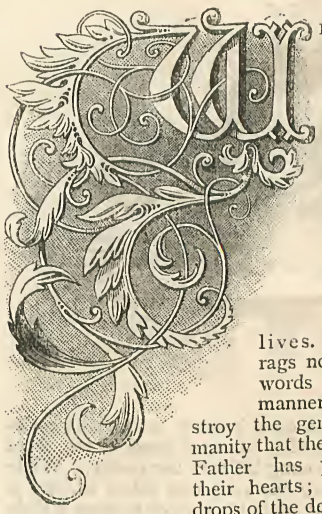
Cooling, refreshing, and soothing drinks are so much wanted by invalids that I must mention one or two before closing. *Gruel.*—The world-renowned gruel may be made either with oatmeal or patent "grits." "Grits" are the best. Mix a tablespoonful of grits or oatmeal to a paste with a little cold water; add a pint of boiling water, boil the whole, gently stirring well for ten minutes. Sweeten with sugar or treacle, or season with salt and pepper, and serve. The gruel will be much better made with milk instead of water. *Barley Water.*—Wash two ounces of pearl barley, boil it for five minutes in clear water, then throw the water away. Pour on two quarts of boiling water, and boil gently till the liquid is reduced to half, or for about two hours. Flavour with sugar and lemon juice, strain (or not, as preferred), and serve. If liked, a little lemon rind can be boiled with the barley. Stir the barley water before using it. *Apple Barley Water.*—Cut a good large apple wiped, but not peeled, into slices, and boil this with a little lemon-juice till soft. Rub it through a sieve, and add it to a quart of barley-water. *Toast Water.*—Take a thin slice of bread, and toast it thoroughly on both sides. Put it into a jug, pour a pint of boiling water over it, and let it stand till cold. Strain before using. *Lemonade.*—Roll two lemons on the table to make them soft. Cut the rind off very thinly, and be careful to reject the white pith, as that would make the lemonade bitter. Cut the lemons into slices, and put these, free from pips, into a jug with half the lemon rind and a pint and a half of boiling water. Cover till cold, strain, and serve. A very pleasant drink may be made by substituting oranges for the lemons. *A raw fresh egg* beaten up with two tablespoonfuls of warm milk and a little sugar is a very nourishing and agreeable drink for invalids. Sometimes wine is used instead of the milk; in this case a little water may be added, or a little soda-water may be taken instead.

When a doctor is attending a case it is always well to consult him before offering any food to an invalid. It is a good plan, however, to think over beforehand two or three dishes which can be obtained and prepared without difficulty, then to suggest these to the medical man. Every good doctor knows that "kitchen physic" will frequently do more good than drugs, and he will rejoice when he sees that this part of the medical treatment is not neglected. PHILLIS BROWNE.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE CITY."

Words by F. E. Weatherly.

Music by Stephen Adams.



WHEN we meet the children of the city we have only to gaze into their pale faces and question them to learn how pathetic is the story of their lives. Neither rags nor dirt, evil words nor rough manners, quite destroy the germ of humanity that their heavenly Father has planted in their hearts; and a few drops of the dew of loving kindness will help to make it fructify, put forth leaves, and even bud and blossom. Wander where we will there are the children. In crowded thoroughfare or lonely court, where fashion flaunts or tatters trail, they work or play, laugh or weep, exist or starve. We little know how they will labour or beg to procure a penny for food, either for themselves or their, too often, famished families. We might string together reams of ballads with episodes we have witnessed. Shall we thread the maze of streets and alleys and select a few, haphazard, true stories of children we have seen? The last shall be first; it is but an old tale with a new face, for it is about a little watercress-seller of yesterday.

A girl of ten, with shabby black hat and bright black eyes beneath its brim, wanders away in the cold twilight of a spring morning to the great market, so full of dainties that she scarcely knows by name. There, amid hundreds of poor watercress-sellers, she expends her few pence, spreads her purchase over her basket, and retraces her steps. She looks fondly on her shining treasure as, seated on a doorstep, she divides and subdivides it, and with green withes forms each division into a separate bundle. Then "Watercreases—fresh watercreases; buy my watercreases," sounds from her shrill young voice, as she patters on from house to house, street to street. One and another responds to her cry, and to her delighted astonishment in a couple of hours her basket is empty. With winged feet she flies through the labyrinth she has learnt to thread until she reaches one of a multitude of high houses. She mounts flight after flight of dark stairs until she reaches the topmost story. "Mother, look here!" she cries, emptying the packet on the small table. A woman, with an infant in her arms, and four children crowd round the table and count

the pence. "Thirteen pence! God bless thee, child!" shrieks the mother. The father comes in, who has been vainly seeking work, for during the hard winter none was to be obtained. He starts at the sight of so much money. Hope dawns, for it means a loaf and the purchase of more cresses to retail again. In all the city there is no happier child than she whose morning's work has earned her parents' blessing.

From the markets where the young creatures buy the flowers or cress that they hawk by day, it is but a stone's throw to the theatres where so many eke out their parents' pittance and aid in the maintenance of brothers and sisters by dancing or acting at night. The youthful audience, amused by pantomime or ballet, do not realise the lives of the juvenile troupe who appear before them as fairies, birds, soldiers, and every imaginable species. Most, if not all of these, contribute to the maintenance of their families, and leave sordid homes, poorly clad and insufficiently fed, for the brilliant stage, tinselled costumes, and slender wages. They are not unhappy in their doubtful profession, but their temptations and privations are great, and their future career uncertain. When they leave the theatres late at night, they have frequently to wander homewards alone, and their poor dwellings are often at a considerable distance. Here, for example, is a young fairy queen, fast asleep at midnight, her head supported by the railings that encircle the Mansion House. She has been tripping it on the boards all the evening; she has been clad in gauzy sheen, and adorned with spangled wings; she has led her attendant elves in the dance through painted woodlands; she has wearied her feet and strained her eyes to find favour with the onlookers; and now she slumbers alone amid the multitudes who pass and re-pass at that late hour. The shabby hat with its wreath of faded flowers has fallen back, and the pale face looks wan in the lamplight. She arrests the attention of a gentleman, who arouses her with difficulty. She starts up terrified. "I am going home," she says, "only I sat down to rest, and fell asleep." Her home! oh, it is yet far off—two miles at least—but she knows her way. She will not sleep again. She acts every night, and she earns four shillings a week. She cannot afford to ride; and now she is rested she can reach home very well. The brave child essays to walk, and tears fill her eyes in spite of her best efforts to repress them. The kind gentleman hails a cab, fees its driver, whose tender heart melts at sight of the lonely girl, and sends her home—if, indeed, "home" it can be called, where parents sacrifice their child for a few pièces of silver. But she is Cinderella in a fairy coach, and the good gentleman is her fairy godmother. She says a little prayer, for has she not joined the Mission to Theatrical Children? and soon arrives in that vast thoroughfare, Commercial-road, where such hordes of juvenile actresses, flower-girls, match-box makers and sellers, crossing-sweepers, and young folk of all trades, or no trades live. The cabman gives her a penny of his fare, wishes her good night, and leaves her to creep up to her garret, where everybody is asleep, and where she is soon resting from her heavy and dangerous work.

"All trades, or no trades," we suggest. Those children are happiest who can earn something, for thus they bring aid to their families. The young shoeblacks, the messengers, the wood-choppers, the newspaper vendors, all have their stories, and if we read them aright, we find, underneath the varied exterior, much of the poetry of life. The shoeless, hatless crossing-sweeper who takes his few pence to a sickly mother, and valourously resists the temptation to spend even a farthing on the sweets that meet his eye from shop to shop, is heroic; the little match-box makers, who toil from morning till night with their parents, to fabricate what costs them their strength and health, and with very few customers, are our examples. The small boy or girl who patiently nurses all day long a wailing, sickly infant for an oppressed mother, should be our pattern. Blows and hard words are not always the food of the children of the city, though they are often driven to despair or death by ill-treatment. There are cellars in which "Love is stronger than Death;" and garrets where Hope surmounts Despair. But on the other hand there are scenes we dare not enter, and secrets too awful for revelation, where the young soul is nurished in haunts of crime, and fed with curses; where the name of "Our Father" is unknown, and where the child lives and often dies like the brute.

Happily our home missionaries seek to penetrate, bearing the torch of Gospel light into these dark dens, and frequently rescue the children from a moral blackness worse than heathendom.

See this boy, lying on the floor of a damp cellar, ill, deserted, alone. There is neither furniture, fire, nor food. The city missionary, true friend of the children of the city, finds him, while seeking to save the outcasts by whom, on all sides, he is surrounded. To all appearance the chill hand of death has seized him. But the good man brings him restoratives and he revives. There is no time to lose. An order is quickly procured for the children's hospital, and he is carried thither. Who shall describe the horrible court, with its swarming unchristianised children from which the gaunt emaciated boy is removed, or the bright, large, clean, airy building to which he is taken? He is, himself, unconscious of the change. He knows not that good things are poured down his throat, that his rags are removed, that he is tenderly washed, and clad in white and scarlet overshirt, that he is placed in a beautiful cot and tended by loving hands. He is too weak, too ill, to do more than moan, with closed eyes and gasping breath. He lies many days in this state of semi-unconsciousness, apparently seeing no one, observing nothing. But he awakes at last, rescued from death.

"Where am I? Is it heaven, where little Maggie said she was going when she died?" he breathes, gazing round him on pictured walls, pretty cots, toys, flowers, and, above all, kindly gentle nurses.

By degrees he learns that each cot contains a child of the city, sick and suffering like himself, but cared for. He watches those who are up, at play with toys the like of which he never saw, or turning over books and pictures of which he has not even dreamed. In another moment a fair girl in white cap and bibbed apron approaches with a smile. It is the nurse who has been anxiously tending him ever since he first went to that strange, bright place. She bends over him and caresses him; she is so glad to see the large, wistful eyes unclosed. He understands nothing, for he was never so caressed before. But as he slowly gains strength, and therewith a look of the human, hitherto absent from his wan face, little companions or neighbours begin to talk to him, and he comprehends something of his surroundings. The good nurse, too, brings him toys and pictures, and tells him sweet stories of the loving Saviour who guided him thither. And so, by degrees, his soul opens to the knowledge that he had come, literally, from darkness to light. Must he again leave the radiance for the gloom? His kind friend, the missionary, answers "No." While the child slowly recovers, he finds a home for him in another large house, provided by Christian people for destitute children such as he. There he will be trained in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and his mind, which has been opening like a rosebud to the sun of truth, will expand into the full-blown flower.

This fragrant word "flower" reminds us of how the children of the City prize a flower. We see them in their rare summer treats in the country, gathering huge nosegays of buttercups, dandelions, foxglove—anything that bears the impress of Flora's hand. We see them in the crowded streets, craving a blossom from a passer by. We watch two girls divide one stalk on which are twin primroses dropped from a lady's hand. We hear a pale boy seated on a doorstep say entreatingly, "Give us a flower," and tarry to study him when his request is granted. He examines each petal with a rare delight, and touches the gem as if it were too precious for contact with his grimy fingers. Some have not even seen a flower, and to such the sight is a wonder and delight. Yet are they not all buds and blossoms, tarnished, faded may be, yet framed by the Supreme Artificer? And does He forget or ignore the work of His hands because the leaves are soiled or trailing in the dust? Ah, no! Each faded bud is dear to Him as the proudest flower in the garden, for did not His dear Son love them and bless them? And shall not we, His disciples, do likewise? Shall we not all seek to train and nourish these wild seedlings grown in the purlieus of the City, until they grow into healthy plants, meet for the beautiful gardens of the Paradise of God?

ANNE BEALE.

BITS ABOUT BIRDS.

THE PARROT AT THE REGISTER OFFICE.—I was at a servants' registry office one day, and, as I supposed, alone in the room, when I was startled by a voice demanding in a shrill tone, "What do YOU want? Cook?" I started and stammered out, "No, a housemaid," but I could not see the speaker. "How much d'ye give? Fourteen pounds?" And again I replied to the unseen questioner, "No, sixteen." "It won't do—it won't do," was the response, and at this moment I discovered to my great amusement that I had been holding a conversation with a handsome grey parrot, whose presence I had not at first noticed. The bird had heard so many bargains between mistresses and maids, that she was quite accustomed to the phrases used on such occasions, and would keep putting in her word, sometimes causing as much perplexity as amusement by her interference. Her solemn, "It won't do," when wages were discussed, provoked many a burst of laughter from her hearers.

A VERY WISE BIRD.—A black vulture, known as the gallinazo, is a very familiar object in the Isthmus of Panama. You see it everywhere, perched on heaps of refuse, or employed in its great service of cleaning the streets by removing carrion. The gallinazo is of a uniform black, but its head and neck are entirely devoid of feathers. The inhabitants of Panama have a reason to give for this baldness. At one time, they say, the gallinazo had feathers on its head. After the Deluge, Noah, on opening the door of the ark, thought it well to give a word of advice to the released animals. "My children," said he, "when you see a man coming towards you and stooping down, go away from him; he is getting a stone to throw at you!" "Very good," exclaimed the gallinazo; "but what if he have one already in his pocket?" Noah was somewhat taken aback at the reply, and decided that in future the gallinazo should be born bald in token of its remarkable sagacity.

A FLOWER.

BY SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.



Oh the wealth of balmy sweetness;
Oh the stores of life and power;
Oh the glorious completeness
Of a single summer flower!

Small, but marvellous unfolding
Of His majesty and grace,
Whose Almighty Hand is holding
Suns and systems in their place.

Faint, but exquisite, reflection
Of His tenderness and love,
Who, in all His vast perfection,
Sits, our Kinsman, throned above.

Ever precious revelation
Of His faithfulness and care
Are the jewels of creation
He hath scattered everywhere.

THE SISTER'S JOURNEY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

By Isabella Fyvie Mayo.

CHAPTER I.

Do you know the road that leads from Medmedham to Wygate? And do you know a row of little cottages which stands aside from the road soon after it leaves our village? Neither their back windows nor their front look upon the road, to which the house at the end turns only its blind gable. A little paved footpath runs immediately in front of these houses, and gives access to all of them, and on the other side of this path is a green wicker paling, with one gate in its centre, through which the tenants of the houses can pass into the large common garden. As a common garden it is large, pretty, and profitable. Had it been cut up and a portion allotted to each little dwelling it would have been but a set of patches wasted with narrow paths and cumbrous hedges. As it is, it has a fairly broad walk running round it and another cutting across it, and can boast some very good fruit trees, and each house has its share of kitchen garden, flower-bed, and border. There may be sometimes a little civil bickering and dissatisfaction over the first of these, but the care of the others is very generally left to the taste and industry of some of the elderly people in the row, guided by the skill of the one or two among the tenants who happen to know something of gardening.

In all Medmedham there are not quieter, more old-fashioned people than the dwellers in Convent-row. It got its name because it was originally built by one Dame Elinor Parkiss as a sort of refuge for the older among the nuns who lost their home when Henry VIII. sacked the convent, whose ruins may still be seen on the south bank of the River Mede. And when the nuns were all dead it became a favourite retreat for the aged pensioned servants from the great houses round, and thus it got a repute as a kind of quiet resting-place; and though it is now rented out in quite the ordinary way, there are some people who would never dream of taking up their abode in it — people with late, noisy habits, or large broods of troublesome children.

Perhaps the houses themselves have something to do with this. They had been built of solid old-English masonry, and having from time to time been solidly and stoutly repaired they keep much of their original character. They are full of all sorts of queer dark corners; the rooms are on different levels with one or two steps between them, and the staircases would be fatal to a tipsy man or a neglected child. But all these drawbacks are easily borne by sedate old ladies and gentlemen, who "take their time" to all they do, and who cheerfully bear the lack of an oven and of "laid-on" water while they can enjoy a fireplace with a genuine chimney-corner, and a chimney in which they can cure their bacon.

Still there is always plenty of youth in Convent-row, and one of the prettiest girls of Medmedham lived in the house farthest from the road, and the smallest and quaintest in the Row. Any summer evening you liked you might see Ruth Venn following her father about the garden, binding up the sunflowers and hollyhocks, and chatting pleasantly to him, her soft laugh mingling sweetly with his low, merry chuckle. Any Sunday morning you might see her going to church with her father and mother; and on Medmedham market-day she might be often seen in grave consultation with the substantial farmers' wives, for Ruth Venn and her mother did plain needlework, and their handicraft was much favoured by old-fashioned folk who liked

neatness and durability, and perhaps had a lingering prejudice against machines.

Elsewhere Ruth Venn was not often to be seen. She was a quiet, shy girl, and her mother had made her so much of a companion that she had not required close friendship with anybody else. Her home was not a dull one. Job Venn, her father, had travelled in his day—a young crippled master having taken a great fancy to him when he was the gardener, and insisted that as nobody could help him so well as Job, Job must go with him wherever he went. Job had been in Flanders, and to France and Spain. Perhaps his observing powers had been sharpened by trying to get some interest and amusement out of the ways of people whose speech he did not understand. At any rate, Job came home a shrewd, clever fellow, whose wise sayings were worthy of note by deeper minds than those of his admiring little girl. And Mrs. Venn was a lively little woman, one of those whom years seem only to brighten and sharpen.

Ruth was not the only child of the house. There was her brother Harold, two years younger than herself. Harold had got his high-sounding name from his father's invalid master, who at his death had left a sum for the lad's education, which had been well laid out, and by which the boy had heartily profited. A handsome, bright-faced young fellow was Harold Venn, free of speech and popular of manner, quite different from his quiet sister, but not therefore the less dear to her. All his life he had seemed her especial charge, and nobody can tell the awful difference it made to Ruth, nor how all the sunshine of her life seemed to change to grey mist when, through the interest of some of his godfather's connexions, he got a situation in the foreign telegraph service, and was presently drafted off to an office in Canada.

Children cannot guess how much their welfare costs at home. Some parents might have thought that an only boy should be kept there for their own sake; but Job and Mrs. Venn knew that their boy was not fit for hard, manual work, also that, his education having prepared him for something else, it was not fair that he should stand still, filling up the place of another who had not received his advantages. For such as he there was no real chance in life in Medmedham.

"Mothers have got to give way," said little Mrs. Venn, with the tears standing in her eyes. "We should not be where we are to-day if your mother had not let you go out into the world, Job. And she died while you were away too, so I mustn't fret, whatever may happen. Don't think I'm going to harden my heart, though; but fretting isn't sorrow. Jesus wept. Tears in moderation are natural; but you have to twist your face out of shape to grizzle, and then it stiffens so. The only question we have to put ourselves is, 'Is this for Harold's good?' It seems so every way."

"It will find out what mettle is in the lad," put in Job. "You never know what your children are till you stand 'em down alone out of your sight. But it has to be done sooner or later. You don't make cracked china whole by keeping it in cotton wool. If the crack is there its only chance is to go in two, and then get a honest rivet."

Harold had been as well-trained as well-taught, and all his impulses and inclinations were kindly, so that if there were any misgivings in his parents' hearts they were too vague to find form in definite warnings. Perhaps the nearest approach to this was his mother's hint.

"Take care who your first friends are, Harry. Better live lonely for a year than go haunted all your days."

And then the boy was gone. And Mrs. Venn and Ruth did the women's part in the little tragedy of life: they folded away his old clothes, sorted his school-books, stored his "rubbish" among their treasures, and set their minds to wait for letters and compose answers thereto.

Harold had gone out on a great line steamer, and he had a gay and pleasant voyage, for the ship was full, and the weather delightful. He wrote home that he found most agreeable people among his fellow-passengers. Perhaps there were very few among those with whom he associated who would have noticed how bright and clever he was if they had seen him among the humble surroundings of the old home at Medmedham. Harold Venn was not a snob. He was not ashamed of his fine old father and mother, and he would not wilfully have added a pound to a statement of their income, nor a foot to a description of the size of their house. But people do not ask plain questions about these things, and Harold's innocent allusions to many matters of old-fashioned furniture and strict ways, the school he had attended, and the sort of books he had read, raised a mistaken impression on the minds of his fellow-passengers, too many of whom were of the thriftless and shifting kind who, paying very dear for discomfort and muddle, cannot believe that comfort and order can be got at little cost by those who know how to search for those commodities at the right time and in the right place. They presumed Harold to be the son of some farmer, old-fashioned, perhaps, but wealthy and well-considered, and so treated him with a courtesy and friendliness which they would not have dreamed of extending to the child of a mere working gardener. It is often hard to draw the line between vanity and geniality; perhaps no such line existed in Harold Venn's simple nature. At any rate, he was half-flattered, half-grateful, and wholly pleased.

Many and merry were the earlier letters which he wrote home; whether or not there were any secret misgivings in the parents' hearts, they openly expressed a satisfaction in which it pained Ruth that she could not heartily join. She thought the fault lay in her own heart, and hated herself accordingly. She said to herself that surely she was jealous of these strangers of whom Harold seemed so fond, that surely she was envious of the pleasures and prosperities which seemed crowding round her darling brother. And yet there was something in her pain which she could not beat down, even on her bended knees. In those days Ruth sat in the seat of humiliation and felt herself truly a miserable sinner.

The letters grew fewer and fewer by-and-by; fewer in number and vaguer in tone, with hints of much business and even of failing health. The father and mother were rather proud of the former, and innocently credulous and anxious concerning the latter.

And just about that time other trouble and sorrow entered the little household in Convent-row. To anybody who knew all the secret of those changed letters from abroad it might almost have seemed as if they brought a deadly infection with them which poisoned the poor mother's life blood and palsied the old father's limbs. For that winter, cheery, active Mrs. Venn suddenly drooped and faded; and Job himself, the hale, vigorous man, had a stroke of paralysis which, making his right leg almost useless, laid him aside from all his gardening and carpentering. For a long time Ruth's sweet face was not seen among the farmers' wives at Medmedham market, for care of the two sick people and sole charge of the little house took up all her time. But the tiny savings of happier days soon wasted away. They were but a tiny store, for the bequest for Harold's education had been sacredly kept to its proper use and expended thereon. And Ruth presently felt, with a sigh, that at any cost, more money must be earned instead of less. She must resign herself to leave her parents lonely, while she went to and fro, and they must all submit to less perfect order and cleanliness, and reconcile themselves to the make-shift meals and irregular hours which must be often borne in homes where the housekeeper is also the breadwinner.

They were all shrewd, sensible people, who could see the bearings of new facts, and did not require to state them to themselves or to each other in words, which make troubles harder to bear, precisely as a heavy weight would be harder to carry if it was wrapped in stinging-nettles. Mrs. Venn said nothing, nor shed a tear, when for the first time in her married life clean curtains were not put up in the sitting-room on Saturday evening. And when Job found that a soft grey comforter was prepared for him, to supply the place of the starched collars which his wife and daughter had hitherto kept so dainty, he actually went and looked at himself in the glass, and said "it was a comfortable fashion for an old man, and hid up his poor, scraggy neck."

(*To be continued.*)

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, PUSS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,
Author of "Cats," "The Domestic Cat," "Friends in Fur," &c.

No fireside, in my humble opinion, is complete without the harmless, necessary cat. She is the most gentle, docile, and, with the exception of our friend the dog, the most affectionate of all our pets, and yet, for all that, she is very often the worst treated of any animal we own. In my time I have written a great deal both in books and in magazines against the many kinds of cruelty that cats are subjected to, but in these short papers to talk about cruelty would be a waste of words, for I feel sure that no reader of The Girl's Own Paper would be otherwise than kind to any animal under her charge. And yet, with every intention of being good to pussy, she may often be made to suffer if you do not know something of her real nature, and the proper kind of treatment required to keep her in health and make her happy.

A very common mistake made with regard to cats is the entertaining the idea that, to a great extent, they can shift for themselves in the matter of food, and that there is therefore no necessity for supplying them regularly, day by day, with something to eat and drink. Some people even go farther than this, and tell you that they purposely starve their pussies in order to make them good mousers. But will starving have this desired effect? Certainly not. It may make them arrant thieves, but never good vermin killers. I have proved over and over again that plump, well-fed and carefully-tended cats are the best for killing mice. For the art of mousing requires great patience and that is a virtue in which a starved cat is singularly deficient.

In order, then, to keep your cat in perfect health, and in beautiful coat, feed her with as much regularity as possible, twice a day at least. Her breakfast ought probably to be her principal meal, for she is always hungry in the morning. She ought to have a dish for herself, which should always be kept most scrupulously clean, and when she has finished eating, the saucer should be sent away to be washed, and no remaining portion of one meal ought to form part of the next. I do not like to see a spoiled cat; she may be allowed to

beg just a little in a quiet kind of way; while you are eating, but not to jump up either on your shoulders or lap. It is better far to teach her to wait patiently and demurely, until you have finished, and to feed her immediately afterwards.

Do not forget that change of diet is quite as necessary to the perfect health of a cat as it is to a dog, or to a human being for the matter of that. Oatmeal porridge with sweet milk makes an excellent breakfast for puss; this may be given one day, and bread steeped in warm milk the next. To this latter a little sugar should be added. Always buy animal food for your pussy, and I know of nothing better than well-boiled sheep's lights, with now and then a tiny bit of raw liver. I do not myself approve of horse-flesh for cats, unless, indeed, it is extra sweet and tender. With pussy's dinner always mix a little well mashed vegetables. She will eat potatoes with a relish, and, as a rule, will not object to cabbage or greens. You know how very fond a cat is of fish. I have known many instances of cats catching trout and fish of other kinds, and of becoming quite expert at the piscatorial art. Let your puss, therefore, have an allowance of this delicacy as often as you can; she will thrive on it, and assuredly she will not forget your kindness.

Milk must be given to cats every day of their lives; this is no news, I am fully aware of that, but my next sentence conveys a truth which is not half well enough known. I therefore, for pussy's sake, beg our printer to put it in italics. *Cats should have a daily supply of clean fresh water.* There is a kind of double dish sold by many earthenwaremen, which every one who owns and loves a cat should possess themselves of. It resembles two saucers joined in one, or one saucer divided into two, if you like that way of putting it better. Now some people think that one side of this dish is for food, and the other for milk. No, kind reader, one side is for milk, and the other for pure water, and you should be careful to have it well rinsed out every morning.

I find that giving a cat a small bit of sweet butter, about as big as a bean, occasionally, enables her to clean her fur more easily.

Cats are very cleanly in their habits and natures. They are soon taught to behave themselves well indoors, but gentleness and firmness should be used towards them, and in no case do they deserve beating, nor even chasing out; treatment of this kind is certain to demoralise them, and cause them to hate instead of loving you.

If your pussy has been absent from home all night, you should kindly welcome her return in the morning, and show your forgiveness by presenting her with a nice dish of warm milk sweetened with sugar. Some cats are fond of tea; if yours is, let her have it by all means; you cannot be too kind to a cat, and I do not think there is much fear of the tea injuring her nervous system.

I will now say a word or two about "mousing." If your cat really wants to go out on any particular night you had better let her go. But on no account turn her out against her will, and do not make a practice of sending or letting her out at nights. If you do so she will get into all kinds of mischief, will turn dirty and disreputable, and take up with bad company in the shape of prowling houseless cats, the cats that tear up flower-beds, rob rabbit-hutches, plunder dove-cotes, and regard thieving in general as one of the fine arts. Therefore I say to you, teach your pussy to stay indoors by night. Some people have a pretty basket with a cushion in it for their cat to sleep in; this is a good plan, and far preferable to taking pussy to your own room every evening.

Cats are somewhat nomadic in their tendencies, and like to have perfect freedom. They never, however, abuse the liberty granted them, if they are well fed and cared for when at home.

Some people will tell you that all cats are dishonest, and that they are far more attached to the places where they live than they are to those who own them. But all genuine lovers of the domestic cat know better than to believe any such statement. If a cat is merely kept as an animated mousing machine and badly treated, then it is very likely she will steal whenever she can get the chance, for she must support life somehow; and if she be badly treated by her owner, it is hardly reasonable to expect her to show very much affection for him or her. I myself owned a beautiful tabby, who for five or six years travelled in my company, by sea and land, fully twenty thousand miles. She was perfectly familiar with hotel life in all its phases; even on the first night of my arrival in a strange city or place I did not hesitate to let her out for a run if she wished to go, and she always came home with the milk in the morning. A more loving and gentle pet I never yet possessed, and as to her moral qualities I can tell you this, I oftentimes wished that some of the lodging-house keepers with whom I dwelt had been only half as honest as my poor pussy.

But people who rail against cats, and who say they hate them, are only those who know very, *very* little about them, for really the more one studies the ways and the manners and the general character of our sagacious wee fireside favourite, the more one loves and admires her. The affection of a cat for its own offspring is perhaps nearly equalled by the fondness and love she exhibits for young children. I have known cats of a somewhat sulky and surly temper, who would not permit themselves to be even caressed by a grown-up person, but who would nevertheless allow themselves to be teased in all manner of ways, and even pulled about by the tail by a little child.

Cats are, as a rule, on the very best of terms with any animal which happens to be domiciled with them in the same house, and the most wonderful friendships are often cemented betwixt them and animals altogether different in their nature and habits. The travelling cat I have already mentioned lived on the best of terms not only with my favourite dog but with my starling, a bird, by the way, who was never kept in a cage, but allowed to roam about wherever he listed.

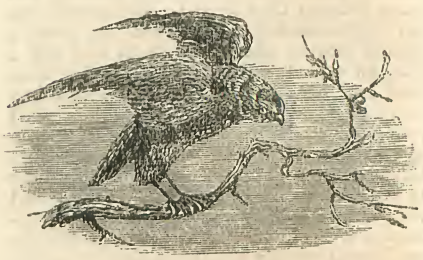
Cats can be taught many pretty and engaging tricks, but if you want to train pussy properly, her education must commence when she is very young, quite a kitten in fact. Before, however, you attempt to teach a young cat to do anything, you must teach her to love you and trust you implicitly. If she does she will learn her lessons quickly, and do all she can to please you. By means of a hare's or rabbit's foot, attached to a string at the end of a rod, you can teach pussy to jump in quite a wonderful way; you will soon be surprised at the heights to which you will find her able to spring. This gymnastic exercise will be best gone through out of doors, and it will be as good for your own health as it will be for pussy's. After she has done anything well and willingly, treat her to a morsel of fish, and when the exercise is over present her with milk and water; she will generally prefer the latter.

You can next teach her to jump backwards and forwards over your arms, the hands being joined. Hold your arms at the side and not in front of you, and, gradually increasing the height, you will soon find she can jump through as well when you hold them over your head. Then commence her with hoop exercise. If you give her half an hour of this regularly every day, she will soon come to take a great delight in it. The hoop should be about eighteen inches wide, made of cane or wood, and with a handle to it, and you may if you please have one in each hand. Puss will give you plenty of fun, I can assure you, and make everyone around you laugh as well as yourself. A cat may be taught to beg like a dog, to give a paw right or left, to lie down "dead," to stand in a corner on its hind legs, to embrace you, to retrieve like a dog, and even to move rhythmically to music.

I sincerely hope that if you have a favourite cat, and are yourself in the habit of going to the seaside or somewhere else, for a summer holiday, that you do not leave her at home, either alone by herself or to the tender mercies of servants. To do so is exceedingly cruel and thoughtless.

I have told you how to treat our mutual friend in health. I will next have a few words to say about some of the ailments that feline flesh is often afflicted with, as well as a word or two on the different kinds of cats.

(*To be concluded.*)



THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"FOR THE SAKE OF ROSIE."

CLEAR decks for action! Landlubbers, below hatches! Rose Bell and Clara Boswell, that means under the chairs. Be quick with you. Clear decks, I say! Now, one—two—three—hurrah! Three cheers for one, and cat-o'-nine-tails for two."

The above commands had been delivered by a clear, ringing voice from one end of the large class-room of Crofton House, and between the utterance of the "one, two, three," and the "hurrah!" the owner of the voice, a certain slim, bright-eyed, curly-haired young damsel, had taken a rush down the room, and a flying leap over the poker, laid across the backs of two chairs.

"Now, Rose," exclaimed Milly Wilmot, "make haste; it's your turn now. You know monkeys copy their masters."

"Ah, to be sure," said the heroine of the jump. "So that is why you try to copy me."

The absurdity of roly-poly Milly being accused of copying Miss Nelly in looks, manners, or gymnastics was too great for even Sybil Pinckney's well-bred

kindness, and as for Clara Boswell, ever since the commencement of the summer term she had been amongst the most inveterate aiders and abettors of those who combined to do all in their power to spoil the school favourite, Helen Edison.

"She cannot be spoiled. She is the brightest-tempered, noblest-hearted girl that ever lived," she declared; and so she laughed at all her jokes, applauded all her athletic feats, seconded all her petitions to the Principal, and had that splendid, all-important influence over her that a high-principled, well-cultivated girl always has over those whom she really admits to her true friendship.

And "winsome Nellie," as Mrs. Gray had nicknamed her, deserved the friendship. The meek and gentle teaching of Josephine Bell had fallen into good soil, and the sterner, stronger nature of Clara Boswell aided its development. Last, but not least, the trust confided to her of little Rose proved all that the friend and sister had hoped in the way of restraint and aid to good; and many of those who knew Helen best would have been surprised had they read the letters which passed between the two friends. The half-protecting, half-clinging love which the younger and more brilliant girl had bestowed upon her less-talented companion bore most precious fruit, and each succeeding letter contained increasing proof that, while she was throwing much of brightness over the outer life of her friend, she herself was learning to share meek Josephine's most precious knowledge of the way of salvation, and the paths of peace.

But if anyone supposes that there was any great outward change visible in the school will-o'-the-wisp I am afraid they must be disappointed. That leap over the poker took place on the morning of the day before the summer holidays were to begin; or rather, it should be said, on the day before the pupils went home, for the last day at school was always a holiday at Crofton House—a day given up to packing, arranging books and cupboards, and generally saying good-bye to the ending term.

It was a little after ten now, and the half-dozen girls gathered together in the class-room had been very busy upstairs till within the last few minutes. Their companions were all still engaged over boxes and portmanteaus—"Poor old slowcoaches," as Milly Wilmot irreverently termed them.

"Who'll jump next?" asked Helen, looking round at her companions with glances as scrutinisingly earnest as though she were a general organising a forlorn hope. And if she expected any of those present to take the same jump she had just achieved, most people would have declared it was a very forlorn hope indeed. However, Rosie Bell and Rose Trew both came forward bravely as volunteers.

"Not you, Rosie," with a grave, reluctant shake of the head. "I have a foolish fancy in favour of delivering you up to Josephine to-morrow with unbroken legs and sound ankles. Rose Trew, you are much too pretty to break your nose against a poker. Besides, you have about a yard-and-a-half of braid hanging to your dress already, and most of your hairpins ready to drop out. Putting those small matters right will be quite enough to keep *your* little hands out of mischief for the present. Kate Griffin might jump if she were not so busy over that story-book."

"Then you are reduced to me, after all, Madame Nelly," laughed Milly Wilmot.

"In which case, ladies, the performance is at an end, seeing the proprietress of this establishment has not yet insured her ceilings and glass windows. At least——"

And Nelly suddenly sprang back over the poker, and with one bound to Clara Boswell's side.

"Clara! my tall, grand, dignified Clara!—my dear, departing schoolfellow, soon to be 'late of Crofton House,' do me this one final favour. Prove that you deserve, not only your riding-master's praises, but also those far more discriminating ones of Miss Helen Edison. Behold the poker; oblige me by passing over it with equal grace and nimbleness to the other side."

"You audacious little puss!" exclaimed a voice just inside the door, which had been opened a minute since unperceived. "You impudent little lassie! you will be inviting me next to have a see-saw with you, I should expect."

"Ah, dear madam, I would take such care that you should not slip," was the laughing answer, as the girl ran forward to Miss Crofton, and laid her cheek caressingly on her hand.

"At any rate, I won't tempt your promise," was the equally laughing reply. "But am I to understand that you six have quite finished your packing?"

"Quite, quite," was the answer in chorus, with the addition from Helen Edison—

"Except that my box, the biggest one, is to be all turned out again."

"And pray wherefore?"

"Because it has aggravatingly puffed itself up somehow, so that, even with Milly Wilmot sitting on the lid, it won't shut. I have done up the straps, all the same; but, as Clara thinks that most of my things would tumble out during the journey if it travelled as it is, I am going to let her pack it for me over again."

"'Let her,' indeed!" said Miss Crofton, between amusement and earnestness. "You self-indulgent lassie."

"Not self-indulgent, this time," was the serious answer, somewhat contradicted by a tiny smile hovering over the crimson lips. "Clara asked me to let her pack for me. She said it broke her heart to see my clothes so cruelly ill-used. And I like her heart so much I could not bear to see it broken. But, please, will you tell us now what else you came in to speak about? It was not only packing, I think."

No. Helen was right. The kind Principal had been standing a few minutes at her open window admiring the lovely summer day, and the thought had come to her that, although lovely summer days are happily by no means rare, whatever grumblers may say, still it was a pity that a party of young, happy girls should lose even one of them indoors.

With that pleasant incentive to brisk work—a picnic in the woods, packing was soon accomplished by even the most dilatory, and even Helen Edison's obstreperous box was coaxed into good behaviour under Clara Boswell's tidy and judicious treatment.

"What an untidy little creature Rosie Bell will grow up," said Clara quietly, as Helen knelt beside her to refasten the straps.

"Untidy!" echoed Helen, turning her face quickly to her companion. "No, indeed, she shall not, I will take care of that. Josephine is the very pattern of tidiness, and it would vex her terribly to have Rose different."

"So I fear," said Clara once more quietly. "But example goes so much farther than precept. Rose loves you now almost as much as she loves Josephine, and she admires you far more."

"Then she ought not, and she is a silly little thing."

"Just so. Such a silly little thing that she will consider the mere fact that her wonderful schoolfellow, Helen Edison, is untidy proves that untidiness is a virtue. If Miss Rowe had still been here, and you had still gone on defying her, poor little Rosie would have learnt to think that a fine thing to imitate too. But forgive me Nelly, darling, you will think I am paying myself finely for the little bit of help I have given you. I did not mean to preach to you the last day we are together. You are not vexed, are you?"

Helen's answer was a queer one, as many of her answers were—"Clever Josephine. I would never have won the triumph of hearing you call me 'Nelly, darling,' but for her. For your sake and for her's Rosie shall learn to value tidiness."

"And for its own sake?"

"Umph," with a mischievous little smile. "Be quick and put your hat on. I'll show you such lovely little bits of untidiness in the woods and hedges to-day."

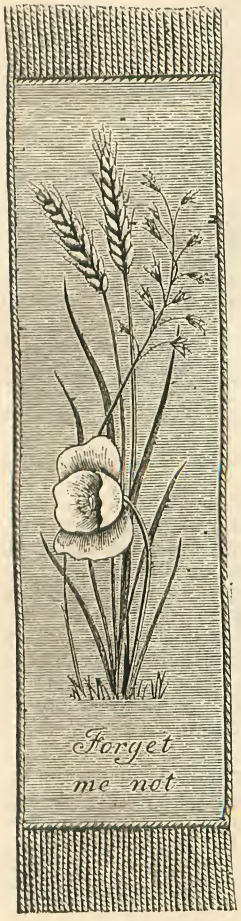
(*To be continued.*)



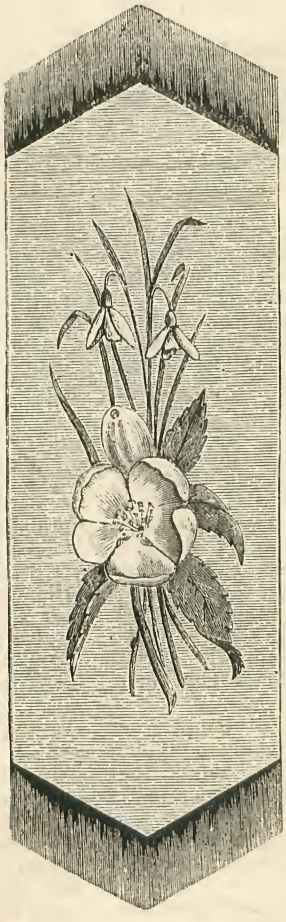
MY WORK BASKET.

Book Marker (No. 1).

The cream-coloured satin ribbon, on which the embroidery in floss silk is done, is seven inches long and one and a half wide. The poppy is in bright natural shades, and the leaves and grass in shaded greens. The wheat ears are in shaded gold silks. The marker is lined with satin or corded ribbon of the same shade, and neatly sewn together with fine silk to match. The fringe is of gold-coloured silk



No. 1.



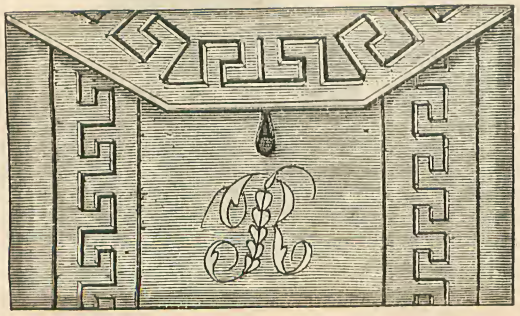
No. 2.

Book Marker (No. 2).

The ribbon for this marker is quite two inches wide, the length six inches. Pale blue will be suitable for the dog-roses and snowdrops to be worked upon. The fringe should be either blue or a mixture of blue and pink. The embroidery is done in long and satin stitch. The marker is lined with a stout ribbon to match.

Case for Embroidery or Wool Work.

The case is made in blue cashmere and lined with quilted silk. The size to be according to the use it is required for.

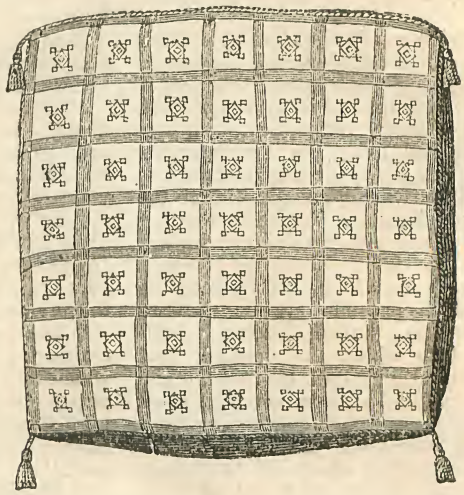


The double key-pattern is formed with a row of gold-coloured, and a row of black, silk braid. The lines on each side of the key-pattern are worked in chain stitch with yellow and black netting silk. The monograms or initials should be worked in the same colours, or gold twist. A piece of narrow black elastic and gilt button to fasten the case.

Sofa Cushion.

The cushion is made of satin, or satin sheeting, which is equally effective and less expensive. The quantity of course depends on the size required. Our design will take about three-eighths of a yard of rose-coloured satin, the same of pale blue, and about half a yard of olive green for the bands. The pale blue and rose-colour squares, alternating, are separated by bands of olive green, and a band of green is placed all round.

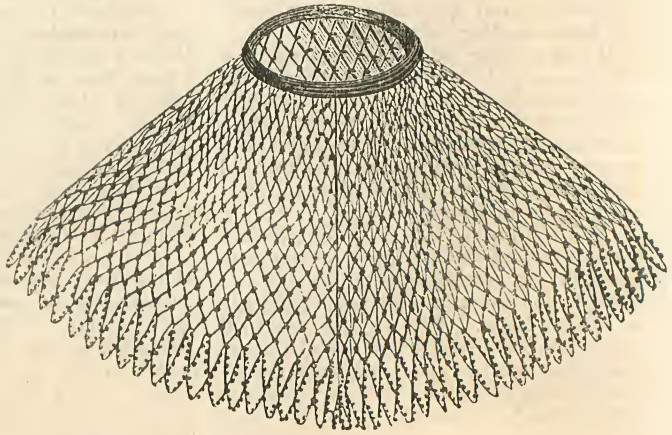
The squares are embroidered before joining them together. They must be neatly hemmed round with a narrow hem, great care being taken to keep them in exact form. For this purpose it is better to have a firm cardboard square the size required, on which the satin can be tacked, *face downwards*, and then turned down close to the edge. The bands are also hemmed on each side, and then joined all together



with small stitches with fine silk. These seams are afterwards hidden by a close feather-stitch, with coarse gold-coloured silk. The stars on the bands, as well as those in the centre of each square, are also worked in long stitch with gold-coloured silk. The embroidery on the squares is worked in split stitch with coarse, shaded silks. The pale blue squares are worked with bright shades of brown, and the pink with grey shaded to white. The cushion is finished with a silk cord and tassels of the combined shades.

Bead Cape.

A pattern of stiff paper is cut the shape required. An even-netting silk, bead needle, and several ounces of beads are the materials needed. The size of the open diamonds is made to suit the size of beads used. The cape is begun at the lower edge, excepting the two rows for the border, which are made with larger beads and wider vandykes. The



rows are contracted towards the throat by taking two points together before threading the uniting bead. The band round the throat to which the cape is sewn is of black velvet, worked with beads, either in rows or narrow vandykes. These capes are sometimes netted with fine silk, with beads threaded on and worked in every stitch. They are lighter and less expensive.

Knitted Leaf Edging.

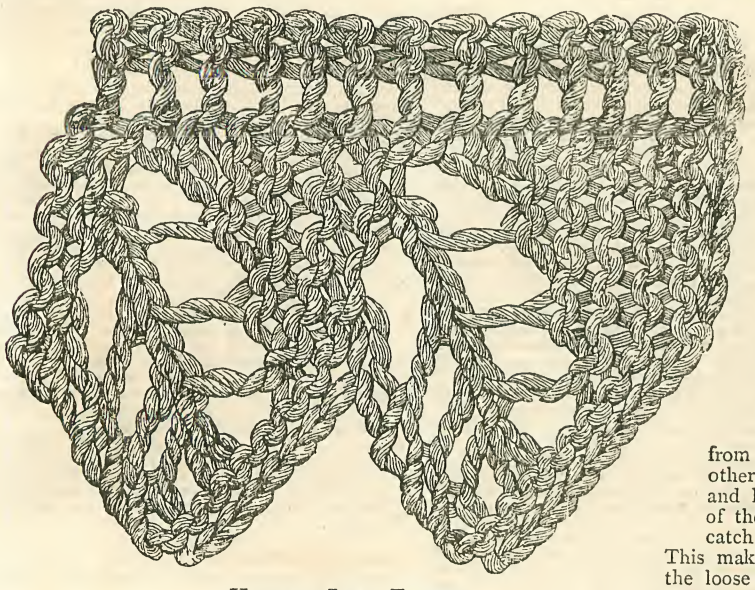
This pretty lace may be worked in either wool or cotton, and is suitable for shawls, counterpanes, &c. To exeeute it proceed thus :—

Cast on nine stitches.

1st Row.—Knit two, make one by passing the wool over the needle, knit two together, pass the wool over twice, knit two together, pass the wool over twice, knit two together, knit once.

2nd Row.—Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit two.

3rd Row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit two, make one twice as before, knit two together, make one twice, knit two together, knit one.



Knitted Leaf Edging.

4th Row.—Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit two.

5th Row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit four, make one twice, knit two together, make one twice, knit two together, knit one.

6th Row.—Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit two.

7th Row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit six, make one twice, knit two together, make one twice, knit two together, knit one.

8th Row.—Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit seven, purl one, knit two.

9th Row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit thirteen.

10th Row.—Cast off eight stitches, knit five, purl one, knit two. You have once more nine on the needle. Commence again at 1st Row.

Corner in Crochet and Lace Braid.

Materials :—Linen braid, Evans' cotton, No. 20, and a fine hook. A coarser braid could be used with the coloured Maltese thread.

This pretty design may be utilised for the trimming of a square-necked under-bodice pinafore or dress. To be copied more easily, it is illustrated full size. To execute it proceed thus :—Take a piece of tracing paper large enough to reproduce the entire pattern, fasten one end of it over the engraving, and, with a crowquill or fine steel pen, trace the design off very carefully, shift the engraving underneath in order to continue the band to the required width of the neck; then trace (always from the same design) the opposite corner, managing to have no breaks in the lines.

The transfer completed, tack the braid on the vandykes marked out for it, folding it over and under alternately at the points as clearly shown. For the corner bar it will be necessary to lay the braid double, *i.e.*, first carry it downwards from the top of the right hand vandyke, then, slightly pointing the end, bring it up again to the same place ready for the vandykes of the front. After the braid is secured, cut off all superfluous paper for more convenience in working. Attach the cotton through one open bar or the braid, and outline the "V's" by scallops of four chain and two double chain, the second one taken into the next hole *back* from the first double chain, so as to cross them. Continue in this way, working down one vandyke and up the other, turning the upper peaks by two loops and the corner one by three, crocheted into the braid, thus securing the fold over. Sustain the lower parts of the points either by one treble through the centre or else by double chain, passing from side to side. This will be guided by the design underneath and by the greater or lesser slope of the double point. Remember, however, that as the crochet will afterwards be the sole support of the braid, it should as much as possible seize at the points the two thicknesses. Turn the work and proceed to the two leaves which, so to speak, bridge each vandyke; six chain (wind the cotton twice round the needle, * pierce it into the centre of the second loop downwards. Leave the two last loops on the hook, wind the cotton once over again, work a treble into the next, then two more into the third loop, drawing the whole four out through the chain stitch at the top. Repeat from * into the first and second, taking this time the second loop first. Pass to the top of the next five by another six chain; slip stitch along the two loops and continue these leaves through every space, slip stitch along three loops when at the corner.

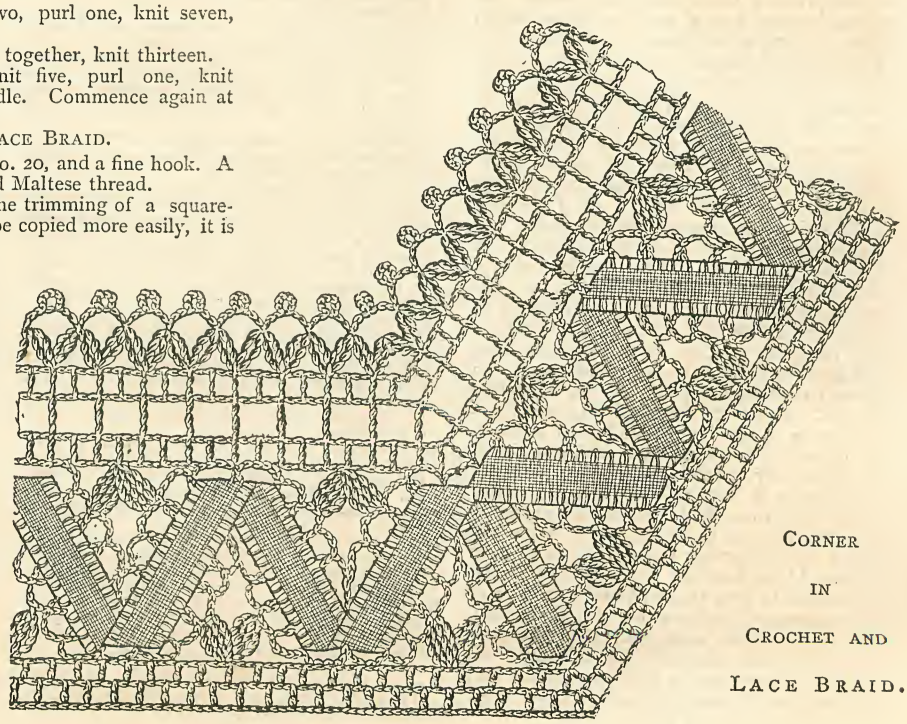
3rd Row.—Turn and crochet two chain and one treble in every third chain underneath; bring two trebles out through the same hole to tighten the corner.

4th Row.—Five chain, one long treble (cotton twice round needle) above every other treble of the preceding line. At the corner miss five chain beneath, and bring two out of the same chain.

5th Row.—Like the 3rd.

6th Row.—Lace into every other treble work, * two long treble, finishing in one chain at the top, three chain, one purl of six chain, three chain, two long treble. Repeat from *. To turn the corner, commence the first long treble of the other side, draw the thread through once, take the needle out, and leave the wound cotton hanging while you take up the loop of the working thread and make five chain above the corner ones, catch them to the opposite treble, and work back five double. This makes the intervening loop seen on the diagram; now wind the loose cotton again round the needle and finish the long treble. The top of the neck is now complete; commence the lower side with the outline of loops exactly in the same manner; turn and form the leaves, which will be alternately to those above. Make seven chain, however, instead of six at the corner bar. The third and fourth rows consist of two chain, one treble worked between each other, the corners being widened by one treble, five chain and one treble pierced into the same hole.

When the trimming is completed and sewn to the article it is intended to ornament, draw up the neck by a coloured ribbon threaded through the holes of five chain, one long treble.



Corner in Crochet and Lace Braid.

AN ENGLISH GIRL AND THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

SOME few weeks ago, it is related, an advertisement appeared for an English governess to reside abroad. Among those who answered was the daughter of a naval officer living at Plympton, who subsequently received a visit from a lady who stated that she wished to engage a young lady to go to St. Petersburg and instruct three children in English. The young lady's father, on applying to the Russian Embassy, to which he had been referred, received such assurances as removed all scruples, and she went to St. Petersburg. On her arrival she was astonished at being taken to the Winter Palace, shown to the apartments she was to occupy, and next day was introduced to the late Emperor, and by him taken to the Princess Dolgourouky, and her three young children. The Czar explained to Miss J—— that it was his desire the children should be taught English by the companionship of an English lady like herself, and that he and the Princess desired her to be on affectionate terms with the children, only she was not to kiss them. A splendid retriever came into the room, and, going up to the new arrival, licked her hand. Calling the attention of the Princess to this incident, Alexander II. observed that it was a happy omen of the friendly feeling which he hoped would exist between Miss J—— and her charges. Let us hope that this fortunate English girl will maintain the position, notwithstanding the horrible murder of her late Imperial patron.

VARIETIES.

BURIED FABULOUS CREATURES.

That dog will go blind for a certainty.

What a magnificent auricula you have there!

He is going to drag one of his ponds today.

There's a tyrant for you, if you like!

We consider his acting no mean part of the entertainment.

EVER PRECIOUS TIME.—Lose not a moment of time, for time is but a moment.

THE YOUNG LADY'S BOW.—"Beau" and "bow" sound pretty much alike, although there is a wide difference in the meaning. This has often caused ludicrous mistakes, and of these the following is a good example:—A young lady was once alighting from an omnibus, when a ribbon fell from her bonnet. "You have left your bow behind," remarked a lady passenger. "No, indeed!" innocently exclaimed the damsel, "he has gone out fishing."

"HOW DO YOU DO?" IN JAPAN.—Nothing is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town. As they come in sight of each other, they slacken their pace, and approach with downcast eyes and averted faces, as if neither were worthy of beholding the other; then they bow low, so as to bring the face, still kept carefully averted, on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed. A succession of hissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility in a sort of undertoned falsetto, either trying to outdo his friend in the rapidity and extravagance of his language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other. At last a climax is reached, and each endeavours to give the *pas* to the other. For some moments, perhaps for a full minute, the polite contest continues; then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass on hurriedly, each his own way, with a look of extreme relief.

ANSWER TO NUMERICAL CHARADE (p. 429).—Agincourt.

A HINT TO THE PEEVISH.—One can bear with a woman who is only peevish when the wind is in the east, but it is unbearable to live with one who is peevish in every point of the compass.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATION.

MARION L.—"Grammaire des Grammaires" and Guizot's History are, we believe, the best. Your writing is quite good enough, and you would find Dr. Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., the most reliable work published. Why not obtain a list of books from the college?

SANGERIN.—The National Training School for Music, Kensington Gore, London, W.C.; the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, London, W.; and Trinity College, Mandeville-place, London, W. Write to the secretary in each case and make inquiries.

L. H. (Cavan).—We think your plan an excellent one, but we fear, in the present state of your native country, few mothers would send their children there, even if the Irish accent were beyond reproach, most English people objecting to it strongly. We should advise your teaching your sisters yourself for the present. Such exchanges are usually made through advertisements we believe.

HEREFORDENSIS.—Most good English histories, such as Milner's, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., contain the information you wish for. Your writing is excellent.

B. R. M. and F. S. P.—Write to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, for information on both examinations. You are not obliged to go in for it because you write to the secretary.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—The "Sinking fund" is money set aside by the Government for the paying off of the National Debt. The term "sunk" is employed to signify "withdrawn from circulation," the bonds purchased by it being destroyed.

GAYNOR.—1. Read a small book entitled "The Ancient British Church" (price tenpence), published at 56, Paternoster-row. This may give all the information you desire. 2. Conscience is that intellectual power within us which can judge of the moral character of our actions, and condemns or justifies us accordingly. According to the degree of education and civilisation this power, implanted in all human beings (not insane nor idiotic), is more or less clear, just, and decisive. Study what is said in the Book of Acts xxiii. 1, and xxiv. 16, St. John viii. 9, Romans ix. 1, and 1st Timothy i. 5. By stifling the accusings and dictates of conscience persistently it becomes hardened, and ceases at last to act within us.

TROUBLESOME READER.—The writer of "Frame-making and Gilding" has supplied an article on "Bookbinding," which will be inserted in our paper in due time. We are very glad that you were so much pleased with the former article, and with that on "How to Form a Small Library."

HISTORIA.—The "History of England," by Milner, published at 56, Paternoster-row is an excellent one, price 5s.; Questions, 6d.

ISABEL. ETHEL BERESFORD asks nearly the same questions as "Isabel," so her answer will be useful to her. "Undine" is the heroine of De la Motte Fouqué's story of that name. Read "How to Form a Small Library," page 122, vol. ii. You will find the "Handbook of English Literature," by Dr. Angus, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., of great use in enabling you to judge of the value of our authors. You write a charming little note.

MARION GRAHAM and BROWNIE.—You will do well to read "How to Form a Small Library," page 122, vol. ii. Young girls of the present day appear to read and think more than they did, and there is nothing so good as improving books and literature to steady the mental powers and form a good habit of thought.

ENGLISH GIRL.—Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 5s; and Milner's "English History," same address, 5s., would give you the information you need. 1880 means that number of years since Our Lord was born.

IVYLEAF.—Could you not get employment at the National School near you? If you are qualified for it, you could then remain at home, and be of some assistance and comfort to your mother.

BROWN BESS.—Many people find it difficult to learn arithmetic because they have been taught on a wrong method. Perhaps if you had some lessons from a stranger you might get on better.

L. W.—The three definitions of poetry which you send us are written respectively by (1) Macaulay, "Poetry—Encyclopædia Britannica;" (2) Wordsworth; (3) Sir James Stephen.

UNE VIEILLE FILLE.—There are many Spanish poets of celebrity: Lope de la Vega Calderon, Coplas de Manrique, Ercilla, and more recently Zorilla Larra and Quintada are all very well known. Their works, as well as others in Spanish, could be obtained from a foreign library in London, also a dictionary. Your writing is very neat and careful.

J. K. M.—Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, is a training school for nurse and special probationers.

MABEL C.—Let your father apply by letter to the school committee and state the case from the beginning. They will communicate with the Education Department. Your writing is extremely poor for your age, and perhaps this fact has added to your difficulties, and we think you will do wisely to try and improve yourself without loss of time. Your spelling is correct.

COOKERY.

JANETTE MARIE.—Many thanks for your note. Your writing would be much improved if you did not use quite such a broad-nibbed pen.

ROWAN.—The allowance for each servant per week is a quarter of a pound of tea, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, half a pound of cheese. The rules for work may be written out by any mistress for herself. One room well cleaned each day, so that each room in the house is cleaned once a fortnight. Friday, plate cleaning; Thursday, staircase; Saturday, kitchens, areas, and passages downstairs. Keep the sides well washed, but do not whiten them.

GREEN-EYED JEMIMA.—You do not boil the treacle pudding in a cloth, but in a basin first, which is tied in a cloth. Grease the basin, and line it with crust, then roll out sufficient crust and cut out several layers to fit the basin, spreading golden syrup quickly over each, and sprinkling a little lemon juice over them. A dusting of flour over each layer will give a little stiffness to the pudding. When full place a layer of paste above all. Tie a cloth over, and boil for four hours.

CHUBBY CHEEKS.—1. In America "popped corn" is frequently made up into balls with toffee composed of "golden syrup," boiled down till quite thick. 2. The chains of shells for which you inquire are Venetian. We think they may be purchased in London.

WORK.

LOUIE.—Many thanks for your pattern. Your writing would be easier to decipher if you used a broad-nibbed pen.

LENT LILY.—Inquire for the knitting cottons at a fancy workshop, or a good draper's; they usually keep every colour. Silk when dyed is generally very soft, and is not suitable for anything except under skirts. Your dress would dye a good *grenat*, or a wine colour; but the dyer's opinion would be desirable. Your quotation is from Wordsworth's ode on "Intimations of Immortality."

SUSANNAH.—Use blue transfer paper, to be purchased at any stationer's. Read "A Grammar of Embroidery," page 109, vol. ii.

LILIAN.—The size of the panels of the screen illustrated at page 13 may be 5ft. 2in. high, and 22 inches wide; or 6ft. high and 2ft. wide. The first being a three-panel screen, the second of the best dimensions for a four-panelled one. We should advise you, if your panels are embroidered on satin, to have them fastened on by an experienced person, because if you have never done it before, you are more than likely to make a failure of your work, and the stretching being difficult, you will probably put them on crooked.

MARIE.—Blue flannel is sometimes dipped in alum, or salt and water, to set the dye. You might try the effect on a small piece first. The flannel must be wrung very dry.

HYTHE.—The drilling may be easily performed with the sharp point of a pair of scissors, but care must be taken not to press too heavily on the shell, as it is somewhat brittle. Your writing is very good and legible.

MILLICENT.—Leaves may be varnished with gum-arabic, and are sometimes frosted by dipping in a strong solution of alum.

AMY.—Your writing appears to be at that stage when it might be most improved by copying some hand-writing you admired, which would give you style and finish.

HELEN.—1. Thank you for your long and interesting letter. Wooden fans, either black or white, are used for crest fans. They are very cheap. 2. No chance whatever of our doing so. Get up and walk about the room, allowing the bed to cool. Perhaps you have too many clothes on it or too few over your feet to keep them warm. There is probably some simple reason of this sort.

CARLA.—You might make pretty boxes or picture-frames with your acorn-cups by glueing them on and then varnishing them.

CAREFUL.—We do not give addresses. Consult a suburban directory.

EDIE.—You will find some instructions how to manage your allowance in "Seasonable Clothing," page 133, vol. ii. You ought to have had a fair outfit when you began your allowance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOBODY.—You appear to have all the verses of Lyte's Hymn. We think, from your writing, that perhaps there may be a fault in your holding the pen.

STUPID.—If you think simply of pleasing others, and not of yourself at all, you will probably find topics to speak of. Consider what will interest them, in books or work, or music, and forget yourself and your feelings. "Proverbs" "How do you like it, when do you like it, and where do you like it? Can you guess it?" "The Game of Planting," is also amusing. Each player in turn says, "I planted such a person or thing, and it came up such a vegetable, plant, or tree," *i.e.*, "I planted the Lord Mayor, and he came up London pride." "I planted a good housekeeper, and there came up thrift," "I planted folly, and there came up rue," "I planted love and patience, and there came up heartsease."

K. A. T.—Try a single plant, and watch it well, and perhaps it will flourish in spite of the smoky atmosphere.

AUNT ELLEN.—Braces are recommended by some people, or the use of a blackboard for a certain time every day. If the back be weak, bathe with sea salt and water every morning.

JAPONICA.—Wash crewel work in a tepid lather, wring it *very* dry in a towel, and iron while damp. Braces of embroidered canvas, should be made up on a foundation of white leather.

LITTLE TOT.—Many thanks for your most beautifully written and appreciative letter. We hope the articles on "Occupations for Invalids" will be of service to you as well as to others.

GERALDINE.—A short dress is both more suitable and fashionable for a young girl than a long one, on every occasion, and black fans appear to be used with every kind of dress.

DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING.—We think white muslin would be a very pretty material, and some red ribbons to give it colour. We hope you will not object to our "takeing the liberties" of remarking on your spelling, which is quite shocking for a girl of fifteen years of age. "Writting" twice over, instead of "writing," and "weather" instead of "whether," are very careless mistakes.

VIEILLE GANACHE.—Your writing is that of a foreigner, and is decorated with more flourishes than are usual in good English writing, but the characters are clear, even, and legible.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—We think you will find no difficulty in such matters if you constantly bear in mind Our Blessed Lord's declaration, that His people were to be "the salt of the earth." As salt is used to savour all our food, so all our life must be flavoured with our Christianity. Salt is said to bring out the flavour of other foods, and so makes them more palatable and wholesome, but salt can also be overpowering, and, like sea water, can be useless and harmful. Christianity should be rendered beautiful to all by our kindness and long *suffering*, by our readiness to oblige and our quickness to forgive. Do not judge of anyone's Christianity when you are told "judge not." It is better to pray for others than to judge them. We fear from your letter you are falling into this sin, a temptation which it is difficult for young Christians to resist. Go out in the afternoon instead of the evening, and remember that your time is not unprofitably spent if you obey your mother, and show by your gentle demeanour that you have been with Christ.

AN EXPECTANT HOUSEKEEPER. — The practical method of furnishing your house would be to lay aside a certain sum of money—as much as you can afford—and look about you for bargains. Much cheap, and yet good, furniture may be picked up by those having good taste and quickness of observation. The beds and bedding should always be new. Read Madame de Lorraine's articles in vol. i. on "How the Girls Arranged Their Sitting-room," &c. Handkerchiefs must always constitute a nice present for a gentleman, and so are woollen or silk socks of your own knitting.

L. M.—People of really good breeding never leave out the "Miss" before the Christian name on the visiting card. Boys of twelve or thirteen usually have the prefix "Master" before their Christian names on letters, &c.

THE SENSITIVE WHITE ROSE.—Read "Occupations for Invalids," and endeavour to strengthen and form your mind by a course of solid reading and careful study, as advised in Article II. Your mental condition, after so much suffering, is naturally weak, and will require some months of rest to recover. Complete change of thought will do more than anything else to give a healthy tone. Meanwhile, cultivate kindly feelings towards all, believing that all wish you well. Sensitive natures prove great nuisances to others, and, as a rule, have only themselves to blame for their unhappiness and suffering.

SELAH HALERO.—Woollen shawls do not require ironing, but are often put through a mangle several times. St. James is the patron saint of Spain, and his emblem is the scallop shell. Study Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—You require plain pine brackets, frame, &c., on which to glue your acorns and pine cones. After having been glued, the ornaments and frame should all be varnished at once. Great taste and neatness are required in the arrangement of the various objects. We do not give addresses.

WHISTLING DICK.—Inquire at any furnishing ironmongers for the frying baskets. Your troubles seem to arise from a weak digestion. Consult a doctor.

EDITH M. C.—"Tenerani" was a modern Roman sculptor. We are unable to say whether he be living or dead. Your handwriting is too small.

OSPREY OF ENEHAR.—A crown-piece of Charles II. dated 1663 is probably worth about 8s. Many shops in London purchase old music. Gold and silver ornaments are not worn together.

R. O. S.—You do not say whether your furniture be stained and varnished, or only of painted pine. If of the first-named, it is of real wood, and you had better content yourself with it, but you might ornament it with some decorative designs in oil-painting on the panels, to match the colours of your room.

B.—"The Martyr of Antioch" is the legendary name of St. Margaret, said to be daughter of a heathen priest of that city. She was a convert to the Christian faith, in confessing which she resisted the threats of her father and the entreaties of her lover, Olybius, who is said to have cut off her head. In the Calendar her name stands opposite the 26th of July.

EUGENIE.—A life of the Prince Imperial is published by Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard. Write there to learn the price.

CORDELIA.—Cruden's is the best Bible Concordance. There are phrase books in three languages, but we do not know of a dictionary.

MOPSY.—There are no fixed rules as to the matter about which you inquire. One can be courteous without forwardness.

ZWEIFEL.—Only a friend who knows the circumstances can advise you.

TOPSY seems happily situated, and had better remain contented and useful.

A GIRL WIFE.—The cost entirely depends on the number of the household. Five pounds a week ought to cover all the expenses referred to, and others besides.

ROSA.—You are well rid of one who could treat you as you think you have been treated, but you may have been mistaken in supposing there was more than polite courtesy.

WELL-WISHER.—The *Leisure Hour* for week days, and the *Sunday at Home* for Sunday reading.

A. E. I.—Oatmeal porridge or wholemeal bread will help to give strength to the bones. Fine bread lacks the chemical elements which are in these. A pattern for woollen sofa blanket will be given soon.

HELEN.—Write to the secretary of National School Society, Broadway, Westminster, if you cannot obtain information from a national schoolmistress near you.

NELL.—Shade with the stump, and cross with crayon afterwards.

ANIL.—Mr. Henson, "Uncle Tom," is still alive and well. Get the latest edition of his life, by Mr. Lobb.

RUTH.—We got about 200 letters on the day that yours came. If only one minute were taken in opening and looking at each, you can calculate how much time it would require. The time taken in writing replies no one can imagine, and many questions cannot be answered off-hand. Therefore it is not likely we can give time to questions of no general interest, and which could be answered by any person at hand. The best book on the theory of music is Canister's Music, 3s. 6d.

E. G.—Wiping with dry smooth duster or with chamois leather will remove the mildew, but it will reappear if the books are in a damp place. The monthly part costs 6d. and 1½d. postage, or can be ordered at railway bookstalls.

SIMPLE SIMON.—Perhaps glue would fasten the shells more securely than gum. Your writing is very ugly, and "truely" is not spelt with an "e."

FAIRY-CUP.—A friend of ours informs us that she has kept her silver ornaments "like new" by washing them with borax and water. Your writing is bold and good; but some letters, such as "g," are rather carelessly formed.

ADA, ANNIE.- Rosemary tea is an old and excellent remedy for falling hair, and costs less than anything we can recommend to you.

PAT.—We are obliged to you for your letter. Our explanation of the word "Selah" was found in Dr. Eadie's "Biblical Cyclopædia," published by the Religious Tract Society.

MURIEL FIORENTINO.—We could not judge of the value of your stones; take them to a working jeweller or lapidary. With practice you should write well, but your letter is an inelegant specimen of composition. "Such a many things," and "rather bothered," are neither of them admissible in epistles by a well-bred person.

A PUZZLED MATER.—Silver, gutta-percha, jet, and beaded watch chains are all suitable for young girls, and are very easily procured at moderate prices.

CHATTY.—We do not think it quite proper for a girl of sixteen to travel alone, but "circumstances alter cases," and "necessity has no law" and it is sometimes impossible to avoid such things. A reserved and quiet demeanour is a great safeguard, and a book an excellent refuge against intrusion and unwelcome attentions.

KATHY.—Canary, rape, and poppy seeds should be the ordinary food of goldfinches. Lettuce, groundsel, chickweek, and watercress frequently; and plantain will supply their place in the winter. A thistle-head should be sometimes given them for the seed, which they enjoy picking out themselves. No sugar nor sweetcake, but biscuits or cracknels. A very few hemp seeds a day might be given to make them sing. Thank you for your affectionate letter.

WHITE CYCLAMEN.—The works you mention are published, but we do not give addresses. Consult a biographical dictionary. Your handwriting is characteristic and clear. We shall remember your suggestion.

PADDY.—We should require a much more careful description before we could discover the value or the denomination of your coins. Your writing is unformed.

H. D. V.—We should think the recipe on page 126, vol. ii., would answer for woollen as well as for other materials. You might try a small piece first.

TITANIA.—We should advise you to consult a doctor, who will probably be able to give you relief.

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

II.—PAINTINGS IN OILS OR WATER-COLOURS.

THE subject of the paintings for the next Prize Competition in oils or water-colours is—

THE OLD HOME.

This subject will give those whose bent lies in the direction of landscape an opportunity of consulting Nature in the composition of their drawings; for we trust that few of our readers are so unfortunately situated that they cannot, within a reasonable distance of their dwellings, find some picturesque scene which might be made to illustrate these words.

Those who aim at drawing the human figure will find in THE OLD HOME a suggestion of a dramatic or an idyllic scene; and even those whose tastes lead them to the study of animal or bird life will not be at a loss to find occasion for the display of their acquirements in the illustration of this idea.

Two Prizes of THREE GUINEAS and TWO GUINEAS will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates to the two most successful competitors of or between the ages of twenty-five and twenty.

Two Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors under the age of twenty and above the age of sixteen.

Two Prizes of ONE GUINEA and HALF-A-GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful candidates under the age of sixteen.

The last day for receiving the Paintings for examination is Friday, July 29, 1881.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The size of each painting to be decided by the artist herself.

The paintings must be packed flat, and forwarded, prepaid, to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

After the examination the pictures will be distributed amongst the various London hospitals, to relieve plain walls and cheer sad hearts. Each competitor will be informed by the Editor to which hospital her painting has been presented.

Each painting must bear on its back the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this painting is the sole work of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)



TWO HEARTS

SCENTED roses all aswing
By the garden gate,
Summer flowers blossoming,
Though the year be late!
'Mid that scene so sweet and fair
See! two figures stand
In the golden sunshine there,
Fondly hand in hand.

Ah! that ne'er-forgotten year
Own'd not one regret,
Two hearts loved, and knew no fear;
One is loving yet!
One is sighing in its pain,
"Give me back her love,"
Longing for that heart again
Hush'd in realms above!

One is lying 'neath the sod,
Silent evermore;
One is happy with its God,
All its sorrows o'er.
Scented roses still are sweet
By the garden gate,
Days and moments onward fleet,
And *I* love and wait!

EMILY H. DAVIDSON.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 69. APRIL 23, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A SISTER'S JOURNEY.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

CHAPTER II.

NOBODY hinted that Harold might be asked if he had anything to spare for his struggling home. Did anybody feel that such a resource might be more available kept as a dim comfort in the background than fairly put to the test? It is hard to say. But it was bitter to have even that dim comfort swept away by a short, convulsively-written letter from the boy himself, pleading sudden unexpected and unexplained difficulties, and entreating them to send him help—he did not say how much, he only said as much as they could.

It was a sad time. There were many tears shed that evening. The parents' pity and alarm concerning their boy were so passionate that even Ruth's simple ears detected a suspicion that excuse and justification were needed. Their own letters to Harold had been as cheerful as possible. They had made the best of everything, as people can, without being



[*All rights reserved.*]

"SHE KISSED HER MOTHER AT THE GATE."

untrue. They had owned to illness, and to necessary economising. But they had hastened to assure him of recovery, without specifying what sort of recovery, and they had never added one of those details which bring a change of circumstances vividly before an absent and unimaginative mind. Of late Ruth had been the chief letter-writer, and she had felt so much pain breathing between the lines of her epistles that she had dreaded their effect on Harold. And now!—somehow, on that very night a strange feeling entered Ruth's mind that the worst was not yet, and a strange dread filled her heart, which she afterwards owned was a merciful preparation for what followed.

Very, very few were the sovereigns left in the little family treasury, but five of them were instantly counted off for the distant son.

"He is alone in a strange country," sobbed the poor mother. "We are together in the old place."

There was no way of sending out the money except by a post-office order. If Ruth had had cash to spend for a conveyance, or spare time for a long walk, she would have toiled over to Wygate to take out the order at an office where she and her people were unknown. She knew well enough that the postmaster was bound to keep secret all facts which he learned in his calling, and that, therefore, she need not fear her brother's wants leaking into common gossip; but it was so dreadful that even one pair of disinterested eyes should be allowed to peep into what poor Ruth began to feel would be soon the family-skeleton cupboard.

It is hard for most of us to believe that others cannot realise the full significance of facts in our own history, and we are often wounded by words which might not be so frankly spoken if their point was understood.

Ruth walked all the way up the High-street and back again before she ventured into the post-office, and when she made her modest request, the old postmaster, who had known her from her childhood, and had always praised the handwriting on the outside of her letters, said, with a laugh—

"Halloo, Miss Venn, this money is travelling the wrong way."

It stabbed Ruth to the heart. In reality the old man, never dreaming how poor the Venns were, only thought, "I should not wonder if that sharp young monkey Harry Venn is beginning to buy lots in the backwoods, and his sister is putting a bit of her money alongside of his."

There came one hasty line—literally, only one — acknowledging that five pounds, and then the Canadian letters stopped.

That seemed a terrible summer. How is it that in one way or another the weather always does seem terrible when our hearts are heavy? How sultry it was; how the thick white mist crept along over the shallow pools and parched meadows round Medmedham. It seemed always daytime—garish, glaring day, making tired heads ache and weeping eyes burn. And yet the nights were too long for lying awake, or for falling asleep and having terrible dreams.

And yet Ruth was aware of a feeling of respite every morning when the postman passed without a letter. Not so the poor mother. For her, her lost boy had become a child again—a child who could not take care of itself, and was in all sorts of perils and dangers. She only wanted to hear of him—to know that he was safe.

Tidings came at last. And they were what might have been expected. Harold Venn was in prison. He had kept silence through his frantic struggle to extricate himself from the mesh in which he was caught, and through the suspense of his trial. Now he wrote to tell them the truth—he could scarcely say to set their minds at ease—and to bid them farewell. He would do the best he could for himself. If he ever again became a credit to them they should hear from him. His sentence would end early in the following spring, and then he would go West and get some sort of work somewhere.

The father took the blow very quietly, expressing his emotion only in the sudden palsied shaking of his head and the rapid bending of his stiff old back. The mother cried out, with the passionate vehemence of a stormy nature which never before through a long lifetime had been stirred to its depth. It was "her boy—her boy." The terror of utterly losing him overcame the present shame and pain for his sin.

His was the old story of the simple youth led out of his depth by companions whose means and manners of life were not suited to his own. Those who rise from their own class, especially when they do so by no more solid advantages than personal appearance and vivacity of manner, are in great danger of rising only to the dregs of the class above them. It was so with Harry Venn, and he had run the familiar course of carelessness, extravagance, debt, difficulty, gambling, embezzlement, and detection.

Ruth's mind, like her mother's, went on to the future, but, being less blinded by intensity of pain, it could see more clearly. She did not altogether fear that they should lose sight of Harry. She knew her brother, and felt sure that such heroic resolution of disappearance would be likely to go the way of his other resolutions. But she realised clearly that a possible turning-point in his life, the crisis of his welfare and of the happiness of her parents' declining years, lay at the moment when he should return through the prison gates to the outer world. Even in his day of unsullied innocence and untarnished hope he had failed, and now the ill-savour of his blighted character would attract all noxious things to it. She knew her brother's nature better than did anybody else, and loved him so much that even in that knowledge she did not despise him.

One thing stood clear before her mind. If the good in Harold was to have another chance, then somebody must stand at his side to uphold and encourage him when he left his prison.

There was nobody who could so stand but herself.

And how was she to travel thousands of miles without money, or to leave a home of which she was now the main support? These were the thoughts that were for ever seething in Ruth Venn's mind as she lay awake on those autumn evenings when the freshening breeze blew down the first leaves from the elms of Convent-row, or as she sat sewing beside her mother, who thought her silence cold and severe, and yearned towards her lost boy with an increasing vehemence that the more sharply pierced her daughter's heart.

A plan shaped itself at last in Ruth's mind, as plans do generally shape themselves where love and pity and earnestness mingle together. She had heard of men who "worked their way out to the Colonies." She must work out hers. Stewardesses must be required, and nurses for ladies and children. She must get a place as such.

But before this plan had occurred to her, precious time had been lost. There was no longer leisure for advertisements, even had there been means. Her resolution must be put to the test at once by one bold stroke. She must go to the nearest seaport town and struggle for such employment on the spot.

With a beating heart, she unfolded her scheme to her father and mother. They both cried out against it at first, saying they had better keep what they had got. But it was the sea and the sickness and the sore loneliness only which they feared for Ruth. They could trust their girl as they now felt they had never trusted their boy. Where she went God would go with her. And as Ruth argued and pleaded, they slowly yielded, as old and failing people will yield to the young on whom they have learned to rely.

Job Venn had one trustworthy acquaintance in the seaport, an old woman who kept a little haberdasher's shop, and to her Ruth proposed to go in the first instance. They had not heard of her for two or three years, but she would be sure to be found in the same place.

Very, very small was the sum which would remain for the maintenance of the old couple when their daughter's labour was withdrawn. But she said she would "surely be able to send them something soon," and they counted the few poor pounds, and said they "would do," thinking that when they came to an end a few more weeks' sustenance could be eked out by the sale of the few humble household treasures they had gathered about them. All would be well lost if only Harry was saved. Poor, hardworking, independent-spirited Mrs. Venn now felt that she could die happy in the workhouse if she might hear that her boy was doing well in the far country.

Ruth scarcely touched the little hoard of cash. For before she opened her plan to her father and mother, she had made a tiny purse for herself. She had walked over to Wygate, and sold the poor little possessions she could call her own—a handsome Scotch pebble brooch which her father had given her in their prosperous days—a gold pencil-case which had been a sort of family heirloom—the books which she had won as prizes at school. This was her all, and its proceeds would only serve to take her to the seaport, and maintain her there for a day or two. If she failed, then she *would* have to walk home, begging her way, like the poor tramper women she had often helped. But Ruth Venn was determined not to fail.

She started off on a grey October morning. She kissed her mother at the gate, and parted from her father quite brightly. And when she was really off, quite alone, she felt as if she could have lain down beneath the withering hedgerow and died there. But she did not even cry. Her fellow-travellers on the later part of her journey thought her a cheerful, contented girl; and when they heard that she was seeking a passage to Canada, they guessed she had a sweetheart there, and was going out to be married. And Ruth only smiled quietly and denied nothing.

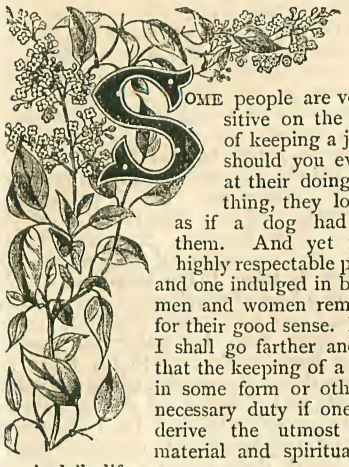
Her troubles began the moment she reached the seaport. She found the little haberdashery shop shut up, and learned, on inquiry that her father's old friend had been dead for about three months.

She got such cheap lodgement as her scanty purse could procure. It was decent enough to be sure, but to Ruth's daintily trained village senses, it was coarse, unclean, and uncomely. Alas, only two or three months later she had learned to smile at the discomfort she felt in that rough abode.

And then she set about seeking the work she wanted. She scarcely knew how to seek it, and so exposed herself to many useless ordeals. The loud-voiced captains scoffed at the idea of a stewardess who had never been to sea, and the sailors paid rude compliments and cut broad jokes which made her heart beat and her cheeks burn. Yet perhaps she fared better among them than she might among any other class, for the rough, strong men knew the hardships of the life she was seeking, and pitied the gentle-toned fair-faced girl who, perhaps, reminded each one of them of another "lass" left safe in some sweet inland village.

(To be concluded.)

HOW TO KEEP A JOURNAL.



SOME people are very sensitive on the subject of keeping a journal; should you ever hint at their doing such a thing, they look just as if a dog had bitten them. And yet it is a highly respectable practice, and one indulged in by many men and women remarkable for their good sense. Indeed, I shall go farther and assert that the keeping of a journal in some form or other is a necessary duty if one would derive the utmost profit, material and spiritual, from one's daily life.

It is quite a mistake to think that memory will answer well enough, and that all the events of our lives can be carried in our heads. Set them down in black and white, for memories are fickle and the deepest impressions in a few years fade away. I have even noticed that many a sensation, which at the moment seemed as if it would last for ever, has become very dim after a week.

A journal is a convenient storehouse of personal experience. "But," you say, "my personal experience is not worth the storing. I am only a girl leading a quiet life, without adventures and without incidents—one to whom to-day is like every other day, and every other day like to-day." For all that keep a journal, and you will be surprised how much you will find worth setting down and worth reading over, too. Your journal, it is true, will not be one of sensational interest; but for this, like those happy nations who have no history, you may be thankful.

It is not a hard task, my dear. The chief difficulty lies not in the starting of the journal, but in the keeping of it up. But you are not clever, you object. Stuff and nonsense! we know better than that. Cleverness, however, is not requisite, for your journal is to be nothing more than a faithful record of what goes on in that little world of which you are the centre. Fine writing, ornamental flourishes, and philosophic flights are all out of place.

In its pages, for one thing, you should make mention of all the people you know. There will be the friends who are dear to you, the pleasant acquaintances you have met, and the people of interest who have crossed your path. Family gatherings should be noticed, and all the changes which year after year are altering your circle for the better or for the worse. You should record the letters you write under the dates when they were written; the preachers you have heard, and the concerts you have attended.

Your studies should also have a conspicuous place, so that turning to your journal you may ascertain at once when, for example, you began to learn French, or when you took your first lesson in singing, and what progress, rapid or slow, you have made in those lines of learning in which one day you mean to be proficient. The prizes and certificates you contend for should be included, and, as in a journal one is, as it were, talking to oneself, I hope you will never fail to mention your failures as well as your successes.

The places you visit should also be entered. You may chance never to see these a second time, so it is a good plan in every case to write on the spot a few lines of description for the purpose of at some future time reviving your recollection.

Our lives are greatly influenced by the accidents that befall us, and the circumstances into the midst of which we are thrown. These should always be recorded. But we must be cautious in doing this, or, at any rate, in indulging in prediction, lest we get into the habit of thinking every incident a revolution, and every trifle a catastrophe. There are some moments, no doubt, about which there can be no mistake—when sudden light breaks in upon the mind, and all things appear, and indeed are to us, quite new; but these are very rare, and it is not prudent to assume, even in a journal, that they have arrived.

What a host of other things remain to be included in your journal! There are the records of your little adventures, and, spite of what you have said, you know you have little adventures; your bright days of happiness; the books you have read, and what you have thought of them; the names of the books you have bought, and the magazines you have subscribed to; the clever sayings you have heard; the odd things you have seen; the romances in real life you have met with—and everyone meets with some—the strange ups and downs of this world of change, as these affect and interest yourself; the many good resolutions you have formed, and, alas! the many good resolutions you have broken.

Should you be anything of a naturalist, you will find an additional pleasure in recording all the phenomena of the circling year, and of posting up in your journal your notes from the book of nature. Human life must ever be of most interest; but birds and flowers and wind and rain have a charm of their own, and it is no proof of a superior intelligence to be above taking an interest in butterflies and beetles.

One common fault of journal-writing is a morbid self-consciousness. No fault could be worse, either in a journal or in anything else; but I am not afraid that you, who are always so natural, will fall into it. The journal you will keep will be one of incident and observation rather than one of reflection; it will not be so much a picture of your mind as a record of the events of your life. And such, to my thinking, is for most persons the most sensible form of journal.

The great interest of a journal of course begins after it has been kept for some time. We turn it up then to review our past life, and see our existence as an artistic whole. We observe what changes have came over us; how our surroundings have altered, and our friends, and our pursuits, and our likes and dislikes.

You think you will never change, do you? Wait a while, and, perhaps, as some one has put it, "you will then burn all you now worship and worship all you now think only good to burn." And as for other people, why our stars often prove but meteors, and the idols of our existence have a sad habit of getting cracked and sometimes even of bursting outright.

A journal reminds us of many a day-dream we have indulged in, and of many a speculation as to the future which has not been realised. It is prudent, by the way, to confine these speculations to one's journal. I know you think you will one day be a duchess, but don't speak about it, which makes you almost as ridiculous as the American who was so confident of being successful at the Presidential election, that he liberally distributed his carte-de-visite with the inscription, "Mr. So-and-so, Future President of the United States."

Every year you should make a point of going regularly over your journal, and taking note of all you have seen and done. This will enable you to lead a more orderly life in future; to see, sometimes in a remarkable manner, the connection between the present and the past; and to recognise, over and over again, the Hand which is leading us and the care that is protecting us every moment.

You may have noticed that those who keep journals are, as a rule, good conversationalists, and specially entertaining when they relate their own experiences. No doubt this comes from the act of writing. An incident which we have taken pains to narrate pithily with the pen can usually be repeated quite as pithily with the tongue. Journals are also very handy for letter-writers, especially for those who have a large friendly correspondence. There is no need for sitting down and biting one's pen for information: turn up your journal and there it is. The only awkward feature is that should your correspondence ever come to be collected for the purpose of writing your life, it may be found that you have sent the same thing and in much the same words to half-a-dozen different people. But, much as I admire you, this is not at all likely.

The book which it is best to use is one of the large diaries, of which so many are published at the beginning of every year. We should have one with three days to a page, which is a good allowance for most people. A great advantage possessed by this form of journal is that it admits of our entering engagements in advance, calls to be made, promises to be kept, and so on.

There are usually two or three pages of blank paper at the beginning of the diaries we speak of, and these may be easily and profitably filled up. It is a sensible plan to begin by setting down all those good resolutions by which we would regulate our lives. Almost everyone who is thoughtful has such good resolutions, though perhaps not reduced to writing, but the writing of them in this way brings them constantly under our notice and prevents their being hid away, as they are very apt to be, when most needed, in some dark corner of the memory.

After these resolutions should come a list of friends, and of all those people we would like to keep in mind, with their addresses. This should be succeeded by a list of birthday and other anniversaries.

Then should follow what may be called our *general* plans: books to be read, places to be visited, walks to be taken, subjects we propose to study; all things, in short, regarding which we have no date fixed.

Last of all should come any notes regarding the money we may have to spend during the year; how much may be allowed for this and how much for that, so that we may at no time be in danger of "outrunning the constable."

As the year goes on this portion of the journal will, no doubt, be subjected to alteration, for we will be modifying our resolutions, changing our circle, and completing our plans. With every new journal, of course, it should be entirely re-written.

A journal should be written up every day, no matter how tired or busy you may be. Make it a habit, and, custom being second nature, you will soon feel as uncomfortable if you go to bed without making the necessary entries as you would if, on getting up in the morning, you neglected to wash your face. "I shall write it up to-morrow," says the voice of laziness; that is the first step towards failure.

No doubt it is a labour, but don't shirk it. Let every day finish its own business; make that one of your good resolutions, and write up your journal every day and on the spot. A journal is valuable in proportion to the freshness of the impressions it records. With what keen feeling we remember, it may be years after this, this entry was penned with some loved voice still ringing in our ears, and that in some dear old home to which we return no more. When you and I, Nanette, came in from rambling in the forest, do you think I put off till to-morrow the wonderful things you said, and the glories of nature we saw? Not I.

Perhaps, however, you may be from home, when it would be inconvenient to carry a journal. Then carry a note-book and make

the entries in it, to be copied into your journal when you have the opportunity.

It has often been remarked that quiet times, when you have most leisure for writing, are just those when there is least to write about, and that in busy times, when there is plenty to say, you cannot spare a moment. Write, say I, let the times be what they may; but write most when you have least leisure, for then you are both seeing and hearing most.

Should a journal be kept in regular form—that is, should it read just like a book? Not at all; at least, not necessarily. Perhaps the more disjointed it is the better, because it is then most natural.

It certainly must not be in the grand style, as if you were a heroine, or in the formal style, as if you wrote for publication and kept one eye on the paper and another on posterity. Let it be nothing more than a quiet and honest record of your daily life, in which you strike no attitudes and aim at being nothing but yourself.

And when should this journal be started? To-day is always the best day; so open the book and make the first entry—"Read to-day an article in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on 'How to Keep a Journal,' and this is the result." Good Nanette! May you live to keep it for many a year!

JAMES MASON.

THE WEDDINGS OF THE WORLD.

By A. H. WALL.

A WEDDING IN CHINA.

"WHEN a son is born he sleeps upon a bed; he is clothed with rich robes, and plays with pearls; everyone obeys his princely voice. When a girl is born she is cast upon the ground, is wrapped in a cloth, and plays with a tile." Thus wrote Pan-houi-pan of her own sex, in her own country, China, adding, "She can be neither vicious nor virtuous; she has only to prepare the food, make the wine, and abstain from troubling her parents."

Pan-houi-pan wrote with neither regret nor indignation of this strange contrast. In her opinion it was both proper and wise to mark by neglect and indifference the inferiority of a creature born without a soul, even in the helpless days of its infancy. In her still popular works she is continually reminding women that they have no purpose in creation beyond that of being useful and pleasing to the superior sex. The birth of such a being as a woman was a thing to be ashamed of—a sure sign of heaven's disfavour, in the estimation of Pan-houi-pan, and in that of all her countrymen and women.

A modern well-known traveller, M. Huc, describing his adventures in China, says on one occasion when leaving Leang-chan, his Chinese companion, speaking of women being Christians, exclaimed laughingly, "Isn't that nonsense!" And being told that it was not, and that, moreover, certain Chinese women were Christians, he asked, with an air of being completely puzzled, "What can women become Christians for?"

"What for?" was the reply; "to save their souls—like the men."

"But," responded the astonished Chinaman, "they have no souls. You can't make Christians of them!"

"We endeavoured," says the author in question, "to remove the worthy Chinaman's scruples—to give him a few sounder ideas on the subject of women's souls, but we are by no means sure that we succeeded. The very notion tickled his fancy so much that he laughed with all his might. 'Nevertheless,' said he, 'I will be sure to recollect what you have been telling me, and, when I get home again to my family, I will tell my wife that she has got a soul. She will be not a little astonished, I think.'"

But, despite his laughter, it is not improbable that in his secret heart he regarded this new view of Christianity with no little dread. It seemed to him, doubtless, a veritable serpent in the garden, so that when he got home he may have prayed heartily to his grotesque little wooden god that a knowledge of equality and consequent discontent and rebellion, might never beget evil within the doors of his own little domestic paradise. For the women of China, brought up in a slavish spirit of obedience and servile humility, are generally meek and gentle, patient, timid, and long suffering, deriving from ignorance a degree of content which, as a rule, is not altogether unproductive of happiness. John Chinaman would not have his women either wise or independent. They see no evil in being without



A CHINESE MUSICAL PARTY.

a soul; they have no rights, and they want no rights. He is content with women because they are content to regard the ministering to his luxurious comforts and enjoyments as their highest, grandest, and sole privilege. For that only are they born, bred, and educated. And, again, as a rule, the good-humoured, cheerful, chatty Chinese women, devoting themselves with all their might to parents, husbands, and sons, with a generous abnegation of self which is—dare I say?—worthy of a better and a nobler cause—is admirable. Even amongst the poorest you see them decent in their apparel, modest in their behaviour, assiduous in the pursuit of their heavy monotonous labours, on the water or in the garden, field, farm, or at the loom, and seldom without a pleasant word and smile. Sometimes they are fortunate enough to win gratitude, sometimes happy enough to create love, but, as a rule, I fear the predominant idea they awaken in their masters' minds is merely that cold emotionless one that when they have done their utmost in serving or pleasing, they have but done that duty for which no thanks are fairly due.

The Chinese girl who has poor parents leads the degraded life of a slave; no out-door labour is too long or too hard for her, no treatment too bad, no punishment too severe. If her parents are lowly but not so poor, she is regarded as the household drudge, whom no kind of work can injure or degrade. In either case she stagnates in ignorance, unable either to read or write; but, strange to say, she does not grow either dull, brutal, or apathetic. A kind word moves her to tears, and to win her heartfelt gratitude is a very easy task. The daughter of wealth fares a little better. She is not so active, and, therefore, not perhaps so happy, but her domestic work is light, and she can read and write a little, and she has amusements. She is taught music and singing, and even what the poor crippled creature calls dancing. She goes to the theatre, receives occasional visitors, and now and then is taken to the temple in a sedan chair, or a kind of wheelbarrow with curtains. But she keeps to her own chamber, has her meals apart from her father and brother, devotes considerable time to her toilet and the growth and preservation of her long claw-like nails, and yawning and sighing over her almost purposeless indolent life, is frequently glad to stupefy herself with the opium pipe.

At length there comes a time when the girl may be married, a time for which she has been longing with all her heart. Amongst those whom the law of China compel to marry, and with one of their own rank, her charms are duly but indirectly magnified, and they all know that she will be the bride of the highest bidder. Her nose is beautifully short, her lips delightfully thick, no lashes disfigure her charming black eyes. The length of her finger-nails is surprising! If these fail to attract and no bidder appears, the disconsolate father says that she was a mistake, regrets that she was not drowned directly after her birth, as thousands of other female infants are every year, and mournfully contemplates the cost of her living.

If a good offer comes, and no more bidders are likely to appear, immediate preparations are made for the wedding. At last the girl will be somebody; she is delighted to find herself for once an object of general interest; it is a grand discovery when she finds that even a girl can make all the people about her glad and merry! Her spirits rise, life assumes a brighter aspect, she dreams day-dreams, sees herself honoured and respected as a house mother, her dignity asserted even by the law, which has hitherto recognised her rather as an object for punishment than protection. She will soon no longer be a mere useless piece of furniture or a domestic drudge; or, as a Chinese author says, she should be "a shadow and an echo in the house." She knows well enough that for a time she will but live her old life over again; that marriage will not give her a right to call anything her own; that she will stand in silence to serve at table and feed on the leavings of the men; and that outside her own inner room or rooms no living soul will acknowledge her authority. But she knows also that she will be the proud mother of boys, that she will have children to love her and to be cared for.

On the day of her wedding the house is early astir. There is the greatest zeal displayed for her adornment; her looks are anxiously watched, and the perfection of her toilet is an object of overwhelming importance. Her splendid silken robes flash, gleam, and glitter with jewels and gold; her long plaits of raven hair are adorned with flowers and precious stones. She totters on her poor cribbled feet into a kind of cage, a brilliant palanquin, where she sits in state like a queen on her throne, and is carefully inspected. Most carefully, for only consider! what a dreadful

thing it will be if when the bridegroom first sees her he should express disappointment; say that those who described her deceived him, and wind up by declaring that rather than have her he will sacrifice all the dowery money he has paid, and submit to the usual fine in a like amount. When the procession is ready to escort her, the lattice work of her cage is closed and locked, and the bearers raise and carry her in triumph to the home of her purchaser. Musicians playing fifes, drums, and hautboys, precede her; torch-bearers and flambeau bearers surround her! her family march in solemn state behind; and everything comprising her portion, clothes, furniture, &c., follows, each article displayed by one person, male or female.

Shut up alone she hears the music and the joyous shouts and the trampling feet; sees the red light of the torches and flambeaux, falling flickeringly upon her gold and jewellery; thinks of her new home amongst strangers whom she has never seen; dreads the little sound to come, that of the unknown bridegroom's key in the lock of her gilded cage; wonders what he will be like, in what words he will first address her; trembles with intense anxiety.

Meanwhile the bridegroom, in another fever of anxiety, stands in holiday attire within his outer door. The feast is spread, the guests have arrived, he only waits his bride. What will she be like? How will he be pleased? Will the blind bargain really prove a good one? At last he hears the approaching music and shouting; at last the procession halts before his house; her gay and gilded bridal cage—the palanquin—is before him. The trusty domestic who bears its key gives it to him with a lowly obeisance, and then, amidst sudden and profound silence, he turns it in the lock. The gilded lattice-work swings open; he looks for a moment upon the girl he has purchased—does not suddenly shut the door and turn away, as she tremblingly fears he may, but gravely assists her to alight, while the merry music bursts forth afresh, and the shouting is louder than ever.

Entering the house, the ceremony which unites them, as firmly as the most ceremonious one can, is thus performed. For the first time she sits down to eat and drink with a strange man—perhaps she does not even know his name—and having previously prostrated themselves before their parents, and saluted the Tiers, or idol, in the hall four times, they feed together, drink each from the other's cup, and they are then man and wife, united as completely as Chinese law can unite them.

The bride is then given into the hands of her new female relatives, who entertain her and her family for the rest of the day at a feast in their own section of the dwelling, while the bridegroom and his friends make merry in another.

One month after there is another ceremonious meeting of the two families, when the bride's family come to see her for the first time, and this is followed by a third, when the bride revisits her old home.



AFTERNOON TEA.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By Alice King.

CHAPTER IV.

Ruby had thought life a hard, difficult thing that first evening when she sat at dinner at Larcombe Priory, and though her lively nature and busy fancy brought her many a radiant gleam of sunshine which none of her surroundings could dim, she continued to find it a hard and difficult matter throughout all the early days of her sojourn in her new home. Miss Lindhurst's narrow sympathies and confirmed habit of bringing everything and every one about her under one standard of her own setting up, made her look with distrust and dislike on whatever was new and different from her own limited experiences. She had known nothing of girls since she was a girl herself, and like many other people she only used the memories of those distant days as a text to discourse about the faults of the present time, forgetting that every era has its share of good and evil. Besides this, Ruby Stanton was no common girl to deal with, and Miss Nancy entirely mistook and misunderstood her character. Ruby was eager and enthusiastic about everything that she liked; Miss Nancy carefully damped the girl's warmth, and called her actions unbecoming and unladylike. It was Ruby's way to speak out all she thought and felt; Miss Nancy chose to declare this mere impertinence and forwardness, and deemed it her solemn duty to set her down. Ruby, like many a girl before and since, was inclined to hold extreme opinions on different points and to rush headlong into conclusions;

Miss Nancy, instead of teaching her gently to restrain and moderate her ideas, and to direct and use well her superfluous energies, merely ignored all this part of her disposition, and called it all stuff and folly.

Thus it came to pass that poor little Ruby's path was sown with many a prickle; she wanted very much to be good, but her surroundings put such terrible hindrances in her way. All the sharpness of her temper, and all the unevennesses of her character were somehow brought to light by her intercourse with Miss Nancy, and she appeared to be always living in a pepper-box of hot angry words and feelings. She was generally sorry when she had given way to any unusual burst of passion, but there was something about Miss Nancy which entirely prevented the girl going up to her and asking for pardon and a kiss, as she would have done assuredly had that lady been cast in a different and more sympathetic mould.

With Ella Ringwood Ruby got on better, but the characters of the two girls were so entirely opposite in everything, that there could not fail to be frequent jars between them. Ruby proposed that they should study various things together; Ella acceded to the plan in her indolent good-natured way. But when the mutual lessons began the result was anything but harmony. Ella would cause the reading to be carried on in her own room, while she was engaged in what seemed to be her favourite employment of looking over and arranging her clothes and ornaments; an employment which, somehow, appeared to be of a most interminable nature, for no sooner had Miss Ringwood lodged some article of dress safely and comfortably in a certain drawer or wardrobe, than the unlucky garment had again to change its place of abode and seek a home elsewhere. Miss Ella, too, was apparently always holding a perpetual review of all her cuffs, collars, and pocket-handkerchiefs, one of which was certain to be missing, and Ruby, in the middle of some passage of thrilling interest in history or poetry, would be loudly called upon to come and institute a search after the truant, which never failed to be found just under Miss Ringwood's plump white hands. If Ella could be got to sit down, and promise to give her undivided attention to a book, she was quite sure, in five minutes, to begin to yawn, in ten to begin to fidget, and in twenty to have glided into a comfortable doze.

Miss Ringwood pronounced walking a dreadful bore; she had a pony carriage kept for her, and it was a grand joy for Ruby when she was allowed to drive her friend out in it; but this was seldom, for Miss Nancy generally insisted on being of the party, and always screamed at the mere idea of entrusting her precious person to Ruby's coachmanship. Ruby had a clear silvery voice, and a correct musical ear, but when she played or sang Miss Nancy said it made her head ache, and Ella stated roundly and plainly that she hated music, thus cutting off another direction in which Ruby's tastes and hers might have met.

When Ella showed evident inattention to her reading, or slumbered through it, Ruby was certain to get cross and petulant about it; and thus many a wrangling word was spoken by her, before she well knew it had left her lips. As for Ella, she never answered with a volley of indignant expressions as most other girls would have done. Instead of that she met all Ruby said with a calm indifference that made Miss Stanton feel, when she had been scolding her her very loudest and best, as if she had been beating with her little warm hands against a marble wall. Ruby would sometimes stop, at last, almost out of breath, would toss the book to the other end of the room, begin to cry, and run away.

Yet in spite of the many storms which arose between them, the two girls were in a certain way fond of each other; Ella's sweet, placid temper gave her always something of loveableness, which little Ruby was not slow to feel; and on the other hand Ella had a genuine, pretty admiration for Ruby's beauty, and a lazy appreciation of her talents. They would have many a quiet little confidential chat together, and many an April laugh and sob in each other's arms; and they held many a bed-room parliament in which they expressed their opinions pretty freely about Miss Nancy and her proceedings; for though that lady was always flattering and petting the heiress, Miss Ringwood regarded her with no greater affection than Ruby did. They were a winsome picture when together, as they sat in the firelight, Ruby's glowing cheek resting on Ella's shoulder. At such moments Ruby would strive to lead her friend's mind up to higher things, but, as yet, Ella's heart knew little of the light which lighteth the world.

Mr. Lindhurst began, after a certain time, to show a sort of liking for Ruby. He still continued to say words of cold withering selfishness, which it chilled the girl to listen to; he still showed her, most plainly, that he considered the well-being of Mr. Matthew Lindhurst the most important matter in the world; yet, still, Ruby got into the habit of doing little daughter-like services for the old man, and he, of first tolerating such attentions from her, and then thanking her in a sort of ungracious grumbling fashion. Now and then his eyes would rest on the girl with an almost kindly gleam in them, and once or twice he laid his hand for a moment on her pretty head. Miss Nancy was not slow to notice all this, and was not slow either to express her royal disapproval; but her brother heeded no more what she said on the subject than he would have done the constant jangle of a cracked bell.

Thus things went on at Larcombe Priory until, some two months after the arrival of the girls, a circumstance happened which terribly perplexed and annoyed Miss Nancy. One morning, as they sat at breakfast, the letters were brought in as usual. Now the arrival of the post at Larcombe Priory was never a very interesting event to any one; Ella, it is true, now and then got a letter from an old schoolfellow, and Miss Nancy one from a maiden lady in Exeter, detailing all the most recent ill-natured gossip of the town about the writer's neighbours, all of which was taken by Miss Nancy as a relish to her cup of tea. As for poor little Ruby, she never received a letter, for the simple reason that no one cared enough about her to write to her; and as for Mr. Lindhurst, he did not care enough for any one to keep up a correspondence with them, so that the post never brought him anything more important than an occasional circular.

On the morning in question, however, Mr. Lindhurst did apparently get a letter, which was one of very deep interest and importance: that is to say, if his troubled, thoughtful face and absorbed manner while he was reading it, and afterwards as he sat with it in his hand, may be considered as a proof of such a fact; he spoke no word about its contents, so those around him could only judge from these outward signs. Now Miss Nancy's eyes were most eagerly and curiously fixed on her brother the moment he began to show these marks of something unusual being in the letter he was reading, and Miss Nancy's inquiring mind was all on fire to know what it could possibly be about. She got up and fidgetted round him, ostensibly because she wanted to help herself to different things on the table, but, in reality, because she wanted to get a peep at the mysterious letter; but Mr. Lindhurst's hand, whether from design or accident, hid even the envelope from her sight. At last her curiosity could stand it no longer, and she said—

"Why, Matthew, whatever is in that letter?"

"Only a little matter of business," he answered shortly. Then he rose and left the room.

"Gracious me, what can it be?" cried Miss Nancy, turning to Ella.

But that young lady took scanty interest in Mr. Lindhurst or any of his proceedings; she did not see anything very remarkable in the old gentleman having a matter of business in hand in which Miss Nancy was not concerned. She had been too much occupied with her breakfast to notice Matthew Lindhurst's manner as he read the letter, so she answered carelessly, with a little yawn—

"I really can't guess, perhaps it's some letter about money." Then Miss Ringwood began some other subject of talk.

Miss Nancy made it a point of duty never to draw Ruby into the conversation. She always treated her like an inferior and a dependent, so she said nothing to her about the letter; had she done so, however, she would have found that the girl, unlike Ella, had observed the old man's singular manner while he was reading it, and the kindly feeling which was springing up between Mr. Lindhurst and herself made her fear that he had received some bad or at least unpleasant and unexpected news. As neither Miss Nancy, however, nor any one spoke to her on the subject, this idea only passed lightly through her mind.

Soon after breakfast, she and Ella went out for a drive in the pony carriage without Miss Nancy, and in the pleasurable excitement which this caused her, little Ruby quickly forgot all about Mr. Lindhurst's letter.

But not so Miss Nancy. Her mind was devoured by flames of curiosity, and flames of anger, too, for she was very indignant with her brother for keeping anything secret from her. When the old gentleman went out, Miss Nancy glided into his study, and began an eager search for the mysterious letter; Miss Nancy's sense of honour was not particularly delicate, and she would have read it most certainly if she could have found it. But though she opened every unlocked receptacle for papers in the room, she could discover no trace of it; so she had to stifle her injured feelings with her curiosity.

(*To be continued*)

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?



An English lady at a hotel in Paris desired the *garçon* to send for a *confiseur*, to whom she wished to give a special order for some bonbons. She pronounced the word more like *confesseur* than *confiseur*. Presently there was ushered into her apartments a priest, with canonical hat in hand, and robed in a curiously-tucked-up cassock. The priest, with courteous salutation, said he had obeyed madame's summons with all possible speed. "Obeyed my summons!" replied the lady; "there must be some mistake." No mistake, *voilà* the lady's card, with the number of the apartment. "Oh, yes, that is my card, but it was sent to the *confiseur*." "Well, behold him." "The maker of bonbons," the lady screamed out. "Ah," said the priest, "the *confiseur*, but madame did pronounce it *confesseur*." Very good-humouredly the priest made his apologies, and said he would send the *confiseur*, whose services madame required just then rather more than those of a *confesseur!*

Two English travellers were together at a hotel in Paris, one of whom could speak a little and the other no French. The former went out soon after breakfast, leaving his companion busy writing in their sitting-room. Before leaving he told the waiter not to let the fire go out, saying, in the best French at his command, "Garçon, ne laissez pas sortir le fou" ("ne laissez pas éteindre le feu," he ought to have said).

The waiter, with a look of quick intelligence, and with a confidential nod, said, "All right, monsieur." He comprehended "the situation" immediately. This gentleman had charge of a lunatic, *un fou*, who must not be allowed to go out till his keeper returned! Not having time to watch continuously, the *garçon* thought the prudent thing was to go up and turn the key of the apartment. The supposed lunatic was busy with his papers, and did not notice that he was locked into his room. By-and-bye he finished his work and prepared to go out. But the door was locked. He rang the bell, gently at first, and then more and more violently. To the landlord inquiring about the bell, the waiter said it was only a *fou*, who was locked into his room till his keeper returned. Presently louder sounds were heard, shouts and blows on the door. The waiter went up and entreated the prisoner to keep quiet, "Restez tranquille, monsieur reviendra bientôt" (the gentleman will be back soon). The more he was entreated the angrier the prisoner grew, and threatened, in good Yorkshire English, to smash down the door. The landlord and a little crowd had been collected by the disturbance, and the terrible crisis of smashing the door was imminent, when the other traveller returned, to the great relief of the waiter.

When the door was opened, the fury of the prisoner exploded in abuse of the landlord and indignant complaint at such treatment. To the friend of the prisoner, demanding explanation, the waiter said, "Did not monsieur order me, 'ne laisser pas sortir le fou'? Soyez sur j'en ai eu bien soin" (I have taken good care of him).

"I told you not to let the fire go out, and here it is black out!" said the traveller, pointing to the stove.

"Ah! le feu! le feu!" said the waiter, as the light dawned upon him; "'ne laissez pas éteindre le feu,' monsieur voulut dire,' and I have locked up the gentleman! Mille pardons."

The waiter was in trepidation at the angry prisoner, but the scene ended in roars of genial and hearty laughter, and the story is still told in the hotel as an amusing illustration of *English-French*.

Another story is told of a traveller who, coming in late for the *table d'hôte*, required to dine *à la carte*. To the *garçon*, waiting his first order, he said, "J'ai femme, une grande femme," meaning to say, "J'ai faim," "I am hungry, *very* hungry." "Eh bien, monsieur, voilà une autre place" (Here is another place for madame votre femme, your wife). "J'ai femme," repeated the Englishman, with greater emphasis, waving the waiter away with a sign of impatience. Nor was the mistake rectified till the *garçon* returned with two plates and portions for two, when a compatriot in the room good-humouredly explained the cause of the waiter's confusion.

Albert Smith used to tell many similar stories of blunders at table. One of the absurdest of these was that of an Englishman who, after studying the *carte*, under the *Poissons*, resolved to begin with a portion of turbot. What he wanted he knew, but how to pronounce it he did not equally know, so he said, "Garçon, apportez-moi un tire-botte." The waiter stared, but the order was loudly repeated, "Apportez un tire-botte," and the waiter reappeared with a boot-jack and a pair of slippers!

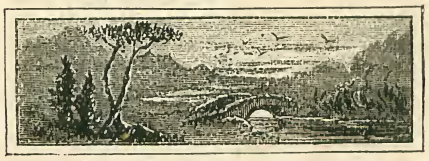
Absurd errors are often caused by wrong words as well as by wrong pronunciation, as happened in the case of Mrs. Brown, whose adventures in Paris have been amusingly narrated by Mr. Sketchley. Mrs. Brown, on her visit to Paris, furnished herself with a small pocket dictionary, and prided herself on the facility with which she found the corresponding words for use in speaking French. One day when in company with several people she dropped a piece of paper with some memorandum. A Frenchman politely picked it up and handed it to Mrs. Brown, who, wishing to thank him, used words which she had gathered from the dictionary on some similar accident happening. "Thanks; it is of no consequence" — "*Merci; n'importe*" — she meant to say, or, in vernacular, *never mind*. The corresponding words for "never mind" she had made out to be *jamais esprit*. This she accordingly shouted out to the polite Frenchman, who moved off rather discomfited on being told by an Englishwoman, "Qu'il n'avait jamais d'esprit," that he was a stupid fellow.

Another odd blunder happened from a traveller using a wrong word. He was riding on horseback, and on arriving at a country inn, as soon as he dismounted he called out, "Mangez mon cheval." He meant "feed my horse," not "eat my horse;" and his order caused surprise and amusement, even among people to whom hippophagy, or eating horse-flesh, is now not unfamiliar.

One example more, as it may be a useful hint to travellers of either sex when they go a-shopping in Paris or any part of France. It is the custom there, after a purchase is made, to say in an inquiring tone, "Et avec ça?" corresponding to the "Is there anything else I can show you?" of the English shopman.

An Englishman went one day into a *magasin de nouveautés*. "Que désire monsieur?" "Que faut-il à monsieur?" asked several of the assistants. "Un mouchoir"—a pocket-handkerchief—said the Englishman, who had forgotten or lost that necessary bit of dress. "Très-bien, monsieur." After inspecting various pieces of stuffs, and selecting one pattern, he explained, as best he could, that he wanted one square of that, pointing to the chosen piece. "Bien, monsieur; et avec ça?" "Avec ça?" "With that? Why, I will blow my nose, stupid!" The rudeness was lost upon the assistant to whom it was spoken, but there was much merriment when it was explained that the Englishman, on being asked, "Avec ça?" said, "Avec ça je me moucherai, imbecile!"

The moral of all which is, that you had better learn to speak French, not from phrase-books and dictionaries, but by taking lessons in French conversation.



A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The county, where the summer-tourist meets
With hill, vale, stream, in richest beauty deck'd;
And first, its county town, whose tortuous streets
Reflect no credit on their architect.

The dignity a Duke alone can ever hold.

The virgin mass of copper, iron, silver, gold.

The flow'r which thrifty housewives love in draw'rs to keep.

The bold adventurer, who rous'd from slavish sleep
His native land and bound its many states in one.

Short word, that's found on Spanish postage-stamps alone.

Dead language, studied for the thoughts its words embalm.

The best side of a steamer when the sea's not calm.

Poor, harmless lizard! causing fright! provoking screams!

Here seek the Royal Yacht Club when fair weather beams.

"FOR A SONG."

"It was sold for a song," for a trifle you mean,
And maybe the saying's not wrong;
Yet the brightest and dearest of things upon earth
Can sometimes be bought by a song.

I know that its value in gold isn't much,
Few riches to poets belong,
And scarcely enough to keep strength in his voice
The singer can get by his song.

Though wealth may be useful, as all men allow,
It cannot make happiness strong,
Nor give the contentment and joy to the heart
It finds in just singing a song.

The nightingales sing all the summer night through,
And thrushes sing all the day long;
If poets and birds were to fly from our land,
What would we not give for a song.

Oh, songs have a value far greater than gold,
I'm sure you'll not say I am wrong,
For the treasure I prize above all things on earth,
Your heart, dear, was won by a song. M. W.

APRONS.



THERE is nothing so pretty as an apron for home wear. It seems to give an air of pleasant homeliness to the wearer, and at once stamps her character as careful, economical, and exquisitely tidy—qualities which she will surely carry into everything she undertakes in life. She is perhaps a little precise too, which will show itself in punctuality as to time, and as to business-like habits in keeping her engagements, and we feel nearly sure that the apron-wearer will neither disappoint, nor vex us with any unreliability.

The word itself is a strange blunder, being "a napperon" converted into "an apperon"—*napperon* being the French for a "napkin," from *nappe*, "cloth" In many counties in England it is said that the word "apperon" is still used.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the apron is its extreme antiquity. It appears to have been worn from the Fall until the present day. In our own country Strutt, who wrote on the "Dress and Habits of the People of England," gives an illustration of it as used in his time, the thirteenth century. His picture shows us a blacksmith at work, in an apron precisely similar to the leathern one still worn. It is tied round the waist, and thence rises to the breast, which it completely covers, and is secured round the neck by a tie. This shape had been in use long previously by women, and continued so long afterwards. It was also worn at that date by the upper classes as an ornamental addition to the dress. In the fourteenth century the apron was called a "barme cloth" in England, and in "The Miller's Tale" Chaucer gives a description of it as worn by the carpenter's wife. She wore—

"A barme cloth, eke as white as moe milk,
Upon her lendes, full of many a gore."

These many gores are thought to mean "plaits," or perhaps gathers, which were done in the way we now call "honey combing."

After this period the apron was confined to good housewives in the country, until the sixteenth century, when the ladies took them again into favour as articles of decoration; and used them of so fine a texture that a poet of the day says—

"These aprons white, of finest thread,
So choicilie tied, so dearly bought,
So finely fringed, so nicely spread,
So quaintly cut, so richly wrought;
Were they in work to save their coats,
They need not cost so many groats."

Stephen Gosson's "Pleasant Quippes for Upstart Gentlewomen," 1596.

These aprons were edged with lace, and one of them may be seen on the monumental effigy of Mistress Dorothy Strutt, in Whalley Church, Essex, who died in 1641.

In the days of King William III. they again became an indispensable part of a lady's dress, and were very small, edged round with the finest and most costly lace, and covered the top of the petticoat, the front of which was fully displayed by the open gown then in use. Good Queen Anne herself wore an apron later on, and in her reign they were richly decorated with needlework, gold lace, and spangles; and occasionally these ornaments formed a framework for a small picture, which was painted on satin and sewn on the apron. One of the aprons of this date, which has descended to me from an ancestress, is in my possession, and is a beautiful example of needlework. The ground is of white silk, the apron being about half a yard square. The border is of leaves in coloured silks, and vines and flourishes round them in silver thread and cord. The fineness of the work is a subject of wonder to all who see it. It was worn under the pointed bodice, and they sometimes had a stomacher to match in colour.

In George II.'s reign they were worn very long and quite plain, without lace or ornament, but occasionally fringed at the end. The material seems to have been white muslin or lawn. A curious anecdote is told of these aprons. It appears that Beau Nash, the Master of the Ceremonies and the celebrated "King of Bath," had the strongest aversion to them, and excluded all ladies who ventured to appear at the Bath assemblies dressed in that manner. In Goldsmith's "Life of Nash" it is said that "at one assembly he went so far as to strip the Duchess of Queensberry's apron off, and, throwing it down on one of the back benches, declared that none but abigails appeared in white aprons." How strange a picture of the mixture of rudeness, and extreme ceremony in the manners of that day!

Short aprons of cambric were worn in full dress in 1788, and after that we do not hear of aprons being much in use till 1830 to 1850, when all ladies wore them, made generally of black silk, and though decorated and ornamented in various ways, they were not the entirely useless articles of dress of the preceding century, but were intended to combine the useful and the ornamental.

A great revival of aprons took place when art needdlework commenced to be applied to them about the year 1874. Since then they have been in constant use for the household-work and lawn-tennis, and they will in all probability retain their hold on our fickle fashions for some time to come; but whether this be so or not all young girls should make a practice of wearing them, as they add much to their appearance both at work and at play.

In our page of aprons we have tried to gather together all that is prettiest and most useful, too, of the modern styles, and in order to please every one of our girls we have taken all materials and aprons for all seasons and events. The first three may be called "dress," or afternoon aprons, and they are suitable for that time of day when we are all supposed to have done work, and put on our best frocks. The first apron is of white muslin or nainsook; it has a gored centre, and two gores at the sides, and is trimmed with tatting and muslin puffings. The little girl's apron is of the well-known princess shape, and may be made of any white washing material, from muslin, to a figured brilliant or jaconet, trimmed with embroidery.

The third figure wears a charming apron, both in style and trimming. It is of mull muslin, or Victoria lawn, trimmed with frills of the same, and a fancy-coloured washing braid. The next two figures give the back and front of a housekeeping and cooking apron, which is made of a coloured printed cotton, or a sateen, those with a white ground being the most suitable. It is edged all round with a frill of the same, and has a large pocket which may be placed either at the side, or in front, as the wearer pleases. The next figure wears a useful house-apron, which completely


Afternoon Apron—Muslin—Tatting
Afternoon Apron for girls between 10 and 12
Afternoon Apron—Mull muslin or Victoria lawn with frills fancy braid
Back
House-keeping and Cooking Apron Print or Sateen
Front
House Apron applique bands on red and blue


Work Apron with pocket—Blue lined and outline embroidery in colours
Afternoon Apron for girls between 10 and 12
(front)
House Apron trimmed with Turkey-red bands and Ingrain embroidery cotton
(back)
Roman Apron embroidered in crewels
Roman Apron cross-stitch

hides the dress, and so is equally valuable to protect a new or to hide an old one. The material may be unbleached Barnsley linen, brown holland, or any of the new fancy materials, such as oatmeal cloth. The bands are of blue linen, with an *appliquéd* pattern in vine leaves of Turkey-red cotton or crétonne flowers. Plain bands may also be used. The work-apron with a pocket will prove an immense comfort to those who do much needlework or knitting, as not only does it hold the balls of yarn, the cotton, scissors and needles, but the work itself can be safely put away in it, to be found in order for an immediate start when taken up again. The material of our illustrated apron is blue linen, with outline or cross-stitch embroidery in coloured ingrain cottons.

The little girl's apron with a bib and *brételles*, or shoulder straps, is a very pretty and stylish pattern, the back being especially effective. Any material, from muslin to silk, may be used, the pattern given being made of muslin, with a muslin and lace frilling, and three rows of narrow black ribbon velvet all round, which of course requires to be taken off when the apron is washed. The young lady's house-apron is perhaps the most useful and practical of all. It is made of workhouse or Bolton sheeting, and has bands of Turkey-red twill laid on, and sewn down with the sewing machine. The little design above is worked with red and blue ingrain cotton. The front resembles that of the little girl's, but the shoulder straps cross behind instead of coming down straight to the belt. The Roman apron is the newest of all that we have illustrated. It is made of fine unbleached linen, or it may be of pure white. It is cut lengthwise, and is about one yard and a half long, and folded over nearly half a yard from the top. The strings are sewn in under the fold three inches from the edge on each side. The decoration consists of two rows of embroidery, which may be done in drawn-work, cross-stitch, or even in crewels. The ends are fringed and then knotted evenly, and the sides are hemmed up. The width of the apron is three-quarters of a yard.

The next apron is also called a Roman apron, although not doubled over at the top. It is made of black silk, and is twenty-four inches long by twenty wide. The length is increased by the addition of the trimming and lace to over three-fourths of a yard. The trimming consists of strips of red, blue, or white linen, worked in a border design of cross-stitch with ingrain cotton (see design for a Neapolitan apron at page 332, vol. ii.). The lace is an ordinary inexpensive Spanish lace, sewn on with very little fulness.

The small design at fig. 1 is intended to give an idea of the new darned work, which has been revived from the seventeenth century styles of embroidery. The material used is huckaback; the price about 10d. per yard. The ends are fringed, and the unworked end is turned over, like the usual Roman apron, the lower part alone being worked. The design chosen is a conventional pomegranate, from a series of designs lately published, which are copies of ancient needlework. The pattern is traced, and worked first in outline stitch in blue filoselle, which should be split to three strands only. The background is then put in by darning from every one of the double threads which appear on the surface of the huckaback. The square is, of course, traced first to keep it even in working. The colours chosen may be all blue, blue in two shades, yellow for the grounding, and red for the outlining, or even a mixture of tints, if great cleverness be exercised in doing it.

The only apron I have left unnoticed is that in the well-known handkerchief style, which has now become so common, and is so cheaply purchased, that it has passed beyond the ken of our more artistic workers.

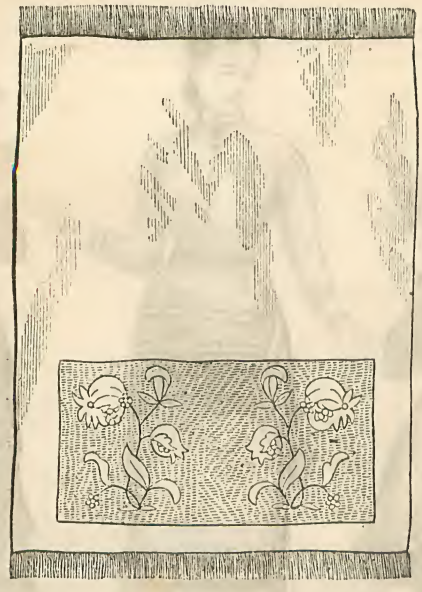


FIG. 1.

HOW TO WASH AND DRESS THE BABY.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT LITTLE NURSES.

BEFORE I enter upon the main subject of these chapters I should like to devote a portion of them to a very large class of helpful-handed little people. I mean young nurses. This class includes both boys and girls. Had it not been for this fact, I might perhaps call these youngsters "Little Mothers." But I see, almost daily, such pleasant pictures of small boy-nurses in the exercise of their vocation, that the class must be understood to include them also, if fairly treated.

Perhaps there is no place in which the genus "little nurse" can be studied in all its varieties and to greater advantage than in our public parks. On every fine morning especially, it is to be met with at almost every turn, and of nearly all ages above that of the actual baby in charge.

In the houses of well-to-do people, where there are experienced nurses to assist mothers in the care of their children, or sometimes — alas that it should be so! — to take the entire charge of them during infancy, the elder little people of the family generally have to beg to be allowed to "take baby."

The little lassie of eight or nine who is, perhaps, a baby worshipper, and whose ambition it is to be called a good nurse, is sometimes quite indignant at the amount of supervision to which she is subjected all the while baby is on her knee. She chafes at the continual charges, "Mind you don't hurt him, Miss Annie!" "He'll be off your knee if you're not more careful!" "Put your arm behind his back!" and so on, *ad libitum*.

At the same time the vigilant eyes of nurse are so perpetually turned in the direction of her amateur assistant, that any sense of responsibility in that quarter is utterly destroyed, and Miss Annie herself waxes indignant under this persistent and irritating espionage.

True, the elder child's young arms lack the strength and dexterity of nurse's practised ones; but baby, if well, does not object to Annie's rather awkward mode of handling him. He likes to see her young, fresh laughing face close to his, and sister Annie's hair is delightful to pull and to bury his small fists in. He seizes it and tugs with all his might, and so retaliates on his little nurse for having poked and tickled him into a fit of laughter, in which she joins as heartily. His real nurse's head-gear is much less attractive, her prim cap being carefully and necessarily kept out of baby's clutches, and her hair, tidily tucked beneath it, offers no such temptation to baby's roving fingers as do Miss Annie's soft flowing curls.

But nurse has perhaps just tidied Miss Annie for dinner, and the ruffled hair is an additional grievance. "You should not let baby pull your hair so," she says, in a tone of reproof. "I shall have it all to curl up again before you go downstairs."

It seems a pity to disturb such a delightful game, when baby brother and little sister are so innocently happy. But Annie is tired of such constant looking after, tired of the continual nagging and cautioning, and she would not hurt the chubby darling for all the world. So she sighs in a weary fashion, gives baby a hearty kiss on his dear little distended mouth, evading another grab at her curls as she does so, and resigns herself anew into the hands of nurse, who grumbles a good deal at having to put her to rights a second time.

Annie's mind is considerably exercised on the subject of nursing and of her assumed helplessness in comparison with the scores of little nurses whom she sees in sole charge of babies. None of the tiny creatures appear to come to any harm in consequence of the trust reposed in mere children by poor mothers who have no choice but to do this, if their household work is to be completed in anything like a reasonable time. She wonders why poor people's children may be trusted to do all sorts of things for and with babies; whereas she is looked after, watched and cautioned at every turn, just as if her little brother were made of egg-shell china, and she had made up her mind to break him with a touch.

Miss Annie looks at her round strong arms, very different from those of some little nurses she sees out of doors; she knows that her limbs are stronger, because she has good health, and is better fed and looked after than they are; she has the will to be useful, and she loves, with all the warmth of her young heart, the helpless darling in the nursery at home.

She feels half-angry, half-humiliated, and says to herself, "I wish I lived in a cottage where there are no nurses to bother and fidget, then mamma would be glad to let me have baby and take him out whenever I liked."

There are plenty of children like our "Miss Annie," who grow up comparatively helpless, but who are only so because they are neither taught how to make themselves useful nor trusted. As a hint both to mothers and children, let me point out a few of the valuable qualities which I have seen developed in little nurses. These have come under my notice as I have watched them in the streets and parks, far beyond the overseeing eye of the mother who was often toiling for their bread at the wash-tub or in the mill.

Carefulness, patience, unselfishness, endurance, good temper, tender love for the little one, and trustworthiness. Perhaps I should notice the last mentioned quality before all the rest. The mother must believe in its existence when she trusts her infant to the care of a nine year old girl or boy. How seldom does the child fail her! How carefully is the baby held, just as a mother holds it! How watchful are those young eyes over

the one, two, or three other children who play round the doorstep or near a seat in the park on which the little nurse sits with her sleeping charge.

As to patience, I do not know whether to yield the palm for this virtue to the boy or girl nurse. Only a few mornings ago I noticed a boy patting, petting, kissing, and comforting a baby whose tearful eyes and pouting lips told of some little trouble. How he persevered in his efforts to pacify the child! He walked up and down, made droll faces and droller noises, until at last he won back a smile to the bonny round face, while his own looked the picture of happiness. The sound of a hearty kiss was the last thing I heard as I turned out of the park.

If you want to know whether these little nurses are interested in their charges, seat yourself near a couple of them and listen to their conversation. You can have a book in your hand, which will put them quite at their ease, though you need not read it.

One will perhaps tell, with anxious face, of some narrow escape that *her* baby has had through getting cold when he had measles. The other will speak with exultation of a new frock which mother is making for hers. They will compare ages, count and exhibit the wee ivories just peeping, and tenderly rub the little gums to help the next one through. And is not that small nurse a proud individual if *her* baby, being the same age as the other, or perhaps a little younger, has actually cut a tooth or two more, or has a less bald pate under its woollen hood.

Then what beauty they see in *their* baby's face! You and I might think it a poor skinny, elfish-looking creature, but the little nurse does not. Love gives beauty, and the helpless thing is perfectly lovely in the eyes of its young guardian. You will hear all sorts of admiring epithets showered upon it if you listen.

You know the little nurse's arms ache, and you wonder how she goes on holding it, hour after hour, without a word of complaint. Many a mother would think she had done a great thing had she held her child for half the time.

I write especially in the hope of attracting the thoughtful attention of the girls who will be the mothers of the next generation.

If you, dear girls, who read this paper will look around you, you will see many an exhibition of those fine qualities of patience and uncomplaining endurance amongst the little nurses in whom I feel a deep interest. Conscience will, perhaps, tell you that, untaught, ignorant, as many of them are, you might yet learn many a lesson from them as you pass along the highways in town or country.

The little nurses are unselfish and brave. Often have I seen one take off the little woollen shawl, which was doing duty as a bonnet on her own person as well as being her only out-door covering, and wind it round the baby lest the cold wind should reach him.

Fancy, too, the temptations that have to be resisted. Do you not think those two bright lads would like a game at marbles, as well as their neighbours who are unfettered by baby or perambulator? Of course they would, and, depend on it, the faithful nurses, whether girls or boys, fight and bravely win a hard battle when they turn from ball, skipping-rope, hoop, or marbles, and remain the spectators of games in which they long to join, because they will not neglect the helpless infants intrusted to their care.

They have their pleasures as well as trials. In the warm, summer weather, when the grass is dry and the sun shining, the little ones will kick about and sprawl on the ground, enjoying the bustle that is going on around them. But often, when the day would be glorious for active play, and the sky is bright and clear, there is a cold wind and the grass is damp. Baby could not be laid down safely, and then the courage and self-denial of the little nurse are called into operation. Then great victories are won of which the world knows nothing.

Little nurses, as a rule, have their reward in the growth, progress, and increasing strength of their babies. What joy and exultation do the first tottering steps cause to their guardians! How proud are they when the wee thing can run alone!

And far beyond even these rewards are the approving smile and word, the whispered blessing, the loving kiss of a good mother, with whose cares and anxieties their children sympathise, and whose toil their young hands have lightened.

There are such animals as crabby, impatient little nurses. I *have* seen such that could scold and even strike the helpless and unfortunate babies with which they had to do. But, thank God! there are few instances of this kind and so many of the opposite.

There are mothers, too, who are apt, probably because they do not think about it, to speak lightly or not at all of their children's services. They take their loving labours as a matter of course, and hardly care to cheer and encourage them on the path of duty. So the children gradually become indifferent, and look upon that as an irksome task which should be a pleasure. But it is not with such as these that I am specially dealing in this paper. I wish to picture, as I so often see them manifested, those high and noble qualities which are drawn out in the characters of children by the very fact of trusting them.

We cannot help contrasting the helpful children of the cottage and the streets with those who do nothing, simply because they have so many people to care for them that they are neither called on to think for themselves nor for others. Watched, waited on, thought for in everything, they grow up helpless, because they have never been exercised in self-reliance; and selfish, because they have not been taught the blessedness of giving, or giving up anything for the sake of others.

There is one sad drawback in the case of little nurses who are trusted too much and too early. They seem almost weighed down with family cares whilst they are but children. Theirs is the growing "old too soon." But in the homes of well-to-do parents there is little fear of the children being overburdened, whilst it would surely be worth their while to draw out such qualities in their young people as are daily exercised in the houses of their poorer neighbours.

Children who never have to do with babies are often, I was going to say amusingly, awkward in handling an infant. Better, however, say pitiably awkward; because it is a pity that the "future mothers" of our race should have no training in this most important part of woman's work. Boys of this class usually consider it *infra dig.* to notice babies in public. If they condescend to kiss them they manifest a strong objection to open-mouthed salutes, and touch the little velvet cheek with their lips much as they might approach a red-hot poker. It is a touch-and-go process, which makes mothers and grown-up nurses smile pityingly at the urchin who does not know how delightful is a genuine baby kiss.

Happily there are lots of little mothers "to the manner born" in every station of life. I fancy I see one of these as I write. From her very infancy she loves her doll as a true mother loves her child, and should an accident befall her wooden or waxen darling, she grieves and moans over it, not as a broken toy, but a wounded baby. Its eruptions—of sawdust—cause her all the anxiety incident to measles. Her tears are real tears, and it is of no use to intimate that the broken arm, over which she is weeping causes Dolly no pain.

A matter-of-fact child laughs contemptuously at the idea of a doll being able to feel, and points to the wooden fragments as proof of her being in the right. She means well, doubtless, but her calm indifference only adds to the grief of the loving-hearted little mite, who presses her injured darling to her breast and loses hours of sleep in weeping.

There is neither rest nor comfort for her until somebody sets to work and restores the limb as far as possible, and then she sleeps; but even then she sobs at intervals as if the trouble could not be forgotten.

As the little mother grows older she wins everybody's admiration by the "handy" way in which she nurses a real baby, and when she has shot up into a slender slip of a lass, as tall as her own mother, she is a greater infant-worshipper than ever. She bestows a perfect wealth of love on the wee things, and the younger they are the better she likes them; because they want the most care and nursing.

If the little mother is missing from her own home circle, her mamma sends a message of inquiry to the nearest friend's house, where she is made free of the nursery, or perhaps to some cottage in the neighbourhood, where a nice clean baby is to be found. Perhaps her attentions are least acceptable to children beyond babyhood. She plagues them a little by wanting to wash and tidy them more frequently than they like, because she is so fond of the work and delights in making them look nice. But she generally coaxes them to submit by offering bribes in the shape of wonderfully got-up dolls, of which she always has a store ready, dressed by her nimble young fingers.

Bless the loving little woman! She is not without a reasonable liking for school work, and loves reading as well as most. But her great charm is her delightful motherliness, even as a child, a quality which is, I fear, insufficiently cultivated at home, and never thought of at all in schools, or supposed to have any place in the so-called "Higher Education of Women."

Yet, when I see these sweet feminine qualities in the lassie, I often think to myself that if I were a youth—*a good one, mind*—I should watch the growing into womanhood of such a "little mother" as I have described. I should value the development of these heaven-bestowed womanly instincts as something more precious than any amount of certificates won for Latin or advanced mathematical knowledge. And though I might have a choice between such a little damsel as I have described and a feminine senior wrangler, I would do my best to win the little mother as the mistress of my future home.

Just another picture of little nurses and I will finish. Some years ago I was in the Peel Park Museum, Salford, and was much edified at the sight of a number of these small people standing before the cases of gaily-plumaged, stuffed birds. They were spelling out the names and repeating them to such of their companions as were above baby age, thus doing their best to improve their minds as well as care for their bodies. I felt rather *put out* when a policeman conducted them to the door and told them, not unkindly, to "Go play in the park," probably for fear the clatter of their clogs should offend the ears of some well-dressed grown-up folk in the museum. The longing, lingering looks they cast behind them quite spoiled my enjoyment, and I felt sorry that in this "People's Museum" well-behaved poor children should have been sent out, because their feet were clogged instead of shod, and necessarily made a clatter on the floors.

I went out almost immediately, and as I drew near the entrance gates I met a picnic party coming into the park—a little girl nurse,

with a disproportionately large baby in her arms, and quite a train of attendant youngsters, who were evidently going to have "a day out." They were nearly all barefooted, and their clothing was poor and scanty, though the baby was well bundled up in all sorts of odds and ends of garments.

There was a provision basket, containing a bottle of blueish-tinted milk, thick hunches of bread and dripping, a few green apples, and some indescribable scraps of other food. The party did not live in the immediate neighbourhood, as was evident, for the young leader glanced around in some bewilderment and then said to me, "Please will you tell me the way to the swings?"

I directed her to the girls' playground, adding, "There were plenty of swings at liberty a few minutes since."

This information gave new vigour to the youngsters. The little nurse thanked me, hitched the baby a little higher on her shoulder, gave her free hand to the toddler next in size, saying, "Come on, Georgie. The lady says there's plenty of swings ready for us."

Away went the bare feet pattering over the hard gravel path, and this humble picnic party was soon lost to my view. With all my heart I wished them a happy day, a safe return, and a good rest for the little nurse in charge when the evening shadows should begin to fall.

Many a time since then, when I have seen over-indulged, helpless girls satiated with too many pleasures, almost wishing they had a want, and not knowing how to spend their time and use their strong limbs, I have thought of that half-clad, barefooted group, and of the almost awful responsibility of the mere child who was charged with the safe conduct of the rest.

When I began this chapter I did not intend to let little nurses occupy so much space, but they came before my mind's eye in such crowds, and I have long felt such a deep motherly interest in them as a class, that I have permitted them to push the baby itself out of sight for a time.

Yet I am truly anxious to interest both mothers and girls in this most important subject—namely, whatever concerns the care of the comfort and well-being of the baby. I am going to write out some simple instructions for its management, which I hope may be of use to young nurses who are willing but unskilful, and who are therefore afraid to offer help in washing, dressing, or nursing the baby.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A MEDAL AFTER ALL, AND SOMETHING MORE.



HELEN AS SHE USED TO BE.

THE little town of Merton, with its beautiful old church, its sparkling river, and flourishing schools, is as pretty a town as any to be found within thirty miles of the Metropolis. The only wonder is, as Mr. and Mrs. Bell remarked when they first saw it, that it is so little known. However, it was so little known a few years ago that the one little rustic, unpretending inn, the "George and Dragon," was, as a rule, quite sufficient to supply all the accommodation demanded by the better class of travellers.

Just on the outskirts of Merton stood the jasmine-covered cottage of the Rowes, and just beyond the outskirts of Merton, on the other side, were the house and grounds of the friends with whom Josephine and Rosa Bell had stayed when they first made acquaintance with Mrs. Rowe. The little estate rented now by the Bells was in the same neighbourhood, and a certain fine afternoon in August all these homes were in a state of great commotion.

No doubt the reader remembers a certain afternoon during the past Easter holidays, when Helen Edison was sorely distressed by hearing from her father that he had not the power to obtain the Royal Humane Society's medal for Harry Rowe. It may be also remembered, although Helen was too grieved to pay any attention to that at the time, that her father softened the intimation as much as he could by writing his opinion that nevertheless something should be done for the little hero. As the weeks had passed on what this something should be had gradually taken a definite form. General and Mrs. Edison had travelled to Merton expressly to visit the family in whose welfare their only child took so great an interest, and their warmest sympathies were won as much by the widowed mother as by her manly little son, who shrank so modestly from the praises showered upon him for his deed.

From the Rowes' cottage the Edisons had driven to the Bells' place to see Miss Rowe and Josephine, and while there a long conversation had been held of high interest to Helen's wishes and Harry Rowe's future life.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell had so warmly agreed that something should be done for the boy that General Edison had fairly been wrought up to nearly the pitch of enthusiasm desired by his daughter, and before he left Merton Lodge he declared that he would not rest until he had secured for Harry some advantage more substantial than a bit of ribbon or a medal.

"But I don't think Helen will be quite satisfied without the medal," said Mrs. Edison, smiling.

"Perhaps she would like to present him with one herself," was the laughing answer.

As matters turned out, Nelly was not put to this trouble, and at the same time her desire as to a medal was fulfilled. The visits paid to the Rowes' cottage by the Bells, their friends the Andersons, and the Edisons, suddenly aroused Harry's townsfolk to the consciousness that he had performed a noteworthy action, that it would be well, for their own credit's sake, to take some notice of.

The first idea of some town magnate, as ignorant on that point as Helen and Miss Rowe, had been to obtain for his young townsfellow a medal decorated with the well-known letters "R.H.S." When he found that was impossible he exclaimed magnificently—

"Then the town of Merton shall give a medal itself."

"The town of Merton shall give a medal itself," echoed all his hearers in chorus, and with three cheers for the genius who had hit upon such a capital idea.

"And the town of Merton is a jolly little town, and deserves a pat on the back for its good sense," announced Nelly when her father called at Crofton House to tell her this piece of news.

"And the town of Merton is a most ridiculous little town," announced General Edison, "and my ridiculous young daughter deserves to be put in the corner for praising it, and for using the word 'jolly.' But, to reserve that matter for future grave consideration, let me give you the remainder of my budget of news, for my return train leaves in half-an-hour, and you will not have heard the quarter of what I have to tell. The giving of the medal, ornamented with the arms of the important town of Merton, is to be followed by a dinner, to be given to Mrs. Rowe and her son at the grand one-storey high hotel, the 'George and Dragon.' I tried to beg the poor child off that ordeal——"

"Oh! papa!"

"Ay. 'Oh papa,' indeed. A child not eleven years old, and a shy child too, to have to sit up to be stared at, and speechified at by a lot of old fog—well, a lot of kind-hearted, but unreasonable individuals. But there, you are as bad

as they are. And his sister—ay, actually his sister—with all her stern common sense—is worse than any of you. She literally quivered to the tips of her toes with delight when she was told of the honour to be done her brother."

"I should think so," was the emphatic answer. And then Miss Nelly crept close to her father, and whispered, "That is just exactly how I quivered four years ago when they told me my father was to have the Victoria Cross. Oh! papa, you don't know what it is to be very, very proud of the people one loves."

If General Edison did not know that, he at any rate knew how to be very indulgent to the fancies of those he cared for, and so far from putting any more obstacles in the way of the proposed ceremonies, he aided largely in giving them a certain element of dignity they would most assuredly have lacked without his efforts. Thus it came to pass that about a fortnight after the commencement of the Crofton House summer holidays the town of Merton was in an unwonted state of excitement, and the "George and Dragon Inn" in a tremendous state of bustling preparation.

Not only the kitchen powers of that modest establishment were being called upon to the utmost, but its sleeping accommodation also. Some unknown friends of General Edison's had arrived the night before, and the good-tempered landlady had been divided between rejoicing and bewilderment as to where to put them.

"Three of them, Jem!" as she murmured in dismay to her husband, "and each of them that grand, and to have a separate room!"

"Well then," answered Jem, "we can't do it, you know."

"But we must do it," was the positive answer. "Turn folks away once, and, you mark my words, they'll not come again. No, no. Put 'em up we must, if you have to build a room on the roof this night yourself."

"What? my gracious!" ejaculated red-haired Jem, in frightened amazement. "The woman's gone daft. Ye won't find me on the roof not this night, nor any night, I can tell ye, not for all the fine gentlefolks in the world. I'll dinner them and I'll supper them, but if they want rooms as I haven't got to give them, they may go elsewhere. They won't catch me doing monkey tricks for them; no, nor for nobody else, and so I tell you fairly."

"All right, Jem," said his wife, lifting her laughing face to his indignant one. "I'll not call upon you for the monkey tricks just yet awhile. All the same, you'll not think me quite so daft when you get the money the day after to-morrow, which I shall have helped you to earn. And so now go supper the gentlemen, since ye agree to that part of the bargain, while I see to their beds. There's one thing, my places and linen are always sweet and clean, which they do say they are not always in London, and for the rest I'll manage."

And the clever woman did manage, and so well, for the comfort of her guests that they audibly wondered the next morning at breakfast how they could have been so well housed in such a small inn.

"It's all my wife's doing, gentlemen," said Jem, in subdued tones. "She's clever as clever, she is. But it don't do to tell her so, you see, for she gets notions in her head sometimes, and she's a bit masterful."

With which oracular statement Jem glanced up roofwards, and left the strangers to the enjoyment of their breakfast. About the same hour a very large party was gathered around the breakfast-table of the Bells. The Andersons, Clara Boswell, Milly Wilmot, Miss Crofton, good-natured little Fraulein, General and Mrs. Edison, and the Bells themselves of course.

The only absentee of the group that might have been expected to be gathered together to do honour to that day was the one who had looked forward to it with most eagerness.

"Where is your daughter, General?" asked Mrs. Anderson, in surprise, as she discovered her absence from the long table.

As she asked the question Helen Edison was standing in the Rowes' little sitting-room making fast friends at first sight with Harry Rowe, and re-tying his neck-ribbon for him with the declaration that his sister had not made it half-becoming enough.

"And you know, Harry, you are bound to do credit to us all, and look your best, for you are the hero of the day."

"I wish I wasn't," Harry ventured to murmur with a very heartfelt sigh, which Helen both literally and metaphorically strangled half way, as she gave a sudden unintentional jerk to the necktie, and exclaimed, indignantly,—



HELEN AND ROSE.

"O you bad boy, how dare you be so ungrateful! And such a beautiful day as it is going to be, too. I'm ashamed of you."

"It would be a whole heap more beautiful," muttered the incorrigible, "if you and I were going to spend it together fishing on the river. That would be really nice now, and you would not have to bother about this tie either. It does seem to be an awfully difficult one to settle."

"You may well say that," was the rueful reply. "I don't think it is any use bothering about it any more. It's got into a knot now, and looks just anyhow. I'm sure I don't know what to do with the horrid thing."

At this point Mrs. Rowe came to the rescue, produced another length of blue ribbon, untied the knotted one, and five minutes later the little party of five sat down to a meal which was made a very merry one by the uninvited guest. Thanks to her before that breakfast was over Harry had got rid of much of the terror which that day had had for him for some weeks past.

At two o'clock all our friends, the three strangers staying at the "George and Dragon," a dozen or two of the Merton magnates, and a miscellaneous crowd of sightseers all assembled with praiseworthy punctuality in the Town Hall. Foremost amongst the spectators was a smiling young woman with a little girl in her arms dressed gorgeously in a new scarlet frock and white hat, with a scarlet feather.

"I do like a bit of bright colour for a child," she remarked confidentially to a neighbour.

"Ay, indeed," answered the neighbour back. "And only to think if it hadn't been for that dear little lad it's not much like bright colours as you'd ha' been feeling yourself to-day. But it was a nice thought of you to put the little maid into a new frock in his honour."

"It wasn't my doing," said the mother, smiling. "Though I would have done it too. The things were all a gift from a young lady sent through that dear kind, Miss Bell. Miss Bell has promised I shall thank the young lady myself. But, look—look—there they come. Good Master Rowe himself. Bless his heart, but he do look frightened, the dear lamb! A great deal more frightened than when he saved my Minnie. And there's his poor mother! The dear Lord has blessed the widow in her boy, hasn't he? And there's Miss Rowe, grand and stately to be sure, that she is always, but she is white, ain't she. She always was a good daughter and a good sister. And there — oh, there is a bonny face for you! Of all the pretty young ladies as ever I saw I never see one to beat her."

And so thought Josephine and Rosa Bell, and Clara Boswell and Milly Wilmot. And so thought Miss Crofton and Fraulein, and General and Mrs. Edison. And so thought most of the spectators in the Town Hall as all eyes rested for some moments on slim, tall Helen Edison, her cheeks flushed crimson, her dark eyes glowing, all of self forgotten in another's triumph. It was true, she was a hero-worshipper, but she was very keen in separating real claims from those of impostors.

One of the three strangers, a fine white-haired old gentleman, especially noticed her as she walked up the hall with the Rowes, and he bent forward and addressed a question to General Edison, sitting near him on the platform.

"Yes," answered the General, smiling; "yes, Sir Edward, that is my daughter: the young maiden who was so anxious that little Rowe should be decorated with one of our society's medals."

"Thank you," said Sir Henry; and then he sank back in his chair, and turned his eyes once more back to Miss Nelly, and looked thoughtful. After a few minutes he held a short whispered conversation with one of his companions, who also then glanced quickly at Helen Edison, turned back to his friend with a smiling nod, and the significant remark—

"A capital idea of yours. She looks well fitted to be the young queen of the occasion."

But although one or two people heard the words they were as electrified as was Helen herself, and all the rest of this assemblage, when, after Harry Rowe had been duly decorated with the Town Medal, the gentleman called Sir Henry rose, and, laying his hand on the child's shoulder to detain him on the platform, made the following short speech—

"Mr. Chairman, my Ladies and Gentlemen,—Some few months ago, as you have all just been told in most elegant language, this brave boy here saved a fellow-creature's life at the imminent risk of his own. A young lady heard of the deed, and with just enthusiasm declared that he deserved a medal, as a lifelong testimony to his noble courage. Unfortunately the medal she set her heart upon his obtaining was that of the Royal Humane Society, of which her father, I, and my two friends here are members. Our awards, as, no doubt, most of you know, are given for rescues from drowning, and other sea dangers. When the young lady in question learnt this unwelcome fact, she expressed a wish, I am told, that the baby had been so obliging as to fall into the water instead of under a train. To prove to her that this change of accident was unnecessary, and to show her that, although as a body our marks of approval are restricted, yet as human beings our sympathies with grand actions are as free as her own, we and some other members of our society have ventured to offer her for bestowal upon her hero the packet I have here. And if Miss Edison has as much pleasure in giving and Henry Rowe in receiving the gift, as we have in the presentation, our satisfaction will be complete."

With his last words, and amidst a perfect tempest of applause from all the assembled Mertonites, Sir Henry stepped from the platform, gently led crimson-faced Nelly up with him beside her father, and, placing a packet in her trembling fingers, bid her open it, and do as she would with the contents.

It was a work of time to untie even a bow, unwrap a covering of brown paper, and a second of silver tissue paper, and unclasp a morocco case, with all those eyes fixed upon her; but it was done at last, and then Helen suddenly forgot shyness in admiration, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Harry, how beautiful! This is ever so much better than a medal. I wonder if there is any writing inside."

And when the outer case of the beautiful gold watch was opened it was found that there was writing inside, that is to say, an engraved inscription, and, with bright tears of gladness shining in her eyes, Helen passed the chain over Harry's neck more cleverly than she had tied his neck ribbon, and put the presentation watch in his pocket. Half an hour later the dinner party was seated around the long, flower-adorned table at the "George and Dragon;" and Harry was not the youngest guest present after all, for at Sir Henry's suggestion the little rescued child was there also with her mother, in all the splendour of the scarlet frock given her by Helen. The entertainment itself was not half such an awful and solemn affair as General Edison had anticipated; but nevertheless all our immediate friends were well pleased to find themselves soon after six o'clock gathered together in a great circle round the Bells' drawing-room fire. Of course the Rowes were there, all of them, including Harry's elder brother, who had come home the previous day to rejoice in his young brother's triumph.

And during the course of that happy evening other gifts were bestowed upon the Rowes that the three elders of the family knew how to esteem even more highly than gold watches and the medal of the self-important little town of Merton.

Josephine Bell had not lost sight of the fact that Miss Rowe was sorely anxious on the score of procuring good education for her little brother, and through her intercession a nomination to Merchant Taylors' had been given to her father by a friend, to present to whom he would. Thus in the afternoon Helen Edison had the pleasure of adorning Harry with a gold watch; at night Josephine had the happiness of giving news to his mother and sister that his education was provided for. Each helped to confer the gift they could best appreciate.

"And how do you get on yourself now, Josie, with that learning which you think so much of?" asked Helen, later in the evening, drawing her friend away with her to a far corner for a quiet chat.

"Do you still find it all pain and struggle as you said, once at Crofton House?"

Josephine smiled brightly. She could smile now. The heaviness had gone from her eyes, and the pallor from her cheeks.

"No, Nelly, it is not all pain and struggle now indeed! It is still hard work sometimes to understand as much in things as other people appear able to do; but Miss Rowe says that my rapid improvement ought to be sufficient reproof to me for grumbling at that. You cannot imagine what a wonderful difference the quietude of home makes to me, and the having the undivided patient attention of Miss Rowe. I used to spend days sometimes—yes, Nelly, really days—in puzzling over some tiresome little trifle which Miss Rowe can now teach me to understand in as many minutes."

Helen looked thoughtful. "Yes," she said quietly, "Miss Crofton is quite right. School is the only place for some girls, girls like me, for instance, who are learning to think themselves perfect and all-important at home. But for girls like you, whose whole object in life is to put themselves on one side, Miss Crofton says, and I say, school is a mistake. There are so many people there ready to put them on one side that at last they creep into a bush altogether, and get smothered, as you were nearly doing when I first——"

Nelly stopped abruptly.

"Finish your sentence, Nelly," said Josephine softly. "When you first came and rescued me. Without your bright encouragement and ready help I should never have got out of that 'slough of despond.'"

"Hush, Josie," whispered Helen; "don't you know I am trying to learn humility. You will spoil it all. Good-night now, dear, and God bless you, Josie, for teaching me the way to Christ's footstool. Don't forget; I will always be your schoolgirl as long as you will be my mistress.

[THE END.]

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

III.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

THIS time we announce for competition the making of a most necessary garment for every day use.

A FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

Its making up is very easy, and needs but little explanation. Indeed, this article of dress is the one that varies the least in either cut or style. However, as our petticoats are intended as presents, we must try to give them a rather smarter appearance than those ordinarily worn. Thus it will afford more pleasure to the recipients, as well as good practice to the workers.

Flannel differs so much both in name and make that we will not specify any kind. Choose a substantial and soft texture, not too fine, however, as it hardens so quickly in washing. As to the colour, red is objectionable; for, notwithstanding its beneficial qualities, it gets so very thin and discoloured on account of the dye. However, we will admit it in our competition, to please every taste. Some invalids, we know, have almost a superstitious belief in the medical properties of the bright-looking stuff.

Flannel petticoats are not worn very long now-a-days, the fashionable ones measuring, when made up, not much more than twenty-four inches in front, exclusive of the circular band; but they should be at least three or four inches longer for poor women. To this latter size we must add five inches for the two tucks, four inches for the hem, one inch for the slope, and two inches for setting in the band—in all measuring 38½ inches for the front. The back, not being sloped, falls one inch longer. The correct width is now thirty-three inches, *i.e.*, sixty-six inches right round, but as the dear old creatures do not trouble much about their waist, we will allow an extra half-breadth at the back for more warmth and bulk. We must have in all four pieces: a

shaped front twenty-five inches broad at the lower part and gored up to fifteen inches, two side breadths each 14½ inches at the edge and 8½ inches at the top, and a straight back breadth twenty-five inches. Therefore, 3¼ yards of flannel are required for the skirt.

For the circular band, shape it in long cloth with four pieces, two for each half, 5¾ inches deep, including turnings. Cord it all round with about 2 yards of cording, and mount it on the petticoat flat as far as the back seams, meanwhile easing the flannel; arrange the back fulness in pleats. Sew on two linen buttons, work corresponding buttonholes, and insert drawing strings for the wearer's convenience. Of course you must be careful with the regular running of the tucks and seams, not forgetting the neat herringbone of turnings, nor the secure fastening off of the placket hole. The petticoat is then ready save its ornamentation. Buttonhole its hem with scallops of the size of a half-crown, and fill each curve with one or more spots. Here the double thickness of flannel replaces the padding. Head each tuck by a fancy stitch; in fine work, Berlin embroidery silk at threepence and threepence halfpenny per skein is generally employed, or flosette or Shetland wool. But all ordinary flannel petticoats, jackets, and dressing-gowns are now trimmed with wool, such as Angola or Andalusian.

Another important thing is to *sew*, not to *pin*, the ticket bearing the name and age of worker, and to affix it to the belt, where it has not to be removed during inspection. Loosely tacked, the ticket falls off, and of course the work is laid aside for want of the owner's name.

Should any girls wish to make smaller petticoats, they can do so, as they will be very useful to little girls.

The cutting out, in addition to the working, must be the sole work of the competitors, and none of the petticoats should be washed.

The points of merit will embrace the general neatness; the cut, make, and set of the belt; the cut of the skirt, together with the entire sewing; the herring-boning and embroidery.

Two Prizes of THREE GUINEAS and TWO GUINEAS will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates to the two most successful competitors of or between the ages of twenty-five and twenty.

Two Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors under the age of twenty and above the age of sixteen.

Two Prizes of ONE GUINEA and HALF-A-GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful candidates under the age of sixteen.

The last day for receiving the Petticoats for examination is Friday, July 29, 1881.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The petticoats must be forwarded, prepaid, to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

After the examination the petticoats will be distributed amongst the inmates of the various hospitals for females. Each competitor will be informed by the Editor to which hospital her work has been presented.

Each petticoat must bear on its waistband the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that the cutting out and working of this flannel petticoat is the sole work of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—We believe that the Senior Cambridge examination would be sufficient. Your writing is legible but rather poor. August 13, 1845, was a Wednesday.

CORNISH LASSIE.—Candidates for the Civil Service Examinations must be between seventeen and twenty years of age.

DAISY and VIOLET.—Apply for all information to the Civil Service Commissioners, Whitehall.

CRAM.—1. If you have plenty of leisure time you may adopt the plan of learning by correspondence. The great advantage gained by the two years spent at a training college is that you are taught how to teach others, which is a great art, and it is most essential that pupil teachers and mistresses should acquire it. 2. There is no objection to the use of a tricycle by ladies in the country, more especially to those that are large enough for two persons. Your writing is good.

ENID.—We thank you for telling us that since reading THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, you "have found that there are higher motives for which one may live" than either amusement, or even those studies and occupations obligatory for earning a subsistence. As a commencement, we recommend your study of Eadie's "Bible Cyclopedia," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., "Sick Nursing at Home," 170, Strand, W.C.

HARDRESS and CONNIE.—See our three articles on the subject of nursing—pages 76, 99, and 454. Candidates for the profession of nursing are generally required to be from twenty-five to forty years of age. As a rule, they enter upon a year of probation after a few weeks' test, during which year their wages average about £12, with or without partial uniform. They are generally required to remain in the service of the Institution for three additional years, during which period their wages rise to £22 or £25. Liberal board, lodging, medical attendance, and washing are always provided gratis. Supposing you were an educated woman, and rose to be the head of a ward, your salary might be from £35 to £50 per annum. There are also "lady-pupils," who are received and trained on payment of certain sums, or at so much weekly. We advise your writing to the secretaries of some of the hospitals, asking for one of their papers with rules and terms, on which probationers are received, and make your selection amongst those willing to receive you. You write a neat hand.

WORK.

JAPONICA.—The tar may be removed by butter, and the butter by turpentine or French chalk, or by holding a red-hot poker near the grease. We feel shocked by the evil and censorious spirit which you manifest towards your three elder sisters. Before you attempt to make them better, learn not to do worse yourself by "sitting in judgment on others."

INQUIRER.—Procure some brown cambric like the trimming, and put a gathered *plastron*, or a waistcoat front, into your brown-striped dress. For the other dress get some white brilliant, and put in a puff at the top of the sleeve, and also at the elbow (to encircle the arm), and leave a band of the dress material between the two puffings. The best portion of the sleeve will then be available to finish the part below the elbow. A sailor's collar of the white brilliant may be added to the dress.

TINY.—We give illustrations of "Seasonable Dress" so far as we consider they may be required, and suitable for our young readers, but cannot promise more. The "ringed valance" is to be worked in purse or crochet silk, price from 7½d. to 1s. 4d. the skein.

BELLA.—The best thing for cleaning and restoring black merino is recommended at page 407, vol. ii., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Soft soap is what is employed for washing dogs, not human hair. We are not acquainted with "black soap."

M. E. P.—Send the plush to a cleaner. Mantles, visites, and mantillas will be worn this year, and tailor-made jackets—not dolmans.

A. M. Y. N.—Large hats, and those called "Toques," will be much worn this summer. You may wear a polonaise, and wear it fastened either in front or behind. What makes you "tremble and stutter most dreadfully" when you play before anyone? You should not speak at all when playing, and thus you would avoid this "stuttering."

CAMBRIDGE and OXFORD.—You should add new cuffs and collar to your jacket, of either plush or velvet, in a darker shade of the same colour.

LIZZIE BARLOW.—The colours that will be most worn this year are brown, enlivened with old-gold. We are glad that our paper has encouraged you to try to improve yourself, and that you "begin to think of us as some of your earthly friends." We certainly are not ghosts!

COOKERY.

ANNIE H.—We are glad to hear that our recipes for making puff paste and rhubarb wine have proved so very successful, and also that our articles on "Cookery," have been useful to you. We cannot give personal information.

A DISTRICT VISITOR.—For a strengthening jelly for invalids see page 415, vol. i., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. For puddings see "Useful Hints."

A. W. S.—We could not possibly give the casting vote to aid you in your choice of an illustrated paper. For making "buckwheat cakes," the following is a good recipe:—To two quarts of warm milk or water, add one teacupful of yeast, and one teaspoonful of salt; stir in the flour until it be a thick batter. Set it to rise the night before wanted, and in the morning if the batter appear to be sour, dissolve and stir into it a teaspoonful of *saleratus*, or baking powder. When cooking the cakes leave half-a-pint of batter in the jar when you have prepared it, as a matter of convenience, to serve as yeast for another set of cakes.

HOUSEKEEPING.

FELLSH- .—Try the use of glycerine to take tea-stains out of linen.

EDITH GRAY.—1. If your chintz bed-furniture be worth it send it to a proper person to be calendered, and do not spoil it by attempting to do it at home. 2. Certainly, you had better now resume your practising, but you must get others to recommend new pieces, as it is contrary to our rules to do so. Your father must hold the Queen's commission to be entitled to give his servant a cockade.

DOT.—Without seeing the condition of your oak table we could scarcely give an opinion. Were it very badly stained it would require scraping and re-polishing, or even planing. It is a vulgar style to write the capital (or Greek) "o" instead of small ones.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—If you wish to retain the services of your servant, and require her to remain out of place so as to return to you, then "board wages" must be paid to her as well as her monthly salary unless there be an amicable arrangement made that she shall take the time of your absence as holiday time to be spent at her own home. But if you dismiss a servant altogether, a month's wages besides what may be due on her leaving, is all that you are required to pay.

ART.

MAID OF THE MILL, FROST, and BROCKER.—We have repeatedly given full instructions for painting on silk and satin. See page 399, vol. i., and many other answers.

ETHEL.—Of course, water-colour pictures are quite in their right place in a *drawing*-room. At very large evening parties it is more usual to wear a necklace than a watch-chain. At ordinary small evening parties people do not take off their watches and chains.

MARA.—You were fortunate in selling twelve dozen Christmas-cards this year. Your best plan is to procure orders for hand-painted ones from stationers. Perhaps some friend in London might take some specimens, and make personal application for you. You could also write yourself. Get some good models and observe the newest fashions in such things, and take a few lessons thus. You write well.

JANET ST. GEORGE.—Mounts for hand-screens are to be procured at fancy-work shops. Or you might buy some inexpensive Indian or Japanese screen with a bamboo frame, and use it for your own picture. See page 335, vol. i., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for the recipe for making "Potpourri."

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMILY S.—The legend is that when Sir Thomas Gresham was a little boy he was lying in a field, forsaken, weary, and ready to perish, when the chirping of a grasshopper near him attracted the attention of a passer-by, and thus he was saved for a long life of honour and usefulness. It is a pretty story, but, we fear, with as little foundation as that of Sir Richard Whittington and his cat. For over the door of the house in Lombard-street, where Thomas Gresham's uncle lived, there was carved a grasshopper; and some generations earlier, among the famous Paston Letters, are some from Jane Gresham stamped with a grasshopper on the family crest. There is a tale of the days of Sir Thomas Gresham, entitled "The Golden Grasshopper," by the late W. H. G. Kingston, well worth reading.

GREENWOOD.—Your desire to devote your restored health to the service of the sick is a very commendable one; but in some cases such creditable desires cannot be carried out; and under the disappointment which you would naturally feel, you must remember that while David's intention to build the Temple was frustrated, his desire to do so was accepted and approved. "It was well that it was in thine heart," was the answer of God. Now in reference to your being a nurse, having been four years suffering from a severe pulmonary affection, we feel sure that you are quite unsuited to such an arduous life. Strong health and nerves are amongst the essential requirements in a nurse. Do not think of it further.

LITTLE MOLLY.—Your name should be engraved or written on your mother's card. If the friends on whom you call be at home, your cards will not be needed. Tell your names to the servant who will announce you, and if your father should send his card, lay it on the hall table as you leave the house.

CELANDINE.—Feed your puppy with a little sop of bread and milk and water, or porridge and dogs' biscuits. While very young feed him night and morning.

CORAL NECKLACE.—Gooseberries are not served as a dish for dessert in society. At home, you hold the gooseberry, and having pulled off the little terminal tuft at the end, you squeeze the contents into your mouth. In reference to grapes, which always appear at dinners in society, there is a fully acknowledged difficulty. It is a safe rule to notice what the best bred persons do who are present at table with you; but it is an undoubted fact that they usually make a cup of the left hand, place it close to the mouth, and so receive the stones and skins, and convey them as privately as possible to the plate, while others swallow the whole in preference. But no one likes to do either; and the best plan is to restrict your indulgence in all such fruits to private dinners.

BESSIE.—Your poems have merit and show good feeling likewise; and you write a pretty, well-formed hand; but we cannot always publish even good amateur productions. You are right in supposing that we are neither "bewigged nor bespectacled," nor at all disposed to find fault with your kind letter. We shall always be glad to hear from so good a friend.

MILLICENT MASTERS.—We thank you warmly for your very encouraging letter, and the assurance that through the information and advice given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER you and your sisters have improved both in mind and body. Your writing is pretty and legible.

CLEMENCE TAYLOR.—You suffer from a bad circulation, produced either by insufficient clothing and food or those which are not suitable for your case, or else from too sedentary a life; or, again, you may have a feeble heart. Take exercise; use a flesh brush; eat warming food, such as lentils, beans, peas, and so forth; and wear merino under-vests and warm stockings. If not sufficient to improve your state, consult a doctor.

BEATRICE.—We hope that you have seen a doctor by this time. The advice given to Clemence Taylor would suit you; but your state demands medical supervision, especially as you have the care of an infant devolving upon you.

DIANA.—"Griséldа" was the heroine of Boccaccio's "Decameron," and was a model of patience and conjugal obedience. "The Clerc's Tale" in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" is formed upon it. Walter, the Marquis of Saluzzo, was her inhuman husband. 2. Your Christmas cards would be welcome at any hospital—many or few. We thank you for your kind letter.

TERPSICHORE.—1. Write for information to the Secretary, Trinity College, Mandeville-place, W. 2. The gentleman conducting the lady to a platform to sing should take her left hand with his right as he walks up the steps at her side, holding her hand on a level with her elbow.

ROBIN.—Enclose a note in the parcel containing the wedding gift, only inscribing upon it:—"With all good wishes (or affectionate wishes) for your happiness.—From 'Robin,'" giving your real name. Your writing is stiff and large; a more flowing hand would be prettier.

URSULA.—1. Never write, "To Mr. or Mrs. G." at the end of a private note; it is only done on business letters. 2. Pharamond, king of the Franks, was a Knight of the Round Table, and reputed to have been the first king of France, the son of Marcomir and father of Clodion. You will find him mentioned in one of Calprenède's novels, of which he is the hero. You have our best acknowledgments for your kind letter.

QUEEN BESS.—To remove a stopper from a decanter several ways may be adopted. Water, or a few drops of oil round the top; friction by means of a piece of string passed round once, and then pulled backwards and forwards quickly, and to dip the stopper into hot water.

RUBY.—Pronounce the names you give as if written Gwine-vere, Et-tar, E-no-nee, Kair-le-on, Gawain. You write fairly well.

ELEINKY.—Girls are not, as a rule, sufficiently educated to be introduced into society until the age of eighteen. Whether any, or the whole, of that education should be accomplished at school is a separate question, and must depend on the circumstances and the personal opinion of the parents.

LILY W. J. R.—You belong to your father's family. You bear his name. If he be naturalised in a foreign country, that country becomes yours. If he be a permanent settler in one of our colonies, you have, if living with him as a member of his household, adopted the colony likewise. If remaining at home in England when he emigrates, you retain your right to be English only, and not a Canadian or Australian. Attend to your spelling.

A HIGHLAND LASSIE.—We thank your aunt for her kind message, and yourself for your grateful and very well-written letter. "Sir Galahad," son of Sir Launcelot and Ganor, was one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table. He was so pure in his life that he was said to have been successful in his search for the "sangreal." He is named in Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain," ii. 13, and in Tennyson's "Morte d' Arthur."

HAPPY GIRL.—We think your lameness from a fall may have been occasioned by a partial dislocation, but whether too long ago to be "reduced" we could not tell you. Your writing is legible and in some respects well formed, though not pretty.

AGNES D.—We thank you for your recipe and kind letter. Provided that the glasses you employ be not too strong, your eyes will suffer less by their use, than from attempting to strain them unassisted. But a good oculist should determine what the magnifying power should be in your case. 2. To make rice biscuits, to every half-pound of rice flour allow a quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of pounded white sugar, and two eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, stir in the rice flour and sugar, and moisten all with the eggs, previously well beaten up. Then roll the paste and cut it out with the paste-cutter, baking them from twelve to eighteen minutes in a very slow oven.

THE CROOKIT BAWBEE.—We do not think duty would be charged if the calico and other materials were intended for your own use, as they are frequently taken out by others to our knowledge.

AN ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.—Your question on the competitions has already been answered by their announcement in the recent numbers. Your writing covers a good deal of space, and if you ever write a book we fancy you will require a special train to convey the manuscript.

NELLIE.—We should think a good dressmaker would require a premium if you lived in the house and were regularly apprenticed. But all such matters are of purely private arrangement. You write a very nice hand, and we should advise your endeavouring to improve yourself at home in every way, by reading, practising, and studying; keep a brave heart and do your duty, perhaps you will find your best blessing will come by your faithfulness in, and cheerful performance of, what is so distasteful.

DAISY.—You must, of course, take your own sponge, but soap and towels are provided by your hosts.

PATIENCE.—The words of the song you require would not be of general interest, so we could not fill our columns with them. You could easily procure a modern and good atlas in London, at one of the map publishers at Charing-cross and Trafalgar-square.

A. T. F.—"Of the dead speak nothing but good," is the translation of your Latin sentence. Your writing is neat.

AMELIA SEDLEY.—Slate is rubbed with pumice-stone, and afterwards polished with rotten-stone. You might use plaster of Paris to fill up the interstices and a very little black ink would bring it to the same colour as the slate.



"O, LAURA, THIS HEARTSEASE IS JUST THE FLOWER FOR THE EDITOR'S LETTER."
"AH, POOR MAN! HOW DREADFULLY WORRIED HE MUST BE!"

DASH.—Follow the instructions of the book.

RUTH.—Considerably more than a hundred letters come every day. It is necessary to make some selection for replies, although all letters are read. To many questions answers have already appeared in previous numbers. Others will be met by articles soon to appear. Other questions are either trifling ones or could be answered by any person at hand, by an older girl or teacher, or by referring to common school books or dictionaries. Some scores of letters ask opinions about handwriting! If all letters were answered there would be no space left for other matter.

DOT'S FRIEND.—We accept the kind little messages of "Dot," and her loving friend, with much pleasure, and have read with interest and sympathy the "jottings." The writer should not give way to a morbid despondency, because apparently no great thing has been given her to do. God selects His own instruments for His own work; and if He do not select you for any public field of usefulness, at least He gives you a private sphere of your own. If "faithful in the least things" of His, will be as acceptable to Him as if, for His sake, you had given your body to be burned. But even the "cup of cold water given in His name shall in no wise lose its reward;" and remember also that "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." When David was denied his desire to build the Temple, God accepted his intention as if he had accomplished the act. "It is well that it was in thine heart."

KITTEN.—The light carpet can be dyed, but the expense may be more than it is worth. Write to one of the London houses, and you will get some idea of the cost.

EDELWEISS.—Either oil or water colour can be used on ivory.

A. C. of E. H. S. GIRL.—You give yourself much too long a name for our columns. Exercise a little strength of will and purpose, and resolutely keep your hands still when addressed by anyone.

BRENDA.—Your confidence and hope should rest on your Saviour's death and merits, and on His readiness to "save to the uttermost," all who come unto God through Him. They should in no degree be reposed on your own "frames and feelings," nor attainments in spiritual grace. Your faith and assurance must be as feeble and defective as all your other Christian graces. Thus the more you reflect upon and exalt the love and mercy of Christ the happier you will be, and the more defective and full of shortcomings and misdoings you are in your own estimation the safer your condition is. There is much constitutional timidity in the fear of death, and moreover many of those whose lives have set the brightest examples of a "living faith," have been subject to seasons of great spiritual depression and misgivings as to their own condition. See Isaiah lxvi. 2.

MISS SHERWOOD.—We have heard that to those who like sardines it is easier to take cod-liver oil with them instead of olive oil than in any other way. Perhaps the best thing to take after a dose is lemon-juice. The latter might be diluted and sweetened a little.

FLO. E.—We are partial to seeing the hair of a young girl parted in the middle and brushed smoothly away on each side of the forehead, but there is no absolute rule at present. Your writing looks neat, but many of the letters are not formed.

FENELLA.—Beatrice di Cenci was accused of the murder of her father, but history appears obscure and contradictory on the subject. We are pleased at hearing that our paper is taken in by foreigners abroad who were "charmed with it," and thank you for the information.

IN THE DARK.—We are delighted to receive from a blind girl such a beautifully expressed letter of congratulation. It is indeed full compensation for hard work to receive such appreciative and kind letters from our readers. We need not say how much we applaud real work done by the invalid and afflicted. Your blindness will, doubtless, give you greater power with your scholars. We might whisper to you for your encouragement that one of our most respected contributors, Miss Alice King, the writer of several articles in this magazine and the author of "From Strength to Strength," is quite blind, and does her literary work by means of a type-writing machine.

BUTTERCUP.—The name "blight" is used vaguely for various diseases of plants. Usually we mean that caused by the minute insects called "aphides." There is no certain remedy. Tobacco smoke and tobacco juice may do some good, but not so much as careful removal of the insects as they appear, and keeping the plants in good air and light.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 70.] APRIL 30, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

BY ALICE KING.



CHAPTER V.

MISS NANCY'S mind was much exercised and troubled about that mysterious letter for several days, and for several days she did her best to try to find out something with regard to it. She employed every possible means with her brother; she was persuasive, she was snappish, she was artful, she was sullen, but all in vain, the old gentleman would not let a ray of light on the subject reach her. Sometimes he would take the line of not seeming to understand what she was wishing to know, and sometimes he would stop her mouth with a brief, stern word. At last Miss Nancy grew tired of the matter, and made up her mind it would be more for her dignity

[*All rights reserved.*]

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

to appear to forget it; so Matthew Lindhurst was molested no further by her on the point.

As for Ruby, the only other person who had noticed the old man's manner that morning at the breakfast table, she, girl-like, naturally enough never gave the subject another serious thought; she did not hear that any misfortune had happened to Mr. Lindhurst of which that letter could have brought him the news, and so she concluded that, after all, it must have been only some slight passing annoyance. Ruby, however, did at this time observe one thing in the old gentleman, and this was a certain increase of gentleness and softness in his manner to herself; it seemed as if a chord of music had been wakened somewhere in his soul to vibrate for the girl alone, for towards others he was much what he had been before.

One morning, later on in the winter, Ruby rose at early dawn, as was often her custom, first to take a little walk in the brisk air, and then to get a space of free time for reading before the rest of the family came down; whenever in the middle of the day she took up a book there seemed always to be a conspiracy, formed by the restless brains of Miss Nancy, or the chronic indolence of Miss Ringwood, for compelling her to put it down before she had well got into the meaning of the page beneath her eyes. Besides, Ruby had taken lately to visiting some of the poor cottages in the neighbourhood, and she wanted to give all the spare moments she could in the day to cheering a sick girl of her own age who was living near. The work was very congenial to her sweet sympathetic nature, and often soothed her after the many little irritating worries of her daily life; it seemed to her, too, a high and a precious privilege to be allowed to do anything for Christ's poor. No one had taught her that by either precept or example, but little Ruby knew it of herself.

The girl's heart was very full of melody in spite of all her many small troubles, as she passed with quick, light steps down the shrubbery walk, with the keen, still, frosty air around her, with the rising winter sun casting a red glow over the old grey house, until it looked as if it were built up of walls of rosy fire, with the ground beneath her feet all carpeted with glittering silver, with the leafless trees turned into groves of living crystal, that sparkled in the sunshine as though a whole crowd of winter fairies had been busy all night hanging jewels all over them, with the fields around and the distant hills all one great white glory of glistening brightness. The girl's soul went up in a strong, sweet prayer, as she gazed on all the radiant beauty of God's world around her, and she asked for power and opportunity to do more for her Master; then the thought of that beautiful dream of hers came back to her with renewed distinctness, and seemed to make the morning yet more bright, and a clear, low voice, which she knew to be her mother's, appeared to whisper in her ear—

"I told them to call you, Ruby, because I would have you so shine before men that one day you may be a jewel fit for the crown of the dear Lord in heaven."

Yes, her name had in truth a deep, holy meaning in it, if only she could live up to it; but how was she, poor little Ruby, to do that? Had she not lately often dimmed the gem of her Christian courage by many a repining thought and weak yielding to small temptations? How could she dare to fancy that she should be brave and true, if any great field of work for God, such as she loved to fancy as coming in her path, were to open before her, when she had served her King so imperfectly in little trials? The child's tears fell as she asked herself these questions, but she prayed with redoubled earnestness,



A MORNING WALK.

and her young face grew bright and calm once more, and her heart became light again, and as full of sunshine as the eastern sky, as many a precious Bible text came floating round her to comfort her.

She turned down a side walk, and child-like, for still she was often little more than a child, found real hearty pleasure in feeding a whole assembly of birds with a piece of bread which she took from her pocket. From her earliest years she had been thoughtful for and careful of God's dumb creatures, and they all seemed to know it, and to love her and trust her. What a pretty picture she made standing there with the ruddy morning sunlight wrapping her in a crimson halo, with the frost-touched branches of the trees flashing on every side of her, with her fair, earnest eyes fixed on the little, feathered group at her feet, with her slight, graceful figure bent a little forward in her childish eagerness, with her small busy hands scattering industriously the plentiful meal, with her red lips parted in almost breathless interest, as she watched how a bold saucy robin successfully bore away the very largest fragment from his rival, an orange-beaked blackbird, and how a sly, tiny tomtit stole into the midst of the struggling throng, and carried off the next best prize.

Ruby was still standing fully occupied with her birds, who seemed to view her friendly neighbourhood quite fearlessly, when suddenly she was startled by the sound of voices near at hand. Who could it be? She knew that none of the family, not even any of the servants, who were rather late risers in the winter, ever came out so early as this. Could it be the old gardener talking with some friend he had brought with him? It was an unusual thing for the somewhat sour, silent, old man to do. She listened more attentively, and soon became certain that the voices were those of a man and a woman, and that they came from the direction of a little wicket gate, which led from the shrubbery into the meadow beyond, and of which Mr. Lindhurst always kept the key, because it was one of his many fancies to be especially particular about any one going in and out of his premises that way; he had an idea that intruders from the neighbouring village might enter there who might harm his trees and plants. Ruby had hardly become sure of the different sexes of the two speakers when another noise met her ear, a noise which was like the sharp ring of the latch of the gate when closed by a hasty hand. How very strange, thought Ruby; who can be passing that way when Mr. Lindhurst never lets the key go out of his own possession? She had scarcely had time, however, to shape this question in her mind when she heard a heavy step, beneath which the hoar-frost crackled, coming up a walk near at hand, and an instant after, who should appear in view but Mr. Lindhurst himself!

Mr. Lindhurst out at this hour! Ruby's astonishment grew more and more keen. She knew that there was nothing further from the old gentleman's general habits than early rising and a walk before breakfast; on a frosty morning like this it was the sort of thing which, usually, he would have thought utterly destructive of his ease and comfort, and quite ruinous to his health. But Ruby's astonishment at such an unusual circumstance was swallowed up in wonder about Matthew Lindhurst himself, when he was near enough to her for her to see his face distinctly. There had come a great change over that face, such as might come over some frozen northern lake if suddenly a stream of spring sunshine should pour down upon it, and a mighty wind of God should sweep across it, waking the waters out of their winter sleep, breaking up the ice, making the green waves leap up and curl their foam-crowned tops, and rejoice in new life. All the hard lines in the old man's face were softened, his eyes were filled with tears, his lips were quivering; and yet, though such things as tears and trembling lips are in most faces signs of sorrow and suffering, they were not in his. Ruby fancied that he looked years younger than he did when she last saw him, and that, had she come to him at

this moment to ask him to do some great, or generous, or noble, self-denying act, she would have been quite sure that he would have granted her request; as, by a quick, enlightening instinct, the child seemed all at once to be certain that there was more in Matthew Lindhurst's nature to love and to honour than she had ever dreamt of before.

Ruby was standing so entirely hidden by the trees that Mr. Lindhurst, who was coming along a different walk through the shubbery from the one in which she was, could pass by without knowing that she was there; and, taught by some rapid inward intuition, she drew back, and resolved that he should not know she had seen him at this time—something told her that he would not wish any eye except the eye of God to be upon him. As he passed the spot where he stood she heard him murmur,—

"Oh Lord my God, I have sinned against Thee, in that I have let my heart lie dead within me for these many many years."

After that a turn in the walk concealed him from her sight.

For some time Ruby stood wrapped in wondering thought. Who could Mr. Lindhurst have gone out so early to meet? For she was certain that he had met some one, and that he had been talking to the person, whoever it might be, at the little wicket-gate, and had let the mysterious stranger out at it. What had brought about that wondrous change in his face?

Why, if there was indeed much that was noble and beautiful in his nature, was it hidden by such a thick outside crust of selfishness and indolent self-indulgence, and harsh bitter judgment of his fellow-men? All these questions crowded in perplexing confusion on the child's mind, as she went slowly back towards the house. On one point she made up her mind, and that was, that she would breath no word to any one of what she had seen that morning. She was somehow certain that the old man would rather have it so; and open and fearless as her nature was, Ruby could keep a secret.

(*To be continued.*)

WINDOW GARDENING.

By Cotsford Dick.



THERE are many people who dearly love flowers, yet have neither garden nor greenhouse of their own. To such the question how to grow plants successfully in windows is of the greatest interest. With them it is the case of Mahomet going to the mountain. The garden won't come to them out of doors, so they must bring it into the house. Nothing appears more simple or easy than to buy a few favourite plants, and place them in the window-box, if there is one, or on a stand in the room. Certainly that is not a difficult thing to do, but that is only the beginning. Now that you have brought the plants indoors, you must treat them properly, much as you would treat yourself; even *more* carefully, for a plant in a pot in a hot room, is more or less in an unnatural condition, and demands the greatest solicitude. Plants have not the same power of resistance in adverse circumstances that human beings have, and a child might sit for some hours in a room the air of which is vitiated by gas with only the effect of a slight headache, a condition of atmosphere which would undoubtedly kill outright a cyclamen or a maiden-hair fern were these plants placed therein for any length of time.

Light, air, and water are the three principal agents which help to nourish flowers and keep them in a healthy condition. Let us consider each in turn.

Light plays a most important part in vegetable existence. Plants are almost entirely composed of water and carbon. When the sap is spread out on the leaves it discharges by exhalation about two-thirds of its water; but this process only takes place in the light, for darkness stops it. The leaves then inhale a portion of oxygen, which uniting with the carbon in the sap produces carbonic acid. The light here again is called upon to help the plants, and has the effect by its continued action of decomposing the carbonic acid thus formed, exhaling the oxygen and fixing the carbon in the sap. Carbon, it is said, is of a very deep blue colour, and being seen through the thin yellowish outer covering or bark of the leaves, causes them to appear green. Hence when from deficiency of light the deep blue carbon is not formed, plants appear no longer green, but sickly. Now although all this may seem difficult to understand and full of strange words, yet if you read it over two or three times carefully, and *talk about it*, you will soon learn what it means. You will also see the reason why plants should not be allowed to remain in bedrooms at night, as in the dark they absorb the oxygen and do not give it out again. Thus they are taking away from the human being, who may be sleeping in the same room, all the life-giving property of the air. Some invalids are very prone to fill their rooms with powerfully scented flowers; these should always be removed as soon as it becomes dark. If you have plants on a stand in the window they should be so arranged that each one gets its full complement of light, and every pot should be turned half round each morning, otherwise they will grow one-sided; the part which is always to the light being fuller and stronger than that which is turned towards the room; but by constantly shifting the pots this will be avoided. A deep bow-window facing south is the best exposure, where the morning sun can come in on the east, and the light of the setting sun on the west, especially in winter. If the choice is between an easterly or westerly window, choose the easterly one, as the morning sun is better than that of the afternoon. The plants should be as close to the light as possible, as thereby there is less danger of their becoming "drawn."

Air.—Ventilation is quite as necessary in winter as in summer, and there are very few days in the year on which the window should not be opened from the top to admit fresh air. But when you open the window mind and shut the door, for a draught is most prejudicial to plants, as well as to human beings. The more heated the room is at night where your flowers are, the more will they require the renovating effects of fresh air in the morning. Light will not do without air, the free admission of which will render the plants strong and hardy.

Water.—We now come to the consideration of watering, which is a subject of the utmost importance, and in the administration of which more mistakes are made than in almost any other department of plant culture. The window gardener should thoroughly understand *when* and *how* to water, a knowledge which is gained by experience better than by any hard and fast rules which may be laid down. The principal thing is to keep to a regular system in your watering. Look over your plants every evening in summer, and every alternate morning in winter. Cleanliness is of the first importance. No dirty plant will thrive. The fine dust always floating about a room settles upon the plant, and chokes up the pores of the leaves. Where the leaves are smooth (or shiny) this may be easily removed by washing with a small sponge; but where they are soft and covered with small hair greater caution should be used in the washing of them, lest they become injured in the process. Dirt must never be allowed to become incrusted on the leaves, which are to the plants what our lungs are to us. Nothing is so refreshing to them as a natural shower bath. Never therefore lose the opportunity of giving your plants this healthy washing, and turn them out without fear in the summer time whenever a gentle warm rain is falling. Syringing will in some measure answer this purpose, but the plant should be laid on its side, so as to prevent the water running down into the flower-pot.

A great point to be kept in view is, that in winter water is merely required to maintain life, whereas in summer, when growth is active, enough must be given, not only to supply waste, but to allow of the formation of new tissues. If plants grow freely, copious watering must be the rule, as if the pot is well-drained no bad results need be feared. In a good soil the water passes rapidly away. A plant will therefore generally be the healthiest which requires water the most frequently, as it shows that the roots are assimilating the nourishment afforded them. Do not water a plant that is already wet, but wait until it dries, and then give it sufficient water to moisten the ball thoroughly. A little water is a dangerous thing, as it excites the roots without nourishing them. Better is it to water much and seldom than little and often.

Be careful to empty the saucers in which flower-pots stand directly the water has passed through the ball of earth, and never (as I have seen some people do) pour the water from the saucer back again on the plant. The general appearance of the soil, and feeling it with the finger will, after some practice, teach the amateur when plants require water. Soil, when moist, is much heavier than when dry; you will therefore in time be able to tell the state of the earth in the pot by lifting it and testing its weight.

Now, as regards the water to be used:—1. Always use soft water in preference to that drawn from wells or springs. And—2 (which is most important of all), never use *cold* water. From October to May the water should always be equal in temperature to the atmosphere of the room in which the plants are growing. In fine summer weather the water is *naturally* warm enough, but even then it should be allowed to remain exposed to the sun for some hours before it is used. Thus water drawn in the morning may be given to the flowers in the evening. In the winter it is an excellent plan to empty the soapy water from your washing basin into a watering-pot, and, adding a little more pure water to dilute it further, apply it tepid to the plants. This is the plan I always pursue, and find it answer admirably. Of course soap as pure as is procurable should be used—a matter quite as important for your plants as for your face and hands! The leaves, however, must not be touched with this soapy

water. Pure water (still tepid) should be given to them, as nothing of the nature of manure should ever come in contact with their delicate fibres; also the leaves must not be syringed when the sun is shining upon them, or they will turn brown. You may water the roots of plants in hot sunshine (although it is not advisable to do so), but never the leaves.

Now let us consider the treatment of your window-garden, first in winter, and then in summer. In winter it must have all the sunshine you can give it during the short day. Often, in a town especially, no ray of sun will penetrate the thick foggy atmosphere, and, when deprived of this natural and healthy stimulant, plants will need all your care and protection. At night, when the curtains are drawn, remove the pots away from the window, which is generally the coldest part of the room. A frosty night will injure them seriously if exposed to the influence of the draught, which more or less comes through all windows. The gardening must be entirely confined to the room in winter. Nothing outside, with our frosts and fogs, will do. If you have a glass box outside the window for flowers, you must leave the window open, so that the plants get the warmth of the room, and this glass box should fit tightly to the sill, so that no draughts are possible. I have seen heaths and primulas killed in a single night in London in one of these cases from the effects of a sudden frost, and where the window into the room was closed. It is most difficult to keep any but the hardiest shrubs in London in one of these window glass-houses. The flowering plants must be in the room.

Now for the plants suitable for the winter window-garden. First, bulbs, which you can put into pots yourself at the end of October. Crocusses, hyacinths, narcissus, winter aconites, and tulips; these will give you a nice show, and are very little trouble. Put in plenty of drainage (that is, pieces of broken crocks), and mix the soil with fine sand, and you will be sure to succeed, and in February you may look for results. Secondly, flowering plants, which if you buy you must obtain as thick and bushy as possible, not long and lanky, and turn the plants gently out of the pots before you purchase them, to see that they have plenty of roots. Your choice will lie among azaleas, the winter cherry, cyclamens, cinerarias, primulas, the yellow coronilla (a capital window plant), heaths, and the beautiful and sweet-scented Daphne indica. I consider it a mistake to attempt geraniums or fuschias in winter, as they are sure to get scraggy and leafless. Thirdly, you can have as a background for your flower-stand some foliage-plants, which do well in a room, viz., a dracœna, aucuba japonica, eonymus, echeveria, a yucca (if you have room for it), and a hardy palm, like chamærops humilis. A judicious selection from the above will make any room look gay, and afford you the greatest interest all the winter.

The following novel method of cultivating hyacinths has been tried with success this winter:—Place at the bottom of a large china bowl several lumps of charcoal, then a layer of nice green moss without soil. Place the bulbs on the moss, and cover well with more moss. Water about twice a week with tepid water. The bulbs should be planted in a circle, and the bowl placed in the light. I cannot answer for the following recipe for a window ornament, which, however, seems worth trying:—Soak a round piece of coarse sponge in warm water until it is thoroughly expanded. After squeezing it nearly dry, place in the openings rice, hemp, red clover, and canary-grass seeds. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun shines a part of the day, and sprinkle it lightly with luke-warm water every morning for a week. Soon tender leaves will shoot out, and, growing rapidly, will form a mass of green. If regularly sprinkled the blossoms of the clover will appear.

We now come to speak of summer window-gardening, and I think that nothing answers so well as a box. Plants in pots on a dry position like a window-sill, exposed to the air on every side, quickly get dry in summer, and unless constantly watered too often become withered and stunted. Besides which, if placed in a south window, the pots get so hot that the tender roots inside are scorched and much injured. So that it is better, if you still desire to have pot plants, to protect them in some way, and the best means of so doing is to have a suitable box made to fit the window-sill, in which your pots can be sunk, surrounded with moss or cocoa-nut fibre refuse, to keep them steady, and retain moisture. This box should be as large and as wide as possible, and can be put together by any carpenter for a trifling sum. About a dozen holes should be made in the bottom, and three or four cross strips about half an inch thick be nailed on the bottom so as to allow the water to run away freely. A coat of green paint outside will give it a finish. Much enjoyment can be obtained from window-gardening in summer if, instead of plunging potted plants in your box, you plant them out in soil. Some flowering plants do better in the soil, released from their pots, but, on the other hand, they cannot be changed so easily, so as to afford variety, as when they are in their pots.

In preparing a box for a garden put a good large flat crock, or piece of broken tile, over each hole, and then cover the bottom with about two inches of crocks; over this lay some half-decayed manure, and fill up with soil. Any good garden earth will do if not too fine. Make the soil firm, set the plants well in, and give a good watering to settle it all.

The end of May is about the best time to fill the boxes with plants. As the weather gets warmer plenty of water will be required, which should be administered in the evening, so that the plants can take in all the nourishment and refreshment they want before the heat of the next day begins to tax their strength. If water is given in the morning it is all evaporated in a very short time, and the poor plants gain but little benefit. In order to have your box filled with flowers as early in the year as is possible, put in crocusses and hyacinths in October or November, surrounding each bulb with a little silver sand, and giving little or no water during the severe weather. When the crowns first appear they should be protected against possible damage by frost; an inverted flower-pot is a useful contrivance for this purpose. When the last bloom is over the bulbs should be taken up, and the soil somewhat renewed and prepared for the summer flowers, in the selection of which there is a goodly choice. If you are contented with annuals, some seeds of the following beautiful flowers may be sown in April:—Collinsia bicolor, Veronica Syriaca, Kaulfussia amelloides, Silene compacta, Leptosiphon roseus, Lasthenia Californica, Nemophila discordalis, Linum grandiflorum, Gilia laciniata. They should be treated very much as they are in the open garden, thinned out, &c., and will really give a beautiful display of flowers during the early summer. Annuals are too frequently looked upon as common flowers, and therefore neglected, but they amply reward the gardener who cultivates them. They are both easy to grow and effective to look upon. Should the possessor of a box be more ambitious, the following easily-grown plants will doubtless please. They may either be started early in May, or take the place of the annuals when the latter begin to flag — Calceolarias (shrubby), carnations, fuschsias (of all sorts), geraniums (flowering zonals), golden feather, lobelias, mimulas, petunias, stocks (intermediate or German), verbenas (venosa and montana). All the plants may be procured from a nurseryman, and should be quite small and bushy when purchased. A few seeds of convolvulus major sown at each end of the box, and trained up strings properly arranged outside the window, will produce a very pretty effect. The same may be said of the tropæolum canariense (canary creeper), with its rich yellow flowers and pretty foliage. Creeping-jenny makes a capital edging for a box, as it hangs over the front. We must not forget our old friend and ever-welcome mignonette, which should have a place in every window garden. When the glory of summer has departed, and the flowers are fading, a few pots of dwarf chrysanthemums, and the new Japanese anemones, will keep the window bright until nearly Christmas.

Cut flowers may be kept fresh and blooming with very little trouble. In the first place, do not *pick* any flower, but cut it sharply from the stem with a knife or pair of scissors. Next, place the flower stalks in tepid water, in which you may drop one drop of ammonia (sal volatile). Renew the water (tepid) frequently, and at the same time apply the drop of sal volatile, and just cut the ends of the stalks off with sharp scissors. By these simple means a vase of flowers will remain gay for a long time.

Ferns are at all times difficult plants to manage, as they require moisture without damp, and shade without darkness. When grown in pots they must have plenty of drainage (crocks), so that the constant water requisite does not stagnate at their roots. In a room with gas the tender varieties will never succeed, unless perpetually covered with a glass shade. A west window is better than a dark corner, as they need some portion of sunlight, especially in an English climate. What they delight in is a moist atmosphere, which in a sitting-room, heated and dried by lamps and fires, can only be afforded them by constant watering and seclusion from the air of the room by means of a hand-glass; while they are so interesting and beautiful that it is worth while to study their culture.

SEASONABLE DRESS AND HOW TO MAKE IT.



FIG. 5.

SPRING—with its violent and sudden changes, its storms and sunshine, which alternate so quickly as to render it most difficult to know

"what to wear," even in our daily walks—is certainly the most treacherous and dangerous of all the seasons of the year. To young people, full of movement and life, it is especially so, as they more easily get overheated, and are more easily tempted to throw off winter clothing than their elders. A family physician of more than usual common sense, used to say in our hearing, years ago, that "flannel and merino underclothing should be left off on the 30th of June and put on on the 1st of July again," showing that in his experienced mind the wearing of warm underclothing must be the rule, not the exception. And so we advise all our young readers, even in summer, to wear some light-warm woollen material next the skin, and to adopt our old friend's advice about the non-dismissal of it at any time in the year. We have spoken before now on the importance of an even temperature being preserved all over the body, and the great advantage the new combined underclothing gives in this way especially. All underpetticoats that are heavy and ungored should now be altered or dismissed, and others substituted which are light, warm, and well gored, and possess a deep well-cut yoke. The present excellent fashion of short dresses bids fair to prevail for some time, and there is a simple and easy method of buttoning on a train below the flounce at the back, by which a morning dress can be turned into an evening dress with no trouble. Both dresses and sleeves, too, are wider, and so there is no need of endeavouring to preserve the ungainly, ugly fashion of extremely "tied back" skirts and skeleton arms.

In the methods of making there is extreme latitude allowed, for every style of bodice is worn—the polonaise, prettily draped, and buttoned or laced either at the back or the front; the cuirass bodice, and the coat bodice, which will be worn much as it was last year, as a sufficient out-of-door covering when the weather is warm enough. They are made in the same way, but the fronts are sometimes made in extremely long points, the back being something like a coat.



FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

The three-figure illustration shows the present way of making girls' simple walking costumes. At figs. 1 and 2 the first wears a dress of serge, trimmed with velveteen, the colour of the serge being a golden brown, called *tête de faisan* (pheasant's head), the velveteen being of a darker shade, and the woollen ball-fringe rather lighter, to match the serge. This figure wears a draped polonaise, with a scarf of velveteen below the waist, velveteen cuffs, and collar, and two leaf-shaped pieces of velveteen that fall below the polonaise over the two small flounces of the skirt. The hat is of dark brown felt, with trimmings of plush, and a feather tip of the lighter shade of the dress.

Fig. 2 wears a dress of blue vigogne; the underskirt is of silk, or merino, with bands of galloon; the overskirt, which is of vigogne, opens in front, and is draped back on one side; the bodice has a plain long basque, edged with galloon, and buttoned down the front; the hat of blue straw, with a trimming of grey-green leaves to suit the colour of the blue, and a plush lining of grey-green, which shows above the forehead, where the bonnet turns up.

The third figure shows the new method of making the habit bodice this season. The fronts are pointed, the narrow basque being continued above the hips to the back, where it is pointed to match the front.

Fig. 4 is a charming girl's dress, which is especially adapted to the altering and remaking of old dresses. The material of the illustrated costume was a basket-woven beige, the bodice and sleeves being trimmed with a plaid material of silk and wool; the "Black Watch" tartan, one of the new fancy French checks, being, any of them, very pretty. This idea may be carried out for the mending and making up of old black dresses; the figured or checked material will then look best to be of old-gold and black, or red and black. The balayeuse, or kilting, should be either of old gold or red.

The bonnet illustrated at fig. 5 is a small fancy straw, lined with a shaded silk, the strings being of the same. The flowers are those of the spring, which are peculiarly suited to the use of young girls—the daisy, the snowdrop, and the violet, to add a little colour to the group.

The new spring colours must not be forgotten. Yellows and browns, both together and alone, seem to be the favourite hues of the day, and a very pleasant mixture they prove. Then comes a lovely blue hue called *saphir*, which, with *bleu de ciel* and turquoise blue, will be much used all the summer. A beautiful red, called by many names, will be much worn; it resembles a cardinal, but is deeper and richer, and reminds one of the red which in those fierce and warlike days of the Franco-Prussian war the French introduced and named *sang de Prusse*, with questionable taste. Then there are greys and drabs, without number, and a beautiful dark hue called *cassis*, which is copied from the red currant and bears its French name.

All kinds of straw bonnets are worn, and all descriptions of shapes. Many girls choose the "grannie" bonnet, which was also worn last year, and, indeed, Miss Kate Greenaway's pictures have pretty well used us to quaint old-fashioned poke shapes for young girls, and very pretty some of them look. There are plain white straws also, which exactly resemble some worn by our great-great-grandmothers, trimmed with a plain blue ribbon which almost makes them into the bonnet of the little charity girls, or the queer shape worn at the Foundling Hospital.

Belts and bags of yellow leather and others of plush have been brought out for the use of young girls, and very useful and pretty they are. The fashion of wearing belts and buckles and gathered bodices is more becoming to young figures than to old ones, and they have one great advantage, they are easily made and fitted at home.

Capes of several shapes are to be worn, the prettiest of the new ones being the "Mother Hubbard," which is exactly like the top of the cloak of that name, cut off where the sleeves are put in, just at the elbow. The gathered top and the bow at the back with the high frill are all very graceful, and this cape, though small, gives much additional warmth in the chilly days of late spring. The cape and pointed hood of the Red River voyager and the Eskimo have also been copied for one of our new spring hoods, and very becoming they are. These little capes are easily made at home, and are much newer than the sleeveless jackets which have been worn so long.

Quantities of silk and thread gloves with many buttons are prepared for the spring and summer. For the benefit of those who do not know how to wash them, we will give an excellent way: Place the gloves on the hands and wash the hands with borax water or white Castile soap, as if you were really washing the hands. Rinse in fresh water, and dry as much as possible with a towel, keeping the gloves on until they are about half dry. Then take them off carefully, and fold them up so that they may look as nearly like new gloves as possible. Lay them between two clean towels, and press them under a weight.

And now we must give a few lines to the important subject of taking care of the winter clothes that we are about to lay aside for the summer months. Furs must be shaken and well beaten with a small rod, so as to get all the dust and dirt out, as well as the eggs of the moth, which may be laid in them already. When this is done, pepper them

well with strong white pepper, and wrap them in linen, putting them away, if possible, in a tin box.

In regard to winter clothing, it is absolutely needful that it should be put away clean, and well brushed and beaten, if it is to be preserved from moths. All the greasy and dirty spots should be taken out, and in folding up the utmost care should be taken. A tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia or of hartshorn added to a teacupful of boiling water, covered up and allowed to cool, is an excellent mixture for taking out grease. Apply with a bit of sponge or flannel before quite cool, rubbing the spot briskly, having first brushed the dust well out of it. Rinse with a little clean water, and rub dry with a piece of the same as the dress, if possible.



FIG. 4.

Dry in the air, or in a sunny window. If the grease has not disappeared, go over again in the same manner, being careful to rub the same way as the nap of the materials. This recipe will take out grease, sweet or sticky spots, or anything that has not taken out the colour of the fabric.

USEFUL HINTS.

To Freshen Butter.—Melt the rancid butter into water with some coarsely-powdered animal charcoal, well sifted from dust; and then strain the butter through flannel.

A Good Way of Using Old Lawn Tennis Balls.—When lawn-tennis balls get broken, and are no longer fit for lawn tennis, it is a very good plan to make bright-coloured covers for them, and send them to the children's hospitals. The covers, for which odds and ends of wool can be used, are easily made in crochet, the two halves being worked separately, then drawn over the ball and sewn or crochetted together. They are very quickly made, and when finished are capital playthings for children, and any cracks or holes in the balls are hidden by the covers.

A SISTER'S JOURNEY.

By Isabella Fyvie Mayo.

CHAPTER III.



In those bitter days Ruth Venn first learned what it is to rise hungry from one's breakfast, and put aside half of a dry roll for one's supper. But she learned also, that while there is a part of one's courage and spirit which ebbs when one is ill-fed and ill-lodged, there is another part which quietly settles down on the ancient rock, "Though God slay me, yet will I trust in Him." And perhaps the one lesson was worth learning even at the price of the other.

At last, when only pence remained in her purse, a white-haired old steward, who had stood listening and watching her as she timidly answered a busy captain's disparaging questions, followed her up the companion ladder when the interview was over, and hinted that he knew of something which might suit her, if her requirements in the way of wage were as humble as her qualifications seemed to be. He knew the master of a small sailing vessel, just starting for Quebec, who wanted a young woman to look after a little girl during the voyage. She was his brother's child, and both her parents were dead, the mother having recently died in England, and the master wanted to take his niece back to his own folk in the Canadian township. He was but poor himself, and could not afford to give much, but what he could give was safe, would be given at once, "down on the nail," said the old steward, adding that he was a good God-fearing man, with whom he would trust a daughter of his own.

Ruth's heart leaped for joy. Not only had her plan succeeded, but she would be able to send her parents something before she went, which, beside materially aiding them, would cheer them with the assurance of her prosperity. She only felt more happy after she had seen the honest-looking grey-eyed captain and his pretty little niece. To her new master she told her simple story without disguising one fact. And after he had heard it he insisted on adding another pound to the wage they had agreed between them.

When Ruth had despatched her last letter to Convent-row, and saw the seaport fading from sight as the ship moved out to sea, she felt as if she had turned over the darkest page of her life.

She did not mind the sea-sickness which prostrated her and her little charge for the first few days. The crew were kind and cheery to them both, and the mere rest was grateful to Ruth's worn nerve and weary limbs. Nor did she fear much when the great storms came and the little ship seemed to toss here and there, like a feather in the wind. For herself she did not fear at all, but she could not help thinking of her father and mother at home, and of Harold in his dismal prison, and of her own incompleted task. But she presently remembered that if God took her from her work, then she left it in His hands.

Lengthened horrors were to follow. The ship had suffered severely, and had got far out of her track. A dead rat was discovered in the water-tank, poisoning all the store of water, and putting them on the short allowance they could get from an apparatus which made sea-water fit for drinking, and which machine itself had suffered severely during the storm. Nor had the decaying carcase been discovered soon enough to save the captain, who was a great water drinker, from catching a fever which quite incapacitated him for his duties and threatened to endanger his life. His little niece drooped and faded with fear and privation. Of the two mates, one had never made that voyage before, and the other soon showed himself a drunkard, quarrelsome and tyrannical in his cups, bringing out all that was evil and dangerous in the men under his rule. Ruth had to hear violent words and awful threats, and even to see fierce blows. It was true nobody hastened to show any unkindness to her and the child—unless, indeed, it was the drunken mate himself, who looked upon them as troublesome consumers of little luxuries he would have liked for himself. But Ruth began to see the evil that was in the men, and to discover the vile and brutal past which lay in the history of many of them. More than once she wondered if she could have undertaken this task had she foreseen all it involved; but her brave heart only answered that if not, then she thanked God that we never know the dangers which beset our duties, till our duties are half done, and the dangers are passing.

Still, for all her courage, she felt the dreadful strain of a constant nameless terror—a constant watching for what would happen, when whatever could happen was almost sure to be for the worse. And still the voyage seemed to draw no nearer to its end. And still the captain tossed in delirium, and still his little niece's cheek wore paler and thinner day by day.

Once—it was the first time for many weeks—they came for a moment within the ken of humanity. They passed another ship which, like their own, had got out of her track. Her captain and their mate hailed each other through their trumpets, but she was a faster sailer than their vessel, and they were soon left behind again.

The weather was bitterly cold by this time, and Ruth was not very well provided against its inclemency. The captain grew rather better. It was true he remained as helpless as an infant, and could not have aided Ruth in any real danger. But the fever and delirium had passed, and he could reassure and soothe her and his niece, as a good man always can.

They sighted land at last. But it was a gloomy and terrible land, not less forbidding than the waste of waters which had surrounded them so long. Ruth had never even heard its name. The captain called it the Island of Anticosta. It showed no sign of human habitation—nothing but a stretch of waving shore, here and there broken into low ravines, all dark with primeval pine and fir. The captain said there was no life upon it, except bears and wolves, and two French Canadians, set to keep a sort of watch-tower on its coast.

And while the ship was passing this inhospitable shore another terrible storm arose. It was fiercer and wilder than any which had befallen them yet—much fiercer and wilder than those which had harassed them since the captain's illness. And whether the previous ones had partly disabled the ship or whether the mate's management was unskilful, this storm proved too much for the poor "Sea Gull," and she was driven sideways and run aground, and lay a helpless mass of hull and splinters on the frowning shore of Anticosta. All got safely ashore except one sailor, whose body was washed up by the waves the next morning. For the night, they sheltered themselves as best they could, burning the brushwood to make heat for themselves and to scare any wild things which might be prowling about. Winter had now quite set

in, and everywhere was white with snow. As soon as it was daybreak the whole party set off to the watch-tower. The captain was still unable to walk, and was carried, turn about, by two of the men. The ship's cook and carpenter took charge of the little girl. And everybody, even the drunken mate, now cowed and penitent, was ready with a helping hand for poor Ruth. She needed it sorely. Her feet were cut and frozen, and every limb was numb. They had to walk many miles before they reached the lighthouse, and then it could offer few of the solaces they all required so terribly. True, there were safe shelter and fire, and a little tea and food, but no beds, no bath, no fit nourishment. And when, on the second day after her arrival, Ruth ventured to look beyond the narrow wall, and noticed some snow-covered mounds of earth scattered here and there, she was not surprised to learn that these were the graves of travellers who had been shipwrecked there before them—feeble women or maimed sailors who had succumbed to the hardships of a shelter scarcely less cruel than the devouring sea itself.

Ruth feared for the captain, the one human reliance she had. But it was not the captain who died. It was his little niece. Among the general haggardness and misery the rapidity of her fading had not shown as it would otherwise, and the sudden end startled everybody. She woke one morning, smiled in Ruth's face, called her "Mother," and prattled of sunshine and flowers which nobody else could see. Half-an-hour later she was dead, and when Ruth saw the little still countenance, and knew she would never again hear the childish treble, she realised a new loneliness, and understood how much help we get from those for whom we have to care, and how we are supported by that which leans on us.

It was many days before they were released from their solitary retreat by a vessel which brought stores to the French watchmen. And during those days, with the little grave before their eyes, and danger and hardship of all kinds surrounding them on every hand, Ruth and the young captain learned to value each other. The dark background served to set forth the courage, and patience, and gentleness of both their characters. And though it may seem at first as if life had been cheated of its sweetest holiday by this grave and solemn courtship with its stern surroundings, yet might such easily serve as a rock whereon to found the sunny bowers of household bliss.

Very light and easy seemed the privations of the short remainder of their journey, and soon after the New Year came in, they arrived at Quebec. Ruth walked up the steep streets like one in a dream, and after the cramped cabins with their recent wreckage and disorder, the strange lodging, poor enough, but neat and clean, seemed uncannily like her own old chamber in Convent Row. Woman-like, perhaps, she walked to the little looking-glass to gaze upon her own countenance for the first time after she had won a good man's love. She started. For a moment it seemed as if it was her mother's face, as she could remember it in her infancy, which looked back upon her. The girlish bloom and shyness had alike vanished. It was a resolute face now, with worn lines and steadfast eyes, and there were a few silver streaks among the golden hair.

But Ruth Venn did not forget that her brother and her brother's welfare had been the object of her journey, and that unless this was accomplished it would be a failure. This was her own work, which she must do by herself—the burden which she must bear alone, though she would not reject any friendly grasp which should strengthen her for the bearing. She settled down in a lonely lodging hard by the prison, and counted herself happy in finding work at which, with hard labour, she could earn her daily bread.

Captain Rogers presently started off on a return voyage to England. He was to go up to Medmedham and see her parents and tell all the news. Ruth managed to scrape together a trifle to send by his hand—the merest trifle, which would not have been worth sending save by such a friendly bearer. And then he was gone, and she was quite alone—an unnoticed unit on the great strange continent.

She often wondered afterwards how she lived through those days. They only who have experienced times of inactive and helpless waiting after seasons of wild excitement can know what she bore. Her work did not help her. The regular hours of silent stitching were almost an aggravation, though she felt that the constant strain necessary to make both ends meet was a great blessing. She took long walks by plain and shore; she watched the magical transformation of the Canadian spring, she found out little children and garrulous old folks for whom she could do little services. But all her life afterwards it might have been noticed that Ruth Venn always took up the suffering and sorrowful at the point where most consolers let them drop.

"The storm uses up our strength and the after-calm demands it," she sometimes said, years after, when, as a sailor's wife, many of her figures of speech were borrowed from a seafaring life.

She met Harold at his prison gate, and the two went off together to one of the townships near Montreal, where Captain Rogers had some kinsfolk who, on his recommendation, were willing to be kind to the strangers without asking too many questions. Homely work was found for Harold, wood-cutting, apple gathering, and such like wholesome occupations, which led him among simple, honest men who did not stir the old vanities nor graze the old wound. Tenderly and faithfully did the sister watch over the brother. But there was many a time when her influence would have failed and her ministrations have been thrust aside, but for the fact which touched all that was good in the lad, and which his evil genius could neither ignore nor deny—that for his sake she had taken her life in her hand, and dared the worst dangers which women dread.

While her story is being thus told Ruth Venn is seated by her own hearth in a pleasant timbered house in Sherbrooke, Canada. She is Ruth Rogers now, and her life is free from all anxieties and sorrows; except those of a woman who never sees half enough of a dear husband whose heart dwells at home while he roams the stormy seas. She is not lonely in her little home, for her father and mother have ventured out to the new country long, long ago. Old Job rather liked to renew the adventures of his youth, and his wife yearned for her children, and felt that it was better for all that she should go to them than that they should return to her.

And Harold is doing well. And when one sees how the giddy prodigal, who might so easily have become the branded outcast, is grown into the steady thriving man, with a kind word and a helping hand for everybody, though with a curious gravity which seems always struggling with the natural gaiety of his disposition, one feels what miracles may be wrought in this world, and how very near the Kingdom of God might be, if there was more of that force of love which beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

VARIETIES.

Buried Birds.

When he tries to work I tease him.

We played with rushes in the field over the brook (2).

Tea gleefully despatched they parted.

In his wanderings he encountered startling adventures (2).

How long ago? O, several hours (2).

She is never smart in the week.

Two hard-working fishermen together on the beach (2).

I caught these birds all in nets spread at night.

The Clan of the Smiths.—The clan of the Smiths is calculated to number upwards of a quarter of a million, being represented in England by one in every seventy-three of the entire population.

Buried Islands.

The friar ran as hard as he could, but even then came in last.

Are you mad, Ag? As careless as ever, I declare!

I did this sum at random I admit.

We remember mud all about the place.

No, neighbour, bonnets will never go out.

The cub and its mother were borne off in triumph.

No, a minor cannot, but a major can, I believe.

This is a nice landing for games.

WISE SAYINGS FROM CHINA.

In Confucius, the great teacher and lawgiver of China, we have an intensely earnest man, whose words have kept alive throughout that vast empire a reverence for the past and a sense of duty that have made the Chinese the most orderly and most moral people on the face of the earth, however true it may be that to "the mighty hopes that make us men" they are still strangers. Here are a few of the sayings, handed down for over two thousand years, of this famous sage:—

Regard faithfulness and sincerity as first principles.

A good man is serene; a bad man always in fear.

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.

He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray.

I will not grieve at men's not knowing me; I will grieve that I do not know men.

If in the morning you have heard the voice of celestial reason, in the evening you will be fit to die.

He who devotes himself to the study of the true and the good with perseverance and without relaxation derives therefrom great satisfaction.

When we see men of worth we should think of equalling them: when we see men of a contrary character we should turn inwards and examine ourselves.

Answer to Double Acrostic V. (p. 471).

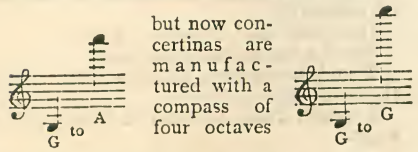
D U K E D O M
O R E
L A V E N D E R
G A R I B A L D I
E O
L A T I N
L E E
E F T
Y A R M O U T H

Answers to *Buried* Fabulous Creatures (p. 462). — Goblin, centaur, dragon, satyr, gnome.

HOW TO PLAY THE CONCERTINA.

By RICHARD BLAGROVE.

THE concertina was invented by the late Sir Charles Wheatstone about the year 1830. It is a treble instrument, and the compass when first brought out was about three octaves from—



but now concertinas are manufactured with a compass of four octaves with a complete chromatic scale.

The disposition of the notes is different from any other instrument. All those in spaces are on the right hand side, and those on lines on the left. There are four rows of keys on either side. The two middle rows are the natural notes, and the two outer rows sharps and flats.

One great charm of the concertina is the power it possesses of sustaining the sound and also of increasing or diminishing and otherwise modulating the tone, thereby giving great beauty to the whole performance. It is capable of producing many beautiful tones, harmonies and effects that are peculiar to it, besides possessing the quality of performing all music that has been written for flute and oboe, and, with very few exceptions, all violin music, being equally adapted to the most expressive passages and rapid execution.

The arrangement of the keys enables performers to play extended harmonies without having to stretch the hand. Passages in thirds are quite easy on the concertina, and those in sixths, eighths, and tenths, are, with a moderate amount of practice, comparatively easy.

The tones of the concertina blend very effectively with other instruments, and, although it has not yet been adopted in orchestras, it is (considering how long it takes to establish a new instrument) wonderful how many important works have been written for the concertina. Concertos, quintettes, quartettes, trios, sonatas, and smaller pieces have been written by Molique, Silas, Macfarren, Benedict, Regondi, &c., &c., besides numerous arrangements from operas.

During the last few years instruments have been made that rarely require tuning. This is a great boon to those who play the concertina. Amateurs sometimes complain that pianos are seldom to be found the same pitch as the concertina. That is easily obviated by having some tuning forks the required pitch, and requesting the tuners to keep the pianos to it, instead of letting them gradually get flatter and flatter, as is usually the case. This would also be the means of keeping the pianos in better order.

Concertinas are usually tuned to Broadwood's medium pitch, which is not by any means high.

It is better to commence learning the concertina sitting down, even if after a time the standing attitude should be preferred. The left side of the instrument should rest on the knee, drawing and pressing the bellows with the right hand only. To assist those who prefer a standing position, a ribbon is suspended from the instrument round the neck of the performer. It is very desirable not to depend too much on the little finger rests fixed to the side of the instrument, as in the more difficult music the little fingers are often required to move and play equally with the others.

The thumbs should be sufficiently through the straps to get a firm hold. It is very important that the inner part of the wrist near the ball of the thumb should be kept easily against the instrument, leaving the fingers quite in readiness to play.

The bellows is guided by the thumbs. It is important to acquire a good hold of the instrument in that way, it being very often as necessary to almost prevent the bellows from moving as it is to use it freely. The vibrators varying in size according to the depth of sound, the upper and smaller notes naturally require very much less air than the lower ones. During my great experience in teaching I have always



found that if the wrists are allowed to curve outwards a bad tone is produced, because the management of the bellows is lost. The fingers should be kept as close as possible to the studs or notes, which in all cases must be firmly pressed down, the modulation of tone being obtained by the proper management of the bellows.

The required sound is obtained by pressing down one or more studs or stops with the fingers, and drawing out the bellows, but no force must be used, otherwise discordant sounds will be produced, and the instrument may be injured. The bellows is moved backwards and forwards by the right hand, and it should be moved steadily, and as much as possible in a straight line, taking care not to turn or twist the instrument.

It is preferable to draw out the bellows to the full extent, and then return it without making a break in the sound. Above all, avoid changing in the middle of phrases, but study the changes the same as for taking breath in singing. The best places for changing the bellows are at the end of phrases and during rests. On commencing the study of the concertina produce the tones rather softly, which will give a power and feeling to the handling, which would otherwise be lost if the player forced the bellows.

In performing loud, soft, slurred, or staccato passages, it is requisite to press the notes well down, all the variations of tone being accomplished by the management of the bellows. In staccato passages the notes must be struck sharply, only raising the finger slightly above the notes. In order to slur a passage keep the note pressed firmly down with one finger until the other finger is ready to press the next note, causing a smooth or gliding movement, always avoiding any pause or break between.

The tremolo on the concertina is the same as that of the violin, violoncello, and guitar, and is accomplished by pressing the note firmly with the finger, the vibration or quivering being caused by the shaking of the hand and *not* by the motion of the bellows, as is generally practised. The tremolo is one of the greatest beauties in a performance, depending both upon the taste and judgment as well as the skill of the performer; but a thorough knowledge of it can only be acquired through the aid of a master.

A most valuable rule to adopt from the commencement is to play entirely without looking for the notes on the concertina.

If harsh tones are at any time produced, it is the fault of the player, not of the instrument. With very moderate artistic skill the tone should always be melodious.

The popular idea some years since was that the concertina was a very easy instrument to learn; I am glad to add that a great number of amateurs have studied the concertina as carefully as they would any other instrument, and play very beautifully.

I think I may say that no instrument suffers more from bad playing than the concertina. One reason for this is that it is *unfortunately* tolerably easy to *pick* out tunes; meanwhile the *picker* is tugging at the bellows, producing most excruciating noises, sustaining sounds which could only be bearable by their brevity, and causing any friends within earshot sincerely to wish that the concertina had never been invented. If people would remember always to press the studs firmly, and only allow the bellows to move sufficiently to produce the sound, all the harsh tones would be avoided; they do not belong to the *use* of the concertina but to the *abuse* of it.

A very important point in music is accent; without it a performance otherwise perfect becomes monotonous. It is one of the greatest difficulties on the concertina to accentuate properly, owing to the hands being occupied in drawing and pressing the bellows and the side movement of the fingers. There is no fear of making too much accent, provided it be made in the right place.

There are many charming effects produced with different kinds of concertinas: tenor, bass, and double-bass, to take the string parts of the viola, violoncello, and double-bass.

These are very useful to those amateurs who have not the courage or time to study stringed instruments. A very fair rendering of classical chamber music can thus be given, in which ladies can take part.

When the concertina is held on the knee care must be taken that the folds are quite clear from any portion of the dress.

There is usually a tendency to lower the bellows in drawing it out. It is much better to keep it as straight as possible.

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER I.

RANDOM SHOTS.

"OH, dear Catharine!" said Mrs. Townsly to her eldest daughter, "whatever shall I do when the time comes for you to leave me? It may seem selfish, but I dread to think of it, for the increase of work and responsibility it will bring. That's the worst of girls like you. Just as a mother begins to feel the comfort there is in having a grown-up daughter, she finds to her discomfiture that you will soon be leaving her for a home of your own. I suppose it can't be helped, but it's a trial nevertheless."

"Such things will occur in the best regulated families," said Catharine, demurely. "Still, mamma, 'sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.' It will be at least a year before I can be married. If the young girl we have taken in the kitchen remains, I may bring her on to take Sarah's place, for she promises splendidly. Eleanor is growing up; a few months, it is to be hoped, will see her through the last of these precious examinations, and when she is free from them she may see the necessity of shaping a different course to the one she has held since she left school."

Miss Townsly spoke in quick staccato tones, and the sentences seemed to come from her imperative little lips in such rapid succession as to leave no breathing pauses. Her mother sighed, "Oh, don't remind me that there's Eleanor to fall back upon. She hates domestic



"IT'S A SHAME TO BOTHER YOU, ELEANOR, WHEN YOU'VE SUCH LOTS TO DO."

duties, and as for this being her last exam., every one she has ever gone in for was to be the last. If she is plucked she will worry herself to death over it and try again. If she succeeds, she will think she may go in for the tripos. I wouldn't care, but everything must give way before it, and it's a mercy if her health does not, irretrievably. She looks languid and listless enough."

"Yes, it's a thousand pities she is so ambitious," said Catharine. "I believe if a scholarship was promised in Sanskrit, Eleanor would imagine she might get a Sanskrit cram, and try."

"It is in vain to remonstrate," rejoined her mother; "but it's little use she will be to me—that I can see very plainly."

The tone in which Mrs. Townsly said this was tried. A young lady who had been sitting within the folding doors of the conservatory lifted herself up slowly from her stooping position. From her heavy eyes two sudden, unexpected tears had fallen on the map where she was tracing the numerous tributaries of the broad American rivers. She had but just woke up to the fact that her presence was unsuspected, but in proudly walking out of hearing she walked into sight. She was an interesting-looking girl, and lady-like in appearance, though she might with advantage have paid a little more attention to her toilet that morning.

No wonder either that her mother was uneasy about her health. She was thin and haggard; her step was slow and undecided, and her head bent forward or to one side as if the slight, supple neck were unable to bear its weight. A profusion of dark hair, left loose about her neck and shoulders, gave her, with her small face, the appearance of being all leaf and no flower.

Yet Eleanor had never anything the matter with her. The flush on her cheek in the evening, and the brightness of her eye, were proofs of how well she felt, even if such signs were wanting in the morning. Occasionally, during the last year, she had been taken to a doctor, and he had given her a tonic; but Dr. Downes, with all his wisdom, could hardly keep a young lady in health who sat up at nights poring over books until the letters swam before her aching eyes, and who never with good will exercised any part of her physical system but the already overtaxed brain.

This she goaded on as relentlessly as the most merciless slave-owner could have goaded on his slave; and well for her if, like a maddened slave, the ill-used brain did not turn round upon her and exact a terrible revenge.

When she had retired, Mrs. Townsly expressed her regrets for the words she had overheard.

"I have long given up contending with the poor child, for I see she must follow her own bent; but, whatever I might say to her, I shouldn't like her to think she was the subject of unkind remark."

"No," said Catharine, "it would do no good; though I often wonder at her indifference to the criticisms of the boys. She was once so sensitive to what Frederic might say; now she regards him as a kind of reference-book, or Universal Preceptor. When she has got what she wants out of him, he complains that she dismisses him as coolly as she would put a book back into the library."

"It all comes of being so absorbed. I suppose she cannot help herself. She was born to be a scholar, but she was a much pleasanter and more companionable girl before she imbibed this rage for attainments, and delighted in good reading and conversation, and, as it seemed to me, more in learning for its own sake."

Having reached her own little sanctum, Eleanor sat down, with her elbows on her writing-table, and gave rein to the reflections that her mother's remarks upon her had awakened.

"No one understands me," she said, bitterly. "They all amuse themselves at my expense, or are altogether intolerant of me. They say that I am indifferent, but do not know how I am wounded by *their* indifference. It is natural mamma should be full of Catharine's engagement to Mr. Lovell; but for a long time now a new crochet pattern of Catharine's has been of far more moment to her than any of my most cherished schemes. If I am of no good to her I am treated accordingly; but why am I so rated? Simply because I'm not head over ears in domestic management, or busying myself from morning till night in altering dresses and bonnets, or in caricaturing patterns borrowed from the papers. No one who is working for an object can help appearing selfish; but, if 'knowledge is power,' I am only preparing to be useful in the future—*how*, events must determine. If I had to earn my own living it would be plain enough, and there would be no censure. What a pity it is that the ideas of a woman's mission in the world should be limited to vulgar cares and trifling services in the narrow circle of her home, or to parochial benefactions, which would be quite as well looked to without her as with. When I was a mere child, studying for the junior Cambridge, every one encouraged me; but now that I am on full stretch for higher honours, even mamma looks coldly on me, and must speak of me to Catharine as an unmitigated 'ne'er-do-weel.'"

It is hard not to be able to command a spot to be miserable in: at that moment the housemaid tapped at the door, and Eleanor was reminded that it was the day for that functionary's performances in her bedroom. In despair she betook herself to the breakfast-room, but, unable to concentrate her mind upon her studies, because of the personal grievance that had taken possession of it, she resumed her angry meditation, relieving the egotism thereof by recalling all she had heard on the subject of woman's rights, or, rather, woman's wrongs. So occupied, it was not difficult for her to convince herself that she bade fair to be one of the most deeply-injured of the sex.

There are some lines in "Aurora Leigh" which are quite *apropos* of the conclusion to which Eleanor came on the subject of woman's work:—

"By the way,
The works of women are symbolical:
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary—or a stool
To stumble over and vex you . . .
Or else, at best, a cushion where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be for your sake. Alas! alas!
This hurts most—this, that after all we are paid
The worth of our work, perhaps."

But the fair Aurora did not find much satisfaction in the toil of acquisition to which her blue stocking aunt had compelled her, since she likened it to the water-torture. She neither thought herself better nor wiser for having—

"Learnt the royal genealogies
Of Oviedo, the internal laws
Of the Burmese empire; by how many feet
Mount Chimborazo outsoars Teneriffe;
What navigable river joins itself
To Lara, and what census of the year five
Was taken at Klagenfurt."

And Eleanor might have to find that the knowledge she was acquiring could not all be massed into so much power.

Aurora Leigh was a genius, and to geniuses is excused a little impatience of scholastic drudgery. What they learn is to them what the mulberry-leaf is to the silkworm; but our heroine was no genius, nor did she mistake herself for one. She might graduate into a learned lady, a *bas bleu*, but she would never be a strong, original thinker, or even a woman of versatile talent. And, indeed, in the opinion of her friends her faculties were being benumbed and cramped for want of fuller play; while in her opinion she was enlarging her powers, in theirs she was narrowing them. Now it must be confessed that for all Eleanor's anger, it sometimes dawned upon her that the balance of reason might be on their side; and this morning, while she pondered what arguments she could find in her own justification, a voice within her was suggesting unwelcome answers to them all.

She would not willingly admit that the voice was the voice of conscience, for Eleanor knew that conscience was, as an old writer says, God's vicegerent in the soul, wherefore its dictates must be obeyed; but let it be the voice of conscience or no, she could not hinder it from being heard.

And now she was asked for the real motive of all this application. Was her heart set on extended usefulness, or on the distinction that success must bring?—a distinction much less rated by her family now than at the outset seemed possible.

And how could any success compensate her for becoming a cypher in the home circle? No matter what was to be done *she* was never asked to do it.

while if even Sarah found herself "overset," as she phrased it, she would make free to tell Miss Catharine. What would become of the house and of her delicate mamma when Catharine was married? Eleanor brightened as she remembered that she might then take a rest from books and throw herself into the gap,—

"And utilise all this hardly acquired knowledge?"

She didn't see what niche it would find in the household economy. Very little of it would be wanted, and she started as it occurred to her how deficient she was in household matters. She knew nothing of the mysteries of store-room and linen-press, of wine-cellar and meat-safe. She wouldn't know how to order a dinner, or choose a chicken in the market. She couldn't show a servant where she was wrong if mistakes occurred, nor judge of the time that any household task should take in its accomplishment. But Catharine did, and had long relieved her mother of all but a nominal responsibility.

Mrs. Townsly had apologised for Eleanor by saying that she had no adaptation for such duties. But then Catharine had not found them easy at first. She had acquired her knowledge by using her powers of observation, in lack of the instruction she ought to have had. She had never been above learning from inferiors, and she had practised and persevered in habits of order, early rising, watchfulness over others, and self-denial, till they had become a second nature. It was only her just reward, then, that her mother should feel in losing her that she was losing the one out of her family whose absence must create the greatest blank. Eleanor could not but acknowledge that it was, and when she thought of Catharine's duties as devolving upon her she felt perfectly dismayed. Never did the sum of little sacrifices, and the occupation of little fragments of time in little acts that would be noticed only in omission, seem to her so great as now. She knew that she could not step into her sister's place at her pleasure; she had no fitness for it.

"But why should a human being's time, even for the sake of others, be consumed in such material work and such unconsidered trifles?" she asked bitterly. "Ah, if I had the ordering of things, society should go back to a much plainer style of living. I would banish a lot of the superfluous, inartistic ornamental. I would have plain meals plainly served, and there should be no elaborate anti-macassars on chairs, or rug-work on fender stools. The engraving, the drawing, the vase filled with flowers, should be my style of decoration."

Yet to this the persistent voice replied that rarely were the flowers in the vase of her arranging.

Even this small service of the beautiful must be performed by her mamma or the unfailing Catharine.

At this moment entered the youngest boy, Harry.

"Oh, you're here, I thought Catharine was," he exclaimed, in a disappointed tone. "Do you know where I shall find her, Eleanor?"

"She went out a quarter of an hour ago. I saw her pass down the garden-walk."

"What a bother!" he exclaimed, beating a quick retreat.

"Harry!" called Eleanor.

"Well, what?" he returned to ask.

"What did you want Catharine for?"

"Only an elastic sewing in my cap. The wind's high; I can't keep it on. Such a nuisance!"

"And could no one put you an elastic in your cap but Catharine?" exclaimed Eleanor, as she reached out her hand for it.

"Oh! I knew you *could*; but you always say you're 'engaged,' and 'not *just now*.' It's a shame to bother you, Eleanor, when you've such lots to do," he added, as he saw the look of pain that passed over her face, and saw, too, that she had been crying.

"No, it's no shame, Harry. An elastic is soon sewn in. The question is where to find one. I'll look in mamma's work-basket."

"Mrs. Townsly supplied her with a piece, and the boy's bright look when he thanked her, mingled with an unmistakable expression of surprise, went to Eleanor's heart, convicting her of more lost opportunities for sowing little seeds of kindness than she could bear to look upon. But a feather will show where the wind blows from, and a wise mariner, by knowing the quarter it is in, knows how to take the tide and accommodate his course.

It is possible that Eleanor may alter hers if she sees that it is better for her to do so.

(To be continued.)

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.



THE time for Margaret's *bête noir*, the dreaded spring cleaning, had now indeed come; had it been longer deferred, its name would hardly have been applicable, for the spring was passing swiftly away.

Margaret had borne in mind Mrs. Trent's advice not to begin to clean till fires were done with; but a very cold and late spring indicated that fires would be necessary for some time to come, so that lady advised her no longer to put off the evil day, though, when practicable, fires should be given up first.

Having kept her house as clean as possible, taking every room and passage in turn, so that no part had been neglected, she felt justified in departing from the time-honoured custom of having a thorough upset. It is always necessary, however, even in a house the daily or weekly cleaning of which is rigorously performed, to have a sort of "wash and brush up"; for, in the cleanest house, the summer sun, penetrating into every corner and cranny, will discover a kind of dingy air, the result of long days of fog, and damp, and smoke.

Margaret's first step was to turn out all the cupboards and drawers in the house. Each drawer as it was emptied was carried out into the little yard at the back of the house, and thoroughly brushed out, then relined with large sheets of paper, which Margaret had bought for the purpose, before being brought back into its place.

As the cupboards could not be treated in quite the same way, a dust sheet was spread at the bottom and in front of them, and Betsy, armed with a dusting brush, swept down the walls and every corner, while Margaret was looking over the contents. When both those operations were finished, everything was put back that was not condemned as rubbish, of which a wonderful stock seemed to have accumulated during Margaret's short reign.

The crétonne chair-covers and bedroom hangings were next looked over, two or three dirty ones sent to be cleaned, and a note made of the fact that directly the cleaning was over two new covers must be made for two drawing-room chairs to replace the very shabby ones, which would just do to cover the old chairs in the boys' bedroom.

The window blinds next called for attention. All the upper rooms of the house were fitted with white ones, while the sitting-rooms had venetian blinds. The bright sunshine showed very plainly that the white linen was getting very dirty, and Joanna had told Margaret that washing it did not answer, as it always hangs badly after that process. But, as Margaret was cherishing a scheme for wonderful improvement in the drawing-room, she was loth to spend the money on anything so uninteresting as new blinds. She concluded, however, that it was imperative to get them for the two front rooms; but for the back of the house she simply took them off the rollers and turned them top to bottom; the upper parts, being rolled up all day, were hardly soiled at all, and looked quite nice and fresh.

Another day was devoted to the book-cases, and the labour of that devolved almost entirely upon Margaret. She allowed Betsy to help her at first, but found her simple mind quite incapable of perceiving the advantage of putting a magazine for 1880 next to one for 1879; nor could she understand why volumes of poetry, history, and science should not be all put upon the shelves indiscriminately.

"Sure, Miss Margaret," she said, "mine looks the best, if you'll excuse me saying so, for I've put all the green books together, and you've got the colours all mixed up anyhow."

She was very useful, however, in dusting the books. Clapping them together to shake off the dust was an operation which she thoroughly enjoyed, and made such a noise over that Margaret, who was getting a violent headache with the repeated bangs, was compelled to go away and leave her alone to clap in peace, though she knew the books would be in a state of hopeless chaos on her return.

In this way every department of the house was looked over and examined, but Margaret wisely determined to postpone the shaking of carpets, and all the other branches of cleaning which tend most to the discomfort of the household, till they should all be away for their summer holiday.

When all else was done, the winter curtains were taken down, shaken, brushed with a soft curtain brush, and stowed away on the top shelf of the linen press. They were replaced by cream-coloured lace ones in the drawing-room, as that colour keeps clean much longer than white, and in the dining-room by plain book-muslin edged with a frill, and looped back with a broad band of ribbon.

Margaret could not but be amused at Betsy's utter want of thought in sweeping a room. She had never before happened to witness this performance, and was amazed to see her maid begin to sweep just inside the room, and sweep *away* from the door, leaving the corners till the last, when she would rake out of them all, or as much as she could get, of the dust she had just swept in. As she frequently left the windows shut during the performance, the result of all her labour was simply that the dust flew up from the carpet, and settled on the sheets with which the furniture was covered, till they, in their turn, were hastily taken off, when it was shaken back on to the floor again. By this process the dust was perhaps more evenly distributed over the room than it had been before, but certainly none of it was entirely removed.

The morning's dusting was conducted in much the same way, simply being a flapping of dust from one place to another.

Betsy was astonished at her own stupidity when it was pointed out to her, and saw at once the wisdom of brushing from the corners into the middle of the room first, when a good deal of the dust and flue could be collected in the dust-pan and thrown into the fire. The advantages of the wide open windows were so evident that they hardly needed pointing out. Margaret advised her also, instead of hastily dragging off the dust sheets, to fold them over carefully so that the dust which had been allowed to settle on them should not be shaken off again, and then to carry them straight out into the yard and shake them there. In finishing the room, all possible articles were quickly wiped over with a slightly damped cloth, that being, as Margaret had often observed, the only way of really *removing* dust. Those which would not bear this treatment were done in the ordinary way, only that she insisted upon its being performed carefully, so as to, as far as possible, *collect* the dust into the duster, which was then shaken outside, instead of being slapped about in the usual style.

"Well, miss," said Betsy, "it do seem so simple when you just point it out to me, but then I never can think on these things unless I'm showed."

And Margaret felt thankful for a servant who did not mind being "showed." Another perplexity had lately been about the management of the linen press. This was placed in a small room, the rest of which was used for a box-room. Being against the outside wall of the house, it was somewhat damp, and now and then a few spots of mildew on the linen would fill Margaret with dismay, especially as she felt powerless to prevent this evil. A letter from Joanna in answer to one telling of her difficulties contained some suggestions:—

"It is indeed a great trouble to have a damp linen press. Do you remember how capital mine is? Of course ours being a new house we have many nice arrangements that you do not meet with in old houses, and amongst them, our linen press is heated by a hot-water pipe from the kitchen. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is.

"In your case I should recommend you to have everything thoroughly dried and aired before putting away; take the linen straight from the fire to its place in the press. Then on any bright clear day you should open the doors of the cupboard, and also the window and door of the room in which it stands, so as to get a draught of air passing through. But never do this if there is any feeling of moisture in the air, that would cause further harm.

"If the things feel damp now, take them all out and spread them in the sun if possible, or before a good fire, and leave the press doors open wide for a couple of days, then replace the contents and start fresh on my plan of airing everything before putting away; if you do this, I think you will not be troubled with mildew again.

"To ensure using the linen in proper order, you should put the articles as they come from the wash, week by week, at the *bottom* of the pile, then of course you take from the top, and there can be no using out of turn.

"I should paste the inventory of the house linen inside the press door if I were you, so that it cannot possibly be lost again.

"If any tablecloths are really too far worn for use you might perhaps get a piece out of the middle large enough for a sideboard cloth, or at any rate for fish napkins.

"Apropos of napkins, you know that Arthur is very particular about having his potatoes quite hot, and yet it is impossible to keep the cover on the dish or they become sodden. Well now, I always have them brought to table folded in a napkin in the dish, then when you take one you just raise the napkin with the spoon; it keeps them beautifully hot, and dries them as well.

"I should think none of your white curtains will require mending if you repaired them before putting away last autumn; but if at any future time they need it, let Betsy rinse the starch out, and then mend them before they are sent to be got up. If any are too far gone for repairs they will be useful for many purposes: the large pieces will make short blinds for the back windows, and the small pieces are useful for tying up herbs and spices when making soup—for straining, and so on.

"Possibly it may not occur to you when putting away the winter blankets that they are highly attractive to moths; they are more likely to be attacked than almost anything, so do not forget to put plenty of camphor bags between them.

"You asked me in your last how to preserve eggs for winter use. I have never been able to buy them sufficiently cheaply to make it worth while doing it; but if you are more fortunate you can preserve them either by rubbing them over with butter, which closes up the pores, and so prevents evaporation; or a still better way is to put them when quite fresh laid into a tub of lime-water made in the proportion of one pint of unslacked lime, and one pint of coarse salt to a bucketful of water. If too much lime is put in it will eat away the shells. The eggs should be covered with the solution, and kept in a cold place, and they must be new laid, or they will not keep.

"You say you find a difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of gravy for your various dishes, as the stock made from bones looks such a poor colour that you cannot serve it as gravy. That is easily overcome by simply colouring the stock. The flavour necessary can be added with herbs. You had better make a supply of 'browning' to keep always at hand. A very usual way is to put two ounces of powdered sugar into a stewpan over a slow fire; as soon as it begins to melt commence stirring it till it is of a good dark colour; then add half a pint of cold water. Another way is: on two tablespoonfuls of chicory pour a good half-pint of boiling water, and let it stand. These should be put into bottles well corked, and a few drops of either will be sufficient for a small tureen of gravy. Or, if you do not object to the flavour, the burnt onions which you buy at the grocer's do very well."

The letter then went on to other household topics upon which Margaret had been in perplexity. One weak point in Betsy's cookery was melted butter, so-called, for certainly the solid starch-like mass sent to table under that name was like anything rather than butter. Her way of making it remains a mystery, but after once adopting Joanna's plan she never returned to the former style. The recipe was as follows:—

Take two ounces of butter; cut up small, that it may melt more easily; put it, with a large teaspoonful of flour and two tablespoonfuls of milk, into a stewpan; mix these with a wooden spoon to a smooth paste. Then add about six tablespoonfuls of cold water with a small pinch of salt, and still less of pepper; put it on the fire, and stir one way till it is just about to boil; then leave off stirring, and when it boils it is done. To make the butter thinner add more milk.

One evening soon after this, the boys sallied forth towards the country lanes which lay just outside the town. They had provided themselves with baskets, old gloves, and knives, and told their sister they were going in search of country produce.

What was her surprise when they returned with baskets full and brimming over with young nettletops!

"Oh, boys! what did you get all that rubbish for?"

"Now, Madge, don't call it rubbish till you know what it is used for. You've got to boil them or frizzle them or something, and then they will be just like cabbages," responded Tom, knowingly.

"But what ever made you think of such an absurd idea," asked Margaret, laughing.

"That's always the way with girls. You think nobody makes inventions but yourselves."

"Now, Madge, he's telling stories," chimed in Dick, excitedly, "we didn't think of it at all. Only to-day at school young Melrose made us guess what he had had for dinner, and I guessed hedgehog, and Tom guessed cat, and all the fellows guessed things, and then he said 'nettles,' and then we didn't believe him, and he said, 'Well, you try,' and his mate never told him what it was till they had eaten it all; and they kept on saying what nice spinach it was, and so we thought we'd have some too, and we only cut the young tops off, so they are sure to be good. Only, Madge, if ever you go gathering them, mind you go alone, for if there's another fellow with you, and he's stooping down getting them, you feel you can't resist tipping him over into them."

"Yes, that's what he did to me, only I went clean head over heels and alighted on my back, so I didn't get stung a bit, so it was a sell for Dick," remarked Tom.

"Well, I'll try them to-morrow, certainly, though I don't know how to do them," said Margaret, resignedly.

Accordingly the next day this enterprising family enjoyed a dish of nettles, which were decidedly successful, tender and nicely-flavoured—in fact almost undistinguishable from young spinach. They were cut up small and boiled in exactly the same way as spinach.

Shortly after this, Dick's fourteenth birthday came round, and on this important anniversary he was to have the privilege of inviting a select party of his friends to tea and games. Margaret felt a little anxious concerning this entertainment in both its branches. As to the tea, she wished to make it as far as possible agreeable to boy palates, and yet substantial withal; and the arrangement of her small *ménu* took her some time. In the end it was very simple; plates of white and brown bread and butter, with various kinds of jam, were a matter of course; then followed Dick's favourite dish, potato-cakes, which he had specially requested might be included in the banquet. They were made from a recipe given Margaret some time before by the mother of Dick's particular friend, Melrose. She was an enterprising lady who was very fond of trying experiments in cookery, as was proved by her dish of nettles, and as she was always ready to give anyone the benefit of her experience, Margaret found her a very useful friend. The recipe was as follows:—"Boil a few potatoes (or use any

which have been left from dinner), mash them up with a little butter and a pinch of salt. Empty on to the paste-board, rub in a little flour, and mix to the proper consistency with milk. An egg beaten up and mixed with the milk or half a teaspoonful of baking-powder is an improvement; but is not absolutely necessary. Roll it out, shape it into small cakes, and bake. Then cut them open and butter them, and serve whilst quite hot."

Then followed a heterogeneous collection of buns, toasted scones, and so on; amongst them some gingerbread cakes, which one of the epicures on the occasion pronounced to be "nice enough to make an old man young."

The recipe for them, as Margaret copied it for Joanna's use, was this:—1½ lbs. treacle, ½ lb. butter, 1 lb. raw sugar, 3 eggs, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, ½ oz. ground ginger, 1 teaspoonful of salt. Mix the butter, melted, into the treacle, beat the eggs and pour them in; add the other ingredients, and then as much flour as you can possibly mix into it. Make it into small cakes; put them a little distance apart on a tin. Bake in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour.

And finally, as a delicate finish to the repast, there were two dishes of apples in custard. The apples were the dried chips, bought at a grocer's for sixpence a pound, stewed, sweetened, and flavoured with lemon.

As the family sat chatting round the fire the evening before Dick's birthday, Mr. Colville mentioned that he would not be home till late the next night, and hoped Margaret would not find any difficulty in superintending the amusement of her guests.

"But they will not want any amusing, I hope; boys generally seem to shake down and enjoy themselves when they get over their shyness. And Mr. Trent said he should very much like to drop in after tea, and play at being a schoolboy again, but I thought perhaps Dick might not like it; so, as it is his party, I did not respond very warmly."

"But I should like it very much, he is such a jolly fellow, and I'm sure the other fellows would like him, and we'll make him do those conjuring tricks he knows. I vote we ask him," cried Dick.

"Yes, Madge, I think you had better get him to come in," said Mr. Colville. "If he really offered to look after the boys it would save you all anxiety."

"I say, how awfully often Trent comes here lately!" said Tom, meditatively, from his post on the hearthrug, where he lay sprawling at full length.

He expected to be reproved for saying "awfully," but no one noticed it. Not choosing to have his remarks thus ignored, he went on, "I like him; he's an awfully good sort of a fellow—don't you think so, Madge."

"I certainly see nothing 'awful' about him," replied his sister, severely.

"I say, father, I don't believe he would come so often if one of us four was away, do you?" he went on, with that knowing air peculiar to budding youths, raising himself on his elbow and staring at Madge. Whereon she fell to blushing, whilst Mr. Colville replied, unconcernedly enough,—

"I don't perceive that he shows any particular partiality for any one member of the family above the others; but his father was a very old friend of mine, and he naturally feels at home among us. I am glad if you boys think he has taken a fancy to you; for he is a nice, intelligent, sensible young fellow. Now, lads, off to bed with you, it is getting late."

"All right, father. Give us a hand up, Dick. Good-night, Madge. Why, how red your face is to be sure, and you're not near the fire either."

And with this parting shot the irrepressible boy departed.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

J. & W. CHESTER, Brighton.

We can very highly recommend a "Suite in A flat," composed by John Glendhill. No. 1.—*Musing.* No. 2.—*Rustic Dance.* No. 3.—*Cradle Song.* No. 4.—*Barcarolle.* No. 5.—*Lied;* each differing in style, according well with the lines which inspired the composer, and equally telling. The *Cradle Song* is a perfectly peaceful "lullaby," and we are sure we shall be thanked for advising our friends to procure the pieces and to commit them all to memory.

WILLIAM CZERNY, 349, Oxford-street.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.—A pretty little "amourette musicale," for the pianoforte By G. Bachmann.

Caprice Mélodique. By A. Ergmann.—A very pleasing, lively, and showy piece.

NOVELLO, EWER, and Co., Berners-street.

Rameau's Gavotte. By Berthold Tours: It is in the key of D with the introduction of a page of quiet minore, returning again into the original key. An average player will find no difficulties to hinder the right performance of this short and bright gavotte.

A. C. Mackenzie has written three characteristic pieces for the pianoforte entitled "Scenes in the Scottish Highlands." No. 1, *On the Hillside.* No. 2.—*On the Loch.* No. 3.—*On the Heather. On the Hillside* is a march in three four time. *On the Loch* is a slow movement; the pedal is in constant use, but the composer has left no doubt as to the right use to be made of it, having carefully marked every bar. *On the Heather* is in a rapid cantering style. In the performance of all three pieces, which are moderately difficult, the wild Scotch pipes can be recognised.

LAMBORN COCK, 23, Holles-street.

Henry C. Lunn has taken Tennyson's lines:—

"Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreamy Adeline?"

and composed a reverie with *Adeline* for its title. A sweet singing air with a flowing accompaniment, smooth and soothing.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272, Regent-circus.

Danse Magique. By Cotsford Dick. *La Vivandière.* By F. Vivian.—Two agreeable and easy pieces for the pianoforte.

BOOSEY and Co., 295, Regent-street, W.

Two Loves. Words by Thomas Moore. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Compass D to G.—A bright and simple song with a chorus in valse time.

The Cottager's Lullaby. Words by the Poet Wordsworth. Music by Charles Vincent. In two keys.—This charming song is sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling, and is a composition which will be much enjoyed by girls who like a quiet domestic song. The accompaniment, which is descriptive of the rocking of a cradle, is original and clever.

The Parting Hour. Words by Maidan. Music by James Kennedy. Compass B to D.—The words of this easy and effective song are above average merit, and more suitable than many to hear a home-bird singing.

"There's something in the parting hou.
Will chill the warmest heart,
And kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part.
But well I know, for many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind,
That he who goes is happier far
Than those he leaves behind.

* * * * *

"God wills it so and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Tho' weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay.
And when at last man's course is run,
His spirit unconfined,
In realms above he's happier far
Than those he leaves behind."

Oh, the truth of this statement! We all have felt the pangs of separation; but few more so than Mr. James Kennedy, the composer of this very song, who has just lost a son and two daughters in the terrible fire at Nice. One of these daughters used to sing "The Parting Hour" before enthusiastic crowds in Scotland and elsewhere.

EDWARD PHILLIPS, Sterndale House, Clapham-common, London, S.W.

St. Mildred's Well. Words by Alfred Phillips. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel. Compass D to D.—It is evident that the words of this song were written simply to be wedded to effective semi-religious music. Notwithstanding this not very laudable intention the composer has made a pleasant song which many of our girls may enjoy.

Her Father's House. Words by Alfred Phillips. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel. Compass D to G. — The subject of this song was suggested by the celebrated painting bearing the same title and exhibited at the Royal Academy. The subject is better than the words; but the music, like that of the previous song, makes it worthy of purchase and performance.

ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, London, W.

Two Roses. Words by Mary Mark Lemon, Music by Milton Wellings. In two keys.—This is a little love poem set to music by the composer of "Banbury Cross," and "At the Ferry." Many admirers of the writings of this popular composer will like to hear of this melodious song, which we must admit, however, to be inferior to the two songs which we mention above.

J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street.

The Night. Words by Barry Cornwall. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass D to E.—The words, by the father of Adelaide Ann Proctor, are too well known and too much admired to be given here. The music to Signor Pinsuti is beautiful and refined, as are most of the compositions of this much-respected musician.

Sweet is the Wandering Breeze.—A duet for soprano and contralto. Words by Charles J. Rowe. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—An easy and pleasing duet.

GODDARD and Co., 4, Argyll-place, Regent-street, W.

Six Sacred Extracts arranged for the pianoforte. By Lindsay Sloper. No. 1.—*My Heart Ever Faithful.* By J. S. Bach. No. 2.—*Ave Verum.* By Mozart. No. 3.—*La Carita.* By Rossini. No. 4.—*But the Lord is Mindful* and *How Lovely are the Messengers.* By Mendelssohn. No. 5.—*Benedictus.* By Ch. Gounod. No. 6.—Prayer from *Mosé in Egetto.* By Rossini. Each of the above extracts is a separate publication, and is the easy and, we may add elegant, transcription of a composition of a great master, with a correct fingering plainly marked. Mr. Lindsey Sloper, whose article in our last volume on "How to Accompany a Song," has been so useful to inexperienced musicians, is known by his writings and transcription in every musical English family. Students of the pianoforte will be wise if they select one of the above extracts for home practice, for, as is very different from the incessant playing of an ordinary music "piece," they will never get really tired of the subject.

USEFUL HINTS.

GINGER NUTS.—2 lb. of flour, the same weight of treacle, ½ lb. of sugar, 2 oz. of ginger, ¾ lb. of butter melted. Mix all the ingredients well together, and roll out to the substance of half an inch. Cut the paste into small rounds, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

CHERRY JAM.—To every pound of fruit weighed before stoning, allow half a pound of sugar. To every six pounds of fruit one pint of red currant juice sweetened with one pound of sugar. Stone the cherries and boil them in a preserving pan until nearly all the juice is dried up; then add the sugar crushed to powder and the currant juice. Boil all together until it jellies, which will be from twenty to thirty minutes; skim the jam well; keep it stirred, and, a few minutes before it is done, add some of the kernels: this greatly adds to the flavour of the jam.

GINGER BEER POWDERS.—A wholesome and effervescing drink may be quickly made from the following directions:—2 drachms of white sugar, 5 grains of powdered ginger, and 26 of carbonate of soda. Mix them well and wrap in blue paper. Put 30 grains of tartaric acid in white paper. When wanted dissolve each separately in half a glass of water; mix, and drink whilst effervescing.

TO DESTROY MOTHS' EGGS.—Use a solution of acetate of potash in spirits of rosemary, fifteen grains to the pint. To prevent the settling of moths on cloth or fur, sprinkle them with allspice, place camphor in muslin bags in your drawers, or shavings of cedar wood.

AMERICAN DOUGH NUTS.—Take two teacupsful of brown sugar, three eggs, one teacupful of milk, two teaspoonsful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, and some nutmeg. Mix the sugar with the flour, rub the cream of tartar and soda into a little of the milk, and roll out. Cut into long strips, and twist and boil in fresh lard, the latter to be boiling before the dough is put into it.

DISCOLOURED PIANOFORTE KEYS.—A useful little book, called "Tuning and Repairing Pianofortes," contains, in a chapter devoted to miscellaneous notes, the following:—"Should the keys at any time become discoloured remove the front door, fall, and slip of wood just over them; then lift each key up separately from the front (do not take them out), and with a *white* cloth, slightly damped with a little clean cold water, rub each one separately (white keys only) and dry off with a cloth slightly warm. Should they be sticky through children practising after handling sweatmeats, &c., first damp the cloth with a little spirits of wine or gin. On no account use *soap or washing-powder*. If the keys be very yellow, the only thing to be done, if too unsightly, is to have them properly whitened by a practical man. If only slightly yellow, keep clean and exposed well to the light, and they will gradually improve."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LADY BETH.—Write to the Academy of Music for one of their printed circulars. Supposing that you play all the instrumental pieces by these great masters really well, then you are fairly advanced in your musical studies for your age. Slope your letters rather more gracefully.

KATHLEEN W.—If you were to study some good biographical dictionary you might obtain some acquaintance with a very large number of celebrated persons whose histories and their works were given in a condensed, form quickly read and easily remembered.

ELLA KING.—Perhaps you could be received at St. Thomas's Hospital, Westminster Bridge, S.E., on the "Nightingale Fund," as a probationer, or into the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road, or Middlesex Hospital, Charles-street, Berners-street, W., or the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road, E. Write to the secretary of each respectively, and you will obtain all due information and be enabled to make a choice.

6, VERNON-STREET.—See what we have already said about "Clerks under Government," at page 543, in vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

SISTER.—Learn half-a-dozen bars of music at a time of what you wish to play without music, and attempt no more till these be acquired. Your writing is good, but you spell opinion with two "p's." This makes something more to remember, poor little "Sister."

MARY.—1. We recommend your study of our "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus. 2. You will not be charged anything for the syllabus of the Cambridge Local Examinations.

NONNA.—Read our article on "Nursing as a Profession," should you mean by "a situation as nurse," trained attendance on the sick. If you want to be a "child's maid," you will have to learn the duties of the situation under some upper nurse. You write very nicely, but should pay attention to joining your several letters and running from one into another.

SNOWDROPN, No. 100.—At the Home and Colonial Training College Kindergarten, Gray's Inn-road, W.C., you might obtain the information you desire. Also at the Kindergarten College and Practising School, (under the auspices of the British and Foreign School Society), 21, Stockwell-road, S.W. Your writing is legible but scarcely formed, and you should learn to write better English before you think of a situation as a teacher.

YOLANDE.—The word about which you inquire is so ill-written that we cannot be sure of what you mean. If *mazzolino*, it means a little nosegay. 2. Pitman's system of shorthand appears to be much recommended.

WORK.

POCAHONTAS.—Your beaver hat should be sent to a hatter, as it could not be altered sufficiently well out of the trade.

ELLA NUGENT.—The washing or rinsing in a lather of soap suds depends on how much soiled your white Shetland shawl may be prior to the dyeing. We could not judge of its condition unseen.

JEANNIE N.—"My Work Basket" will supply instruction on every description of needlework in due course.

ÆNEMONE.—1. American cloth may be made into cases for the toilet, fitted with combs, brushes, &c., for travelling. Also for "housewives" fitted for scissors, thimble, silks and cottons, needle books, and other appliances. It will also serve as covers for boxes nicely bound round, for books and other articles. 2. All white furs, grebe and such like feathers, should be cleaned with plaster of Paris, but your safest plan is to send it to a cleaner.

LOTTA BELL.—At every board school marking is taught, and at any of these manual instruction books can be obtained giving illustrations. Letters may also be had in fancy work shops.

SEEKA.—The example which you enclose of the *point de niege*, has some accidental mistakes in it, but appears right on the whole.

VIX.—1. The pattern you enclose of white muslin with blue spots might be made up for evening wear over pale blue sateen. Black shoes may be worn, but white gloves or light tan-coloured *gants de Suède* are more worn at present than the black. 2. Bethlehem, U.S., means a town in the United States. Pulaski was a Polish patriot.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—Leather belts are not worn at present. Your writing is not to be commended, but might easily be improved.

TAMARIS.—When you wish to strengthen any article by the use of tape, lay the latter flatly upon it across the joining and hem it down. You had better ask your mother or anyone who teaches or has the care of you, if you do not know how to do the work in the right way. You write nicely for your age.

ART.

EVELYN.—Starch is the right kind of adhesive medium for the purpose of mounting or fastening photographs on paper or card. Take care to use it thinly and very evenly, removing any lumps. I think your writing is passably good, purchased for fifteen shillings and a halfpenny. Do you mean that you paid that to your writing-master?

H. E. S.—Of course the paint on your terra-cotta plate will come off when washed or varnished, until you have sent it to be baked in.

INQUIRER.—There are two ways of lacquering—the cold and the hot process. In the first method the lacquer is taken on a camel's hair varnish brush, laid on very evenly, and then placed in a hot oven or stove for a minute or two, when the lacquer will be set, and all is finished. Be careful not to burn it. In the second method heat the work to that of a laundress's flat-iron when fit for use, and then brush the lacquer quickly over it. If the article be small, it may need a few moments re-heating in the oven after the lacquering to restore the amount of heat which it was too small to retain. The quality of the varnish and nature of the material have to be considered, and only experience will teach you with success.

D. M. M. E.—No. 2 of your cards is the best to our taste, but is not yet up to the mark for selling. The outlines in No. 1 are hard. Your writing is legible, but not pretty.

LIS.—You might make a rustic stand for flower-pots with pieces of stick and cork. Your writing is very bad.

HELEN EDISON.—To varnish coloured drawings mix of Canada balsam 1 oz., spirits of turpentine 2 oz., and before applying the composition size the picture with a solution of isinglass in water, which, when dry, may be covered with a coat of the varnish by means of a camel's hair brush.

LADY OF SHALLOTTE.—Spread and dry and press the specimens of seaweed between sheets of blotting-paper, according to the directions we have already given. Then arrange them in the album so as to contrast their respective colours, and to produce graceful designs in form. What do you mean by "the rheumatics"? You may be rheumatic, but there is no such substantive. We advise you to wear flannel next the skin, and rub the limb that suffers well with opodeldoc, or turpentine and oil if more easily obtained. Friction is essential, avoidance of damp, and in food of all that produces acidity. These are safe general rules. We should be quacks if we ventured to prescribe for individual cases unseen.

RUBY.—A solution of gum arabic is sometimes employed as a kind of varnish on water-colours.

COOKERY.

L. L.—Open the package of gelatine, and you will find that all the requisite directions are given within. You write a good hand, and express yourself very kindly in reference to our paper.

M. R. E.—If there be too much suet in the "Sir Watkin's pudding," reduce the amount to please your own taste. It seems to us that you did not boil it sufficiently well, which alone would prove a cause of the failure, which we regret that you should have experienced.

M. M. I.—From your description of the meat, the fault appears to lie with the butcher. Try cutting it into pieces and boiling it in water containing a little salt and vinegar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I. O. G. T.—To play the flute is quite as suitable for girls as playing the violin, and in appearance more graceful. Good recitation is more likely to give pleasure than either, being a talent more often available.

E. V. LOCHCARRON.—Some hundreds of "poems" arrive which cannot be used, the space being more usefully occupied. We have mentioned many home occupations for girls in our first volume.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.—Black velvet would be a more sensible trimming than lace.

LONELY ONE.—Reading and conversing with those better educated are sure ways of improving.

M. R.—Designs for pockethandkerchief cases and many other things will be given in due time.

HOPEFUL.—Milner's "The Heavens and the Earth," is the best elementary work on astronomy, published at 56, Paternoster-row. You must tell your mamma or some lady friend about your hair and your dresses.

MOLLY.—An article will be given on ferns and fern-growing.

HOPE.—You had better pray at home. Aide-toi et ciel t'aidera.

PINK MAY.—Veils are most worn, but to many (servants for instance) caps are more suitable.

MARIE (Athens).—We are very much pleased to know that our paper is useful to Greek girls as well as English. If you have a mother or aunt she could answer some of your questions better than we can do. When you are a little older you will understand that the courtesies and compliments of which you speak do not necessarily arise from feelings that will be remembered the next morning.

CLARICE.—It is pronounced as if spelt "Lezhur." Black velvet is most lady-like plain, but some figures are improved by variety of trimming.

M. J. C. T.—A history of the Poets Laureate is published by Mr. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

B. H. F. (Worcestershire).—A. L. O. E. is the *nom de plume* adopted by Miss Charlotte M. Tucker, author of "Daybreak in Britain," "The Wreath of Indian Stories," and numerous other works. She is sister of the late H. Carre Tucker, a distinguished Indian civilian. The initials are contracted from "A Lady of England." Miss Tucker is honourary missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, and her station is at Batala, near Umritsur, in the Punjaub. Her Indian stories are circulated as little tracts in the East, and as books when bound together in England. The Christian Vernacular Society publishes her writings largely. There is great need of such works, the Indian people being now widely taught to read in Government schools, and having very little fit to read in their own language. It is a very important work in which Miss Tucker is engaged. The Rev. Mr. Baring, son of the late Bishop of Durham, has for many years superintended similar work for boys and young men. Miss Tucker obtains access to the homes of the natives,

and is gladly received in her efforts to teach the girls and women, even of the highest classes, who have been greatly neglected in regard to education.

CYPHER.—The pamphlet referred to is sad rubbish. It has had large sale because there are always many people fascinated by subjects of prophecy, especially people who are credulous and ill-taught.

CONSTANCE.—You must buy your oil-colours, they cannot be made from water-colours.

EUDORA.—Not knowing where Barbuda is we cannot give you information. You may be muddling up Bermuda and Barbadoes together. At the age of twenty-seven you can judge for yourself on the other points on which you seek advice.

MISSIE.—Dark colours are most suitable, especially for one who is organist, and whose dress is observed by village girls, to whom an example of neatness and quietness may be useful.

GOLDEN THREADS.—The lines are very feeble as well as incorrect in rhyme. Your time will be better employed in reading. We get basketfuls of "poetry" every week.

SYLVANUS.—We are much interested by the letter of our Welsh correspondent, and are glad to know that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is widely read in the principality. The articles on music must be appreciated among a people so musical. At the Dolgelly Eisteddfod on New Year's day the Corwen Choir got the prize of £20 for singing Cyfoded Duw (Let God Arise), by Dr. Jenkins, of Aberystwith. We have had articles on knitting in our first volume.

ARIETTA.—Try some varnish or white of egg as protection to the cut paper on the bath-room window. Try on a small part of the glass first, and see whether it is effectual.

MAISY and RITA.—Surely you know someone in your circle who is not silly and frivolous, as you find most of your "worldly" acquaintances to be. It is often the contempt felt by sensible girls for mere amusements that drives them to extreme notions about "giving up the world" as people call it. There are many ways of being useful and happy without changing your way of life. There may be "worldliness" of a very bad and contemptible kind under an ascetic's garb.

A. J. W.—There are many kinds of work that might be done by one who is quite lame, but it depends upon what the hands and head can do. The handwriting is that of one not likely to gain anything by teaching. If the hands excel in any sort of needlework, some kind persons would probably help to find employment for one so afflicted as to have lost both feet. Make your wish known to some lady in your neighbourhood.

ALICE S. C.—You have outgrown your strength, or have neglected the simple remedies of fresh air and plain diet. If you can afford a change to some seaside place, or to a country farm, you might get more benefit than from the doctors. Black would be better than brown again.

KATHARINE.—Copyright music or songs must not be used in any public place without permission, or paying a royalty to the composer or publisher. The London solicitors who send the claim are acting for the proprietors of the music. They would, perhaps, not press the charge on knowing that the concert was for a religious and charitable object, and not for private gain. You might have sent the name of the song and of the solicitors, as a caution to others.

YOUNG NURSE.—The best way to prevent bed-sores, which are dangerous as well as distressing to a poor sufferer, is to see that there are no creases, and to alter the position of the patient, so as to avoid constant pressure on the same places. Soft little pillows or pads may help. Bathe tender parts with spirit and water. If the skin is already broken, the doctor will tell you what is to be done. Every girl who has to do with sick folk, and few are without this duty even in their own homes, should have the little sixpenny book, "Till the Doctor Comes," published at 56, Paternoter-row. It tells what to do in almost every emergency, whether from accidents or in the sick room. It can be sent by post for seven stamps, or ordered through any bookseller.

M. K.—Your inquiry is too important for a brief answer, and we may give a paper on the subject some day. You say that you believe in Christ, and are always striving to do right, but you cannot say, "I am saved," as some of your acquaintances exultingly say. It is pleasant, no doubt, to feel safe, but feelings are variable and may be deceptive. True faith trusts God's word even in the dark. Usually light arises out of darkness to the upright. But feelings of any kind are not certain evidences of true faith. "Patient continuing in well-doing" is the only true and lasting test. The humble publican in the parable was a saved man more than the self-satisfied Pharisee.

MARIE.—Sponges should never be used with soap, and cleaned only with pure water. The pronunciation is chlorod-*een*, not *ein*.

AUSTRALIAN.—We have received a letter from St. Kilda, Melbourne, with name and address of the writer of an essay for a prize competition, and the required certificate. This ought to have been appended to the essay itself. When sent separately there is little chance of a letter and essay meeting again, amidst the crowd of arrivals by every post.

L. P. C. (Gotha).—The poems of Ossian are founded on ancient ballads and legends, which were recited or chanted by bards for ages before they were collected and published, with additions, no doubt, by Mr. Macpherson, who was thus rather the editor than the author.

MEANWELL.—Try if rubbing with oil on chamois-leather or bit of an old glove removes the spots on the knife.

Q. ANNIE.—The origin of the names Whig and Tory is much disputed. That given by Dr. Johnson in his dictionary is as likely as any. The Whig is contracted from whigamore, a nickname given to carters and other folk in the Scottish lowlands, where the feeling of opposition to the Stuart tyranny was strong in the seventeenth century, when the name was first used in a political sense. Tory is said, by the same authority, to be derived from an Irish word, signifying savage or wild, and was used by the Whigs because the Irish supported the last of the Stuarts against the Whig party at the revolution of 1688.

POPPIES IN CORN.—A note "syncopated" means contracted, or struck briefly, not prolonged. Try diluted sal-volatile on a piece of the lace.

A. A. (Chester).—An advertisement is the only way to bring a purchaser for your valuable guitar.

R. L.—1. Say, "We take it in turn." 2. "Water-glasses" and all *glasses* should be placed on the table as they are intended to stand, not upside down. Your writing is free and well-formed.

SVENSKA.—You will find Swedish books, without doubt, in any foreign library, such as that in Berners-street, W.C., or at the top of Regent-street, near St. George's Hall, W. We cannot give addresses, but this may give you sufficient direction. Your writing is neat. We are pleased to hear that you like our paper so much.

LA GUEPE.—We much sympathise with you in your anxiety about your father, and trust he may be restored to you safe and sound. Your time seems both fully and well employed, and you are advanced in your education for your age, writing and expressing yourself with freedom.

VIOLET.—You write fairly well, but the words are too far apart.

RACHEL T.—We regret to tell you that you are quite unacquainted with the rules of composition, and your letter is most incorrect in grammar also. The longest line in metrical composition is an "Alexandrine," one of seventeen feet we never before read. The beat, or emphasis, usually falls in the wrong place, and the lines are quite irregular in length. We do not approve of the very unjust slur cast on the brave men in a higher rank of life, and who, you say, "would scorn to lend a helping hand, to save from those fiery billows." The first gentleman in the land, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has never "scorned" so to do, and is himself a fireman!

POLLIE.—Judging from your writing, and the use of capital letters where small ones should be employed, as well as from your style of expressing yourself, we should not consider you eligible as a school-mistress, even for very young children.

REGINA.—Your indiarubber plant may be suffering from want of water, or the mould around the root may lack nourishing qualities, and needs a mixture of suitable compost or manure. You write fairly well.

AIMEE.—We do not undertake to give solutions of riddles. Your writing is neat, but rather cramped.

WILD ROSE.—You may tell the Roman Catholic who ventured imprudently to make so false a statement, that daily services are very far indeed from being exceptional in the churches of the Established Church in any large towns. For example, within a few yards of our residence, there is both a so-called "High" and a "Low" Church, in which there are daily services, besides extra ones throughout the week.

A. H. B.—We thank you for your kind letter and useful suggestion about the lawn-tennis balls. Also for your commendation of our paper, notifying especially those on music.

CONSTANCE GRAY.—We thank you for your gratifying letter. Your hand is unformed; the chief part of every letter is only a horizontal line. Take any one of them and judge for yourself whether it would supply a good model to set before a child. "Mittens can be worn, instead of gloves, out of doors in the summer." Of course, if you have no objection to brown, coarse-looking hands.

B. C. F.B. wants to know "how to keep her money." Let her give it to someone else to keep for her. You say, "Being very short, I want to know the way to make me grow." As a specimen of composition and good sense, we should not feel proud of it. We know of one way of growing, which we much recommend, and that is, growing wise and good.

MEG, JO, BETH, and AMY might send flowers to the Children's Hospital, Shadwell, London, E., stating that they are sent to the children, and they will be thankfully received. "Beth's" writing is very good.

A MAUSE BAIRN.—1. If in your own house, rise when at table to greet a late comer; if at a friend's table you need not.

BEN NORTON.—If the "officials," by whom we suppose you to mean the heads or authorities of your school, wish you to take the "young girls' class," and the girls themselves on being given their choice of a teacher asked for you, we think that you should consider that Providence led you to undertake the work from which your own humility makes you shrink. We thank you for all your good wishes, and sincerely desire your prosperity, spiritual and temporal.

META.—You write a very free bold hand, and the poem gives considerable promise, and is more correct as to metrical composition than the majority of pieces sent to us.

UNDINE.—See page 335, vol. i., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The accent should fall on the first three letters in the name Artemus, thus "Art-emus," and in Napier on the first two letters, "Na-pier."

NELL CRISTO.—The lovely hymn about which you inquire is by Carey, and published by the Rev. Canon Baynes, in the "Lyra Anglicana," page 52. It begins, "One sweetly solemn thought." We are indeed glad that you think that "many a one in the rising generation will thank this paper for some fault conquered or difficulty overcome."

LADY ROWENA.—In colloquial language any clerk in holy orders is sometimes called a parson, but in the strict language of ecclesiastical polity a parson is one who has full possession of all the rights of a parochial church, of which his person is the representative, as the *persona ecclesiæ*. He is called rector, as the ruler or governor of the church of which he is the parson. The difference between a vicar and rector or parson is that the latter has ordinarily the whole right to *all* the ecclesiastical dues of his parish, while the vicar usually has over him an appropriator of some of the revenue, and he is thus, in effect, a perpetual curate with a standing stipend. The qualifications and the method of becoming rector or vicar are much the same, and both are incumbents, differing therein from curates, who are only temporary officiating ministers. Where curacies are perpetual the incumbent has in so far the same position as vicar, but is appointed by the appropriator, and requires neither presentation, institution, nor induction, and cannot officiate till he has obtained the bishop's license, as is the case with all curates. In perpetual curacies all the tithes, or the revenues now representing tithes, are appropriated, and no vicarages endowed. This is sufficient explanation for a lay inquirer.

SCHOOL GIRL.—"To thine own self be true," &c., is part of the advice of Polonius to Laertes in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. "Ave, Maria" means "Hail, Mary," and refers to the words of the angel recorded in St. Luke, chapter i., verses 28 to 33.

ULVERSTONE.—Buy the powders. They are very cheap, and not worth the time and trouble of making at home.

CREDO.—Pilgrimages are made to Loretto because the house of the Blessed Virgin is said to be there, having been wafted through the air across the sea from the Holy Land. There are people who believe this, or they would not be at the expense and trouble of making pilgrimages there. The fault is with those who invent silly stories for credulous and ignorant people. Those who really benefit by such legends are the priests, innkeepers, and relic sellers in "holy places."

OPAL.—"God tempers *the wind to the shorn lamb*" is an old proverb. It was used by Sterne in his "Sentimental Journey." About the hide of land there is an old story that Æneas, or some ancient worthy, on being given a hide of land, tricked the donor by cutting the leather into narrow strips, and enclosed a good bit of territory.

ROSEBUD.—We know no book which will assist you. The art of millinery in detail needs special training, but good taste is a natural gift. If you have taste you can pick up good hints from what pleases you in others.

ZAIRA.—Salaries are rarely fixed by the amount of knowledge, which your certificates attest. Many other things are taken into account—appearance, manner, and interest or recommendation. There are many applicants for any advertised situation, and the lowest "tender" or offer is too often accepted.

P. O. (Nottingham).—Best glycerine and rose-water, equal parts, will soften rough skin. Apply it at night.

A. B.—Cold fowl, ham or meat, and other solid food requiring knife and fork, with tea or coffee, constitute what is called "high tea."

MADLLE. MARIE.—The Ladies' Work Society in Sloane-street, London, receives work for sale.

LUCY.—As you cannot reason down your involuntary fancies, see if earnest prayer is not efficacious.

TEDDIE'S SISTER.—The dye will come off black stockings which are cheap. Get some that are less common.

MUSICUS.—Our next part will contain a valuable paper by Lady Benedict on "How to Play Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.'" In it you will find answers to your questions.

*** The Editor begs to announce that the next weekly number and monthly part will contain the commencement of the promised serial story by Sarah Doudney, to be called "Michaelmas Daisy," with illustrations by M. E. Edwards.



AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE FATHER'S CHOICE.

"FATHER! give me a work to do—
Something to do for Thee!
This weary waiting, long years through,
It seems too hard for me."
This was my prayer, when, lo! I heard
A mild reproving voice—
"Canst thou not rest upon My Word
And trust thy Father's choice?
He knoweth what is best for thee;
Whether He says, 'Stand still,'
Or 'Go do thou this work for Me,'
There's wisdom in His will.

"Who wait with patience for their Lord,
They shall their strength renew;
And Jesus Christ shall be their guide
All the dark journey through."
"Oh, Lord!" I cried, "forgive Thy child;
Whate'er Thou seest fit;
Whether it be to do or bear,
I'll cheerfully submit;
Yea, not *alone submit*, my heart
Will thankfully rejoice,
And, resting on Thy arm of love,
Be guided by Thy choice."

PANSY (aged 18).



A VISIT TO KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE.

IT was a fine warm August afternoon when I went to Tintagel, on the cliffs of which place King Arthur's Castle stands.

The huge waves, which always are boisterous on our coast, seemed almost lulled to sleep, and everything looked happy and bright. The sea was exquisitely blue, and the dark rugged rocks seemed to be trying to look their very best in the afternoon sun.

After having been to the only cottage in sight for the guide (*in the form of* an old woman, ready to look after us *well*), we climbed with some difficulty the uneven steps cut out of the cliff, and leading to the old castle.

At last we reached a small door, which our guide opened, and we followed her inside.

Above us was the blue sky, and on one side the grass-covered cliff, and on the other the awful precipice, over which we gazed, seeing men as small as flies walking on the beach below.

We were much surprised to find so much of the castle still remaining, as we only expected a few stones, but in the thick walls, covered with arrow-holes, there was tangible proof that some enterprising being had built his house on the cliff, exposed so to the fury of the weather, and why should it not have been King Arthur?

After having examined into every corner, and looked out of every window, we were led by our guide out of another doorway, and up the grassy path leading to the extreme height of the headland.

What a glorious sight met our eyes! We could see the coast for miles either way, and there was the glistening shining Atlantic, bathed in golden light from the declining sun.

We went then to see "King Arthur's Chapel," where our guide showed us a large slab of granite, supposed to have been the altar stone. Then we were shown the great king's footstep, which he imprinted in stepping across to Dowan Head, about twenty miles away at least, so the story goes. After seeing that, we seated ourselves on King Arthur's chair, which is a rock overhanging the sea; and then walked on to the end of the headland, and rested for some time on the blossoming heather.

How sublime everything was! Nature seemed to be returning thanks for her beauty to its Great Author. The very sea-birds, floating quietly over our heads, looked triumphant with their snowy or coal-black wings. It is at such times that this verse inspires us with praise—

"O Lord, how glorious are Thy works!"

It seems so good of Him to create such beautiful things for us, His children.

Retracing our steps, we regretfully left the glorious view and air, and ran down the slope towards the old castle. There we said "good-bye" to the old woman and to King Arthur's places, and clambered down the perilous steps, and then, walking for about half an hour, we reached the village of Tintagel. We had tea and saffron cake at the inn, and then drove away, agreeing that we had spent a charming afternoon among the rocks which we Cornish folk love so well.

A CORNISH SISTER (*aged* 16).

WHAT THEN?

AFTER the storm of life,
After the work is done,
After the scenes of life,
What then?

Then comes the calm of death,
The silence of the tomb;
We stand upon the threshold
Of our home.

Home with its pure delights,
Home where we all are blest,
Home where the Father gives
Eternal rest.

KATHLEEN MARIE GORTON (16).



NOTE.

THERE are few habits so conducive to a well-regulated mind as the careful writing down of one's thoughts and sentiments in black and white, and our God-given power of influencing others for good is extended, if we are able to express ourselves clearly and correctly. These amateur compositions are inserted with a view to encouraging our girls in the practice of committing their thoughts and experiences to paper for the benefit of their sisters. Nothing thus printed is to be looked upon as perfect in composition, and the Editor wishes it to be understood that he will print only such verses or papers as shall be written in correct taste, interesting in subject to the general reader, and shall contain the age of the writer; and be certified as her *bona fide* work by a parent, minister, or teacher.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 71. MAY 7, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE GROWTH OF THE DAISY.

MRS. ANDREW GARNETT was born in the country. From her babyhood she had been surrounded by woods and green fields, and her first playthings were buttercups and daisies. At nineteen she had left her home at the old farm to become the wife of a doctor, living in a street in a crowded town.

It was a close unwholesome street, and the house was small and inconvenient to the last degree. Its back windows overlooked a wretched little piece of ground which had been part of a garden in bygone days; but the smoke of factory chimneys had blighted the growth of green things, and most of the plants had perished long ago. In one corner, however, there was a clump of Michaelmas daisies that persisted in flourishing and blooming in their season. When the year was on the wane, and the first autumn mists made the smoky atmosphere dimmer than ever, the daisies opened their modest flowers. There they were, with golden eyes and blue-grey petals; a spot of soft colour amid the unloveliness around them.

Just before the birth of her baby, Mrs. Garnett used to sit and watch these flowers from her chamber-window. She liked her bed-room better than the stuffy little drawing-room where she could hear the street noises far too plainly. Close to the window her arm-chair was placed; and there she sat with certain fairy-like little garments in her lap, stitching away busily with thin fingers, and pausing sometimes to rest and gladden her eyes with the sight of the beloved daisies.

No one ever knew what doubts and troubles were silently confided to those autumn flowers. They were a tangible link between herself and God. It was as if He had given her a bit of the old home to comfort her heart in its perplexity and loneliness:—for poor Rose Garnett was very lonely in these days.



[*All rights reserved.*] "MRS. GARNETT USED TO SIT AND WATCH THESE FLOWERS."

There is no need here to enter into the trials and disappointments of her married life; and it is sufficient to say that her crosses were of a very common kind. Dr. Andrew Garnett was not a prosperous man; his patients were only to be found among the poor, and he got more thanks than fees for his services. To do him justice, he was generous and kindly-natured, never grudging time and pains, and always willing to help the distressed. But the home had to be kept up; the young wife was sickly and pined for fresh air; and there was no prospect of a bright future for the expected baby.

When Rose Woodburn had left the farm to become Andrew's wife, she had looked forward to a life of intense happiness And there was no friend at hand to whisper of disenchantment, or to give the timely warning that a young, exacting heart too often needs. Rose had lost her mother when she was just seventeen; and Cecily, her sister, was two years younger than herself.

The people who knew Mrs. Woodburn had said that she was a remarkable woman; and they had said, too, that Cecily was far more like her than Rose could ever be.

Rose was a dreamer, and looked at all the stern facts of life through the haze of her own fancy. Cecily, too, had her dreams; but young as she was, she never suffered them to come between her sight and the work-a-day world. It was not without certain misgivings that she saw her sister depart; for Andrew Garnett was no hero in the eyes of Cecily.

She had noticed that he did not care to go with them to the old village church. When he came to the farm to spend a Sunday, he made excuses to escape morning service, and would stroll out to meet the girls on their way home. Mr. Woodburn was a silent man, and if there was anything that he did not like in his intended son-in-law, he kept his thoughts to himself. Cecily could never ascertain her father's real opinion of Dr. Andrew Garnett.

Very soon after Rose's marriage Mr. Woodburn died, and the old home passed into other hands. Cecily found a situation in a school in Rose's neighbourhood, and the sisters saw each other every day; so that when Mrs. Garnett's little daughter was born, Aunt Cecily took the baby in her arms and vowed in her heart to be a second mother to Daisy.

"Why do you wish the child to be called Daisy?" said Dr. Garnett to his wife. "Why not give her your own name, Rose?"

"She will never be a Rose, I think," the young mother answered. "Such a wee, fragile thing, Andrew! Let her be Daisy — Michaelmas Daisy — born on Michaelmas Day."

"You sentimental women are always fond of observing saints' days," said the doctor, with a slight sneer. "I heard Cecily talking to the nurse about St. Michael and all angels. Well, you may call the little one anything that you like, Rose—only get well and strong as fast as you can."

But Rose never got well and strong again.

Dr. Garnett was never heard to speak a harsh word to his young wife. She was delicate; the baby was always ailing; the whole state of things was depressing, and he shrugged his shoulders and accepted his condition. And yet, although he said nothing unkind, the very servants knew that he felt his marriage to be a mistake, and regretted it from the bottom of his heart.

The fates were against him, he would say, with a cynical disbelief in anything higher than fate. And somehow his cool, hard way of bearing crosses pained Rose more than any rebellious outbreak. She knew that he shouldered his burdens with the determination to carry them alone. He did not believe in such a thing as spiritual aid, nor, indeed, in anything spiritual at all.

Two years after the birth of her Michaelmas Daisy, Rose said a long farewell to husband and child; and Andrew Garnett was left a widower.

The young doctor had loved his wife, not very warmly, perhaps, but still well enough to grieve for her in all sincerity. He, too, had had his share of disappointment in married life.

He had believed when he gathered his Rose that it would keep its bloom for many a year; but it was far too fragile a flower to retain its freshness long.

Rose Garnett was an over-sensitive woman, easily worried, soon depressed; and such women always grow prematurely faded. Her chief claims to beauty lay in the perfect pink and white of her complexion, and the luxuriant golden hair which had been the envy of all her girlish friends. Who does not know how perishable such beauty is, even when its possessor is blessed with a calm temperament? But Rose's nature was not calm, and her restless heart quickly made an end of her good looks.

A year after her wedding day she looked like the ghost of the bright girl who had stood before the altar of the village church; and it was not unnatural, perhaps, that Dr. Garnett should have been bitterly vexed at the change.

When the funeral was over, life went on very quietly in the doctor's small house in Holly-street. Cecily Woodburn still kept her situation in the school, although people said she was clever enough to have filled a far higher post. But there were two strong ties that held Cecily fast bound to the crowded old town of Bridleton.

In the first place she was engaged to be married to a curate who was one of the hardest workers in that busy town. It was in vain that Dr. Garnett, and even Rose, had spoken of the poor prospects of the young clergyman; Cecily had made up her mind to cling to Edgar Wyon for better for worse, and she was not a girl who could be easily turned from her purpose. Edgar was good and true, she loved him, and if they could not afford to marry for years, what of that? It was in this determined fashion that she answered all objections, and as no one could deny Mr. Wyon's worthiness, the affair was allowed to take its own course, and went on more comfortably than such affairs usually do.

The second tie to Bridleton was Michaelmas Daisy. Cecily loved the child with an intense devotion that even touched the heart of Dr. Garnett, cool and cynical as he was. Moreover, he had a secret respect for the force of Cecily's character, and the strength of her intellect, and he was not unwilling that she should take the care of Daisy's training upon herself.

"Cecily's religion is made of stronger stuff than Rose's ever was," he said to himself one day. "My poor Rose was a very feeble little Christian, who could only shed tears if I sneered at her faith. But Cecily carries a sword sharp and bright, and when her creed is attacked she can use her weapon dexterously enough; however, she is too wise to draw her blade from its sheath when it isn't wanted, a trick that too many clever women have. And on the whole we go on peaceably."

So Cecily came in the evenings to the house in Holly-street, and devoted herself to her little niece. She did not see much of Dr. Garnett; he spent most of his leisure time away from home. But when they did chance to meet, they were good friends.

And months and years passed away without bringing any changes worthy of note to Daisy. The room in which she had first seen the light had been converted into a nursery, where the child played her solitary games and talked to her dolls and pictures. The Michaelmas daisies bloomed autumn after autumn, and Daisy looked out upon them from her window with loving eyes.

"Dear flowers," she used to say, in her simplicity, "God must have made them grow on purpose to please Daisy."

(To be continued.)

SOUPS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

By Phillis Browne.



It is astonishing what a prejudice roughish people have against soup. The objection is not so universal as it was a few years ago, but still it exists. I cannot but think that one reason of this is that the housekeepers who scorn it do not understand what soup really is. A friend of mine once told me that none of her girls would touch soup; they did not care for it at all. I was not astonished at this when I discovered that her only idea of making soup was to thicken the liquor in which meat had been boiled with prepared pea meal. Another lady, who sympathised with the first one in her want of appreciation of culinary delicacies, used to make it by thickening the liquor with oatmeal. On one occasion I was privileged to taste the latter preparation. I expected it would be insipid, but it was not; it was particularly tasty, for it was burnt. I sympathised with the young ladies who did not like it at all, for I decided that I could not have eaten much of that soup if I had been paid for it.

One erroneous idea concerning soup is that

it is expensive, and that in order to make it good pounds upon pounds of meat must be obtained for it. If these are dispensed with the soup will not be worth drinking. Really, however, soup is an economy. It is a mistake to make it very rich and very strong. When, as is generally the case, it is succeeded by other dishes, it should be light and pleasantly flavoured, but not strong or nourishing enough to furnish a dinner in itself. People usually sit down to dinner tired, hungry, and weary, and it is rather too much of a good thing to put a slice of roast beef or boiled mutton before them straight away. It is giving their digestive organs too much to do; they need to be set gently to work. To have light employment given them at first, and to be allowed to go on gradually to the heavy business. Sir Henry Thompson, I think it was, pointed out a little while ago, in some papers he published on food, that light liquid food was most valuable as a restorative. Those who have been accustomed to take soup, and have noticed how quickly it takes away the feeling of exhaustion, and prepares the way for the enjoyment of dinner, would be very sorry to do without it. At the same time, they would be equally sorry to make it very strong and rich, unless they intended the family to dine upon it entirely.

When I said soup was an economy, I meant that it might be made the means of preventing waste; also that when used regularly it saves the joint, and partially satisfies the appetite before the most expensive part of the dinner is touched. I daresay you have heard of the housekeeper who said to her friend, "We never have soup; we cannot afford it;" to which the other replied, "Indeed, we always have soup; we cannot afford to do without it." I certainly think the second housekeeper was the more economical of the two.

However, it is not my business now to sing the praises of soup. But I may say that I believe it would be seen on our tables more frequently than it is if the girls in a house were able and willing to make it. The secret of our not having soup is that it takes time and trouble, which servants do not always care to give. But in the good time coming, when all the girls in our homes understand and practise cookery, when our daughters would rather prepare with their own hands a good dinner for their fathers than tire their eyes in making so many useless mats and antimacassars, things will be quite different; we shall enter upon a delightful period, and we shall all live twice as well as we do now, at half the present cost.

There are three varieties of soup—clear soup, thick soup, and purées. For all these stock is required, and therefore the first thing we have to do is to learn how to make stock. For very nourishing, superior soup, and for clear soup, fresh meat is required; although it is quite true that clear soup *may* be made of weak bone stock, it is scarcely worth while to do so unless there was plenty of fresh meat left on the bones, and to buy bones roughly trimmed would cost as much as to buy fresh meat. Ordinary stock, however, that will make excellent soup for daily use may be made of the trimmings of joints, the liquor in which meat and vegetables and fish have been boiled, and even of the bones, skin, and trimmings left after a joint has been served. For nothing of this kind should be thrown away until it has been stewed until every particle of goodness has been extracted from it.

I am quite prepared to hear that girls who tried to prevent waste in this way, and to make the most of things by stewing bones and trimmings for stock, would be laughed and sneered at by certain people. Let them never mind this. When we are doing right we can bear to be laughed at, and certainly we who try to be economical are in the right. It is wicked to waste good food while so many thousands are needing it. If we have more than we require let us give to those who want, not throw away. It is a great disgrace to English cooks that they act as though extravagance meant cleverness, and thrift meant incompetency. I have noticed again and again that as soon as ever a cook acquires skill she loses her respect for quantities and prices. We will not do this in our cookery class, for we all look upon waste as sin.

Therefore let us resolve that nothing containing nourishment shall be thrown away until it has been well stewed. We will put on one side all the trimmings, skin, bone, and fat that we can collect, and as soon as we have an opportunity we will render down the fat for frying and will stew the rest for stock.

Sometimes economical cooks advise that a stock-pot should be kept by the side of the fire, and that trimmings, pieces, and scraps should be thrown into it from time to time as they come to hand; that water should be added when necessary, and thus a constant supply of stock should be provided. This plan I do not recommend. In the first place it leads to the ingredients being unequally cooked. Scraps which are thrown into the pot when the cooking is half through are not so thoroughly stewed as those which were in at the beginning. In the second place overlong simmering will spoil the flavour of our stock and make it taste unpleasantly of the pan. Whatever we have to stew should be put on freshly into a clean pan every morning; when the simmering has been continued five hours the contents of the pan should be turned into an earthen vessel and carried into a cool larder and left uncovered till wanted.

We will suppose that we have a quantity of bones and trimming, say, for instance, the bones left from a cooked joint which weighed eight or ten pounds before it was cut. Perhaps also we should have the bones of poultry or game, and two or three bacon bones; if so, we should of course make use of them, although we should do very well without them. How should we proceed in making stock?

We should look carefully over our ingredients, and trim away anything that was unsuited to our purpose. If it should happen that there was anything not quite pure and sweet we should put that aside at once. "Cleanliness is the soul of cookery," and it is particularly called for in economical cookery. We wish to avoid waste, but we are not willing to use everything. Having satisfied ourselves on this point, however, we put the bones into a perfectly clean saucepan and pour over them cold water, in the proportion of a quart of water to a pound of bones. I daresay it will be remembered that when we were speaking of boiling meat we said that when we wanted to keep the goodness in the meat we placed it in boiling water; when we wished to draw the goodness out we put it in cold water. On this occasion we wish to draw the goodness out, we therefore use cold water.

We now put the saucepan on the fire, and bring the liquid slowly to a boil. In a little while it will begin to simmer, and then we throw in a small quantity of salt, not as much as will be needed to season the soup, but a little to help the scum to rise. It is well to leave the seasoning until the stock is made, because we intend to boil the liquid down to about half its quantity, and if we add as much salt as is wanted now we shall find that our stock is too salt by the time the boiling is over, for salt will not fly away in steam, though water may. But salt will help to make the scum rise, and we particularly wish to remove the scum as soon as it appears, before it has time to boil down into the stock again. Therefore we throw a little salt in, and for the same purpose we add a cupful of cold water two or three times after skimming, and after each addition heat again and skim once more.

When we have cleared away as much scum as possible we draw the saucepan back, put on the lid, and let the liquor simmer very gently for five hours. If we wish to use it quickly, or if the weather is cold we may at the end of three hours put in the flavouring ingredients, a carrot, a leek or an onion, a clove, a little celery, a bay leaf, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, six peppercorns, and half a blade of mace for each quart of liquid. We must remember, however, that if the weather is warm stock will keep better if vegetables have not been boiled in it, and that even if they are so boiled additional vegetables will have to be added when the stock is used in order to "revive the flavour;" otherwise our soup will not taste fresh.

Bone stock boiled without either vegetables or seasoning will not taste at all good when the five hours are over, and it is poured out, and carried into the larder. Nevertheless, it will contain goodness, and we can make excellent soup of it when the time arrives for us to do so.

Perhaps the bones do not appear to be sufficiently stewed after the liquor is strained from them. They ought to look quite clear and clean, and in such a condition that when dry we should have no objection to put them in our pockets. If this be so, we may stew them again next day with a small quantity of fresh cold water, but we must on no account be persuaded to leave them in the saucepan all night.

When we want to make superior stock we take fresh meat. If we wanted three pints of stock we should need three pounds of meat—shin of beef for brown stock, knuckle of veal for white stock—and we must allow a pint of water to a pound of meat and one pint of water over. The meat is to be cut into small pieces, the smaller the better, and covered with the cold water, then salted, boiled up, skimmed and simmered exactly as recommended for bone soup. The vegetables, a carrot, half a turnip, a leek, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, three or four sticks of celery, and twenty peppercorns, will be sufficient for three pints of stock.

In both these instances the liquor in which meat had been boiled, and especially the liquor in which "rabbit" or "chicken" or even rabbit bones or chicken bones had been stewed, would be much to be preferred to water if it could be had. If fresh meat were used any trimmings of meat or poultry that there might be should be thrown into the pan and stewed with the meat; they would make the stock stronger.

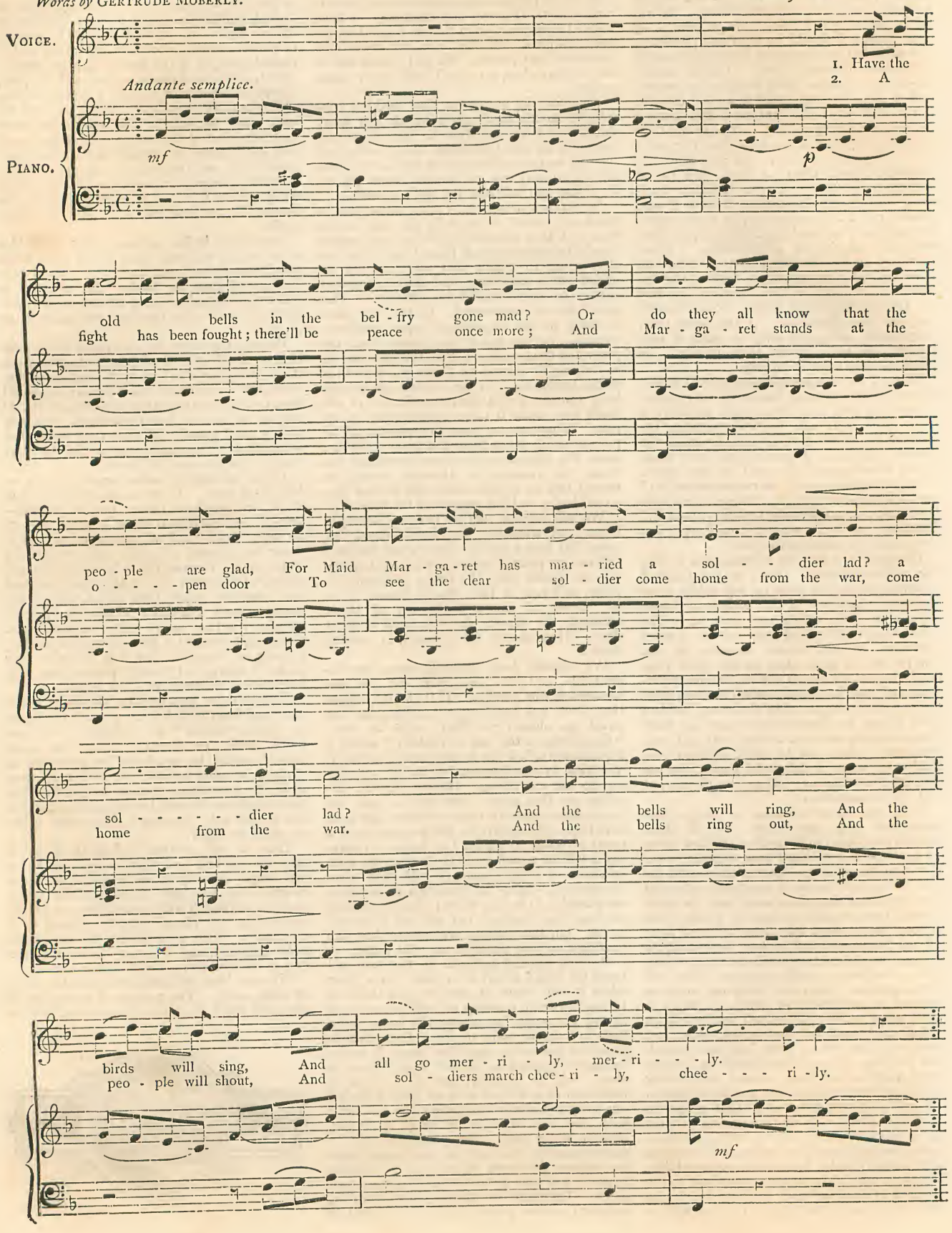
There is still another kind of stock which may be needed, and that is fish stock for fish soup. It may be made with the liquor in which fish has been boiled, and the bones and skin of the fish with an anchovy, an onion, and one or two cloves may be stewed in it afterwards. Fish soup should be very carefully skimmed, and it must be remembered that it will not keep so well as meat stock.

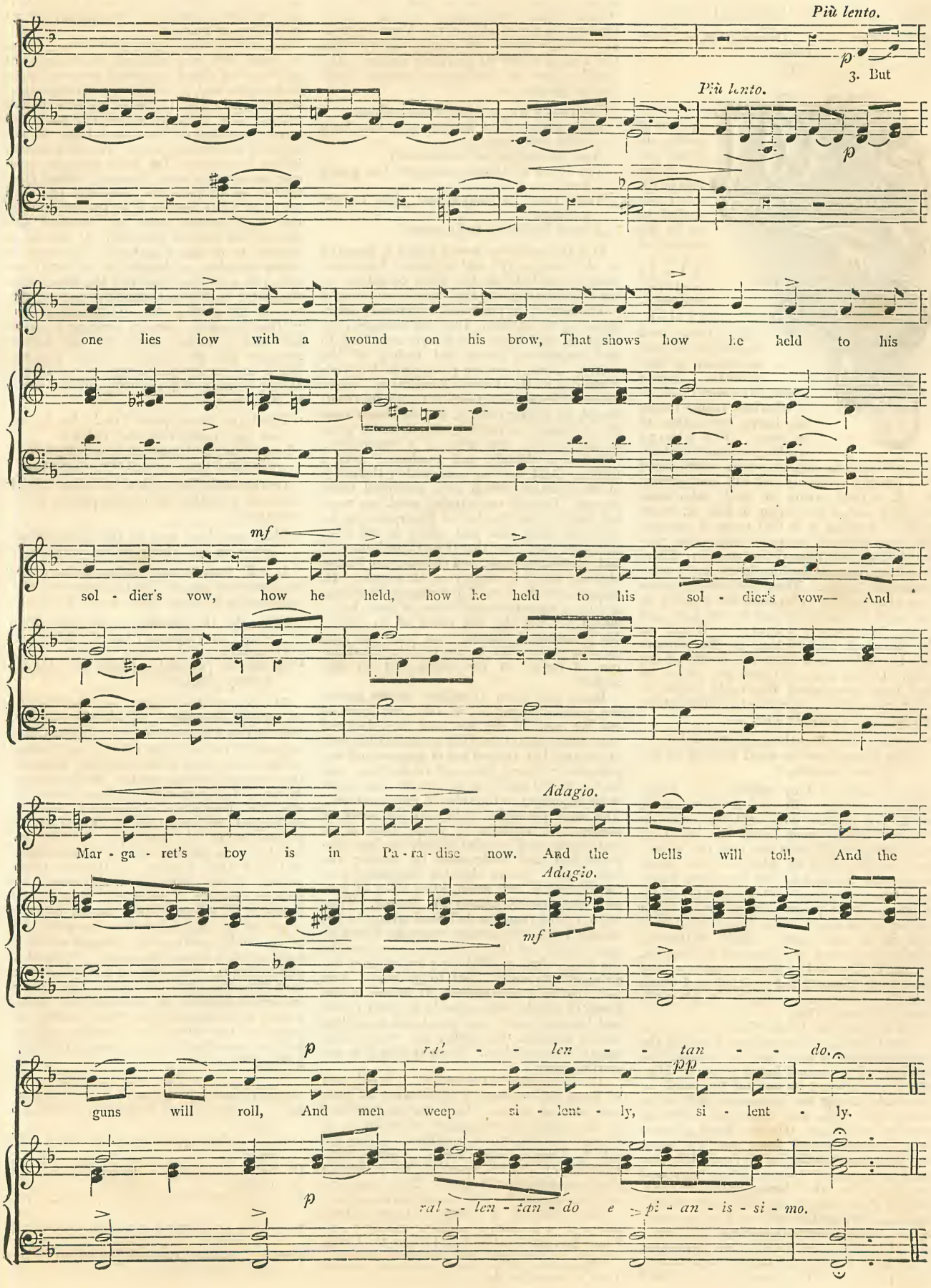
We now have our stock, which is the basis of soup, ready. The process of converting it into soup must be reserved for another lesson.



MARGARET.

Words by GERTRUDE MOBERLY. *Music by* EDWIN M. LOTT.

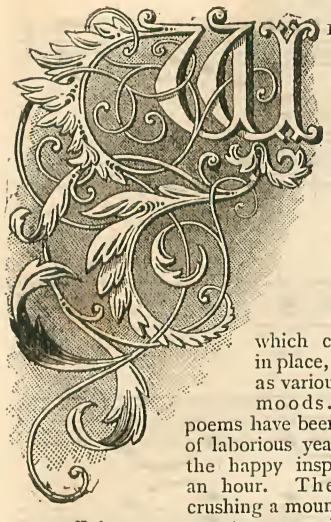



Più lento.
p
3. But
Più lento.
p
one lies low with a wound on his brow, That shows how he held to his
mf
sol - dier's vow, how he held, how he held to his sol - dier's vow— And
Adagio.
Mar - ga - ret's boy is in Pa - ra - dise now. And the bells will toll, And the
Adagio.
mf
p
ral - - len - - tan - - do.
pp
guns will roll, And men weep si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly.
p
ral - len - tan - do e pi - an - is - si - mo.

THE ART OF VERSE-MAKING.

By the Author of the "Truce of God, and other Poems."

II.



We have spoken of poetry in some of its higher aspects, as presented to us by the masters of song. Their methods of composition, which come next in place, have been as various as their moods. Some poems have been the work of laborious years; others the happy inspiration of an hour. The plough crushing a mountain daisy was sufficient to suggest verses which have lived nearly the century and will long survive it. A satirist writes of poets who wear the floor out, "measuring a line at every stride." *Certain it is that* many a thought has been matured, many an expression perfected in solitude beneath the open sky. There have been poets whose long lonely walks were a vision of beauty. There has here and there been a favoured one who found his Pegasus in the steed he could give rein to over field and moor. Wordsworth delighted to dream on the grass. A boat rocking on the summer seas has before now been the cradle of the muse. Others have preferred the silence of their own room, which they could people at will, even as Milton, dictating to his daughters, saw the more in his blindness:—

"So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers irradiate."

Many a strain of holy influence has found utterance in the still and solemn night watch. Of Rogers, who kept his poem on "Italy" sixteen years under his hand, it was jestingly said that he had the street-door knocker tied up when he was about to compose a couplet. On the other hand, much verse has been written under the stress of hostile, most prosaic circumstance, when the fire in the poet's heart has burnt like a light in a dark place. More distressing possibly than even the gloom of a dungeon, yet not fatal, would be those domestic adversities which Hogarth has depicted, and which Hood so humorously suggests in his well-known "Parental Ode."

We may take Sir Walter Scott, however, as a typical instance of the manner in which the imagination often finds aid in external influences. The famous battle scene in Marmion was composed by him on the sands of Portobello, during the intervals of drill, when he was out with the Edinburgh corps of mounted volunteers. He has been pictured for us, pacing up and down upon his horse, with the waves beating at his feet, while ever and anon he would "plunge in his spurs, and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him." It might have been a desperate rally on the field of Flodden itself. So he drew vigour into his verse, as it were, with his breath, and found a new inspiration in the rude harmony of thought and action. Other portions of the poem were composed when he was galloping at full speed over "bank, bush, and scaur," or in solitary rambles by the banks of the Yarrow; or as he sat under the foot of a huge oak, by which the Tweed rolled its sparkling waters. The familiar lines of Shakespeare present quite another picture,—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

It is this *realising* power which is essential to all true poetry; and whatever helps it—whether solitude, or the voice of nature, or the ecstasy of vigorous life—may be welcomed.*

The form of the poem will be naturally determined by the subject. There are cadences even in prose, and these vary greatly according to the imaginative power and feeling of the writer. Thus, there are passages in Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," where his vivid description passes naturally into swift dactyl, or swifter trochee, and we detect even the hexameter struggling through the glow of his words. But what *is* a hexameter? What *are* dactyls and trochees? asks a reader. And here we come within the range of the questions which have prompted these papers. Despite our warning word, we must not forget that the Art of Poetry is open to all—that every rank and sphere of life have furnished poets; and that there is much musical and wholesome verse, not claiming to be the highest, which is worthy of all respect. If, indeed, only the stars of first magnitude shone, and there were no scintillations of lesser light, would not the sky lose much of its glory? No professor of literature can teach you how to write poetry, but he can explain the structure of verse. A few words next on this subject.

Brave old Janet Hamilton, whose poems are worth reading, but who did not learn to use her pen till she was past fifty, declared that Shakespeare not only awakened her love of poetry, but trained her in grammatical expression. "You might as well ask the lark," she said, "how it can sing, as ask me how I can write according to the rules of grammarians." The same principle applies to the study of poetry. Its varieties of metre, their scope and power, and peculiar melody are best distinguished and understood by reading the best poets. As no rhyming dictionary ever constructed a true poem, so no rules of prosody ever greatly interest the learner. They are not more than the dull dead strings to the violin; but let the student surrender herself to good verse, and the charm steals over her like the music which a skilful hand evokes from the stringed instrument. But to go back. You ask what is a *hexameter?* It is one of the forms of classic verse—that is, of both Greek and Roman poetry—unrhymed, and depending for its music on the number and comparative length of its syllables. We may take it as our starting point.

The hexameter has *no rhyme:* it is only one of many ancient metres, which were all likewise without rhyme. These metres depended on the melodious arrangement of the longer or shorter syllables, the "quantities," as they are called, of the successive words. Certain combinations of syllables are called *feet*, as helping the movement of the verse. Thus, two long syllables coming together are called a spondee; a short followed by a long, an iamb; a long followed by a short, a trochee; one long followed by two short, a dactyl (from the Greek word which signifies a finger, with its one long and two short joints); and two short followed by a long, an anapæst.

It is evident that by the skilful arrangement of these feet very different effects may be produced—a slower or quicker measure, grace or strength, and a modulation correspondent somewhat to the theme or purpose of the writer. The rules by which the quantities were determined in Greek and Latin do not apply to modern languages. We are governed mainly by *accent*. The same feet are, however, in constant use. Now, in further illustration, let us take the hexameter line, and we do so solely because it is the only one of the classic metres which has obtained real place in our English literature. It consists of six feet, as its name indicates; they may be either spondees or dactyls, but a dactyl followed by a spondee must end the line. It is the metre in which Longfellow has written two of his chief poems—"Evangeline" and "Miles Standish," thereby securing it, as we have said, permanent recognition and honour amongst us; for Southey before him had failed, and our irregular accent is not favourable to its use. An example will best show its structure:—

"This is the | forest prim- | eval; but | where are the | hearts that be- | neath it
Leaped like the | roe when he | hears in the | woodland the | voice of the | huntsman?"

Or this other line, which has more dactyls than are essential, but is more perfect in the quantities:—

"Black were her | eyes as the | berry that | grows on the | thorn by the | wayside."

It will interest our readers to note how sometimes an approach to this measure occurs accidentally in prose. Thus, in the Psalms:—

"How do the | heathen | rage and the | people im- | agine a | vain thing."

Or again:—

"He hath as- | cended on | high, and | led cap- | tivity | captive."

Mr. Ruskin has recently spoken of *rhyme*, on its first introduction, as specially characteristic of the Christian chant or canticle in its superiority to the Pagan ode; as part, indeed, of the more joyous music which the Resurrection brought into the world. So thought not Milton. In common with others before him who had condemned rhyme as a barbarous innovation, he congratulated himself on the publication of his great epic, that he had avoided "the jingling sound of like endings," and had thus restored to "heroic poems ancient liberty from the troublesome and modern bondage of rimeing." It must not, however, be supposed that the art of *blank verse* can be expounded in a few words. It is an iambic metre—the measure which in various forms is most frequently employed in our literature; five feet, or ten syllables to each line, the iamb dominating, but relieved by certain licences, and the changing natural pauses in successive lines giving variety and music to the verse. For example, observe both the accent and *shifting pause* in Milton's pathetic lines:—

"Thus with | the year
Seasons | return | ; but not | to me | returns
Day, or | the sweet | approach | of even | or morn
Or sight | of ver- | nal bloom, | or sum- | mer's rose,
Or flocks, | or herds, | or hu- | man face | divine;
But clouds | instead, | and e- | ver-du- | ring dark
Surrounds | me; from | the cheer- | ful ways | of men
Cut off, | and for | the book | of know- | ledge fair,

* The reader curious on such points may consult Jacox's "Aspects of Authorship."

Present- | ed with | a un- | iver- | sal blank
Of na | ture's works, | to me | expunged | and rased,
And wis- | dom at | one en- | trance quite | shut out."

The stately music of Milton has never been surpassed; but there are many varieties of blank verse which should be studied, not forgetting the more elastic excellence of Shakespeare, the quiet strength of Cowper, the both picturesque and simple beauty of our later Tennyson.

The iambic line of five feet with rhyme constitutes what is known as *heroic* verse, and was largely used at one time, though now somewhat in disfavour. Pope gave to it the exquisite finish in which he delighted. We may, as an example, quote his lines on verse-writing as applicable here :—

"But most | by num- | bers judge | a po- | et's song;
And smooth | or rough, | with them, | is right | or wrong:
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line it 'whispers through the trees:'
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threaten'd, not in vain, with 'sleep:'
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

* * * *

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Another noble form of iambic measure is that adopted by Spenser, and which bears his name, consisting of eight lines of five feet, with one longer line of six feet to close—the Alexandrine, to which Pope alludes in the couplet above—three rhymes only being distributed to the nine lines. Still more complex and more beautiful is the Sonnet, which might claim a paper to itself—a poem complete in fourteen lines, the rhymes of which follow a special, though flexible, rule. Fine examples will be found in Milton and Wordsworth, as also Mrs. Browning.

It will be seen from these few illustrations that we have entered on a subject too large for full treatment here. We cannot do more than just indicate some examples of the lighter measures of verse. The trochee is the iamb reversed—that is, a long syllable and then a short. The longest poem in trochaic measure that occurs to us is Longfellow's "Hiawatha," but this is peculiar as being unrhymed. Another trochaic form is seen in "The Raven," that sombre weird production of Edgar Allan Poe. And more famous is Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." In illustration of the flowing anapæst we need mention only Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib." These chief measures admit of a great variety of changes, and it is the privilege of genius to combine them in new forms.

One word on the subject of revision, which has so large a place in the art of poetry. From the days of Virgil downward much importance has attached to the critical consideration of the verse written under poetic impulse. The Roman poet is said to have composed rapidly early in the day, and to have given the later hours to careful correction. Many have found the revision more difficult than the composition. As Pope, the master of balanced verse, writes :—

"Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care."

All the rapidity and power of Byron could not save him from gross errors which remain embedded in his poems from disregard of this art. It has been wisely said, "The file shapes but begets no beauties," yet no literary workshop should be without that implement. In this association we recall the suggestion of an American editor to his many contributors, "Boil it down! boil it down!" There is an unpoetic twang in the words, but the advice is, nevertheless good for poets who, above all men, should deal in essences.

In conclusion, let us advise our readers to pursue the subject for themselves by cultivating an acquaintance with the poets. There are good and bad amongst them, be it remembered; but a judicious study of the best writers is an aid to refinement of thought and feeling. It is told of a poet barber of Gascogne that he was discouraged by his wife in writing until the sale of his poems enabled him to buy his house; then she was quick enough to find the paper, scarce in that home, for his manuscript. "Every verse you write, Jacques," she would say, "puts a new tile on the roof." But this is the wrong view. It is a good thing for the world that there are some things in it of which gold is not the exact equivalent. The best poetry tends to quicken the sympathies and perceptions, and while enlarging the boundaries, exalts also the ideal of life.

VARIETIES.

A War by Candlelight.—A woman in the country once went for a pound of candles, when, to her great astonishment and mortification, she was told they had risen a penny in the pound since her last purchase. "What can be the cause of such a rise?" said the old woman. "I can't tell," answered the shopkeeper, "but I believe 'tis principally owing to the war." "What!" exclaimed the old woman, "do they fight by candlelight?"

The Fountain of Content.—The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and she who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing everything but her own disposition will waste her life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which she purposes to remove.

The Poet's Love and the Poet's Lamp.

While writing verses for my love I looked up from the taper,
And there she stood. I rose in haste and overturned the taper.
"How careless to put out that light!" she said. "Is it surprising,"
I answered, "that I quenched my lamp when I saw the sun arising?—*Heine.*

A Tale of a Miller's Daughter.—There was once, in the neighbourhood of Rouen, says a French writer, a miller's daughter so pretty and so cruel that the sighs of her lovers alone served to turn the sails of her father's mill!

Buried Mountain Ranges.

That man deserves applause, at any rate.
The usual psalms were sung.
Here is a pen, nine steel nibs, and a bottle.
Pour a little ink into it.
Do you like my monogram? Answer me, dear.
Had General Legh any orders to give me?
I look on goodness as a rarity.
What a capital tail my cat has got!
He does nothing but balk and get in the way.

Everyday Dreams and Everyday Duties.—It is a great misfortune that girls so commonly amuse themselves with imaginary schemes—how they would behave and what they would do were they in such and such a situation. They would be very good and very exemplary were they very great, very learned, very rich, very old, and the like. But they neglect the gift that is in them and the work which is appointed for them while they are thinking of what is not. Alas! that our thoughts should be so taken up with dreams and reveries how we would manage were we in another station, while the chief wisdom of life consists in the assiduous discharge of those duties which belong to our own proper calling.

Self-Help and Mutual Help.—Self-help is, doubtless, a great thing, but mutual help is not to be despised.

Seeking for Wisdom.—Seek wisdom and you will be sure to find her; but if you do not look for *her* she will not look for *you*.

The Right Way to Study History.—In order that the study of history may duly fulfil its mission in enlarging our ideas and widening our charity, we, who read historical works, must not only employ our intellect and memory, but vigorously use our imagination. It is not enough to study the chroniclers of past ages: what we want is to re-live the life of past days; to sympathise with the hopes and fears, to share the beliefs and the sentiments of the age and the country which we make our study; to image to ourselves its daily life; to fall into its ways of thinking.

The Only Happy and the Only Great.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great.
Beattie.

Answers to Buried Birds (p. 487).—Kite, thrush, dove, eagle, swan, redstart, owl, goose, marten, kingfisher, heron, linnet.

Answers to Buried Islands (p. 487).—Arran, Bute, Madagascar, Sumatra, Bermuda, Bourbon, Cuba, Borneo, Minorca, Majorca, Iceland.



VELVET PAINTING.

By

Mrs. RANDOLPH-LICHFIELD.

PAINTING on velvet was, a few years ago, a very favourite and fashionable accomplishment, and in the days of our grandmothers, when home-made decorations were far more restricted than now, not only as to the materials employed, but the knowledge and taste required in their designing and manipulation, Velvet-painting was eagerly sought after as a very interesting occupation and most attractive addition to the ornamental elegancies of indoor decorations.

In the present day, however, its services are by no means so limited, and it is to the fact that hand-painted trimmings for personal wear are not only the most elegant, but the most fashionable of adornments, that Velvet-painting owes the great interest it inspires among its numerous devotees.

Another great attraction it possesses is the considerable effects that may be produced with a moderate expenditure of time and trouble; as any amateurs who have sufficient knowledge and application to design and paint in oil or water-colours may, by its aid, make elegant additions to their dress, that they would find excessively expensive, were they to become *purchasers* instead of producers.

As a remunerative art, Velvet-painting certainly would appear to be worth pursuing, judging from the very high prices charged by fashionable dressmakers for any article of dress that has been adorned by hand-painting.

At one of the "drawing rooms" last season there was a remarkably elegant dress, with a petticoat of cream-coloured satin, painted with a graceful design of wall-flowers; these were just outlined with rather coarse silk, which had the effect of detaching the flowers and causing them to appear raised from the surface; and at the present time one of my friends is painting a court train which she intends to wear next season, with a design of cherries and leaves on ivory velvet, in which the cherries are so perfectly shaded it is difficult to realise they are on a flat surface.

I merely mention these instances as illustrations of the elaborate ornamentation possible of achievement by painting on textile fabrics; and though they may be on a higher and grander scale than my readers may perhaps experimentalise in, yet I think it is always encouraging to know what heights *may* be reached by the very means we are employing.

The materials required for painting on velvet are silk velvet, or the best velveteen, with a short fast pile. The difference in price is so considerable that I should certainly advise my readers to make their first few experiments on velveteen; for about 3s. 6d. a yard this may be purchased of very good quality three quarters of a yard wide.

The colours needed will be either the ordinary oils in tubes, which may be bought of any artists' colourman, or moist water-colours. The brushes are stiff goat hair and red sables; the former to apply the first colour, which requires well rubbing into the material, the latter for shading and finishing touches on the ground already prepared for their reception by the first painting.

If moist water-colours are those you select for your velvet painting, the water with which they are mixed should have ox gall added to it in the proportion of two or three drops to a teaspoonful of water.

This is the ordinary method, but I find the one I personally adopt and have recommended to many of my friends is far more efficacious, and renders the work much easier of accomplishment. For plain water I substitute a medium made expressly for textile fabrics, and with it moisten my colours; their increase in brilliancy and solidity is remarkable. Another advantage is, it sets the colours, and prevents them running beyond the desired limits.

The first thing necessary is to stretch your velvet firmly on a drawing-board, taking great care it is kept quite smoothly and not the least on the cross. This satisfactorily done, the design is drawn in Chinese white with fine and correct lines. This is by no means easy, as the texture of the material often causes the brush to swerve from the desired lines.

There is, however, a method of keeping them within limits that simplifies these preliminaries considerably—that is, the use of what is technically known as "ship's curves." These may be purchased of any artists' colourman, and consist of very thin pieces of pear-tree wood. A great variety of "ship's curves" and others are cut in this wood—or, more correctly speaking, cut *out* of it, for the piece is cut through and removed, leaving a space which forms the desired curve. Many of these may be used to form the curves of leaves and flowers, and a little practice in their use will soon enable you to form an infinite variety of combinations in curves of the greatest use in your designs.

The piece of wood is put flat on the surface, arranged so that the curve should be where required, then a fine brush with Chinese white is drawn through the "curve," and when the wood is removed the line is seen perfectly formed and distinct.

Many artists paint in their design with Chinese white to form a ground for the other colours, but this, though successful for a short time, generally ends in causing the colours put over it to crack and peel off. In examining

any painting on velvet, silk, or satin that has not been very recently done, you may have noticed that some of the colours used have disappeared, leaving patches or spots of white in their place. This injurious effect has been produced by the means just described.

If, therefore, this underground of white is not first laid on, the *faintest* shade of the colour required is mixed with Chinese white, and well *rubbed into* the material—not merely painted on it—by a stiff goat's hair brush held nearly upright in the hand. This must be thoroughly done, and the surface of the velvet completely hidden, before any shading or finishing can be attempted.

All light and bright colours must be mixed with Chinese white, which gives them the requisite opacity and substance. For deeper shades it is not so necessary. When this groundwork—which must always be done with the palest of the shades required—is completed and thoroughly dry, the shading and finishing is to be done with red sable brushes, in the ordinary manner, the first painting with the stiff brushes—technically called "scrubs"—being merely a coat to work upon.

The method I personally adopt and have found not only far more effective, but easier of accomplishment than any other, is to give a thin coat of the medium I use for moistening the colours to every part of the design; this sinks into the velvet and makes a firm and delightfully smooth surface to work upon, prevents the colours spreading, and greatly increases their brilliancy, while there is no danger of its cracking or causing the over colours to do so.

The velvet court train with designs of cherries before mentioned has been painted in this way, and you will not underrate its advantages when I tell you that a cup of tea inadvertently spilled over a group of cherries did not affect the colours at all, though the velvet was of course stained.

This defect, however, was remedied by concealing the stain with extra fruit and leaves.

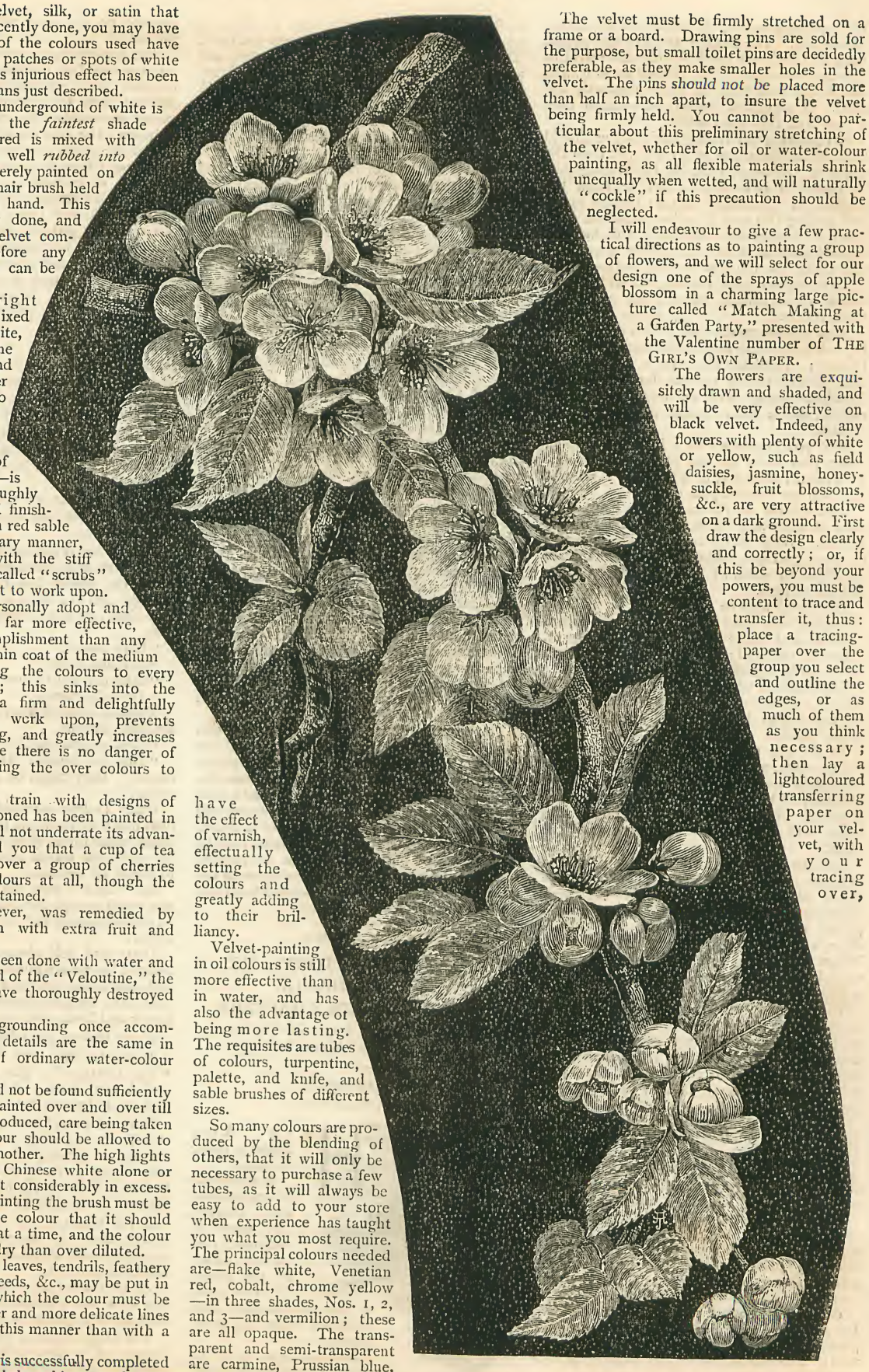
Had the painting been done with water and ox gall merely, instead of the "Veloutine," the least liquid would have thoroughly destroyed it.

The preliminary grounding once accomplished, the finishing details are the same in all cases as those of ordinary water-colour drawings.

If the colours should not be found sufficiently bright they may be painted over and over till the desired effect is produced, care being taken that each coat of colour should be allowed to dry before applying another. The high lights may be put in with Chinese white alone or mixed with others, but considerably in excess. In all stages of the painting the brush must be carefully dipped in the colour that it should not absorb too much at a time, and the colour itself must be rather dry than over diluted.

The veinings of the leaves, tendrils, feathery grasses, and fine seaweeds, &c., may be put in with a quill pen, on which the colour must be cautiously taken; finer and more delicate lines may be produced in this manner than with a brush.

When the painting is successfully completed and has thoroughly dried, a thin smooth coat of the "Veloutine" medium all over it will have the effect of varnish, effectually setting the colours and greatly adding to their brilliancy.



Velvet-painting in oil colours is still more effective than in water, and has also the advantage of being more lasting. The requisites are tubes of colours, turpentine, palette, and knife, and sable brushes of different sizes.

So many colours are produced by the blending of others, that it will only be necessary to purchase a few tubes, as it will always be easy to add to your store when experience has taught you what you most require. The principal colours needed are—flake white, Venetian red, cobalt, chrome yellow—in three shades, Nos. 1, 2, and 3—and vermilion; these are all opaque. The transparent and semi-transparent are carmine, Prussian blue, purple lake and burnt sienna, terre verte, and Vandyke brown.

The velvet must be firmly stretched on a frame or a board. Drawing pins are sold for the purpose, but small toilet pins are decidedly preferable, as they make smaller holes in the velvet. The pins *should not be* placed more than half an inch apart, to insure the velvet being firmly held. You cannot be too particular about this preliminary stretching of the velvet, whether for oil or water-colour painting, as all flexible materials shrink unequally when wetted, and will naturally "cockle" if this precaution should be neglected.

I will endeavour to give a few practical directions as to painting a group of flowers, and we will select for our design one of the sprays of apple blossom in a charming large picture called "Match Making at a Garden Party," presented with the Valentine number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

The flowers are exquisitely drawn and shaded, and will be very effective on black velvet. Indeed, any flowers with plenty of white or yellow, such as field daisies, jasmine, honeysuckle, fruit blossoms, &c., are very attractive on a dark ground. First draw the design clearly and correctly; or, if this be beyond your powers, you must be content to trace and transfer it, thus: place a tracing-paper over the group you select and outline the edges, or as much of them as you think necessary; then lay a light coloured transferring paper on your velvet, with your tracing over, securing all three very firmly together, and go very carefully over every line with an ivory

pin, knitting-needle, or other blunt-pointed instrument. The tracing and transfer papers must be lifted very carefully from the velvet to prevent the colour being rubbed on to it, and the design will then be found distinctly defined. It should afterwards be painted over with a little thin flake white.

In repeating any tracing designs you should never do so from your own copy, but from the original. However carefully the tracing may be taken, it is certain to deviate from the original in some slight degree; though in the first tracing this may be so imperceptible as to be of no importance, the defect will increase considerably in every succeeding copy. A curve that in the first tracing is the veriest *trifle* straighter than the original will, in the course of repetition, become an absolutely straight line.

Your palette must be set with a good quantity of flake white and a little carmine for the flowers; Prussian blue, terre verte, burnt sienna, and yellow chrome for the leaves. Vandyke brown will be required for the stems, and a little orange chrome for the stamen.

Mix your colours with a little turpentine, using your knife for the purpose, but work with them rather dry, as if they are at all wet they will run beyond your design.

Take a little of the carmine and mix with some of the white for the pink shades of the flowers. When this is mixed divide it in two or three portions, adding *different* quantities of white to each, so as to produce various degrees of pink.

The flower may be commenced by painting the whole with flake white, adding the mixed carmine and white to the petals while wet, wherever required; the two tints will then blend softly together.

The stamen, which must be painted with orange chrome, must be left till the flowers are thoroughly dry, as they have to be distinctly defined.

To do this take a little paint up on your palette-knife, and dip the brush in this, taking the colour quite on the point, and put it on distinctly and thickly, but in as fine a line as required. A little yellow chrome mixed with white will be the correct colour for the calyx.

For the leaves you will mix various shades of green, composed of Prussian blue and terre verte, adding yellow chrome for the high lights, and if you require the colour a little colder, as in the under part of a leaf, a little flake white will make the desired difference. When the leaves have a brown tint, a little vandyke must be mixed with the green, or applied thinly as a glaze afterwards.

The paint must be used thinly and the strokes taken in the direction of the leaves so as to imitate their texture. Vandyke brown mixed with white will be required for the stems; the knots and markings of the wood where they catch the light may be heightened with burnt sienna.

Velvet painting, whether in oils or water-colours, can be applied to so many purposes of household decoration, that when you become a little proficient in its production you will find an almost unlimited scope for your powers.

Screens, cushions, chairs, borders for table covers, *portières*, window curtains, and fireplace curtains, valances for mantelpieces and brackets, table mats, pincushions even, are all articles that may be rendered artistic ornaments by this species of decoration.

One thing I have not mentioned in this list, but reserved for a *bonne bouche*, as it may be a novelty to some of my readers, is most eminently adapted to show this branch of art work to perfection.

It is the fashionable piano scarf, a long straight strip of material, the width of the top of the piano and sufficiently long to allow of its hanging about twelve inches over each end. These ends are the only part ornamented, and are generally edged with rich fringe, headed by a handsome border of art needlework. A velvet piano scarf with painted ends would be infinitely more beautiful, and the size and shape would allow of as elaborate a design as could be wished.

A novel method of decorating with velvet painting that is easy of accomplishment, very effective, and less expensive than painting on a large piece of velvet, is the application of velvet leaves and flowers on to a foundation of different material, such as cloth or Roman satin. The designs are painted on a strip of velvet, generally of light colour, such as cream. When finished they are cut out and appliquéd, edged with a fine cord or chain stitch of silk. For any large pieces of work, such as curtains and *portières*, this is very effective, and far more practicable than painting directly on so large a piece of material as would be required for such a purpose.

Where the taste and power to originate designs exist, the pleasure of the work is naturally increased tenfold, but those amateurs to whom copies, or hints for designs, are necessary will find an absolutely unlimited variety from which to select.

Almost all copies for water-colour painting are suitable for painting on velvet, or may be made so by a little alteration and management.

The Religious Tract Society publishes cards with verses and floral designs, the latter beautifully drawn and coloured; many of these are perfectly adapted for velvet painting. Several of the illustrated books for children abound in flower subjects, and the Christmas and New Year's cards, which have been brought to such perfection within the last few years, afford a never ending series of copies in so great a variety as to satisfy all tastes.

The beautiful illustrations accompanying this paper were designed expressly for it, and the most inartistic eye cannot fail to see how exquisite are their drawing and modelling, or how elegant their arrangement. The directions I have already given for painting apple-blossoms will of course apply to the illustration of a sleeve. The large group of roses and jasmine may be for a variety of purposes; it must be painted with the utmost delicacy and perfection of detail; the colouring should be copied from real roses of the species represented.

OUR PATTY'S VICTORY; OR, A WHITE HAND.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By Fairleigh Owen, Author of "Her Sweet Revenge," "When I Was a Girl," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"Home, Sweet Home."



Hush! Amy Blake is going to sing!"

A slight stir of expectation runs through the room as the young performer passes to the piano. Then the tones of the instrument float softly out upon the evening air.

Had an artist been deputed to sketch the scene he would have hesitated ere making his decision whether to take the interior or the view without—both were so pleasant.

The low-ceilinged, wainscotted parlour, with its grey blue faded draperies, its old-fashioned couches and spindled-legged tables; the mellow light fetching into view the glazed corner cupboards, filled with rare china, real antiques; the lazy firelight rising and falling within the grate, glancing on the Dutch tiles, the brass fender and irons; while out of the shadows of curtained window seats, roomy couches, and screened cozy nooks, peeped the bright eyes and merry faces of some half-dozen young girls of various ages between childhood and womanhood.

A pair of glazed doors opened to a deep porch, covered with a flowering westeria, a smooth lawn lay beyond, on which some pigeons were lazily picking up their evening meal.

The slanting rays of the sun threw long shadows from the quaintly trimmed box trees and the big blush rose bushes. The background to all was formed by a mass of trees, in all the varied tints of autumn foliage.

In the seats of the porch and on the lawn are more girls, laughing, chatting, most of their fingers moving busily at some deft bit of needlework.

There is a scent of roses and a warbling of birds in the air, but with these our artist has nought to do.

The garden is gradually deserted, the group in the room and round the porch has increased, while the player has run lightly through a prelude, and in a voice of no great power, but very clear and soft, is singing a ballad of the time.

"How sweet!"

"Is it not lovely?"

"And the words, how beautiful!"

"Isn't she pretty!"

This in a whisper from one of the girls within the long parlour.

"And so graceful!"

"But her hands! Have you noticed her hands! They might be marble or wax. So white!"

Patty Holme involuntarily glances at her own hands as she hears the whisper, and slides them under the work which had fallen into her lap while she was so absorbed in the music as to forget all besides.

No "fancy" work that, though the garment was small enough for a fairy almost; but it was a real substantial fact, as was the young sturdy owner.

Patty had felt almost ashamed when she noticed the pretty flimsies which most of the girls had come provided with, in accordance with Mrs. Barnet's invitation to take tea with her, "and bring your work, girls."

Patty Holme had taken the word literally.

It was the first time she had ever been to "The Cottage." She had carried her work and herself into a shadowy corner, and nobody would notice her, she thought.

She had been lifted to a region of unknown delight in listening to the music, had forgotten everything else. But the melody ceased just as those words reached her which had caused her red hands to slip involuntarily beneath the muslin in her lap.

A few minutes later and she had quite forgotten them, as she was busily engaged in assisting, with others of the party, to set out the tables for tea.

A substantial meal this, which however did not lack the ornamental adjuncts of piles of fruit and big posies of flowers.

The bright faces of the girls, with the staid figures of a few older ladies, were soon gathered round, fully prepared to enjoy the good things provided.

"The days are getting just a little too

short, else I would have had the tea set in the garden," said Mrs. Barnet, the giver of the entertainment.

"That would have been delightful!" said one of her young visitors.

"Oh! it is just as nice here," said another; "besides, we can look out upon the garden, which is lovely—like a picture set in a green frame."

"Without the slugs and the earwigs," quoth an older lady.

"For my part I find the fire quite acceptable, delightful as the weather is," put in a third.

"Yes, the evenings are growing chilly," rejoined another.

"Then all are satisfied," said Mrs. Barnet, pleasantly.

"Satisfied! I should think so," came like an echo from one to another.

"You will soon be having your nephew home, will you not?" asked a lady, sitting at the right hand of the hostess.

"Indeed, yes," was the reply. "I may expect him now from one hour to another."

"How glad you will be!"

"Yes, dear lad! It is nearly five years since he went away."

"It must be dreadful having anyone belonging to you at sea. Worse than being there oneself I think. Every time the wind blows not to know what may be happening."

It was Amy Blake who spoke.

Silence fell upon the little circle as she ceased speaking.

Good Mrs. Barnet looked grave.

It was Patty Holme who hastened to speak.

"All my mother's brothers, and her uncle, were seafaring men, but nothing ever happened to them at sea."

Mrs. Barnet smiled gratefully at the girl, and a grim middle-aged lady, at the opposite end of the table nodded approvingly across to Patty.

Then the talk became general, as if each were anxious to banish the remembrance of that awkward little speech, of which, however, Amy Blake herself did not appear at all conscious.

That was a *homely* feast, in the truest sense of the word. The cream and butter were the produce of "The Cottage" dairy; the fruit and flowers came from the orchard and garden; the bread and cakes were of corn which had ripened not a stone's throw from where the little party now sat; and the savoury pies could have claimed kindred with many of the clucking or quacking tribe just taking their homeward way to roost.

"It is growing too dusky for work now, I am sure," said Mrs. Barnet, as they rose from the table. "Suppose we lay aside the work-bags, and stroll down to the orchard. It is very dry and pleasant there; you can see the sunset from the western corner, and the coach will be passing the end of the lane in a few minutes."

As with one voice, the young guests assented.

"Here are plenty of wraps for any ladies who desire them," continued the kindly hostess.

"What a capital idea that is of yours," observed one of the older visitors, as she availed herself of her friend's offer. "Those new-fashioned flimsy articles they put on the backs of chairs, in so many houses, are most annoying—always slipping down or sticking to one's cap or dress. Now these silk shawls and scarves tossed carelessly on couches have a nice effect."

"So useful, too," rejoined another lady, as she threw one of the shawls lightly around her head and shoulders.

Meanwhile a universal folding up, and coiling away, and reeling off of various feminine handicraft was going on; while Amy Blake, who alone was without any, performed a lively waltz at the piano.

Patty lingered almost lovingly beside the instrument after the others had risen, looking as if she would fain have questioned it.

"Are you fond of music?" asked Mrs. Barnet, kindly, seeing the girl's eager look.

"Oh, ma'am, I love it!" said Patty, with such an emphasis that Mrs. Barnet smiled, and some of the girls who were crowding through the garden doors turned to look at her.

"Why don't you learn, then?" asked Amy, hastily.

Patty looked down and hesitated.

"I will teach you," cried Amy, as she spoke lightly running one hand over the keys.

Patty clasped her hands, the colour flew to her face.

"Teach me, oh!"

"It's nothing," said Amy, good-temperedly smiling at the other's ecstasy. "If you like it so much you will soon learn."

Patty seemed unable to find words to express her gratitude.

She gazed upon the piano, then upon the young player, with hands still clasped as if she could have invoked a blessing on her head, while Amy went her way laughing, the centre of a merry group, whose gay chatter was soon vieing with that of the rooks now betaking themselves to their airy castles in the tall elms bordering the road.

"How soft the air is here," said one, when the happy party had disposed themselves according to their various fancies, some perching on the low railings, others on the mossy mounds at the roots of the ancient apple-trees, the older members availing themselves of the one rustic seat placed so as to face the setting sun.

"It must be a very bleak day indeed when the cold penetrates here," said Mrs. Barnet. "It is so sheltered, you see."

"You have a nice view, too."

"It was better before the tall observatory was built in the park yonder.

"How plain you hear the Greendell bells," said Amy Blake; "I had no idea they were so near."

"The wind is this way," began Mrs. Barnet. "Ah! there are horses' feet."

"It's the coach!" exclaimed several of the girls, as they scampered off to the corner whence the first glimpse could be obtained.

Mrs. Barnet rose to her feet. Her colour came and went. But she said nothing.

"Here it is!" cried one of the young outlookers from her coign of vantage.

"How they tear along!"

"Ah! old Gamson always likes to come in with a dash."

"There does not seem to be a great many passengers."

"They would not surely go inside, such lovely weather."

"Now they're here!"

"They are stopping!"

"There is someone waving his hat!"

As they spoke, long before the coach had really drawn up at the corner, an outside passenger had tumbled himself off to the ground rather than descended, uttered a cheer of farewell to the remaining passengers, and spying the little group at the orchard fence came on with more cheering and hat waving.

"It is Tom!" cried Mrs. Barnet, faintly.

Before the party had time to realise the fact that this was the much-talked-of nephew, home from sea, the new-comer had vaulted the fence, was in their midst, and had hugged his aunt, who, between smiles and tears of joy, gave him a broken welcome.

Turning to the grim lady before-mentioned, who had silently surveyed all, he was sweeping her a ceremonious bow, when she broke out with, "Don't play the fool, sir!" and hugged him grimly, but with a heartiness of affection about which there was no mistake.

Then began introductions by Aunt Barnet. Some of the older guests were strangers to her nephew, but the girls, though several had grown out of recognition, mostly turned out to be old playfellows.

In his hearty way the lad made his recognitions.

"You are Janey Storr, and you—you are Rosie Moore. This is Grace Chown—no, not Grace, it must be Lottie——"

And so on.

He made a stop as his eyes fell upon Amy Blake, who had been behind some of the others.

This one he had never seen before. He felt sure memory could not fail him. Had he ever in former times met that lovely girl, whose graceful figure and beautiful features made her remarkable even among the bevy of blooming, animated young creatures?

Tom looked at his aunt.

"Oh! to be sure, you have not met Amy Blake before."

Then the introductions were made.

"How do you do, Tom?" said Patty Holme, when there was an opportunity. "I am so glad——" and she held out her hand.

"You remember Patty Holme?" said his aunt.

"I should think I did. And how is the mother, and Reuben, and little Jack?"

"All well," smiled Patty. "But he is not little Jack now, though there is a little brother you have not seen."

They all walked towards the house, where soon a second edition of the feast was spread, in honour of the wanderer's return.

Then more music. A sea song, of course, and "Home, Sweet Home" with all the strength of the company.

Moonlight was white upon the lawn and the glazed doors as the social party broke up.

The aunts, with their nephew, stood watching the last departures, among whom was Amy Blake.

After a few general remarks on the different friends with whom he had that night formed or renewed an intimacy, Tom spoke—

"She sings like a bird," he said.

"What, Amy Blake?" said Mrs. Barnet "Yes, she has a sweet voice."

"And a face to match it," returned her nephew, heartily. "She's just a picture, aunt, is that girl, from head to heel—and her hands! they are like two white butterflies fluttering over the keys."

"You haven't seen her mother's!" put in Miss Knox, the grim lady who had hugged Tom.

Miss Knox was sister-in-law to Mrs. Barnet, and the two shared "The Cottage."

Tom looked at her, as she stood lighting her candle, preparatory to retiring for the night.

But the lips which had given forth that oracular utterance were tightly closed, and, with the exception of a brief "Good night," they spake no more

Miss Knox did not speak very often; when she did, her words had usually a meaning. But she never condescended to explain, and her hearers were left to make their own applications.

(*To be continued.*)



BUTTON-HOLE AND SATIN STITCH.



MOST of you girls have some knowledge of crewel work, the mania of the day, both from the instructions you have received and from your own practice, but I daresay that very few amongst you have ever tried your skill in the white embroidery, or white work, as it was once called. This style, however, should be quite familiar to young ladies who have any ambition to wear tidy and dainty linen, and more so now when there is such a return of worked muslin gowns, fichus, and collarettes of all kinds.

I will therefore give you a few hints on this branch of stitchery of modern introduction, specially when compared with the long stitch of almost unknown origin. To confine my remarks to the two fundamental varieties, button-hole and satin-stitch, I must first make you observe *the great contrast* between the formal regularity of their direction and the broken, dove-tailed surface offered by the embroidery stitch. This very uniformity of stitch prevents any shading, and to be set off at its best requires the richness of relief. The swelling or undulating appearance is obtained by padding or stuffing. Taking coarser cotton and needle than those intended for embroidery, you commence by running the outline of the flower, leaf, &c. Do not make the stitches too long, for the nicety of curves and angles—indeed of the entire shape—rests on this careful outlining. Proceed to fill in the vacant space by row after row of long loose running stitches, piercing the needle through the merest trifle of the ground in order to leave nearly all the cotton above the surface. Guided by the shape you increase or decrease the rows at will, in such a way that they merge into one another (fig. 1), and form

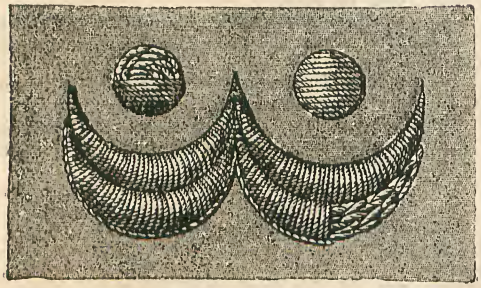


FIG. 1. DOUBLE SCALLOP WITH DOTS.

a soft compact underlay. Quicker modes of padding are resorted to when special rapidity is imperative, but these, like all other makeshifts, require the skill of an adept to manage them satisfactorily. Hence I will simply mention them: stuffing by chain-stitch, herringbone, tacked braid, and loose strands of cotton, guided by the hand whilst working. The chief object of the padding is to give the embroidery a slight convexity or gentle rise to the centre, and as a general rule the stuffing runs in a contrary direction to the overlaying stitches, as will be proved by a glance at our illustrations. So, in fig. 1, the running stitches are horizontal and the *feston* vertical in the spots, the filling is circular, whilst the sewing over crosses it. Again, in the leaf (fig. 7) the padding runs lengthways, and the covering widthways. In the case of delicate scallops the tracing and stuffing reduce themselves to three, two, and even a single line, as seen in fig. 2.

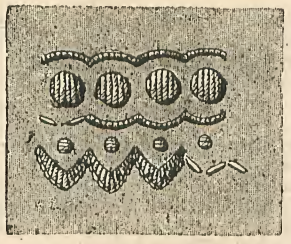


FIG. 2.—VANDYKED BORDER.

These preliminaries well understood and followed, you will have mastered the greatest difficulty and can proceed to the concealment of the underlay either by button-hole or satin stitch. The former is sometimes wrought in a straight line either for ornament or flat seaming so invaluable in patching, in hiding two overlapping edges, or in bringing two edges face to face, thus avoiding ridges or

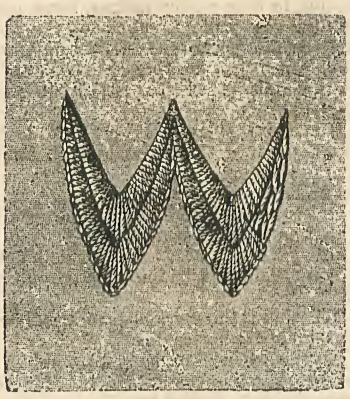


FIG. 3.—WOLF'S TEETH VANDYKE.

imparting a width of a few extra threads. It also shapes entire letters, leaves, and flowers; in the latter case padding is dispensed with. Edging, however, constitutes the real use of the button-hole stitch purposely called in France *feston*, *i.e.*, festoon. The word at once explains itself and brings to your mind scallops, loops, semicircles, &c. The first three illustrations afford good specimens of the diversity in single festoons. Fig. 3, the "wolf's teeth," is decidedly the most difficult of execution on account of its sharp vandyke, which has so much resemblance to the teeth of a wolf.

The crescent-shaped scallop of fig. 1 can easily be drawn out, either with the help of compasses or a coin of the desired size. To make the stitch itself, begin on the left hand at the extreme point, and secure the thread by passing it through the few stitches of the stuffing, for remember no knot is ever allowed in any kind of embroidery, still less in delicate white work. Pass the thread downward and hold it firmly under your left thumb, while you pierce the needle just above the upper outline to slip it underneath, and bring it out just beyond the lower outline, opposite the thumb, and in the centre of the loop formed by the cotton. With the thumb and forefinger pull the needle straight towards you, gently raise the left-hand thumb and draw the thread to tighten the knot, at the same time inclining it to the left by the little finger. Practice alone will teach you how to turn your work and to regulate the stitches with the perfect evenness indispensable to the task; they must lie against each other, neither too closely nor too far apart, in order not to disclose a single under thread. The outline should be as bold and undeviating as if pencilled by an expert hand. Keep the work well stretched on the fingers of the left hand in such a manner that the embroidery itself rests on the forefinger. When the border is finished, with sharp embroidery scissors shave off the superfluous material, cutting into every crevice yet without snipping any of the stitches. If the work has to go to the wash before being worn I should advise you to leave this cutting out until it has returned from the laundress.

Often very large scallops are prettily pinked out into festoons of all shapes and sizes, some resembling the notches of a cock's comb, others peaked or gradually rounded, like the petals of a rose, &c. In olden times, when *feston* was very much used for the muslin embroidery applied on net, the worker had the trouble of making the picot or purl whilst button-holing; this she did by working round a long horsehair, which served as a mesh. Now industry spares us the most fidgetty details, and ready-made purls are sold by the yard.

I believe these few particulars on the button-hole stitch are all you require, so we will pass at once to the satin stitch, so called from its smooth sheeny surface. The previous remarks on tracing and padding apply equally to this stitch, but here only the darned stuffing, or occasionally the chain-stitched, is admissible. The satin stitch, in its origin, was invariably worked in horizontal lines; later on an exception was made for the petals of the rose, wrought perpendicularly, as shown in fig. 4.

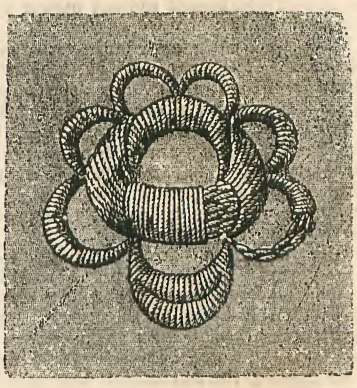


FIG. 4.—VERTICAL SATIN STITCH.

In many cases the two directions are combined, as in fig. 5.

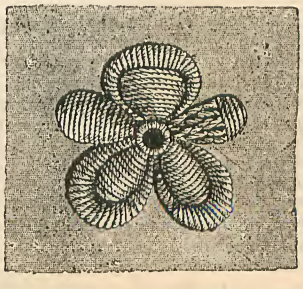


FIG. 5.—STRAIGHT AND HORIZONTAL STITCH COMBINED.

To execute this flower, pierce the eyelet-hole with a stiletto, and closely overcast it; then darn straight rows of padding and cover them by sewing over, commencing at the widest part and carrying the cotton right round

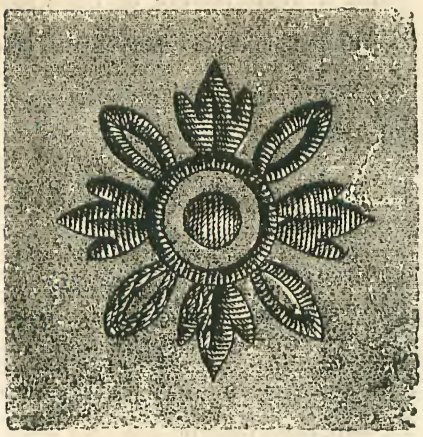


FIG. 6.—EMBROIDERED STAR.

at the back to bring it up again in front. By this means the wrong side will be like the top one, except that the stitches will lie flat. Next shape the oval frames, previously stuffing them in the same way as in fig. 6.

On the underlay I cannot put too much stress, and for this very reason I have taken care that you should have plenty of examples,

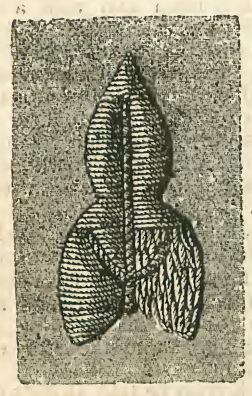


FIG. 7.—VEINED LEAF.

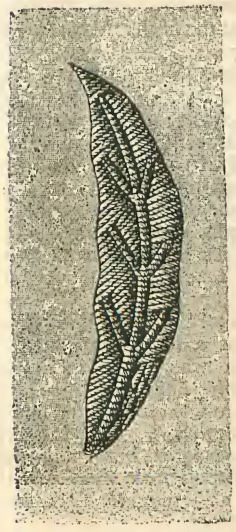


FIG. 8.—LAUREL LEAF.

which convey more than any descriptions of mine. If nicely done, your embroidery will be softly rounded off, and the leaves, &c., will bear being bent without the stitches showing the least tendency to separate.

The veining of a leaf is generally traced first, but is only marked out by the twist stitch as the finishing touch. See figs. 7 and 8.

In delicate foliage you will find the lightest plan is to merely suggest the midrib by a furrow, produced by working the two sides of the leaf separately. Outline the veining, pad on each side, and start with the sharp point for a few stitches until you meet the midrib; then cover one side, only working from edge to centre, turn the work and proceed to the opposite side (fig. 9).

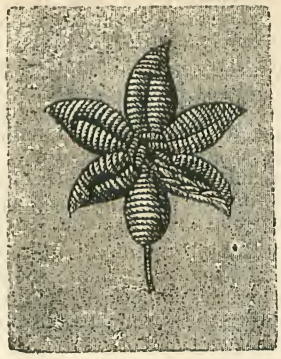


FIG. 9.—SATIN STITCH FLOWER.

It requires some knack to define the centre hollow, which is of frequent occurrence in satin stitch embroidery, not only for veining, but also for vandykes such as figs. 1, 3, 4, and 10.



FIG. 10.—SATIN STITCH TREFOIL.

The stitches must just meet without interfering or encroaching in any way with the opposite one, else the beauty of the line will be spoilt. When scallops are in this way fitted into one another, the outside one is properly padded, while the others, necessarily, are much less so or not at all. Another difficulty of this straight stitch lies in the

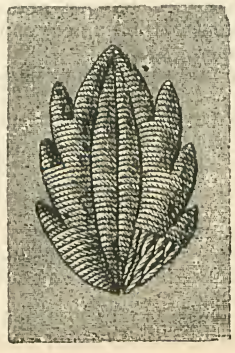


FIG. 11.—SATIN STITCH LEAF.

proper shaping of the spikes of the leaves; some jut out in triple leaflets as in fig. 6, or in a series of teeth, as exemplified by fig. 11. This jagged edge you have all had the opportunity of noticing in the petals of the blue-bottle and the foliage of the vine, the daisy, and the rose, &c. There is really no rule to give you as to the clear defining of the various dents; your eye will be the best guide for the gradual increase and decrease of the stitch as well as its correct tightness. Here, too, I find the supporting touch of the little finger a great help when drawing out the thread.

To lighten the general effect leaves are often satin-stitched on one side, whilst the other is filled up with straight rows of back-stitch, the notches and midribs having beforehand been outlined by twist stitch (fig. 12).



FIG. 12.—SATIN AND BACK STITCH.

But a still lighter and truly artistic ornament would be to cut out this part and fill it up with lace-stitches, a variation which would charmingly enhance the centres of figs. 4, 6, 10, and 13.

Long ago, in my schooldays, crewel stitch was little known, and all the attention was directed to satin stitch, or *plumetis*. My needlework teacher, a dear old maid, would have everything learned systematically, and never swerved from her established rules, which obliged the pupils to conquer each stitch in its own rotation. We first learned the twist or stem-stitch in all its meanderings, then we passed to the straight plain leaves, after this to the spots, next roses and all blossoms, &c., wrought with the perpendicular stitch, and at last the efficient ones were privileged to venture upon the jagged foliage and a few elect pupils on the lace frilling. This routine was not completed in one year, I can assure you.

I just perceive that I have spoken very little of the spots. Their direction varies to harmonise with the annexed design. When very small they are termed "beads," or "dots," and need no filling; if very close together you had better not break your cotton at each, but pass from one to the other, not drawing the connecting thread too tight for fear of puckering the fabric.

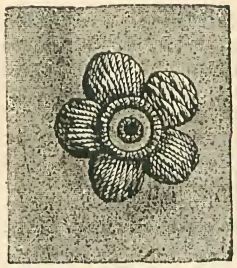


FIG. 13.—EMBOSSED PRIMROSE.

Open spots are called eyelets, some being quite round, as I have already mentioned in figs. 5 and 13, and others rather berry-shaped (fig. 14).

These eyelets are button-holed all round, but the wide part alone has any padding, the narrow edge merely being worked over a double outline. To form the hole you slit the material with scissors, four times describing a cross, and with the needle you turn back the

four underpieces, which will eventually disappear beneath the over-sewing. The ribs of the leaves are wrought in satin-stitch, but I will recommend you a much quicker mode, fitly named *point de poste* or railway stitch. For this bring your needle out at the base of the stem, carry it across to the extremity of the rib, slip it underneath, to emerge again at

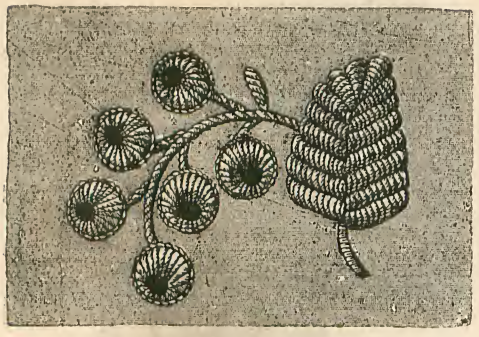


FIG. 14.—EYELETS AND RAILWAY STITCH.

the starting-point, and before you draw it out coil the cotton ten or twelve times round; press the thumb on this, coiling sufficiently to keep it in place, yet not so tightly as to prevent the needle from sliding through; then with thumb and forefinger carefully bring the thread and coil up, along the place of the rib; again prick the needle into the point of this rib, and pull it out a thread above the first starting-point. This time draw needle and thread gently together, and your coil, if well made, will be a very good imitation of the real stitch. The needle is now ready for the second ascending rib.

I hope you will thoroughly practise my instructions, because I intend to give you soon a nice collection of such pretty letters that will at once tempt you to immediately set to work and lavish your elegant stitchery on all your surroundings.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER VI.

"RUBY, come with me; I want to speak to you," said Mr. Lindhurst to the girl, on the afternoon of that same day in the morning of which she had seen him in the garden.

She was crossing the hall when he spoke to her, on her way out to visit some of her neighbours. It was an unusual thing for him to call her apart in this way, and somehow she could not help, by some quick, sudden instinct, connecting his doing so with what had happened this morning, and as the thought shot across her her cheek flushed and her heart beat with rapid pulses.

The old man, however, did not seem to notice that she was especially disturbed. He was evidently too much occupied with what was going on in his own mind; all the day Ruby, who had silently watched him, had observed that his manner was more absent than usual, and she fancied, too, more gentle. Miss Nancy, also, would very likely have perceived this, for her keen eyes were always prying into the looks and ways of others, if it had not been that to-day her every faculty had been busy in trying to spy out faults and shortcomings in a new housemaid who had just entered her service. Miss Nancy was always extremely distrustful and suspicious with her servants, and very often, if truth must be told, though she herself would have been very indignant at such an idea, sowed the very seeds of wrong-doing in her dependents by the frequent and open way in which she doubted there being any good thing in them.

"Ruby," said Mr. Lindhurst, when they were alone together in his study, "you often go about among the poor near us, do you not?"

"Yes," she answered, simply, looking up at him with her clear brave eyes, and not quite knowing whether she was going to receive a reprimand or encouragement. It was such a new thing for Mr. Lindhurst to speak to her on such a subject; then, made bolder by a ray of mildness which she thought she saw in his face, she added, "It is what I should like to be able to do a great deal more, and a great deal oftener, but Miss Lindhurst and Ella are so constantly wanting my time for small things in the house, and my time is almost the only thing I have to give."

And she spoke with half a sigh, half a smile.

"My child," he said, and now there was something of diffidence, almost of shyness, in his manner, which, taken in connection with his grey head, had something touching in it for the girl; "my child, would you mind taking help from me to some of those around us who most want it? I have never, hitherto, in my life been what I ought to them, but I should like to begin now."

"Oh! I should be so delighted to have a little money to take them," cried Ruby, her face all one sparkle at such an unexpected proposal.

"Will you?" he said, smiling at her pleasure, a sweeter smile than she had ever thought could dawn on his stern, withered face; "then take this, Ruby, and divide it among those who are worst clothed and most hungry, and when you want more for the same good purpose come to me again."

And he laid some money beside her on the table.

"All that to give away!" she exclaimed, clapping her little hands in the excess of her naïve, joyous surprise. "Dear Mr. Lindhurst, what can I say to thank you?"

"Nothing, child, nothing," he answered in a low, rather tremulous tone. "God knows it is late enough in the day to begin well-doing."

"But what will Miss Nancy say?" said Ruby, a sudden cloud coming over both her face and her mind, as a vision of Miss Nancy's cap, with a very wrathful countenance beneath it, rose up before the eyes of her fancy.

"Let Nancy say what she likes, it will make no difference to me," said Mr. Lindhurst, with some return of his usual sternness. Then he added more gently, "Nancy and I have made altogether a great mistake of our whole lives, a great mistake; oh, little Ruby!" and now he laid his hand softly on her shoulder, "and this light, this wakening up, would never have come if you had not entered under our roof; bless you for it, child!"

"But why should my coming here have made such a difference to you?" asked the girl, wonderingly.

"Child, you must not ask too much," he answered shortly; "perhaps some day you will understand it all." Then he added with a renewed softening of tone, "Ruby, long long ago, when I was very young, I was full of high and generous feelings, and I meant to spend a life of active service towards my Lord above and men below; but there came upon me a sudden, great crushing sorrow, and instead of taking it as a chastening from a Father's hand, I let myself grow hard under it, and wrapped myself round more and more in mere low selfishness. Now, through your being here, I have——" but here he broke off quickly, as if he felt he was saying too much, and only murmured in conclusion, turning away his face from her earnest young eyes, which were fixed upon him with a half-surprised, half-pitying look, "Ruby, I can tell you no more; don't ask it."

"No, I will not," she answered, in her straightforward, girlish way, "*and I will* never tell Ella or any one a word of what you have now been saying to me; won't that be right?" and she drew closer to him, and her frank eyes looked into his.

"Yes, that is quite right, just what I wish," he answered, in a low tone.

Then he turned away from her again, and went to the window, and fixed his eyes on the far distant hills, as it he were reading there the story of a yet more distant past.

If truth must be told, Ruby's curiosity was a good deal aroused by what he had said. How could her coming to Larcombe Priory possibly have so much affected Mr. Lindhurst, that through it his state of mind and feeling had been changed? What could she have to do with the old man's past life? Like the sensible girl that she was, however, she silenced these questions within her, and picking up the money which still lay on the table, gave her whole thoughts to the delightful employment of settling which of her poor people she should first gladden with a present; it was such a new, sweet luxury for her, the luxury of giving.

"May I go now?" she asked, approaching Matthew a little timidly, for she saw that he was sunk in deep thought, yet with her feet almost dancing to be off on their joyous missions of love and mercy.

The old man started at her voice as though she had called him back from some far-off time and place. Then he said gently,—

"What was it you said, Ruby?"

"I asked if I might go," she answered; "the afternoon is going on so fast, and I must be back to make five o'clock tea for Miss Lindhurst and Ella."

"Ruby," said Mr. Lindhurst, his fingers playing uneasily with a pen in the inkstand, as though he were going to say something which he hardly knew how to shape in words. "Would you mind taking a walk with me to-day!"

"With you?" she repeated, extremely surprised at the unusual proposal.

Since she had been at Larcombe Priory she had never known Mr. Lindhurst ask either Miss Nancy, or Ella, or herself to take a walk with him, so no wonder that she was astonished.

"Will you dislike me for a companion, Ruby?" he said, with a half smile.

"Oh, no," she answered, simply and heartily, "only you know you never have walked with any of us before."

"Then come along, child, for as you say it is getting late."

And without more words the pair left the house together.

"Will you come with me to give away some of your own money?" asked Ruby; "the people would be so pleased to see you and thank you themselves."

"No, child, no," he answered, hastily, "not to-day—come this way, this is the walk I want to take."

He led her down the side shrubbery walk and out by that very little wicket gate which she had heard him close this morning. It opened into a pretty path across the fields, and this they followed.

It was always a favourite walk with Ruby. The brook hard by made such winsome melody, the air came bounding with such happy freedom over the meadows, the spire of the cathedral, which was visible from here in the far distance, stood out so grandly and calmly against the blue, frosty sky. To-day the beauty was increased by every tiny blade of grass being traced out in glistening silver—by every hedgerow being clothed in dazzling white. The old man and the girl went on side by side, Ruby, child-like, too much enjoying the loveliness round her to care about talking of anything else, Matthew Lindhurst answering her words of keen, simple enjoyment gently, but briefly. He was evidently still thinking of other things.

The field path ended in a deep, warm Devonshire lane, where the very breath of the frost was shut out, and where green mosses still draped the hedges, telling already a message of the spring. A blackbird had caught the spirit of the place, and was singing lustily above about the mate that he would choose next April. The lane in its turn ended in a road, which went two ways—one turned back towards Larcombe Priory, the other went in the direction of the town. Ruby thought they should, of course, take the homeward way; but, instead of that, the old man followed the contrary road.

"We shall not have time to go far this way, shall we?" she said, surprised.

"Just a little distance," he answered, walking quicker than he had yet done.

Ruby looked at him as he spoke, and she fancied that he was paler than usual, and that there was a bright, restless light in his eyes. The sun had set, the winter twilight was coming on apace; the girl wondered silently at his liking to be out so late—he who in general dreaded a breath of chill evening air.

They had now reached a row of detached villas which extended along one side of the road, and which had been lately run up by some enterprising speculator. Mr. and Miss Lindhurst never visited at these houses, because everything new and showy was utterly distasteful to them; and the villas, and, in general, too, their inhabitants, were decidedly of this latter order.

When they came in front of the first house Mr. Lindhurst paused, looked up at the sky, and began to make some commonplace remarks about the beauty of the evening. While he spoke Ruby glanced at the villa before which they stood, and from which they were only separated by a narrow strip of garden, and she noticed that one of the lower windows was half open, and that the blind was drawn down.

She had hardly casually observed this, and was just turning to Mr. Lindhurst to answer some unimportant question he had put her, when through that open window there suddenly rang out a shrill scream, which was immediately followed by a sound which was like the noise made by the fall of some heavy object.

"What can that be?" cried Ruby, startled. "What can be the matter in that house?"

The old man's face grew as white as the frosty ground, and a sudden trembling seemed to thrill his whole frame.

"Ruby, wait here till I come back to you," he said, in strangely faltering tones.

Then, before she could answer, and almost before she knew what he was doing, he had left her side, knocked at the door of the villa, and disappeared through it.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WHITE HYACINTH.—All instruction at the Royal Academy is gratuitous, but students provide their own materials and must have attained some proficiency. Specimens of their work, with a printed form duly filled in, must be delivered at the Academy on or before the 28th of June, or the 28th of December. Forms to be obtained of the Registrar, on the recommendation of a member, an artist, or a well-known householder.

AMY E. W.—You will find "A New Companion to the Bible," price 2s. 6d., or the "Bible Handbook," price 5s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., both most useful in preparing for your examination. The latter is, of course, the fullest in every way.

WENCESLAS.—1. Wenceslas was a king of Bohemia, and a martyr, A.D. 938. There was also another king of Bohemia, Wenceslas V., who was stabbed at Olmutz, 1306. 2. "Nowell" is the Norman French for a birthday, but means more properly the shout of joy over our Saviour's birth at Christmas.

AGNES G.—Read "Female Clerks and Bookkeepers," vol. i., page 309, for the information you require.

A YOUNG TEACHER and PENELOPE.—We should advise you by all means to go through a course of instruction on the art of teaching. The Home and Colonial Society, Gray's Inn-lane, offers a day students' course at £15 per annum, or £5 per quarter. We cannot teach "teaching."

WORK.

NELLY B. and MARY.—A mitten having a thumb appears to be much in request, and naturally so at this season of the year. To make one on two needles will be found very easy of accomplishment according to this recipe. Cast on a sufficient number of stitches to cover the hand well lengthwise. This will depend on the size of materials and needles; as an average say 43. Knit in garter stitch or in long ribs till you have a piece large enough not only to cover the back of the hand, but also to go half way round the palm, in order to hide the seam that will join the two parts. Having reached the right place for the thumb, finish the row and leave the wool hanging for a while; you will want it again. Take a needle, threaded with wool or cotton, and pass it through the last seven stitches; secure this wool, &c., by a knot, to prevent the stitches from dropping, and do not touch them again till the thumb be finished. There will then remain thirty-six stitches on the needle. Take a fresh ball of wool, and with the empty needle draw it through the thirty-sixth stitch to form an extra loop. Make five more in a similar manner; these six new stitches will stand for the lengthwise foundation of the thumb; the needle will then hold forty-two stitches. Now shape the gusset, knit the six stitches, and one more taken off the needle—seven in all. Turn, slip the first stitch, and knit the remaining six. Knit back, taking another from the needle, making eight. Turn, slip one, and knit seven. Continue in this way till twenty-five have been worked off. There will now be seventeen left on the needle for the wrist. Having thus finished the thumb you must cut off the same number of stitches that you added for the foundation, *i.e.*, six, and break the wool. Here put back again the seven stitches left aside, and the needle will once more hold its original number—forty-three. Continue knitting backwards and forwards as before till you have a sufficient number of rows; cast off and sew up the mitten, and afterwards the two selvages of the thumb.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—"Crochet for Little Workers" is in vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, at pages 442, 506, 596.

M. S. L.—Eis wool would *not* do for the hospital shawl. It would require a thicker kind, such as fingering or fleecy. Your writing is very poor indeed for your age.

PUSSIE.—The Bloomer costume consisted of a long jacket with coat-like skirt and loose baggy trousers. The movement began in New York in 1848, we believe, but met with little success.

MALVINA and BIRDIE.—For a Tam o' Shanter cap see page 591, vol. i.

ADA.—We should recommend the East London Children's Hospital at Shadwell, E.

VIVA.—Mull muslin or fine old calico are sometimes used to line the silk patches. There is a very interesting life of Bishop Patterson published in separate form.

GYPSY.—"See How to Embroider in Crewels," pages 139, 189, 264, vol. i., for full directions how to press and iron work when done.

DIM.—The work done for the competitions must be the competitor's own unaided effort. Your brother's signature, if you are an orphan, will suffice.

C. E. B.—The double warp calico will answer very well. Send in names and addresses with the articles.

ROE and COLUMBINE.—Wash the embroidered dress in a tepid lather, rinse in blue water, and wring it very dry, if possible through a machine. On the wringing depends the success of the washing.

SEMPER EADEM.—The pattern of silk you send might be made up with black satin, plush, or violet satin; the latter would probably be the best. The coat bodice of the pattern and the trimmings of the skirt, or else a pointed bodice of the pattern and puffed sleeves of the satin, skirt of satin, and the trimmings of the pattern.

A DEAD LETTER.—Your query is delightfully obscure. You do not give the least description of the room which you wish to decorate, the paper, carpet nor curtains, nor say whether you wish everything to be new in it. Read the articles which have already appeared again; you are sure to derive some hints from them for the beautification of your room.

E. S. A.—Some tailors will cut out such patterns for their customers, and, failing that, we suppose you must try to borrow a habit from some friend for the pattern.

ERNESTINE.—Either method of employing the piece of old-gold material would be suitable. It only depends on which article you most require—the tea-cosy or cushion.

AN IRISH GIRL.—1. Yes; cover the Queen Anne table with stamped velvet, and add a border of ball-fringe round it attached with brass-headed nails. 2. Your mother's opinion and wishes should be your guide in reference to the reading of works of fiction. Your remaining ten queries we must decline to answer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CISSIE K.—Consult a doctor; he will probably discover the cause of your malady.

MITE.—Hoods are still worn, but we cannot say that they will be worn in the spring.

ELOCUTION.—"St. John," when used as a proper name or surname, is frequently pronounced "Sinjon." Of course in the Bible it is called Saint John, as written.

MINNIE HUFF.—We could not possibly inform you "how long it would take you to beco.e a good violin player," for we do not know either the present amount of your knowledge or your capabilities for learning. We should imagine from your note that it will take some time.

MARIE ST. CLAIR.—To cross letters is no longer considered well bred. This practice is too trying to the eyes of the reader.

SOMEBODY would find no difficulty in disposing of her designs if they were clever, and she is persevering enough to show them to everyone likely to purchase.

JUDY.—This name was pronounced "Rafe" until lately; now many people appear to have adopted "Raff," and we are told the change originated in America.

ASA.—Your misquotation, "There is a Providence," &c., is from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. "Divinity," not "Providence," is the word used.

HEBE DAWSON.—We consider it to be a possible case, but not a probable one.

MAGPIE.—We believe that such work is usually obtained direct from the different firms who sometimes advertise for writers.

MEG.—1. We think that both poems were printed in *Punch*. 2. "Beth" might try the gum solution; it would not injure the hair, although weak.

M. C.—An hour's good practice a day, half of it in scales and exercises, and half in pieces, would be sufficient at your age. Tired performers rarely do much good.

ANTONIA.—Perhaps if you got up earlier in the morning you would have no difficulty in going to sleep at night.

J. C. H.—We fear there is no other way of obtaining a situation unless you went to some well known registry office in which you have every confidence.

VIRA.—1. There is nothing vulgar about wearing a flower in the street. 2. It would entirely depend on the amount of intimacy between you.

NANCY.—We are much obliged for your offer, but we dread the prospect of reading "a very simple little story, written when you were thirteen." We hope you will excuse us. We remember too well what we did ourselves at that early and verdant age, and we take comfort in the idea that we shall never do the same again.

CLAY.—Clean paint-brushes with turpentine. We fear you have spoilt your brush, but you may soak it in the above.

SETELLIONATUS.—Thank you much, both for your pleasant note and your correction. The name should have been placed under something else.

TINY.—You would improve your writing by using copies of running hand.

MARY S. W.—You could procure the cards through one of the foreign libraries in London, we should imagine. Your writing is very good and legible.

GOLDELSE.—We shall be very glad if you will compete for any or all of the competitions if you please. Your writing is very formed and free for sixteen years of age. You should draw well, judging from the style.

HOWARD.—To wash white woollen shawls, see p. 511, vol. i. See "My Work Basket" for your other pattern.

EGLANTINE.—The lines you quote are from Keble's *Christian Year*.

MARY MCELENEY.—In spite of much writing to the contrary, we fear there is no real reason to doubt that poor Joan of Arc was really burnt to death.

CROOKED PIN.—The performer of the treble part should turn over the leaves, as being the nearest.

WHITE VIOLETS.—1. It is the maiden name of the lady referred to. 2. The fees vary, we believe, from 10s. to 21s.

GRACE.—Grasses are usually dyed with Judson's dyes. Full instructions are given with the bottles.

ONE WHO WISHES TO DO GOOD.—We can only suggest knitting socks, or making some of the articles in "My Work Basket," for which you might find a sale in the shops of your own town. You seem to be a very kind and dutiful daughter, and we need not remind you that there is an especial blessing promised to such.

BAREBONES.—There is probably a lack of moisture in the air of the room where you keep your plants. Your writing is careless.

ROSEBUD.—Consult a doctor; your digestion is not strong.

META.—1. Leave cards within a week. 2. Place your name on your father's card.

J. E.—"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," is from Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.*

ESCLAIRMONDE.—The wearing of mourning in such cases is a matter of feeling, of course, but we think good feeling would oblige you to wear it. It is good taste to wear black when going to a house of mourning.

IRON.—Consult your family doctor, who will know more of your constitution than any one else, and who will say whether you have strength to go through an operation of the kind.

W. M. A. E. S.—Rubbing the hands with lemon is said to be good for them, also oatmeal in the water which you use for washing.

NELCH T.—Use borax in the water to clean your silver jewellery.

DIANA VERNON.—The line you quote, "A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew," is from Cowper's "Truth." The Frenchman is Voltaire.

"Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such
(Toilsome and indigent), she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;



And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh, happy peasant! oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers."

BEATRICE.—Use two tablespoonfuls of flour to clean your ivory brushes, rubbing the two brushes together. We should think that change of air might be useful. The depth of the border of your note-paper would be thought *outré* in England at present.

DOUBTFUL ELEANOR.—Your writing and composition are excellent, considering that you left school at thirteen. Thank you for your kind letter. We take exception, however, to your signature, for we are expressly warned against "being of doubtful mind," and we hope you will try and improve.

TEN.—If fearful of not saying the right thing, it would be best for your friend to write down a short answer, which she can read aloud, expressive of her gratitude and her consciousness of having only performed her duty.

SUSQUEHANNA.—The silver ring can be enlarged by a working jeweller, who will let a piece in. Use "sea salt" to bathe your back; it is said to impart much strength.

VINETTA.—1. Your father shares the nationality of his parents, who were both Irish. 2. Sound the "h" by all means.

ADELINE thanks us for some "pieces of astronomy," with which she seems delighted. We do not understand to what specimens she refers, unless she has picked up some remnants of the lost star in the "Pleiades." Perhaps she has mistaken some fossil for a fragment of this description, or she has confounded the big words geology and astronomy. 2. Make a flat iron very hot, and press it firmly down on the inside of the feather ends, so as to press out any animal moisture, and bake the end till quite dry.

FRANCESCA.—We thank you warmly for so kind a letter, and consider that it does you credit. We are very glad that our magazine has proved of so much use to you.

LEILA.—We have heard that cod-liver oil may be taken with sardines, instead of the ordinary olive oil in which they are preserved. Wear flannel or woven woollen underclothing. The old remedy, opodeldoc, is a very good one, well rubbed into the painful spot. But medical advice should be obtained, for the seat of the mischief may be in a disordered condition of the blood and general health.

LILY.—To clean kid gloves, see page 96, vol. i. The process requires some care and common sense.

D. A. L.—We content ourselves with informing our other readers of the question with which you have thought it worth while to trouble us:—"How tall is Signor Foli?"

CLARISSA.—We strongly urge you to give up all thought of adopting a profession so especially full of temptation and dangers of all kinds. "Lead us not into temptation."

JUDY.—1. See pages 223 and 255, vol. i. 2. Perhaps onions.

INDAGATRIX.—We do not give prices of articles to be obtained in shops. Very likely the teaching to which you refer would be of service to you.

A READER.—The autumn is the time for cutting branches off a myrtle tree. We advise you to send it out of the room when the gas is lit. Both spelling and writing bad.

DORA F.—Perhaps it would be best for you to begin your course of teaching as a governess in a school. How nice to find that "every year seems happier—last year especially." "Cæsar and Pompey berry mutch alike, 'pecially Pompey."

WHITE PUSSY thinks it worth while to write and inquire, "Do you like lemon? I do. There is another *queston* I forgot."

L. E. E.—1. We think the doctor is probably right. An entire change of residence might be of service. 2. Clean old oil paintings with half a raw potato.

PEN.—The three estates of the realm are the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons. The Press is popularly called the fourth estate. The word "estate" means that on which the realm stands, from the Latin *sto*, to stand. See also St. Mark's Gospel, chap. vi., 21. November, or Martinmas, was the great slaughter time for the stock before the winter amongst the Anglo-Saxons, and was a time of great and busy festivities. Amongst the Romans this day was sacred to Bacchus, and St. Martin (who was peculiarly a winter saint, as he divided his cloak with a shivering beggar) was appointed to the 11th of November. He naturally became the exponent of the customs that had obtained before.

INEZ.—You probably mean the upas tree. The tale of its poisonous influence was first told by a Dutch physician named Foersch, of a tree in the Island of Java. There is, however, in Kew Gardens, we believe, a upas tree, which flourishes amongst the other hot-house plants, and appears to do no harm at all.

OLIVE VYVYAN.—We think you would need much more study, as the feet and hands of your figure are defective, but perseverance will conquer everything.

EURYDICE.—The price of the "Midnight Sky" is 7s. 6d., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

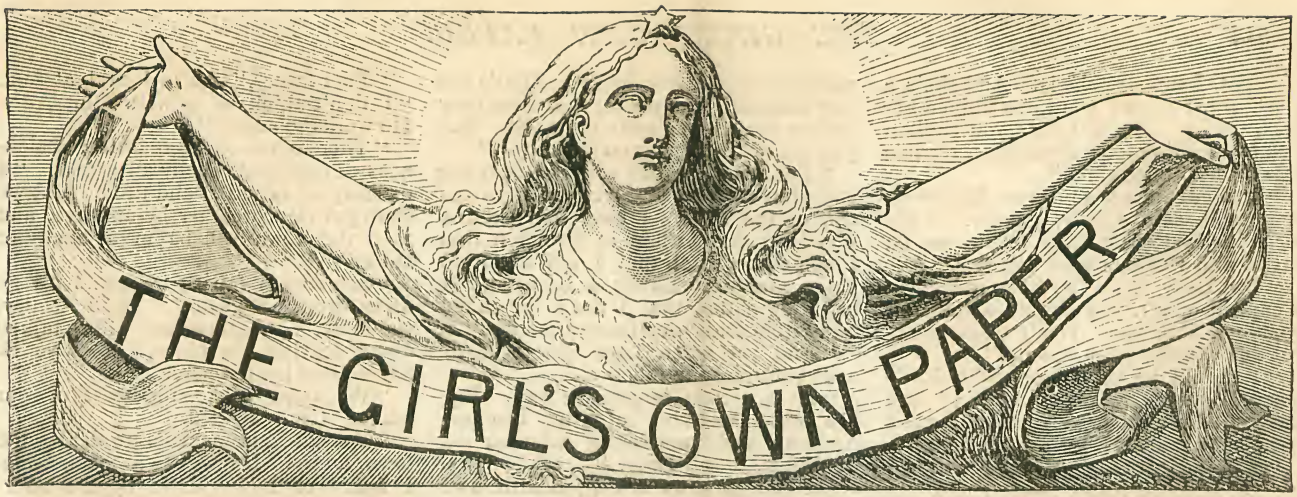
VIOLET.—"Beacon" is pronounced as it is spelt, and we do not see why it should become "Beckon" when joined to "field." "Bea-cons-field" is, we believe, the late Premier's own method of pronunciation.

BLUE BONNET.—The maidenhair fern requires plenty of moisture, and you do not seem to have attended to this important point.

HESTER.—Milner's "History of England," published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. We do not give addresses of the kind.

MABEL DAWSON.—The habit of dipping the brush in water is neither cleanly nor nice, and is sure to spoil the brush. If the hair be well kept and well brushed there should be no necessity for it.

S. A. N.—Your writing is legible, but too angular. We are obliged to you for your letter.



VOL. II.—No. 72.] MAY 14, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER II.

"A STORM WAS COMING, BUT THE WINDS WERE STILL."

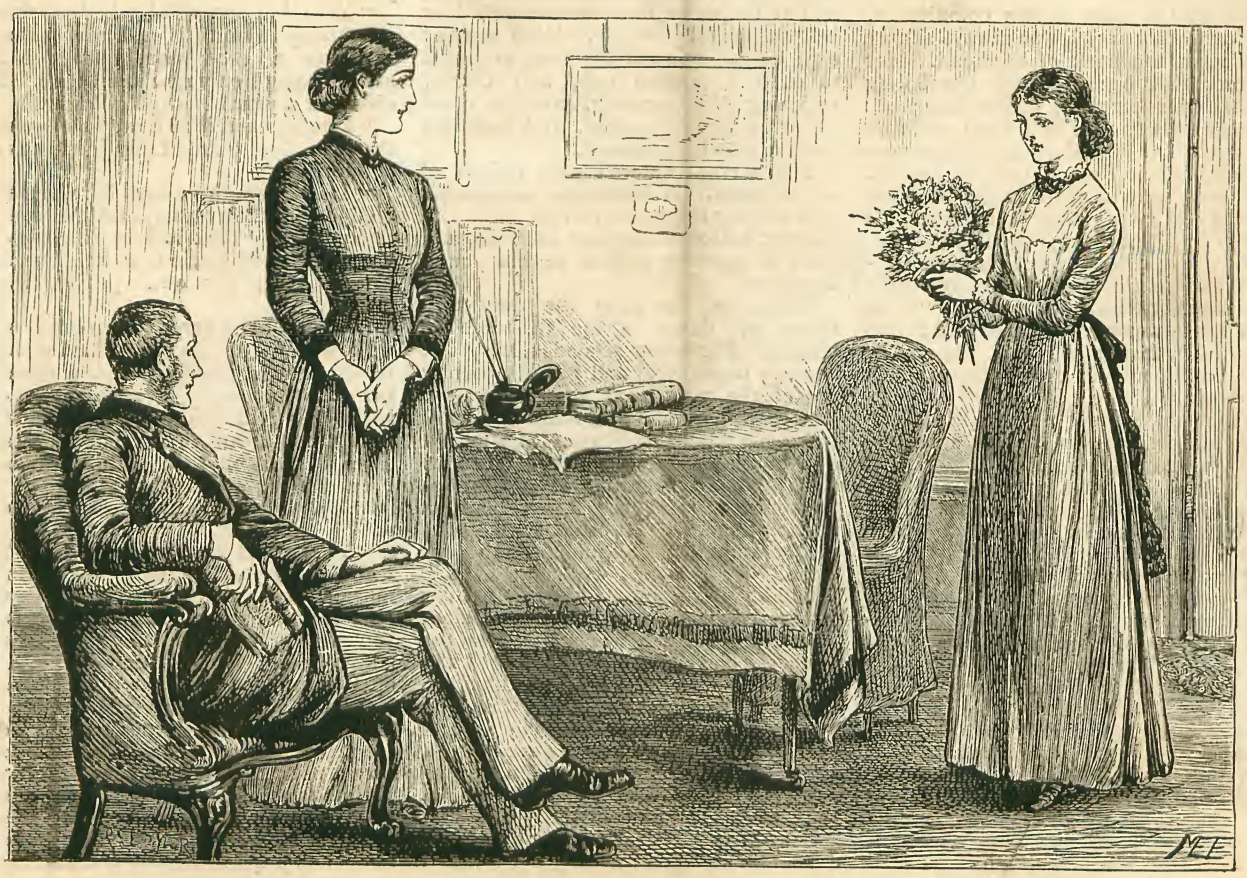
"CECILY," said Dr. Garnett, thoughtfully, "I have been wondering whether my brother Philip would like to see my Daisy?"

He spoke in a gentler tone than usual. It was a Saturday afternoon, and Daisy and Aunt Cecily, both released from school and its duties, had been taking a stroll together. The doctor had overtaken them just as they had reached his door, and all three had entered the house. Tea was ready on the table; the fire burnt briskly, and altogether the small sitting-room looked pleasant and home-like. Daisy's hands had been at work all over the house, and had left their traces everywhere.

The October day was on the wane, but there was light enough for Cecily to see the softened look on the doctor's face. Daisy had left the room, and her father's eyes had followed her with a new and wistful expression.

"She is just sixteen," he went on. "It seems impossible to believe that she is a woman, Cecily. Some people think her pretty, do they not?"

"She is very pretty," Cecily replied.



[*All rights reserved.*]

"DAISY HERSELF CAME IN."

"Yes, I suppose she is. And she's a good girl, I know; you have trained her well, Cecily. She will miss you sadly if you leave Bridleton; it will be a terrible loss for her, poor child."

"I don't mean to leave Bridleton, Andrew," said Cecily, quietly. "My niece is the dearest thing left to me on earth, and I cannot part with her."

"But Lady Jessie Boyd has made you a capital offer; you ought to think of your own interests. Don't refuse without due consideration, Cecily."

"I should be very happy with Lady Jessie if there were no Daisy," she answered, frankly. "The offer is a good one; but I cannot leave my pet."

"Think of all that you are giving up for Daisy! A liberal salary, and an entrance into the very best society. Do you realize it thoroughly?"

"Yes, Andrew, I do."

The doctor was looking earnestly at his sister-in-law while she spoke. Cecily Woodburn was two-and-thirty now, and was far handsomer in her maturity than she had ever been in her girlhood.

Andrew Garnett recalled the tall, lanky girl who had stood beside his Rose as bridesmaid, and wondered at the change that time had made.

Cecily was a Juno-like woman in these days. Her plain serge gown was worn like a royal robe, and she moved with such a natural grace and majesty that strangers never failed to notice her, and to ask whom she was. There are women who always make their mark wherever they go; and once seen, Cecily was rarely forgotten.

She had a clear brown complexion, and dark hair which was always simply braided at the back of her head. Her features had once seemed too boldly chiselled for her thin, girlish face; but now that the cheeks had filled out, and the figure was fully developed, they were perfect in their Roman type of beauty. The eyes were large and deeply blue, shaded by lashes that were black as night; and black, too, were the delicate, straight eyebrows. There was an openness and fearlessness in Cecily's look that made one trust her at once. "That is a brave woman," people said; and yet one felt instinctively that she was as gentle and feminine as the very weakest of her sex.

As the doctor met the frank gaze of those large blue eyes, he was struck by Cecily's beauty and grace. It seemed a pity indeed that such a grand creature should be merely a teacher in a school in Bridleton; and he spoke his thoughts aloud.

"You are wanted here," he said. "If you went out into the world you might make a splendid match, Cecily—yes, I believe you would."

She shook her head.

"Since Edgar Wyon died, seven years ago, I have not thought of marrying," she replied. "I have had chances; but my heart has always said nay. Yet I don't think I am wasted, Andrew: God has given me a work to do in Bridleton, and here I shall stay till I am called to depart."

"What do you mean by being called to depart?" he asked. "You surely were not thinking of dying? That's the way that religious people talk when they believe themselves near their end. But you are not near your end, Cecily?"

"But, Andrew, one may be near the end of a chapter and yet far from the end of the book. I have had such a very long chapter here in Bridleton that I sometimes feel that I am about to begin another. Lately I have had a haunting notion that I am to be called away from Daisy, or Daisy from me."

"And yet when Lady Jessie Boyd calls you refuse to follow?"

"It is not an imperative call. But you were speaking of your brother, Andrew, and wondering whether he would like to see Daisy."

Dr. Garnett drew a long breath, and sat down wearily in a chair by the fire.

"My brother is a great man," he said, after a pause. "If—if Daisy were to be left fatherless, he would take care of her, I believe. He has two daughters of his own, but——"

The door opened, and Daisy herself came in, with a light step and a bright face.

"See," she said, holding up an autumn nosegay, "old nurse has been here and left these flowers for me!"

She stopped suddenly, arrested by the look in her father's eyes.

"Are you not well, papa?"

The words came out timidly, and in a low voice, for Dr. Garnett was not on confidential terms with his child.

"We doctors have no time to be ill, Daisy," he answered.

He smiled kindly on her as he spoke, and at the same moment the hall-door bell was pulled violently. With another sigh he got up from his seat, prepared to obey a sudden call, and Cecily, watching him narrowly, saw him close his eyes for an instant, and pass his hand across his forehead.

The servant entered with tidings of an accident. A breathless messenger was waiting impatiently in the hall. Dr. Garnett buttoned his coat in haste, and gave a parting glance at his young daughter.

When he was gone the aunt and niece sat down to the tea-table in silence. For some seconds Daisy left her cup untouched, and gazed absently out of the window at the passers-by. The brightness had died out of her face, leaving it pale and grave. She looked at that moment so like her mother that Cecily's heart began to ache with remembrance; and yet it was only a fleeting likeness. At ordinary times the girl bore but little resemblance to poor Rose.

Unlike Mrs. Garnett, Daisy had regular features, and a pale, but pure complexion. The wild-rose flush which had been the mother's chief charm, rarely tinged the daughter's cheek. Her eyes, like her aunt's, were large and blue; but they were of a lighter tint than Cecily's; and her lashes and eyebrows were only a shade darker than her golden-brown hair. Cecily Woodburn had spoken truly when she had said that Daisy was very pretty; yet so delicate and refined a beauty was seldom fully appreciated at first sight.

"Poor father," the girl said at last. "I don't think he is well, Aunt Amy. He works too hard."

"There is always a great deal of sickness in autumn," Cecily answered. "I daresay he is jaded and tired. But we shall get clear weather by-and-bye, and then the town will be in a healthier state."

"Sometimes I wish we could all go away from Bridleton," said Daisy, suddenly. "Father has often talked about leaving the place. He says he has wasted his life here."

"We must make the best of our home," Cecily replied.

"You are not anxious to leave the town, aunty. It gave me a shock when I heard of Lady Jessie Boyd's offer. And, oh, how glad I am that you declined it!"

"Did you think I could leave you, child?"

"No; I only felt a little afraid," Daisy answered. "I know you must be tired sometimes of living your humdrum life, as father says. But how did Lady Jessie first hear of you, Aunt Cecily?"

"You were only nine years old when Edgar Wyon died, Daisy, and of course you did not know anything about his connections. One of his uncles was a Mr. Boyd, a clergyman, who became private tutor to the young Earl of Hazeldean. Lady Jessie Westlake, the earl's sister, often shared his studies, and then a friendship sprang up between the tutor and herself."

"And Mr. Boyd *married* Lady Jessie?"

"Yes; but not until he had most unexpectedly inherited a large fortune. He was a good man, Daisy; I am always sorry I only saw him once. He died just a year before poor Edgar."

"I understand it all now," Daisy said, thoughtfully. "And Lady Jessie has no children?"

"There were three boys born, but two died before their father, and the last is lately dead. That is how it comes to pass that Lady Jessie is so lonely now."

"She has her own people, Aunt Cecily?"

"Yes, but she never got on quite well with them. She has been called strong-minded and self-willed, and women of her stamp generally manage to fall out with their relations. However, she is richer than any of them, and they take care to keep on good terms with her. I believe the earl is her favourite; he is still a young man, a widower with one son."

"You would have had a pleasant life with Lady Jessie," said Daisy, in a musing tone; "but you have let the chance slip, and no one knows how long you will have to go toiling on in the stupid old school. Dear aunty, I've often heard my father say that you were made for quite another kind of life."

"Well, Daisy, that need not hinder me from making myself useful in my present sphere," responded Cecily, with perfect cheerfulness. "Drink your tea, child, and don't concern yourself about the kind of life I was made for! I see nurse has put some of your namesakes into her nosegay."

Nurse's bouquet stood in a glass in the centre of the table; a homely cluster of autumn beauties, one or two monthly roses, a yellow dahlia, some laurestinus, and a bunch of Michaelmas daisies.

"Dear daisies," the girl said, touching them tenderly.

"Try to be like the flower you were named after, Daisy," Aunt Cecily went on. "I always loved your mother's daisies for blooming so cheerfully in that wretched little piece of ground. Brave things, how they flourished in spite of smoke and dirt and dreariness, and how they comforted poor Rose!"

The words sank deeply into Daisy's heart, as words uttered on impulse often do, whether for good or for evil. Cecily did not pursue the subject; she talked in her cheery way about other things—about the girls in her school, and the prizes, and the party that would be given at Christmas.

But while she talked her thoughts often strayed away to Dr. Garnett and his anxiety about Daisy's future. It was the first time that he had ever spoken of his brother as the possible guardian of his child.

The two brothers had started in life with equal advantages, and it would have puzzled a looker-on to say why the one had succeeded and the other had failed.

But while Andrew Garnett was struggling on in Bridleton, Philip, only two years older, had become a leading London doctor, one of the greatest medical men of the day.

Philip had married, early in life, the daughter of a rich country gentleman, and was left a widower with two daughters. He had never forgiven Andrew for making a foolish match, and had refused even to meet poor Rose. Mrs. Philip Garnett had always spoken of her unknown sister-in-law as a person who could not possibly be introduced to anybody, and no notice had ever been taken of Daisy.

Yet, if rumour spoke truth, Dr. Philip Garnett had not found any great comfort in his rich wife. Her father, a country squire, had married a West Indian heiress with a dark complexion and a hot temper, and Philip's wife had inherited the complexion and the temper as well as the wealth. But the doctor managed a violent woman better than most men, and the world saw nothing amiss in the match. Mrs. Philip died, and was decorously mourned for; and the doctor continued to live with his daughters in his great house in Portland-place.

This was all that Cecily Woodburn had ever heard about Philip Garnett and his family, and she had never dreamed that Andrew would seek to interest his brother in Daisy.

But now, for the first time, it suddenly struck her that if Andrew Garnett died, his child would stand sorely in need of friends. True, Cecily herself was ready to do all that a loving woman can do for a motherless girl; but, then, Cecily was only a teacher in a school. Never before had she contemplated the possibility of Daisy being left without a father.

There had been something in Andrew's look and tone that had awakened a dread in Cecily's mind. Andrew was a man of strong nerves—not given to morbid fancies and forebodings. If he believed himself to be breaking down, she could not think it an idle fear; moreover, he had looked noticeably worn and pale that day.

But although her heart was restless with anxiety, Cecily was all smiles and cheerfulness. The tea was kept hot for the doctor; Daisy stirred the fire, and drew his arm-chair close to the table.

"There will be a fog this evening," she said, "and father will be damp and cold when he comes in. We must make the room look bright."

And the room was made bright with gas and firelight. The sound of the hall-door bell sent Daisy out into the entry, full of eager expectation. Her father had spoken so lovingly to her that afternoon that she had made up her mind to take courage and greet him with a kiss. He might have had many such kisses if he had been more tender with his child; but this sweet spontaneous caress he never felt. It was the last earthly blessing he was destined to miss.

(*To be continued.*)

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

COALS FOR NOTHING.

WHEN you girls set up housekeeping on your own account, if you wish to be supplied with coals for nothing, rent a house near a railway, invest in a monkey, and then follow the example set in the following story:—

An eminent menagerist lived in a suburb where forty trains a day passed his garden. The weather was cold, but coal was expensive. The menagerist, however, was a man of resources, and conceived a plan for utilising the forty trains a day. From his menagery in town he brought a large Barbary ape, which unfortunate animal was chained to the top of a pole at the end of the garden.

The result was as pleasant as owning a colliery, without any wages to pay or fear of floods and explosions. Every stoker, and occasionally a driver, on every train that passed had a shot with a lump of coal at the Barbary ape. The ape was never hit, but the garden was littered with coal, which the menagerist triumphantly conveyed to his cellars.

A TALE OF A VASE.

A FRENCH collector of *objets d'art* lately paid dearly for his whistle. He took a fancy to an antique vase in a bric-à-brac shop. The dealer would let him have it for 200 francs, but said that, had he the vase to match, the pair would be cheap at 1,500 francs. The collector, however, in the end declined to buy the odd one.

Some days later he was walking in a distant part of the city, and saw in another old curiosity shop a vase, the fellow, apparently, of what he had lately priced. After a feverish bargain the dealer parted with this vase for 1,000 francs.

Elated with joy, the purchaser drove to the other shop to secure the first vase, only to learn that it had been sold for 150 francs to a dealer at Batignolles a few days previously. It was the very article he had just bought.

HOW A SOLDIER MADE SOUP FROM A FLINT-STONE.

A GOOD story is told of two soldiers, one of whom went without broth whilst the other made it of excellent quality from a flint-stone. The first begged at every door of a whole village which they had just entered for all the materials for simple broth, but the villagers told him he asked too much, and shut their doors in his face.

His comrade, however, picked up a stone, knocked at the nearest door, and asked if they would be so good as to oblige him with a pot in which to boil the stone. Even a miser would have granted so modest a request. They lent him the pot, and soon the wily soldier was boiling a large stone under the curious eyes of half a dozen bystanders.

"Could one of you give me a little salt?" the cook asked. The salt was given.

A minute later he observed, "A few herbs make a pleasant seasoning for stone soup, but I must manage for once to relish without a perfect flavour." In a trice one of the spectators threw a bundle of herbs into the pot, saying, "So clever a fellow should have soup to his taste when he shows us how to make it of a stone."

A few minutes later the adventurer remarked, "Stone broth is good broth, but there is no question that a scrap of beef or bacon brings out the flavour of the flint." Another kind spectator at once supplied him with a piece of bacon.

Half an hour had not passed since his arrival in the village when the soldier was enjoying an excellent and substantial repast made of the materials supplied for the *improvement* of his broth.

ON TRIAL.

A MAN was tried some years ago, convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing. As he was leaving the dock some one spoke to him from the floor of the court, and he broke into a flood of tears. Seeing this, the magistrate—it was the late Mr. Serjeant Cox—called him back and inquired what it was that had so grieved him.

"Oh, your worship!" he said, "I am told that my poor wife died last night: her end has been hastened by sorrow for me, and I was not there to close her eyes."

At once the magistrate resolved to trust him. "If you will give me your word that you will come here on the first day of next sessions, to receive your punishment, you shall go and bury your wife."

Those in court were sure the man would never be seen again. "I put you upon your honour," repeated Mr. Cox. "I trust you."

The promise was given. With an expression of extreme gratitude he left the court.

At the next sessions great curiosity was felt as to the result of so uncommon, and, as some thought, so unjustifiable an experiment. But when the court met the convict appeared as he had promised, in mourning, saying, "I am come, as I promised, to take my sentence."

After a moment's reflection, Mr. Cox said, "You have behaved well, and so well that I shall not inflict upon you the sentence I had intended. In the hope that you will repent the past and be honest for the future, I will give you a chance to retrieve the character you have lost. You shall go on your own recognisances to come up for judgment when called upon."

The man, it is a pleasure to add, profited by the lesson, and has since preserved an excellent character for honesty and industry.

MY WORK BASKET.

Card Basket.

A pretty-shaped brown wicker-basket ornamented with gold beads and rose-coloured ribbon quilled in rosettes round the outside. The beads are worked on the basket over and under the quilled ribbon, either in stars or Maltese crosses. The basket is lined with brown silk, with a ruche of pink ribbon round the bottom, and a double row of pink silk fringe round the top edge.

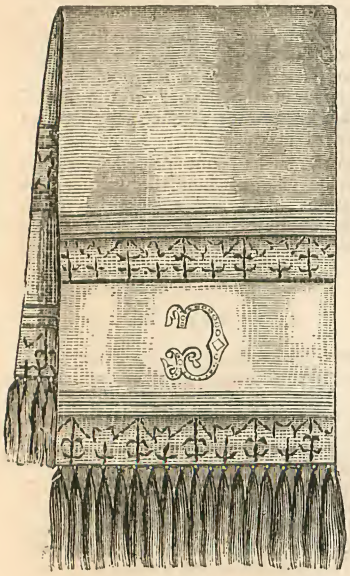


Card Basket.

Worked Towel.

This towel is of fancy diaper or fine crash. The ends are worked with gold and rich red coloured washing silks. The insertion band is darned perpendicularly with the gold-coloured silk, and the pattern worked in long stitch with the red. The edges of the insertion are worked in rows of alternate red and gold-coloured lines in close chain stitch. The ends of the towel are fringed out and knotted with the two silks.

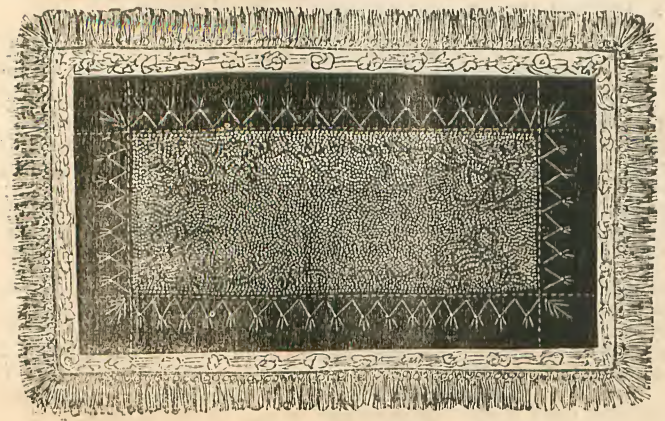
A suitable initial or monogram is embroidered in the space between the insertions on each end of the towel.



A Worked Towel.

Small Tea-table Cover.

The cover is of cream-coloured satin cloth edged with ruby velveteen. The centre of cream satin is worked with a narrow wreath of blue forget-me-nots and shaded daisies with varied green leaves and wood-brown stains. The flowers are satin-stitch, the leaves and stems in simple crewel stitches. A full bunch of flowers in each corner. The velveteen band is worked on with gold-coloured silk in button-hole stitch. The vandykes and trefoils on the velveteen are also worked with the gold silk. A narrow band of *écru* insertion is placed all round the outer edge, which is either finished with a silk fringe to match the centre, or an *écru* lace.

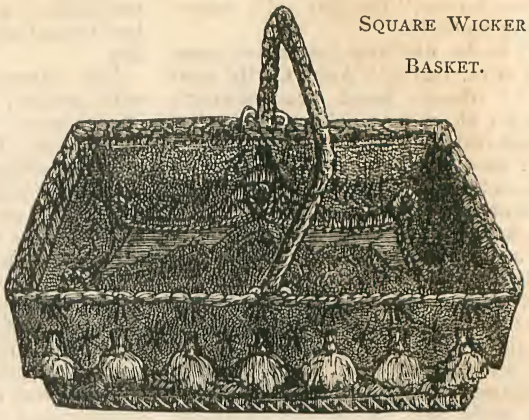


Small Tea-table Cover.

This is, of course, an expensive cloth, but can be made cheaper by substituting oatmeal for the centre, and washing-satin for border.

Square Wicker-work Basket with Handle.

The basket has a band of grey cloth cut in scollops, and embroidered in stars with gold-coloured silk. This band is attached to the top edge of the basket, and falls over a plain band of dark green cloth.



Square Wicker Basket.

Full tassels of crimson wool with gold-coloured heads are placed between each grey scollop. The outside of the basket at bottom is covered with a medallion of dark green in the centre *appliqué* with gold-coloured silk in button-hole stitch, and embroidered with a wreath round the edge. The sides and ends are trimmed with deep scollops in the grey cloth, over a band of green, and are worked with gold-coloured silk. Small bouquets are embroidered between each scollop. The edges of the basket and handles are covered with a thick cord of the several colours.

Crochet Gaiter for Little Child.

Four-thread Saxony wool, and bone twist crochet-hook.

The gaiter is made flat in one piece, and joined behind the leg.

Make a chain of forty stitches, and work in the ordinary tricot for nineteen rows. Diminish one stitch at the beginning and end of each row for seventeen rows. The next seven rows are diminished by taking two stitches together at each end of the row.

Now work on the twelve middle stitches eight rows for the front of the foot. The next five rows are diminished one stitch at the ends of each row.

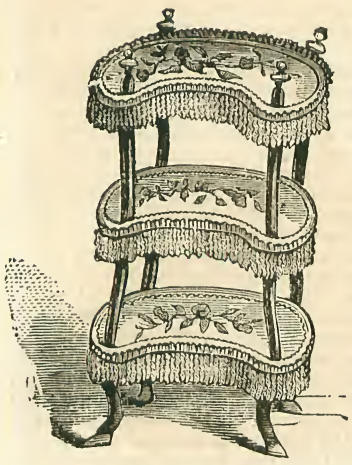
Take up the stitches on the right-hand side and work eight rows, increasing towards the front, one on each row. The other side is worked to correspond. These two sides form points and are joined to the front with a raised seam. The gaiter is then sewn up with wool, and the top finished with a narrow border of three chain—one double in the same stitch as last triple—two triples with one chain between, one chain, one double, three chain, join to garter, and repeat.



A Three Tier Work Basket.

The baskets are composed of black canes. Each basket is lined with silk embroidered with wreaths in crewels and filoselle, trimmed round

the edge with a full mixed chenille or silk fringe. The basket is light and easily carried from room to room. A silk or fancy linen cover worked with crewels will be found very useful for each of the baskets.



THREE TIER WORK BASKET.

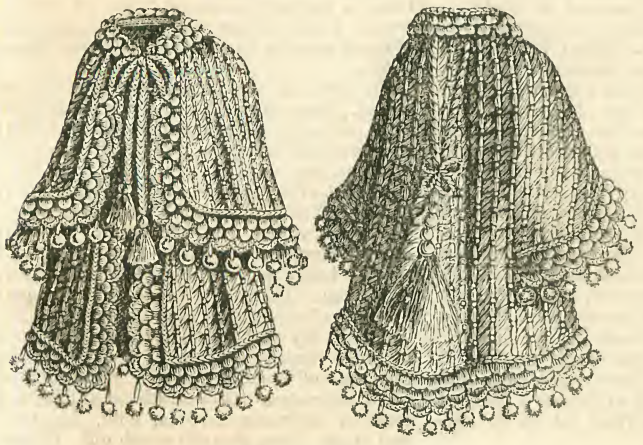
CHILD'S CROCHET CLOAK.

Take a paper pattern for the shape and size required, and work to it, decreasing and increasing when needed.

Materials, five-thread Berlin wool, and rather large crochet needle.

The fronts and back of the cloak and cape are made separately and joined by sewing them together with a finer wool of the same colour. Make a chain sufficiently long for the upper part of the pattern, and increase or diminish at the beginning and end of each row. The pattern is *not* worked backwards and forwards.

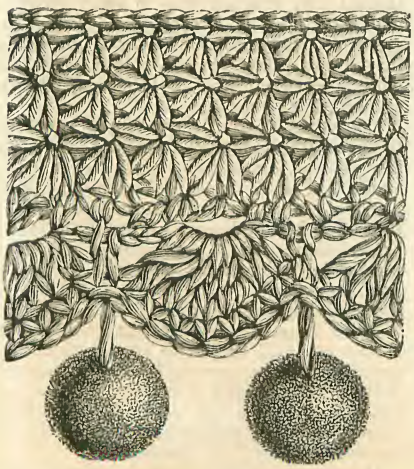
Commence with one double stitch, draw the wool through each of the next four chain stitches, then through all the loops you have on your needle, one chain, draw the wool through the hole formed on the top of the five contracted stitches, then through the chain stitch in which the last of the five was made



CHILD'S CROCHET CLOAK.

through the next two chain stitches of last row. You have again five stitches on the needle, draw the wool through them all, and continue to end of row. When the parts are finished and sewn together, work a row of single crochet all round.

A border is then added of three rows of picots which are worked as follows: fasten on the wool and work one double crochet into the first chain stitch in foundation, * draw the wool through the next chain and make four chain stitches, draw the wool through the two stitches on needle, make one double in next chain, * repeat. The four chain stitches form the picots which should be made between each in the preceding row.

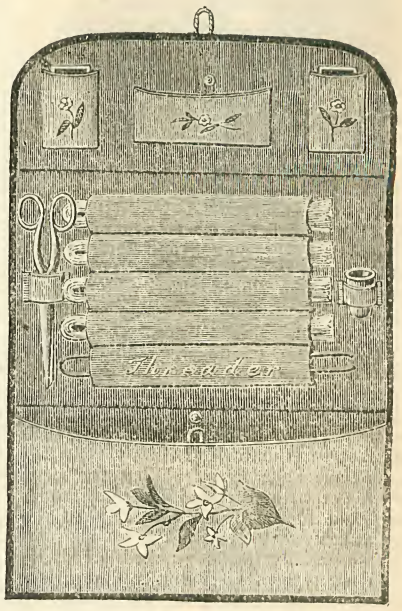


The scollop border is made by working for 1st row. Three chain stitches, missing three, double crochet into next chain, repeat.

2nd Row.—One double over double in last row, * eight trebles into open chain, one double crochet, * repeat.

3rd Row.—One double into every chain stitch. The balls are made by winding the wool over a wooden mesh about an inch and a half or two inches wide, a sufficient number of times to form a full ball. Pass a needle with some strong crochet cotton through on one edge and tie it very tightly together, then with a sharp penknife cut the wool on the opposite edge. Carefully cut and shape the wool so as to make a compact well-shaped ball, and fasten one between each scollop of the border with wool. Scarlet wool for the cloak, with soft grey for the insertion of picots and white border, with white and grey balls, is very pretty for a little child of two or three years of age.

BAG FOR CREWEL OR WOOL WORK.



This is the most complete arrangement for ladies' crewel or wool work we have seen, all that is necessary being at hand and easily folded away. The material is strong grey linen crash, and being worked with good washing crewels will wear well. A yard of half-yard wide crash is required for the foundation, and three-quarters more for pockets, &c. The yard has the corners rounded for the top flap, and is turned up ten inches to form a pocket to hold the work. Sixteen inches will be left for the upper part. The front of the pocket is embroidered in some pretty design.

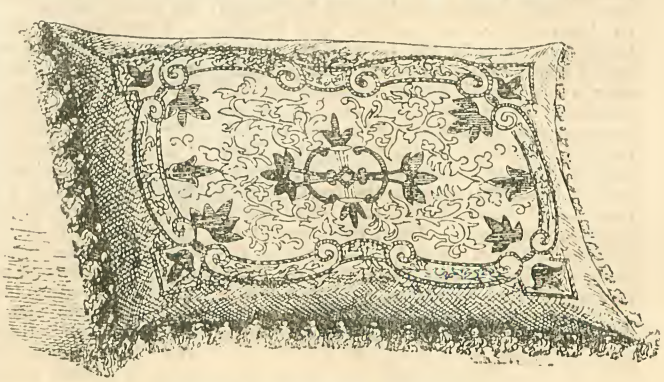
Cut a second piece of crash to fit the upper part of the pocket on which the runners for the crewels and bags are stitched; then tack the whole on the foundation. The piece for the runners is ten inches deep and eleven wide; the lower runner holds the crewel-threader, which is a most useful invention.

The small pockets are three inches wide and four deep; the long narrow pocket six inches long and four inches deep. Narrow straps for the thimble and scissors are placed one at each end of the runners. The divisions and edges of small bags and straps are worked in feather stitch.

The large pocket and edges of the case are worked in wide buttonhole stitch, with any shade of the crewels used in the embroidery. Each pocket is fastened with a loop and button.

HANDSOME SPANISH SOFA CUSHION.

This elegant cushion is made of rich-coloured satin trimmed round with a full tassel fringe either gold colour or the colour of the satin in a darker shade. The front is nearly covered by a design in point lace, or an *appliqué* of velvet leaves and gold braid on white satin.



HANDSOME SPANISH SOFA CUSHION.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, PUSS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,
Author of "Cats," "Friends in Fur," "The Domestic Cat," &c.



Anyone who had never seen a more highly-bred cat than the honest and faithful but common grey grimalkin, that lies on the cottage hearthrug, singing duets with the tea-kettle, or the half-wild mouse-catcher of the barn-door, would be greatly surprised if he happened to go to a large show of our favourites, at the wealth of feline loveliness and grace displayed upon the benches.

"Why," I have heard some people exclaim, "I couldn't have believed there were such beautiful cats in the world."

And I have made reply, "What you see is simply the result of care and kindness, proper feeding and housing, and attention to the pelage or coats of the animals."

Cats, especially the long-haired breeds, it will do my readers no harm to know, are becoming more fashionable every day as domestic pets, and people who care to keep good ones, and to rear them well and show them, get very large prices for them. I am acquainted with ladies who sell their kittens even for two and three guineas each, and who would not take twenty for many of their full-grown pussies.

Let us imagine now that we are taking a walk around the great cat show at the Crystal Palace, and that I am mentor. I feel sure I can tell you many things about the inmates of the pens that you do not know.

Well, then, first on the list of short hairs is a tortoiseshell male cat, a very rare animal; here are several tortoiseshell female pussies, not big, and very dark in their markings, with no white. In their nature they are brave and bold, good workers, loving, gentle, and jealous, and always faithful to mistress or master. Next come the tortoiseshell and white, the colours being yellow, red, black, and white, artistically arranged in those who have won prizes. They are bigger cats than the former, and not so decided in their likes and dislikes.

Then we have the brown tabbies—splendid fellows everyone of them, some of enormous size. There is one yonder, blinking half asleep on his scarlet velvet cushion, who weighs twenty-two pounds, but is so very lissom withal that he can jump on to the top of any door in his master's house. Tabbies are *par excellence* the Englishman's cat. They are good-natured, brave and noble, fond of children, and very fond of their offspring. They ought to be long bodied and graceful; though massive, somewhat short in the forelegs, with large round heads, small ears, and gentle, happy-looking eyes. The stripes should be black on a brown ground, and very well defined, and there should be no white on them, else they would be classed as brown-tabby-with-white. There should also be one or two semi-circular bars across the chest. Eyes hazel preferably.

The silver tabby has somewhat longer ears, and a less blunt face with green eyes. Colour like Aberdeen granite, striped with deeply dark markings. They are very lovely and valuable. The red tabbies come next. They are splendid fellows, with green or yellow eyes, reddish in colour, marked with deeper red, and no white. Look at this one; he has been passed over by the judge because his colouring is neither deep enough nor distinct enough. This breed is very clever, and they make capital hunters, but are apt to wander a long way from home; however, unless they fall victims to the vile traps or the too ready guns of cowardly keepers, they never fail to come back again.

The red and white tabby is a gay and gallant fellow, and full of life and fun. In that pen is a spotted tabby. This cat may be any colour, only covered with stripes, composed of spots. I hope that is not an Irish bull. That gentlemanly-looking fellow there is a black and white cat. His coat is of jet, he wears white socks and gloves, and a front as spotless as the snow. He is as good and as aristocratic in his ways as he looks; indeed, he would hardly deign to catch a mouse, but he likes a good dinner, and when he is outside and wants to get in, he does not mew like a common mouser; no, he jumps up and lifts the knocker.

In the next cage is a cat you can scarcely see, so intensely ravenly black is he all over. But he can see you and me, and he is glaring at us with his green, green eyes, evidently in no very amiable temper. What he wants to know is, what has he been imprisoned here for, instead of roving wild and free in forest or field? But we must not judge him too harshly, for although he flew at the adjudicator of prizes this morning with tooth and nail, at home he is not naturally quarrelsome. These cats should be very large, with coats of glossiest black; even the whiskers must be black, and the eyes should be hazel if possible, but green is beautiful. Here we have a small but graceful puss, all one colour, namely, dark slate, not a light hair in her, not even in her whiskerets. These cats are rare, and seldom fail to win prizes in a mixed class. They are called Maltese cats. Pure white cats are no favourites of mine. They are usually dull and apathetic, and often as deaf as a post. I should never expect a white cat to do anything *very* clever.

There are many other strange, short hair cats, Manx, Abyssinian, &c., but we now pass on to the Long Hairs, only pausing for a moment at the cages filled with daft-looking kittens, brimful of folly and mischief and fun.

Now there are all kinds or colours of Long Hairs, but your real Persian is most graceful and elegant, especially in shape of head, which is somewhat sharp or peaked with shortish ears poised downwards, and an aural tuft in each. The expression of their eyes is singularly beautiful, and there is a certain languor of looks and manner about them that tells us their real home is not here, but in a far, far sunnier clime.

They do very well on the whole in England, however; but they ought not to be allowed to roam much, else they will assuredly be stolen, and their coats ought to be combed and brushed almost daily.

"What is the difference," you ask me, "between a Persian cat and an Angora?"

Well, I have been asked that question before, and the reply is that there is no appreciable difference in the size of the cats nor in the length of their coats, only the fur of the Angora is finer and flossier and woollier than that of the Persian, and probably the Angora cat is not so sharp in expression of features.

May I give you a word of advice as to showing a cat? If you have one good enough there is no reason why you should not let it have a chance of distinguishing itself and winning a prize. Do not be afraid that it will not get every attention, as far as can be given at a show. Nevertheless, do not fail to go with your favourite yourself, if possible. Take with you some raw meat, and the sweetest of milk in a bottle, and attend to pussy's wants yourself.

And now a few lines about the ailments that cats are subject to. Veterinary surgeons, I fear, know little about them, and care less.

When a cat seems ailing and sick, and moping and sleepy-looking, and if at the same time she refuses all food, you had better give an emetic—half a teaspoonful of salt in a little warm water. Follow this up in an hour or two with a teaspoonful of castor oil.

Grass should be grown in a flower-pot in towns, where cats have not much fresh air and freedom. This flower-pot should be placed where she can easily see it and get at it. Or when you are walking in the country, you may cull some nice fresh green grass and place it in the corner of the kitchen, the ends being kept tight between two bricks. It is an excellent blood purifier. A kind of chronic inflammation of the stomach is common among cats, especially those who are not properly dieted, and are glad to pick up and eat anything they can find. The cat refuses food, gets thin and wretched-looking, and has frequent attacks of vomiting. Medicine—A grain and a half of the trisnitrate of bismuth, put on the tongue twice a day, and a dose of castor oil once a week. Food—Sweet milk or cream, and fish. If much wasting, raw beef, chopped fine, twice a day.

To give a cat medicine two people are required. Pussy is rolled in a rug and placed on some one's lap, while you pour the medicine very gradually down her throat. If it is a pill or bolus, dip it in oil, and put it well back against the roof of the mouth; but mind your fingers. You can hold the mouth open with one hand whilst you manipulate with the other. Bronchitis is often fatal to cats; it attacks badly fed and badly housed pussies very often. There is a rough, dry coat, perhaps fits of shivering at first, with cough. The cough is dry the first day or two, but soon becomes moist, and there is a distressing difficulty of breathing, whilst the tongue is often protruded. Give a little oil at first, and feed on arrowroot, beef-tea, milk, &c., little and often. Then give this cough pill. Extract of conium and compound squill pill, of each twenty grains: make into a bolus with bread crumb, and divide into twenty pills; dose, one every night. Keep up her strength, and give a small teaspoonful of cod-liver oil twice a day.

For laxity of the system, a little common chalk mixture should be given three or four times a day, with one drop of the solution of muriate of morphia in each dose. Or put two grains of trisnitrate of bismuth on the tongue three times a day. Food: only milk, or milk with arrowroot, and a little egg may be allowed, but no meat.

Lung disease, or consumption, is known by the general appearance of the poor cat. There is bad coat, emaciation, capricious appetite, and loss of all liveliness. Raw meat, careful housing, and cod-liver oil are needed. When the cough is troublesome I order the following prescription:—Tinct. opii camph., 1 drachm; syr. scille, 1 drachm; sol. mur. morphiæ, 15 minims; aquæ, 2 oz.; mix. Label: a teaspoonful whenever required.

Fits: these are common in cats, and are almost too well known to require much description. The puss must be caught and bled. With a lancet make a small incision at the lower part of the ear, and make the blood flow by sponging with hot water. Or slit the ear with a fine pair of scissors.

If the cat is subject to fits, order the following at a respectable chemist's:—Bromid.

potass, 10 grains; iod. potass., 5 grains; zinci sulph., 5 grains; mix. Make twenty pills with bread crumb, and give one night and morning.

If pussy is thin, give cod-liver oil. If the reverse, lower the diet, and give a little boiled sheep's liver twice a week.

For skin complaints use carbolic lotion; pure carbolic acid one part, water forty. Well shake before using it, and apply once a day, but not all over. As internal medicine, give a teaspoonful twice a day in milk of liquor arsenicalis, ten drops in one ounce of distilled water.

For eye inflammations, bathe frequently in warm milk and water, and use a lotion of three grains of sulphate of zinc to an ounce of water.

Never deprive a cat of all her kittens at once. Never keep kittens that you are not sure of getting a good home for.

Never let anyone persuade you that pussy is not one of the gentlest and most faithful pets we possess.

WAITING IN VAIN.

A GENTLEMAN on the point of marriage left his intended bride for a short time. He usually travelled in the stage-coach to the place of her abode. The last journey he took from her was the last of his life.

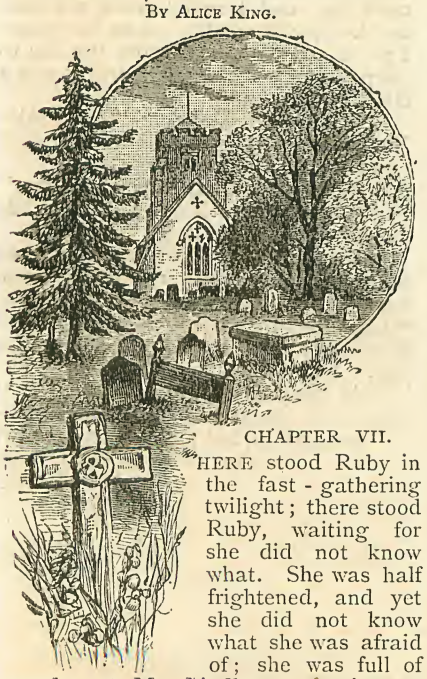
Anxiously expecting his return, she went to meet the vehicle. An old friend announced to her the death of her lover. She uttered an involuntary scream and a piteous exclamation, "He is dead!"

From that fatal moment, for *fifty* years, did that unfortunate woman daily, in all seasons, traverse the distance of many miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach, uttering in a plaintive tone, "He is not come yet—I will return to-morrow!"

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.



CHAPTER VII.

THERE stood Ruby in the fast-gathering twilight; there stood Ruby, waiting for she did not know what. She was half frightened, and yet she did not know what she was afraid of; she was full of wonder at Mr. Lindhurst entering so suddenly that house, and her most lively conjectures could not form any probable guess about what he was doing there. Then that strange cry was still ringing in her ears; what could it all mean? A brook not far off murmured, and the wind talked to the branches of the trees above her head. Such were the only answers which Ruby got to her question.

Still Ruby waited and listened, while the minutes seemed longer minutes than any minutes she had ever known in her young life. Yes, she listened, but no sound reached her from the house, only, ceaselessly, the tones of the stream and the winter breeze. By-and-bye these monotonous strains were broken by the lowing of a cow hard by, and afterwards by the rumble of a cart; but these did not answer Ruby any better than the wind and the water; her whole situation, standing outside that house, where the old man still remained hidden from her sight, was as complete a mystery to her as ever. It seemed to her as if she had somehow got into a part of a story of some one else's life, and as if the Ruby who led the commonplace life at the farm a few months ago was miles upon miles away.

At length the door of the villa opened, and Mr. Lindhurst appeared.

"Oh! what is it?" cried Ruby, running to meet him, the words coming involuntarily to her lips.

He did not speak for some moments; he was looking calmer than when he went into the house. At last he said—

"Ruby, we can go home now."

He spoke in a low, absent voice, and had evidently not taken in the meaning of her eager words. In her state of excitement and curiosity Ruby's first feeling at his manner, as was natural enough in a person of her quick temper, was great irritation; she broke through the fence of shy respect with which Mr. Lindhurst was generally surrounded in her eyes, and cried indignantly,—

"Mr. Lindhurst, it is a shame to treat me in this way; you leave me at the door as if I was a walking-stick, and when you come out again you treat me as if I had no more sense and understanding than one."

Her words, and the vehemence with which they were spoken, roused him at length, and he half smiled as he took in their import. Then his face grew grave, but gentle, as he said,—

"Ruby, child, forgive me if I have frightened and surprised you. I was alarmed myself when I went into that house, but I am more easy in my mind now. That is all I can tell you."

She was very full still of wondering curiosity, but his manner softened her.

"Had your going into this house anything to do with what you were telling me about before we came out?" she asked.

"Yes, it had," he answered: and then added, after a few moments of thought, "Ruby, I think, since you know so much, I ought to tell you that all this which has lately seemed so strange and unaccountable to you is nearly connected with yourself."

"With me!" she repeated, with a start, and then cried eagerly, "but if that is so, have I not a right to know more?"

"Listen to me Ruby," said the old man, pausing and laying his hand on her shoulder. "It so happens that a certain mystery, which circumstances prevent being explained to you, must, for a while, surround your young life; signs of it may sometimes suddenly appear in your path, but you will not learn any more from them than I have told you. There is nothing, believe me, in this mystery which is in any way wrong or which can lead you or any one else into misdoing. Now that I have told you this, Ruby, will you trust me, and ask no further questions?"

"Yes," she answered, for there was something in his eyes which made her say so at once.

"Thank you, my child, for such confidence," he said, warmly; "I fancy that you are made of different stuff from most girls, and that when you say yes, like that, you mean it entirely, and that you will not go on worrying your mind with vain conjectures on this subject, but will resolutely keep off any such morbid habit."

"I will try to be all you expect me to be," she replied, simply.

"And Ruby" began the old man again, in a low impressive tone, "I may tell you one thing more. Perhaps, some day you will be in a position which will make you able to do a great deal for God; try in your life to prepare yourself for it, if such should be your appointed lot."

More and more wonders were pouring in upon little Ruby. She, the neglected orphan, would one day have it in her power to do a great deal for God! She gazed up into the old man's face, her brown eyes full of an incredulous, child-like astonishment, too deep for words.

"Yes, it is quite true, Ruby," he said, reading her looks aright, "strange as it may seem to you."

"I cannot understand it, I cannot understand it," she murmured two or three times to herself; then she clasped her little hands in prayer for light and strength, for all that she had lately heard had made her feel as if she were walking with a dizzy brain through a mist; and gradually, as her words went up to God, she began to grow calmer, and a certain clearness dawned within her. She had just been told that, in future, something might happen to her which would make her able to do much good in the world, and yet she was told she must not ask anything further on this subject; it was still all very dim and incomprehensible, but her young soul leant on the consciousness that her eternal Friend was near her, and she felt that if in all things she strove to tread step by step in the path He bade her follow, it would be well with her, come what might. She did not, however, put anything of what was going on in her heart and mind into words; she probably could not have expressed half the stir and tumult which had been whirling about within her, even had she tried; she only said, very quietly,—

"I will do my best everywhere and in

everything, the dear Lord above helping me, as I know He will."

They went on in silence after that, with the frosty, silver moon over head, with a silver world around them. The air was very keen and clear; a few snow flakes fell at intervals, and hung on Ruby's black mantle, like plumes dropped from the wings of spirits hovering near her. There were, perhaps, in truth such kindly guardians not far from her to guide her on her difficult way. By-and-bye, as they drew near home, Ruby said,—

"I had rather not speak of this which you have been telling me to any one. I suppose you would not wish me to?"

"I was just going to ask a promise of you to that effect," he answered; "and was going to bid you hold a promise as a very sacred thing, and to avoid all your life the false bad notion held by some women, that strict honour in keeping your word is not just as much a virtue to be taught to girls as to boys.

"I do not need to be told that," said the girl, with a proud little movement of her pretty head. "I would keep my given word as faithfully as any knight of old."

Very few words passed between them after that. Ruby, as may well be supposed, had plenty to occupy most fully her mind, so that her usually busy little tongue was very still. The old man again plunged in deep and, as it seemed, far away thought. Once she heard him sigh and murmur,—

"I have slept through the burden and heat of the day, O God, forgive me! I have slept through the burden and heat of the day."

Then another time he muttered,—

"And it all began through my foolish pride; yes, that was the beginning of it."

The avenue up to the priory was reached now, and they could see before them the old grey house, sending out here and there from its windows a ray of light to meet the moonbeams. Ruby had experienced so much since she left it, and her heart and mind had become full of so many new, unexpected thoughts and feelings since she saw it last, that she had, somehow, almost vaguely fancied that she should see it changed. But there stood the old grey house, calling her back to all her every-day, common-place duties.

"We must be close, dear friends from to-night, Ruby," said Mr. Lindhurst, rousing himself as they neared the door, and taking her hand; "and you must help me, child, to be different from what I have lately been."

She only answered by clasping her warm, soft little fingers round his withered palm; but he understood her meaning.

"Lor', sir, wherever hav' ee been?" cried Mrs. Treadwell, the housekeeper, running out to meet her master, and speaking, as she generally did to both him and Miss Lindhurst, with the familiarity of long service. "Miss Nancy is just 'diddlecome' about 'ee."

Matthew Lindhurst spared himself the terrible apparition of Miss Nancy "diddlecome," whatever that remarkable west country word may import, by vanishing up stairs. Ruby, less fortunate, fell into the hands of the two waiting, wondering ladies.

"What, in the name of all that is extraordinary and unfitting, has induced you, Ruby Stanton, to stay out in this way, and, what is worse, to persuade Mr. Lindhurst, in some artful manner, to go with you?" exclaimed Miss Nancy, adjusting her cap, as she always did preparatory to a long and keen examination of some luckless individual who had chanced to get into her clutches.

"We waited for tea till ten minutes past five," here chimed in Ella; "but you know how I always enjoy my afternoon tea, and I really could not stop any longer; the muffin was so delicious! I put a quarter down before the fire to keep hot for you; but it is dried up to a stick by this time."

"Where have you been?" cried Miss Nancy. "Matthew has not been out till this hour for years."

"How dreadfully tired you must be," began again Miss Ringwood. "What did keep you out so long?"

"We took a very long walk as far as the new villas," answered Ruby, when her inquisitors stopped to take breath. "I have nothing else to tell you. Please forgive my not being in to make tea for you. I could not help it to-day."

This reply would most assuredly not have been received without further investigation, but just at that moment the dressing-bell rang and released Ruby for the present.

(To be continued.)



SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

VI.

By JOHN C. STAPLES.

A FEW words now on the method of bringing forward a landscape drawing, the progressive treatment, that is, of a drawing, from a technical point of view.

But first it is not advisable for you to attempt in the beginning an extended landscape. As in your drawing so, now, in your painting, it will be best for you to commence with "little bits,"—the component parts, so to speak—of a landscape. When you have acquired the power of representing these, you will be able to attack a wider view with good hope of speedy success.

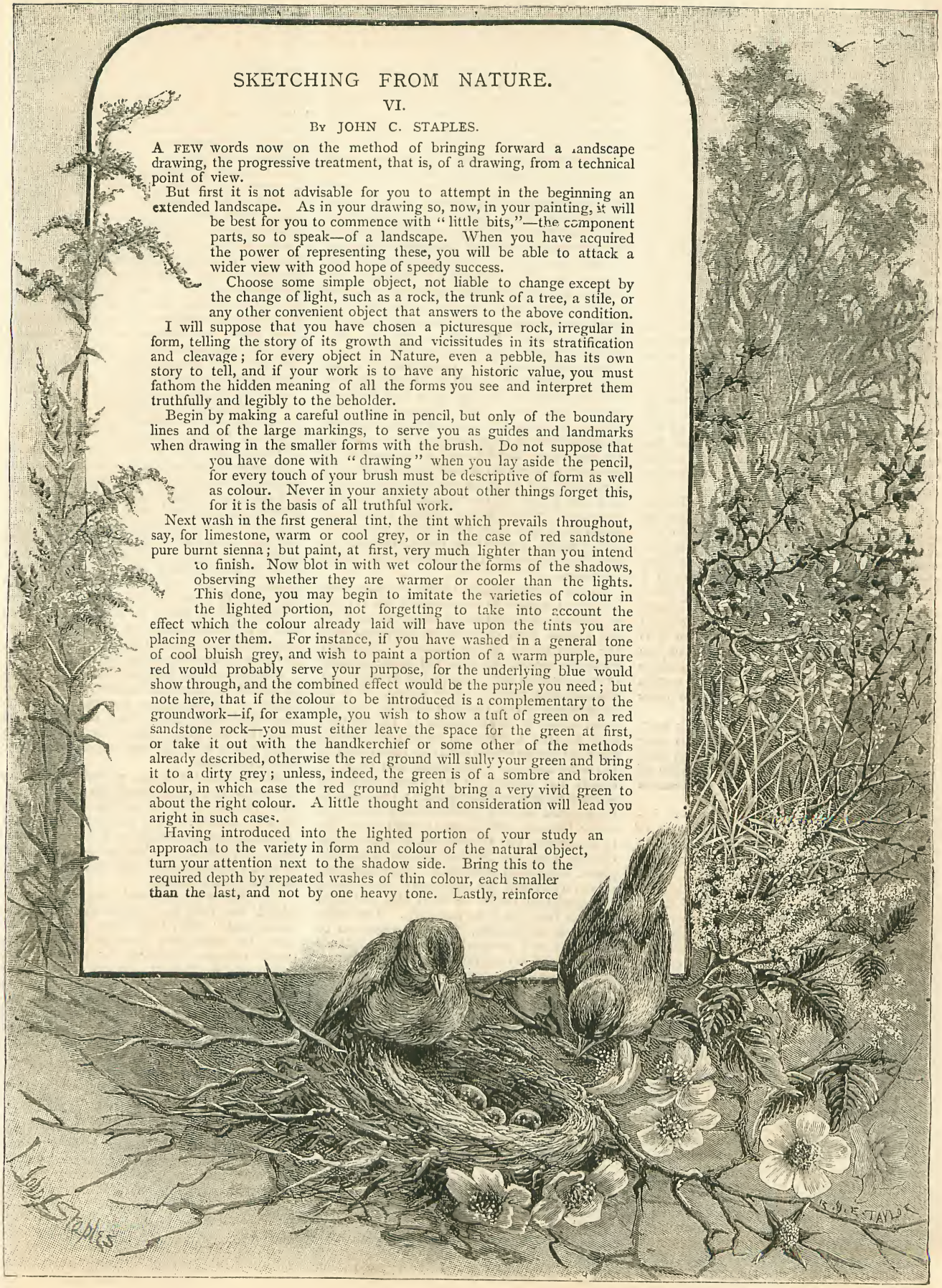
Choose some simple object, not liable to change except by the change of light, such as a rock, the trunk of a tree, a stile, or any other convenient object that answers to the above condition.

I will suppose that you have chosen a picturesque rock, irregular in form, telling the story of its growth and vicissitudes in its stratification and cleavage; for every object in Nature, even a pebble, has its own story to tell, and if your work is to have any historic value, you must fathom the hidden meaning of all the forms you see and interpret them truthfully and legibly to the beholder.

Begin by making a careful outline in pencil, but only of the boundary lines and of the large markings, to serve you as guides and landmarks when drawing in the smaller forms with the brush. Do not suppose that you have done with "drawing" when you lay aside the pencil, for every touch of your brush must be descriptive of form as well as colour. Never in your anxiety about other things forget this, for it is the basis of all truthful work.

Next wash in the first general tint, the tint which prevails throughout, say, for limestone, warm or cool grey, or in the case of red sandstone pure burnt sienna; but paint, at first, very much lighter than you intend to finish. Now blot in with wet colour the forms of the shadows, observing whether they are warmer or cooler than the lights. This done, you may begin to imitate the varieties of colour in the lighted portion, not forgetting to take into account the effect which the colour already laid will have upon the tints you are placing over them. For instance, if you have washed in a general tone of cool bluish grey, and wish to paint a portion of a warm purple, pure red would probably serve your purpose, for the underlying blue would show through, and the combined effect would be the purple you need; but note here, that if the colour to be introduced is a complementary to the groundwork—if, for example, you wish to show a tuft of green on a red sandstone rock—you must either leave the space for the green at first, or take it out with the handkerchief or some other of the methods already described, otherwise the red ground will sully your green and bring it to a dirty grey; unless, indeed, the green is of a sombre and broken colour, in which case the red ground might bring a very vivid green to about the right colour. A little thought and consideration will lead you aright in such cases.

Having introduced into the lighted portion of your study an approach to the variety in form and colour of the natural object, turn your attention next to the shadow side. Bring this to the required depth by repeated washes of thin colour, each smaller than the last, and not by one heavy tone. Lastly, reinforce



the whole by small, sharp, bright touches, where you see them, in the lights and by thin glazings of the local colours in the shadows, and your study will be complete.

I will add two warnings. Make up your mind from the first which is the lightest portion and which the darkest, and do not cut up the breadth of general effect by exaggerating the incidental markings; secondly, beware of a cold blackness in your shadows. Paint them, at first, with rather warmer and richer colours than you think you see in Nature.

You may next, if you choose, select a single branch with its foliage seen from a short distance on a calm day. Draw the outline and paint it, as in the case of the rock, at first very lightly with the local colour, regarding it, for the present, merely as a more or less rounded mass, having one side in light and the other in shade. Do not in this first painting carry your colour quite up to the edges. Next mark out carefully the position and form of the subsidiary tufts of leaves, both in the light and in the shadow, by means of the dark markings which lie underneath them. Lastly, draw in, crisply, with a brush not too full of pretty strong colour, the forms of individual leaves where they show prominently in the mass and where they stand out clearly at the edges; also "take out" some of the small bright lights and add the stem of the branch where it is seen, giving it its due roundness and all its irregularities and roughnesses of texture.

But, again, beware of letting the introduction of individual forms of leaves interfere with the general breadth of light and shade in the mass. They should only be sufficient to give character to it. And do not hastily conclude that this contradicts the principle which I have so strongly insisted on throughout these papers—that, namely, of fidelity to Nature; for in looking at a large number of objects the eye only perceives each clearly when it is bent upon that one to the exclusion of the rest. In looking at the assemblage as a whole you perceive only the mass with a certain character added, which is given by the more prominent of its individual members.

Make a great many studies of this sort, choosing them as varied in subject as your opportunities will permit, and then you may proceed to a complete landscape, a mode of executing which I shall attempt to describe somewhat in detail.

Undertone.—It is advisable, but not imperative, to begin by passing a thin wash of some warm colour over the whole of your paper before commencing your drawing. This may be done at home. The object of this operation is to avoid a chalky whiteness in the lights that are "left," and to break the rawness of any thin tints of pure colour that may be laid on afterwards—the blue of a clear sky, for example. It should be just strong enough to give the paper a creamy tone, but should be distinctly visible when a piece of white paper is laid upon it. It may be varied according to the warmth or coolness of the general effect in the scene chosen. Sometimes a wash of light red will be good, at another yellow ochre may be substituted, oftenest a tint of yellow ochre and brown madder will be best. It should be prepared very thin and laid on evenly, but the depth and warmth may often with advantage be increased as the foreground is approached.

Outline.—The outline will next demand your attention. I trust I need add no word on the importance of accuracy in this stage of your drawing, but I will repeat the caution given above against putting in minute detail. If you have too much of this on your paper you will constantly need to fight against a temptation, to leave unimportant lights and you will be led to sacrifice the freedom of your washes of colour in order to preserve small forms which can better be introduced later. Harmony and breadth of treatment can only be secured by keeping your washes very broad at first. You will be surprised to find how often tones which you think heavy will be converted into lights or half lights by the contrast of the dark touches introduced in the finishing. Beginners generally err in making all their lights too crude and staring. The trained eye perceives *some* tone on all the lights except the very highest.

The qualities to be aimed at in your pencil sketch are lightness and firmness of line, decision and accuracy of drawing. The foreground may be put in with more strength than the distance, but the pencil-marks should nowhere be heavy enough to sully the purity of the subsequent painting. The forms of clouds, if they are drawn in with the point at all, should be most delicately suggested, preferably by a dotted line, so as to avoid any appearance of hardness at the edges. The same holds true of the boundary lines of masses of foliage seen against the light, and distant mountain forms and the like.

Sky.—It is usual to commence with this portion of the picture, and by so doing and by causing sky tints to fade away into and over the distance and middle distance you may prepare the way for much softness and effect of atmosphere in these parts of the drawing. On the other hand, it will serve usefully to emancipate you from the bondage of too rigid a method, and give you confidence in yourself and the power of your materials if you will sometimes paint in the bolder and nearer forms first, and then wash in the sky up to and, perhaps, over these forms, re-touching and strengthening them afterwards where necessary.

In the representation of the sky the most important points to be observed are (1) the suggestion of curvature or recession, and (2) the general tone or value as compared with the other values of the picture. Beginners generally see the sky as a flat space of grey or blue, or what not, more or less mottled and streaked with clouds. It is not so. It is an overhanging plane, receding from the highest point outwards and onwards to the horizon with as true a gradation as that with which the solid earth recedes from the foreground to the same horizon. The forms and tones of clouds may always be made very useful in suggesting this receding quality; but, even in the clearest sky, the gradation from blue, say, at the highest point down through paler blue to the greyish tint always seen, at least in this climate, near the horizon will, if truthfully given, sufficiently indicate it. I am speaking now of a daylight sky, of course in the evening the gradation might be from blue and grey, through faint green, to pale gold. The scales of colour are endless, but the suggestion of curvature and gradually-increasing distance towards and up to the horizon is ever present.

Then as to the general tone of the sky. Except in the case of stormy effects and heavy rain-clouds, the general effect of the sky will be a broad expanse of light. Be very careful to preserve this breadth. Work all this part of the drawing with a delicate hand.

Execution.—With respect to the mode of working a sky, you will find it best to paint as much as possible on a damp surface. With a very soft brush, then, pass a wash of clear water over the whole space to be occupied by the drawing, and then take up the moisture on the surface with blotting-paper (this operation may with advantage be repeated from time to time during the progress of the drawing, but of course every part must be perfectly dry first).

Daylight Skies.—For daylight skies, without clouds, prepare a tint in your saucer to imitate the colour seen in the upper portion of the sky—say, cobalt with a trace of rose madder—and lay it on fearlessly but carefully, adding more and more water to the wash with each sweep of the brush and, if necessary, a little grey or other colour as you approach and pass the horizon, and gradate your tint away to nothing over the distance and middle distance. If, when this is done, the tint does not seem strong enough, let it get dry (employing yourself meanwhile in bringing forward the foreground or other part of the drawing which does not cross the sky). When the first wash for the sky is *quite* dry, damp the paper again, use the blotting-paper, and proceed as before, altering the tint a little, or not, as seems advisable, until you get the right tone-colour and gradation. If the horizon is of a golden colour you must gradate your blue and grey away to pure water, at or above the horizon, and then when it is dry turn your sketch upside down, and after damping the paper gradate a wash of yellow ochre, or yellow ochre with a little brown madder, from below the distance away to nothing over the pale portion of the sky. You will thus get a very natural gradation of tone and colour with a soft aërial character.

Colours for Skies—Daylight.—The palette for daylight skies is a simple one. The following colours will be sufficient:—

Cobalt, French ultramarine, rose madder, purple madder, light red, and yellow ochre.

In general pure cobalt is too cold. It needs a trace of red, rose madder, purple madder, or light red to warm it. For brilliantly blue skies a thin wash of French ultramarine may be passed over a first tint of cobalt and rose madder. The mixture of cobalt and light red affords very useful pearly greys. The yellow ochre is chiefly useful when a golden mist, suffused by the sun's rays, overhangs the horizon. If it should chance that the preparatory tint is found to be *too* strong and hot, a little Chinese white added to the sky colour will recover the right coolness of tint, and give a charming aërial effect.

Twilight.—For twilight skies indigo may be added to the above colours or their combinations for the upper portion of the sky. Near the horizon the colours may be chosen from the list given below for sunset, care being taken to keep them somewhat sombre and full of tone.

Sunset.—In the upper portion of the sky the blues and greys already given will serve. Near the sun the most brilliant colours may often be needed. They may be chosen from the following list, which will, I think, meet every requirement:— Yellow ochre, Indian yellow, cadmium, light red, Indian red, rose madder, purple madder.

Vermillions (orange and scarlet) may be added, but they are opaque and rather unmanageable; still, they afford good foundations for subsequent glazings of the transparent colours. Cadmium is a most brilliant colour and works well. When dry it may be glazed with rose madder. This will give a luminous rosy orange, not to be excelled in brilliance by any other means. The combinations of yellow ochre with light red and with Indian red, cadmium with Indian red, and Indian red with rose madder, are all useful. Indeed, each of the above colours may be used with any other, either in mixture or in glazing, to imitate the various tints seen in the sunset sky.

Sunrise.—For sunrise most of the above colours may be needed, but there will generally be found a greater prevalence of grey, and more mistiness of effect.

Repetition of Sky Tints.—If in your drawing there is to be calm water reflecting the sky, it will be well to paint it in at the same time and with the same tints as those of the sky itself, or rather of that portion of it which is reflected in the pool. Even wet or moist

ground will reflect more or less of the sky tints.

Clouds.—Observe that clouds are rounded masses of vapour, having light and shadow, sides and varieties of modelling in as large a degree as any solid object. They recede from the eye in a true perspective. At the same time there is a softness and delicacy in the shadowing of these vaporous forms which will tax all your dexterity to imitate. In endeavouring to give the full form and shadow of masses of cloud, do not get the tones so heavy, or the details so obtrusive, as to overbalance the rest of the composition; better even to leave the cloud forms sketchy and suggestive than to lose the relative values of sky and ground.

Execution.—Work on the clouds while they are wet, or use the washes of colour so thin that you can scarcely perceive each added tint of shade as you put it on the paper. Keep the idea of form ever before you in each successive wash. From time to time let the painting become quite dry, and then, with a soft brush and clear water, gently wash and blend together the shadows. Small light clouds may be taken out by any one of the methods described in the last chapter; but all large forms of light clouds should be left in laying in the blue of the sky and worked up afterwards. These directions apply only to drawings which are intended to receive high finish. In sketching from Nature rapidly for effect and character (a practice which you should by no means omit) a few very wet blots of colour, skilfully spread over the sky and dexterously run together here and dried off there with the sponge, or a handkerchief wrapped round the finger, reinforced in the shadows with full colour applied with the point of the brush and cleared up in the lights by a vigorous use of clean water, will often in a few minutes give you the effect you want at small expense of manual, but great expense of mental labour.

Method of Study.—Clouds are so changeable, never remaining even for two or three minutes precisely the same, that you cannot sit down to copy them deliberately, as you would a tree or a bank. The preferable plan is to decide upon their general form and the space they are to occupy in the picture, and then to bend the whole force of your powers of observation upon them until you have filled your mind and memory with their form and construction, their swing of motion, the way they are piled up or scattered abroad over the heavens, and especially the way in which they sway all together under the common impulse of the airs which urge them along. Then turn to your paper and try to reproduce the impression created in your mind. If you have forgotten anything, a glance at a similar cloud may serve to recall it to your mind; but do not alter a scheme once decided on.

Study cloud-forms often for their own sake, using sometimes the point to secure the outlines, and sometimes soft chalk or the brush to seize upon the gradations of tone. Thus you will acquire readiness of comprehension and facility of execution.

Colours for Clouds.—For soft and distant clouds use light red and cobalt; for more stormy, lowering clouds substitute Indian red or light red, or use brown madder or purple madder with cobalt or French ultramarine. A little yellow ochre may be added to these tints if required. The proportions of blue to russet red or purple must, of course, be varied, as the clouds are seen to be warm or cool in their general colour. For cold grey tones use cobalt or French blue with lamp black, and, for variety, try the effect of a little sepia in conjunction with these, or add a little light red to the cobalt and black. This last will give a very clear, cool, pearly grey. For the warm edges of clouds try brown madder and yellow ochre, or light red and yellow ochre, or pure yellow ochre. These must all be used in very thin, delicate washes. Indigo is often recommended to replace the other blues in the above list, but it should, I think, be used very sparingly.

For sunset clouds you may tax the resources of your colour-box to the utmost for bright pigments; but remember two things—first, that the space occupied by purest, brightest colour should be small, and should be led up to by more broken tints; also that the force of contrast, both of tone and colour, will do more than any mere brightness of paint to give a brilliant effect; and, secondly, note that a glazing of one colour over another when the first is dry is much more effectual in the production of pure luminous colour than any admixture of the component colours; also that a foundation of Chinese white, laid on thickly, will cause many colours to "bear out" brightly which would otherwise sink, and become dull as they dried.

Extreme, or Third Distance.—It now becomes very difficult to give you much definite advice, because the range of subjects which may go to form your distance, middle distance, or foreground is so vast, and the conditions under which they may be seen are so varied, that no set of rules, however ingeniously or laboriously devised, could meet all the cases which might arise, and advice which might help you in one set of circumstances would mislead you in another. But there are some general considerations which you may profitably bear in mind. The most important of these is the effect of the atmosphere, which causes objects at a distance to diminish in force of tone and colour in proportion as they recede. The atmosphere, in effect, gives much of its own grey, or bluish-grey, colour to the distance, which must be painted with a prevalence of delicate greys and blues and greyish greens, or, in the lights, with golden tones, subdued but not sullied. This is the general rule, which particular conditions will sometimes seem to contradict, as when, for example, a passage of strong light in the distance brings out brightly all the local colours, while the nearer portions of the landscape are obscured by shade. It is only *seeming*, however; for, if you wait until the light pervades the view, the distant colours will be seen still to be very grey and subdued when compared with those nearer to you, and you may, therefore, produce the same effect in Nature's own way by painting the distant colours with their true complement of delicacy and greyness, and then throwing them up by the tone and neutrality of colour which you saw cast by shadow over the foreground. Still, as the materials under your hand are weak to express the brightness and vigour of Nature, I do not deny that it may be expedient in such a case to force up a little the vividness of the distance. This may be done, as the picture approaches completion, by thin glazings of the more positive colours wherever they are seen.

But there is another rule which you may adopt, as I believe, without admitting any exception, and this is that there should be an entire absence of hard cutting lines, harsh contrasts, and crudity of handling in the distance. The line which separates the distance from the sky may be and often is the *strongest* in the picture, but it is never a *hard* line; therefore whatever depth of tone you require in the distance must be gained by repeated thin washes, or by adding colour on a damp surface delicately with the point of the brush, letting it spread of itself and dry softly at the edges. You may also recur now and then to the operation recommended above for sky and clouds, of passing a wash of clear water with a soft brush over the distance when it is dry, and then reinforce the tones while the paper is still somewhat moist.

Execution.—As for the mode of execution you will do well, while your sky is drying (if you have decided to put in that portion of the picture first), to blot in thinly the shadows of the distance with your cool sky colour. The under tone of yellow ochre and brown madder, or whatever else you may have used, will serve, at any rate for the present, for the lights. When this is dry you may go over it again with the same tints, adding each time more detail and, consequently, using smaller washes and bringing out the drawing and modelling of the masses. Lastly, you should paint in the local tints, where they are visible, with thin glazings of transparent or semi-transparent colours, or by hatching and interlacing small touches of suitable colour.

(*To be continued.*)

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER II.

TAKING OCCASION BY THE HAND.

"Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?"



F Eleanor imagined that her sister Catharine was valued highly at her expense there was some excuse for her. A few years ago the position had been reversed. Eleanor was considered the more promising of the two sisters. She made by far the best figure at school, and she had tastes and sympathies which rendered her, at an earlier age than most children, companionable to grown-up people, especially her mother.

Her brother Frederic, who was a hard student, declared that the best touchstone for the merits of a new poem or an interesting book was to watch its effect on an appreciative young girl like Eleanor. It was worth something to see her tremble and glow in response to an heroic sentiment, to watch her face soften or deepen in its thoughtfulness as she woke up to the subtle beauties of an exquisite stanza. During his absences from home Frederic wrote to her oftener than to any other member of the family, and his letters were often accompanied by presents of choice books picked up on cheap book-stalls, with cuttings of passages from papers, which he wished her to enjoy with him. Then in the holidays this "little sister" joined him in long, pleasant rambles, where they could discuss more satisfactorily than by correspondence all their intellectual spoil.

Sometimes they would recite poetry against each other, or play off their wit upon each other, all the way home.

Many a long evening, too, was brightened by Eleanor's intelligent, light-hearted flow of speech. Without having all Catharine's aptitude for general helpfulness, she was in those

days no less willing and obliging. She would not have grudged any time or pains in assisting her younger brothers with their lessons. Indeed, the boys' tutors were not a little suspicious of her as a kind of "family coach," who might eventually do them more harm than good, by saving them the exercise of their own intelligence. From all this it will be seen that Eleanor was in small danger of being ignored by her friends.

Even Catharine, from the oppositeness of her talents from her own, was disposed to think her superior to herself, and, notwithstanding her seniority, to defer to her. But since Eleanor's mind had been set on certificates and scholarships and medals, there had been a marked change. Kant says that selfishness may be heightened into self-culture. It is possible for self-culture, bounden as it is upon us all, to degenerate into the most engrossing selfishness, and this was the turn it had insidiously taken with our well-meaning little heroine. At first her friends fostered her ambition, more, perhaps, than was judicious, but the tax she made upon their sympathy was hard and long, so that it was no wonder if the stock was exhausted.

Friendly visits, correspondence, innocent recreations, little home duties and attentions to others, were all sacrificed on the altar of the next exam., and Frederic declared that she had neither eyes nor ears for anything that was not really instructive. For general reading she had no time. It was so much mental dissipation. Even a book was only to be valued for the information it afforded, and if a poem was discussed with Frederic it was for the sake of the critical analysis that might satisfy an examiner. Her head was full of complicated scansions that might prove Shakespeare irregular by rule; but her brain was too busy for her heart to be unwound even with Petrarch's key, or to be stirred to tears and laughter with Chaucer's pilgrims. Frederic had given her one solemn warning had she chosen to regard it.

"You're having all the nature taken out of you, Eleanor," he said. "You'll entomb yourself among your books till your mind will become fossilised, or rather it will be like the beautiful live petal of a flower that one puts within their pages to lose its fragrance and its beauty there."

"Oh, that's very severe!" said Eleanor, with a pout. "And the illustration is altogether too material."

Yet time had verified it. Eleanor had gradually come to feel herself ignored, and her health and spirits had suffered so much that she was hardly to be recognised as the untiring companion of her brother's holiday rambles. Yet, steadily as her star had declined, Catharine's had risen. Catharine had been wise to take opportunity by the hand, and circumstances wisely improved had brought out undreamed-of capabilities, and had developed her into a much finer woman than she at one time promised to be.

As mind reacts on mind, Eleanor's desire for improvement had been a stimulus to her. Reading, if an acquired taste, was acquired to some purpose. Soon after she left school, where, as we have seen, she did not shine, her mamma became so delicate as to be ordered to Madeira for the months of winter and spring. It was hard to persuade Mrs. Townsly to take the step. She insisted that she could not be spared.

Catharine who had been,

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where womanhood and childhood meet,"

took the leap into womanhood at once. Earnestly she entreated her mother to submit to the medical authority of Luftonhurst. Mrs. Townsly had an invalid sister who could accompany her, so that the only lion in the way was the difficulty of leaving home.

"Why really, mamma," said Catharine, brightly, "we had better spare you for Madeira than for heaven. Now don't tell papa you can't go. It will be like a reflection upon me. You shall have nothing to do with housekeeping cares while I am at home, only give me a little time to get into them."

From that day she devoted herself to them so perseveringly, and in such a spirit of loving obedience to the will and wish of others, that Mrs. Townsly's reluctance was obliged to capitulate.

Let it not be supposed that Catharine from the first filled with ease the important part that devolved upon her when her mother was away. Her ignorance and inexperience caused her many a humiliation. Servants were apt to take liberties with her because she was young, and she often had her arrangements questioned by members of the family, who before had never dreamed of interfering.

It was hard in pleasing one to please all, and she saw that if she would accomplish it she must be resolute in consulting her own pleasure last. Then her anxiety about her mother was the first shadow of a heavy care that had fallen upon her. It had its divine uses, however. She must not depress her father by looking at the dark side of it, but she could take it to her heavenly Father, to Him in whose hand are the issues of life and death. The ability to cast her burden upon Him encouraged her also to bring to Him the little cares that we are so apt to deal with in our own strength. Doing so, no matter how weary and discouraged she might be, she never failed to renew her confidence and to receive a fresh impulse in the path of duty.

From time to time tidings of Mrs. Townsly's improved health gave cause for thankfulness, and reconciled her husband and children to her long absence. When, after the expiration of six months, she returned home, the improvement in her was so marked that many an unspoken fear respecting her was set at rest, and Dr. Downes congratulated Mrs. Townsly on the thoroughness of the cure.

Catharine did not resign that insignia of office the keys, without a pang. It had been an incalculable benefit to her to be thrown on her own resources, and she was afraid that her mamma would not let her have enough to do. But Mrs. Townsly was not so strong that she could not appreciate the help she was now able to give her. Catharine's apprehensions on that score were not to be realised.

The first day that they all dined together Mr. Townsly gracefully proposed a toast to mamma, expressing the pleasure they all felt in having her home again, and paying a delicate compliment to her for renewing her youth in renewing her health.

Mrs. Townsly, in responding, blushed as prettily as a girl, Frederic said. And then to the astonishment of every one present, but especially of Catharine, Mr. Townsly proposed a toast to her for her wise and vigorous administration of Home Rule when the head of the department was away. "Catharine had come out nobly," he said, "and they all owed her their best thanks for her matronly care of them."

"She's a brick!" sung out Harry.

"Three cheers for our Catharine!" chimed in George, but amid the laughter this occasioned Catharine could hardly keep back her tears. She had not meant to earn such praise. Approval was sweet, but to have it expressed to her face and before others was more than she could bear. She was glad when the attention was considerately diverted from her, and thought how exaggerated was the pain she had felt at occasional little misunderstandings and contests betwixt reason and inclination.

And when they left the dining-room Eleanor had followed her, and had kissed her silently, as a token of the pleasure with which she heard her so approved of and rewarded.

"I must say, my dear," said Mrs. Townsly, "that your severe exertions have not injured your health. You are looking remarkably well."

"And I am well, mamma," replied Catharine. "I used to get very tired at first, and it was a fight to get up early. Now I wake up bright and fresh at the proper time. It is like going to sleep by the clock and waking by it. I am learning to take things more easily, and if you will let me go on as I have been doing, you will find that it is much better for me than to be always at a loose end."

A great contrast did Catharine present to Eleanor now, with her quick movements, lively tones in speaking, ready laugh, and all the signs of a physical condition that made it a joy to live, and a necessity to do.

No wonder that when it was understood that James Lovell, Dr. Downes' junior partner, was engaged to her, every one averred that if marriage was a lottery he had drawn a prize. If good daughters make good wives, Catharine's eligibility was patented.

(*To be continued.*)





CALVES' FEET JELLY. — Split four feet, and boil them gently in a gallon of water for four hours, skimming well when the broth is reduced to half that quantity. Strain the stock into a basin through a sieve, and when cold and in a firm jelly, scrape off the grease, wash the surface with scalding water, wipe, and place it in a stew-pan, adding 2 lbs. of sugar, the juice of 12 lemons, the rind of 6, a bruised stick of cinnamon, and 20 coriander seeds. Set on the fire, dissolve, and add the whites of 6 eggs well whisked with half-a-pint of water; continue whisking the jelly, while on the fire, until it commence to boil. Then add a pint of sherry, put on the lid, laying some live embers of charcoal upon it, and leave the jelly to simmer slowly by the side of the stove for about twenty minutes longer. Then pour through a jelly bag into a basin, returning it again through the bag, until it passes quite clear and bright-looking. It can be coloured with cochineal, or annato, or other suitable preparations to be procured at a chemist's.

MACARONI CHEESE.—Cut the macaroni in two or three inch lengths, place in a stewpan with ¾lb. of grated Parmesan, or Gruyère cheese, 4oz. of fresh butter, a spoonful of good béchamel; season with pepper and salt, toss all well over the fire, pile it in the centre of a dish, bordered round with fried croutons of bread, covering also the bottom. Cover the top with equal parts of fine bread-crumbs and grated Parmesan, and pour over all a little melted butter through the holes of a spoon, and place the dish in the oven to be baked.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in just enough water to cover it. Boil one quart of milk with the tapioca in the morning; add a little more than half a tea cup of lump sugar, a pinch of salt, and the yolks of three eggs well beaten; stir them in the milk, then remove it from the fire. Flavour to taste with lemon or vanilla; beat the three whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and drop them on the cream when cold.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Bathe the parts affected in the water in which potatoes have been boiled, as hot as can be borne. On the first appearance of the blains this bath, affords relief, and in the more advanced stages repetition prevents breaking out, and generally results in a cure. One ounce of white copperas dissolved in a quart of water and applied occasionally is also considered efficacious.

A NICE WAY TO BAKE APPLES.—Choose good sour apples, dig out the cores, and fill the cavities with sugar, and, if liked, a small clove. Place the apples in a dish, or tin, with about a cup of water. Bake them in a quick oven. This makes a good dish for children, and is very cooling and pleasant for invalids.

AN EASY WAY TO MAKE AN OMELETTE. —Beat the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, add a teaspoonful of water and a pinch of salt to the yolks; beat and mix them with the whites lightly. Put about as much butter as will lie in the bowl of a teaspoon into the frying-pan, hold it over the fire till it melts, then pour in the egg. When the surface is nearly dry, fold one half of the omelette over the other, slide it gently off on a plate and serve quickly.

OATMEAL CAKES.—Mix a handful of fresh coarse oatmeal with a little water and a pinch of salt; rub in a little butter. Make the paste sufficiently moist to roll out the thickness of a shilling; put it on a girdle over a clear fire. When slightly brown on one side, toast the other side before the fire. Each cake must be mixed separately.

SCALDED BATTER PUDDING.—Four piled tablespoonfuls of flour, four eggs, a little salt, and rather less than a pint of milk. Mix salt with the flour, and when the milk is quite boiling pour it gradually over the flour, stirring it with a fork until it is sufficiently mixed. Set it to cool, and in the meanwhile whisk the eggs very thoroughly and stir them in to the other ingredients when these are just warm. Boil for an hour and a half in a well-buttered cloth, leaving room for the pudding to rise. It will be very light and delicate, a perfect pudding for an invalid; but in the preparation no spoon should be used, the mixing being done wholly with a fork. Serve with wine sauce, or, if this is objected to, plain melted butter and jam, or a little raspberry vinegar.

SIMPLE RECIPES FOR COUGH, HOARSENESS, AND THROAT IRRITATION:—

1. Soak a soft fig for about a week in pale brandy, and take half when the cough is troublesome.

2. Put a lemon into boiling water. Boil it for a quarter of an hour. Then press out the pulp into a jar, removing the pips, and mix it very thoroughly with a quarter of a pound of honey. Take a teaspoonful when required.

3. Dissolve 1 oz. of gum arabic and ¼ lb. of sugar candy in a pint of water. A little lemon juice and a chip or two of the rind, cut off very thin, may be added, and greatly improve the flavour. A teaspoonful of the mixture taken at bed-time will often allay the tickling and irritation of the throat, and secure a night's rest. It should be sipped very slowly. By sucking a little pure gum arabic the same effect may be produced, as it coats over the susceptible surface. The mixture is, however, more palatable, and especially for children.

4. Thin linseed tea, which should always be boiled, not merely infused, sweetened with sugar-candy and flavoured with lemon juice and rind, is also an excellent demulcient, and highly nutritious. Some black Spanish juice may be boiled with the linseed. This old-fashioned remedy is often undervalued, because it is extremely cheap, and may be used with only the limit of the patient's inclination.

5. For tickling in the throat a teaspoonful of the soft, cold pulp of a roasted apple often proves useful, especially in the night.

6. Put a large tablespoonful of black currant jam into half a pint of boiling water. Stir and bruise thoroughly; let it stand till cold, and drink of the liquor when the cough is troublesome.

7. Half a teaspoonful of Condy's fluid—*crimson*—mixed in half a tumbler of water is an excellent morning gargle for a susceptible throat. It is also a purifying wash for the mouth and teeth, but should not be swallowed.

OUR PATTY'S VICTORY; OR, A WHITE HAND.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN, Author of "Her Sweet Revenge," "When I was a Girl," &c.

CHAPTER II.

A LAUDABLE ENDEAVOUR.



MISS BLAKE.

"Now, Jackey, time to get up."

"Oh! I am *so* sleepy!"

"You should see the pears that have fallen in the night, Jack."

"Where?"

Jack's eyes are wide enough open now.

"By the hen-house. I gathered up seven, and I am sure there will be a lot under the tall tree."

"I know! In the mint bed. Where's my other sock, Patty? Susie will be down first."

"I haven't called Susie."

"Is she still asleep?"

This in a very subdued whisper, for Susie slept in an adjoining closet, the door of which was partly open.

"She *is* lazy!"

All impatience, Master Jack barely submitted to the washing process, and in a very short space of time was off, shouting to Susie, as a warning—

"I'm up! Pears, Susie?"

"Lots!"

"Dearie, it's surely very early!" said Mrs. Holme, when Patty entered, as usual, her mother's room. "Was that Jack I heard shouting?"

"Yes, mother."

"Is he down already? What time is it, my dear?"

"It is rather early, mother," said Patty; "but as it is such a beautiful morning, and you said I could go to Miss Blake——"

"Oh yes, of course, dear; you are to take the music lesson to-day, aren't you? It *is* a fine morning."

Patty quitted the room with the baby, according to custom, and her mother proceeded to rise, rather less alertly than usual, for, to tell the truth, in her zeal for getting other's duties over in good time Patty had aroused the household a full hour earlier than usual.

"Only three pears, mother!" cries young Jack, meeting his mother on the threshold; "and one of them got a big worm in."

"Why you are the early *bird*, then, to catch him," said Reuben, an elder *boy*, who just then came in from the field. "You have got the better of him this time, Jack, for you're earlier than ever I saw you."

Mrs. Holme glanced at the clock.

"I promised Patty she should get the

music-lesson Miss Blake was so kind as to offer; so I expect she wanted to get forward with her work."

"All right, mother, I don't mind, if you don't," said Reuben. "I shall get my breakfast all the sooner, and I am quite ready for it."

"And here it is, ready for you," cried Patty, entering, laden with coffee, bread and milk, and eggs.

Her mother held out the baby for Patty to take, while she herself attended to the breakfast-table.

Patty was busy with Jack's feet.

"Could Susie hold him a minute, mother?"

The infant was deposited in the lap of Susie, who, for greater safety, sat upon the floor.

"I don't want my boots on yet, Patty," cried rebel Jack, kicking his feet about, and resisting any innovation, as children always will. "I'm not going to school before breakfast!"

"It will save time, dear," whispered Patty, and her word carried conviction even to Jack.

A sudden yell from the baby, who had just awakened to a sense of his ignominious position, now overpowered all other considerations, and Susie joined in with a pitiful wail, "I *do* want my breakfast so!"

"Music enough there, Patty, if that is what you got up for," said Reuben, laughing.

"He does not seem to be rightly awake yet," said the mother, as she hushed the infant upon her knee, and the angry protests died away in sobs; while, order being restored, the meal rapidly progressed.

"What sort of music is our Patty going to learn, mother?" asked Jack. "*Is* it like the man at the fair, grinding so?" Jack described the movement of an organ handle with a spoonful of bread and milk.

"Is dere a monkey on de top?" asked Susie.

"You're to be the monkey," said Reuben, "and Jack is to go round for the ha'pence."

He went out, laughing.

Patty felt hurt, the more that the children kept up the joke and her mother smiled.

"Baby's de monkey, not me," said Susie.

"I shall put the pennies in my money-box to buy a cobble," remarked Jack.

"A cobble!" *said Patty, sharply.*

"Yes; don't you know what a cobble is? Well, mother does."

"When will de music-box come?" asked Susie.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Patty. "You mustn't mind what Reuben says."

"I love Reuben," said Susie, dogmatically.

"It isn't nonsense" quoths Jack, sturdily.

Rebellion was brewing. Mrs. Holme came to the rescue.

"Of course, dears, it is not an organ our Patty is to learn to play. Any one could do that. Miss Blake is so kind as to teach sister to play the piano; then she can play pretty tunes for you to dance to."

"What's a pinano?" queried Jack, instantly.

"I can dance now," puts in Susie, and offers practical demonstration at once.

"Where's the pinano, though?" Jack persists. "Can Reuben make one? Is it a fiddle thing?"

Patty rises hastily and jerks both little chairs back from the table.

Jack is yawning.

"I'm so hungry—no sleepy, I mean. I don't want to go to school."

This with a small fist in each eye.

"I will be first!" cries Susie, hurrying in her preparations to the extent of tumbling over the strings of her hat—and dropping her book into the fender; while Jack, fired with emulation, makes a dash for the door.

"The lunch, Jackey! You have forgotten," calls his mother.

Then Patty has to pursue the young rebels with the little basket containing the bread and butter, which their healthy appetites will demand three hours hence.

"How tiresome you are this morning," she exclaims, rather less gently than is her wont. But she kisses them, and the mites both hug her with a warmth of affection which words of theirs could never express.

"Run away now and be good," she says.

"I always *am* good," Susie calls out; "and so is Jack"—the last words added by a politic afterthought, seeing that Jack is now her sole companion for the next quarter of a mile.

Patty hurried back, and the breakfast-table being cleared and all washed up in a trice, the girl speeds upstairs.

"Leave the bedrooms, dear," her mother called out; "I can manage when baby goes to sleep."

"But your baking, mother?"

"I shall manage, dear," returned the kindly voice.

How mothers will "manage," when the pleasure or advantage of a beloved child is in question!

Downstairs again, bustling with noiseless feet about the many morning duties of which true women are cognisant, and they alone. Always with one eye on the clock. This warns her, at last, that no longer delay is possible.

"You said ten o'clock, Patty, didn't you?" Mrs. Holme asked her daughter.

"Yes, mother."

"Don't keep Miss Blake waiting, my dear. It is very kind of her to offer."

In her own little room, with fingers which quivered in glad haste, Patty proceeded to make ready for her walk.

There was not much of a toilette to accomplish. But "more haste, less speed," says the proverb.

To save time Patty had put on her clean collar and stockings when she dressed in the morning. Alas! she now found that Jack's manly hug had woefully crumpled the former, and that a spot or two of coffee had sullied the pure whiteness of the latter. Even had the pretty low tie shoes not "shown" the soil, our Patty was of that fastidious nature which imposed the necessity of changing the stockings.

Yet she wore no gloves, and her simple dress was destitute of flounce or trimming. Her straw hat was ornamented with a plain wide ribbon only, and her dark hair was parted over her wide forehead, as smooth as the breast of the pigeon sunning itself on her window-sill.

As she ran swiftly down the stairs her mother called to her from across the kitchen—

"I doubt, Patty, I shan't have enough yeast. Would it hinder you, dear, to call in at Mrs. Martin's as you go? She will let her boy bring me a little, I daresay."

"I don't pass Martin's, mother. I was going the short way by the fields. But I can go that way, of course——"

She entered the kitchen, where Mrs. Holme was up to the elbows in flour, with all the adjuncts of much culinary preparation around her.

"Reuben would miss his 'morning' cake, as he calls it; and if father *should* come home for Sunday——" said Mrs. Holme, dubiously, looking into her yeast jug.

"I will call at Martin's, mother," said Patty. "It is not much further, and I can run."

Her eyes were on the clock, but she paused to kiss the baby, who was mercifully wrapped in slumber, the cradle having been lifted into the kitchen, that the mother might have an eye on him while she worked.

Patty sped away out at the back door, and up the lane, which would bring her in the direction of Martin's house. It was quite a quarter of a mile farther; and she ran nearly all the way, so fearful was she of causing inconvenience to her kind teacher, or losing one moment of the anticipated lesson.

The sun shone, the far-off blue of the sky was flecked with soft fleecy clouds of dazzling white, birds sang, the hedgerows sent forth sweet smells, and bore treasures of wild flowers which no town-bred eye can conceive of.

Nature was in her loveliest mood, and Patty was not a girl to ignore the divine gifts so lavishly cast around her. But she hurried on now, oblivious of all, save the fear of being late.

"How tiresome that yeast should run short just this morning," she murmured aloud, for there was no one to hear her spoken thought.

With a hasty hand she raised the latch of Martin's door. It did not yield, for it was fastened by some homely device within.

Round to the back door she hurried.

That was locked, the key out.

Proof positive no one was at home.

The old cat jumped down from the fowl-house roof, where she had been sunning herself. She came mewing and rubbing against Patty's dress, saying as plain as cat could do, "They are all away, and have locked me out too."

"What a bother! and I have come all this far out of my way," said Patty, as she hurried out, slamming the gate behind her, and ran, as fast as her feet would carry her, the whole of the way to the turn of the road which brought her in sight of Mrs. Blake's house.

I dare not write "cottage," which would really describe the small dwelling most correctly. When the inmates dub their residence a "villa" it seems to forbid familiarity of description.

By the well-meant kindness of an aunt, since dead, Amy Blake had been placed for three years at a boarding-school in a fashionable neighbourhood.

When she returned home, in accordance with her ideas many things were changed.

The old parlour became a "drawing-room," the mid-day dinner was "lunch," the cottage a "villa."

The aunt died, and her income (which had been much larger than that of her sister, poor Mrs. Blake,) died with her. Her influence, however, remained, or rather the results; also the piano, and many expensive and unsuitable gifts she had made her niece.

Patty went timidly up the steps and tapped with her knuckles on the door, for there was no knocker.

The upper part of the door was of glass, and she could see within a narrow passage, where stood a plaster vase with some faded plant in it. Also a dust-pan full of ashes, and an old broom.

Patty felt ashamed to have seen these, and, turning away her eyes, she spied a bell handle at the side, which she pulled.

A bell tinkled out a mournful sound, and soon after a voice, which seemed to match the bell, said, "We don't want any; go away!"

Startled, the girl looked downwards whence the voice proceeded, and from a small side window she saw peering a thin, sad-looking face, surrounded by a cap border none too clean.

"Is Miss Blake at home, please?" asked Patty.

There was a slight shuffling noise within the house. Something pink and shining came swiftly down the stairs, a foot hastily pushed the dust-pan and broom out of sight, and Patty heard a voice say irritably—

"Oh, ma, couldn't you see? It's that girl Patty Holme, for her lesson, you know!"

Again the careworn face appeared this time at the side of the house.

"You can open the door, my dear," said Mrs. Blake; "it will save me the stairs. Go into the drawing-room, Amy will be with you directly.

Patty did as she was bid, though she felt the enthusiasm which had warmed her somehow dying out.

Nothing that she saw seemed to chime with the heavenly music she had heard at Mrs. Barnet's.

The drawing-room had been the "cosy nook" of the old cottage.

It opened with a few steps into a garden, where roses and tall lilies grew, and a few crooked, full-laden apple-trees made a pleasant shade. But no signs of appreciative care were there, without which flowers, like animals, seem to visibly pine and mourn. They may be fed or watered regularly enough, but for want of the active human love they fail to thrive.

Patty had never seen so many pretty and useless things gathered together as were in this room.

Small vases on the mantel-shelf, carved boxes, and gilded books on the side tables and shelves. The chairs and sofa were covered in a silky green and blue material, and everywhere were to be seen the antimacassars which the good lady at Mrs. Barnet's had declared to be such "nuisances." The piano stood open, and on that, as upon all besides in the apartment, lay what Patty's housewifely eyes at once judged to be three days' dust.

A quantity of sacred music was scattered upon the couch beside the instrument. No doubt when that had been sung to admiring listeners the little drawing-room had looked its best.

But this was Wednesday, and much as our Patty's busy fingers longed to be upon the keyboard she gazed at so earnestly, I doubt whether she could have resisted a duster had one been handy.

She had plenty of time to take note of all these things, for nearly twenty minutes elapsed before Amy Blake appeared.

"If I had only known," she was thinking, "I should have had time to get the yeast after all. Oh dear! how time is getting on."

Just then the door opened and Amy entered. She wore a pink cashmere morning-gown, with a border of silvery-worked flowers. Silvery ornaments were on her neck and wrists; her fair hair fell loosely on her shoulders, and was slightly confined with a pink and silver ribbon.

Very fair and lightsome she looked; a pleasant picture for eyes to rest on. Whether her dress were suitable or in good taste is another question.

She was wiping her lips with a lace-bordered handkerchief, rather coarse and far from white; while a faint odour of fish and coffee, which seemed to follow her into the room, suggested that she had but just finished a hurried breakfast.

She smiled sweetly on Patty, however, and they shook hands.

"I am so sorry I am late," she said. "I forgot about you, and my head ached; I went to bed late."

Then she went straight to the piano, sat down, and, as her hands flew over the keys, and the music seemed to awake beneath her finger tips, Patty forgot all else.

A quarter of an hour passed, them Amy jumped up.

"Now for your lesson," she said. "I hunted up one of my old lesson-books yesterday. Wherever can it be!"

She sought hurriedly among the sheets scattered upon the chairs and couch.

"I must have mislaid it, but never mind, you can just learn the use of your hands on the keyboard to-day. Have you ever practised at all?"

"I never even saw one till the other day," replied truthful Patty.

"La! well now sit down."

Patty seated herself before the instrument, her heart beating so, she could almost hear it.

Of course her hands felt wooden, her fingers all thumbs, as she made her first essay to run over the keys.

Then Amy gently put her hand upon that of her pupil to guide it, and the contrast between her own soft, white slip of a hand and Patty's broad, strong, healthy palm was so ludicrous that Amy gave an audible titter, while the cheeks of her companion crimsoned, even to her ears.

"I've one drawback that you won't have, at least," said Amy, "I cannot reach an octave."

"What is that?" queried the pupil, eager for knowledge.

Amy indicated the octave, and Patty, stretching out her capable fingers, easily compassed the space.

"And with practice the hand stretches," said Amy, "you will be able to take the nine by-and-bye. It is an advantage in one way, of course. Still——"

Patty was far too intent now to supply any meaning which the uncompleted sentence might have been intended to convey.

Her whole mind was given to what she was about, and such entire earnestness did she throw into her attempts that she really conquered her first difficulty with amazing rapidity, and presently ran up and down the keyboard with facility, despite the stiffness of her unaccustomed fingers, while her ready acceptation of any hints given surprised her companion greatly.

"There, now you must keep on practising that, you know," said Amy, suppressing a yawn. "That is not at all bad for a first lesson, I can tell you, Patty. I almost drove poor Madame mad before I mastered as much."

"It must have taken you a long time to learn to play as you do," said Patty.

"Aye, and cost a pretty penny too, but I shall make it all up again some day."

"Are people well paid for teaching?" asked Patty, anxiously.

"Of course," replied Miss Blake, "the first class ones get high sums. Poor Madame had only a guinea a quarter each pupil all round, but the Signor took a guinea a lesson. That was for finishing, you know."

"And you will——"

"You don't suppose I am going to teach," interrupted Amy, in a tone of disdain. "I am going to play in public."

"*Public!*" cried Patty, with dismay in her tone and features.

The word public had but one significance to her mind. The "Black Bull" had been instantly associated with Amy's piano, and her sweet songs in a fashion that, for the moment, made her head whirl.

"In public, child! At concerts and places, don't you know?"

"For strangers to hear!" exclaimed simple Patty, the colour mounting to her face at the bare idea. "Oh!"

"Why, of course," returned Amy, "that is the beauty of it. See how one is talked of, and the money one gets, and the lovely dresses!"

Patty turned again to the piano and ran once more over the keys.

"Could I ever learn to teach? Just little ones," she asked.

"Of course, easy enough," was Amy's reply, lightly given.

She knew, as little as she possessed them, the many qualities which go to make up an efficient teacher, even of the "little ones."

A clock struck. Patty started to her feet.

"Oh, dear! I never thought it was so late," she cried. "How the time has gone!"

"Oh! I don't mind in the least," said Amy, carelessly. "*My time is my own.*"

"But I shall be wanted at home," said Patty, as she hurriedly tied her tippet, and picked up her hat.

"But you ought to practise!" exclaimed the other girl. "You can practise here if you like."

"Thank you," returned Patty; "if only I can find the time."

"Well, but if you want to learn, surely your mother will let you practise."

"Oh! my mother would gladly, I am sure. But, you see, Miss Blake, there is a great deal to do at our place, and the children too."

With a hurried farewell to Amy, Patty hastened away.

The sweet voice followed her some distance, in a merry little song, with a tripping refrain of "tra-la-la." Half down the lane she met Mrs. Blake, laden with a big market basket, toiling slowly along.

"'Tis very warm, dear," she said, as Patty recognised her with a little curtsey.

Yes, it was warm now, but the girl hastened on, at her utmost speed, by the short cut homeward.

Half way across the last field she came upon her elder brother, Reuben.

"Hallo! Patty; here's a race against time! What a face you've got! Why what's been the matter? We were going, to send the bellman round."

"Oh, Reuben, I had no idea it was so late," she almost sobbed.

"Time flies fast when people are amusing themselves," said her brother, not over pleasantly.

"It was not amusement, Reuben, I am sure. At least I mean Miss Blake says I shall soon learn enough to teach, and then——"

"Ah, and *then?*" repeated Reuben, as he mounted the stile. "Meantime, perhaps, if you'd hurry on and tackle Master Jack, it would be as well. He's in one of his tantrums, and won't go to school without something you've promised. Mother can do nothing with him, it's all sixes and sevens!"

Young Holme went his way across the fields grumbling.

"Oh, dear!" cried poor Patty, as she redoubled her speed. "Everything seems going wrong to-day! How cross Reuben is, just because his cake wasn't done, I guess. I do think boys are the most selfish creatures alive!"

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

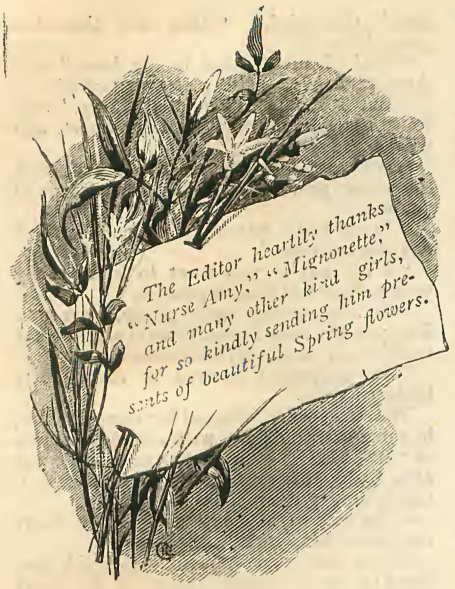
CINDERS and GREEN SEA.—Procure a small shilling manual. We have not space for giving all the details essential to the acquirement of the art. What "Green Sea's" friend suggests is a mistake.

THE LITTLE MATCH-BOX.—It is quite impossible to give you advice as to the arrangement of your views of foreign places in your album without seeing them.

LIZZIE THOM. — "Hogmanay," "hogmena," or "hagmena" means "holy month," being derived from the Saxon "hálig monath." December is so called on account of the birthday of our Lord occurring in that month.

ROSA KNOTT.—Use a thermometer to test the heat.

ENTRE NOUS.—We are very glad to answer our correspondents, although they continue to increase in number to an alarming extent. But we can only do so according to the space that may be spared considering the demand for accommodation of more interesting matter. "Compline" is the last office in the day in Roman Catholic Churches, first appointed in the 6th century by the Abbot Benedict. It is a corruption of the word "completorium." The "Dies Iræ" is a famous Mediæval hymn on the subject of the Last Judgment or "Day of Wrath," supposed to be the composition of Thomas of Celano, a native of Abruzzi, who died in 1255.



COOKERY.

A Zulu Maiden.—See "Savoury Omelettes," page 511, vol. i. Read also "Soufflés," page 142, vol. ii.

E. L. T.—Rice, sago, hominy, batter, and "hasty puddings" are all suitable for boys, and are inexpensive and easily made. Read "Puddings," page 27, vol. ii.

Tittia Varnnydyke.—See pages 15, 170, vol. i., for "Everton toffee."

Sponte.—The opening made in the skin of the potato by the cutting off of a piece of the top is to allow of the expansion of the steam and its escape. Try boiling without cutting the piece off, and see the effect.

Firefly.—You will find many things, we think, in "Useful Hints" to suit you.

Jellaby Postlewaithe.—Use annatto and cochineal, both of which are harmless colourings, and they are mixed with water.

Medusa.—See page 399, vol. i., for a recipe for a sponge cake. Brushing the hair is the most beneficial thing that you can do for it, and it will ensure its looking bright and glossy.

An Anxious Inquirer.—Instructions how to "Ice a Cake" are given at page 399, vol. i.

J G.—Use a lemon as a flavouring to your pudding sauce and sweeten with sugar. Cover up the cabbage by all means when boiling.

Chriemhilde.—The servants' dinner should be at 1 p.m., the same time as your luncheon. Meat is usually allowed at dinner and supper.

WORK.

Prompt.—The lining naturally gives strength to the bell-pull, so you may choose any material to work upon suitable to your room. We have just seen a very handsome one of black satin, with a graceful trailing design of Virginia creeper on it. In order to give an opinion we should know for what room it is intended.

Brunette.—It would be impossible to say whether the paint was injurious or not by looking at it. Inquire about the material of which it is composed.

Bashful Fifteen.—The best material for etching upon is jean, which should be of a fine description. Try all kinds of marking-inks for yourself. Everyone seems to advise a different one, each after their own fancy.

Virvain.—Consult "My Work Basket." You will find many suggestions in vol. i.

Mrs. Menelaus.—The asterisk marks the place from which you repeat. Your writing and composition are both very good.

Red Light.—A little flour or some crumb of bread will sometimes clean dirty white work. Your writing is very neat.

E. A. R.—Fingering-wool would be very suitable for the shawl.

Betelnut.—For instructions how to do "spatter-work" see page 623, vol. i.

Humble Bee.—Dresses for young ladies are made to button down the back, and the fashion shows no signs of going out yet. Your writing is rather good for your age.

Muskrat.—Black kid gloves are still worn with black dresses, but light colours and white ones have returned into general use. Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," vol. i., 259, 400, 416. Hair lotion, pages 80, 111, vol. i.

Cuckoo.—It is not necessary to line the night-dress sachet if worked on a thick material. Your writing is quite shocking for your age.

Mignon.—Sew the satchel twice round to strengthen it.

G. E. M.—There is nothing to prevent you trying for all the prizes if you like.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. E. F. E.—It seems to us that your troubles chiefly arise from a little want of method in the arrangement of your time. Do not select for your studies the time allotted to hers. Try to arrange that they shall not clash. Occupy yourself, for example, with some needlework at her side, while she may be in need of your assistance, and tell her that you gladly give this time to her, but that, as your own business or recreation must not be interfered with, she must leave you free at some stated times mutually agreed upon. Tell her of this plan kindly, and let her see that it will be as much for her benefit as for your own. Slope your writing a little more.

Zerlina.—We do not think that your ear will be spoilt by hearing the country people sing out of tune; nor by the condition of your infirm old organ. Also, we must suggest that you should always be accompanied by some neighbour in your nocturnal walks across this bleak and desolate common. Experience alone will tell you whether you catch cold or are troubled with hoarseness after such walks, and so injure your voice.

Emily, the Inquirer.—For directions respecting the frosting of glass see page 615, vol. i. Your writing is tolerably good, with the exception of the letter "t."

Lulu.—Perhaps "Israel under Samuel, Saul and David, to the birth of Solomon," by the Rev. Dr. Edersheim, might suit you. It is published by the Religious Tract Society at 2s. 6d. Your writing is rather cramped and angular.

L'Archeveque de Granada.—We should be glad to afford you the desired assistance which your ambition to become a member of the literary world demands when taking the first steps into its ranks. But your age—only just out of the schoolroom, and three good years of study before you to complete even an ordinary education—must naturally place a serious obstacle in the way of your producing any work, or even fugitive articles, that will prove "marketable" property in the eyes of editors. Apply yourself to some branch of art or science. The "cleverness" with which you profess to be gifted may, in a few years, enable you to bring out something new and original, to which we ourselves may be proud to offer some space in our magazine.

Kate.—The defect in the piano would be easily discovered by a tuner or professional workman. Write to the makers of it and explain the defects. Read "How Can I Look My Best," page 180, vol. i.

Evangeline.—We think the bloodstone ring would be a very suitable gift.

Beatrice.—Thank you for your most interesting letter, which does you credit in every way. How good God is to us when He gives us our own special work for Him, and when in the doing of it we can help those so near and dear as our father and mother! You may safely leave your first question to your father's judgment, we think. As to the second question, we need not say to you that your writing is capable of much improvement.

E. L. H.—We are much obliged by your contribution, which is not, however, suitable to our pages.

Leila.—To make an Æolian harp see page 335, vol. i. Your writing is neat for your age.

Torfrida.—It is not only usual, but quite necessary, for a grown-up person to remain in the room while the masters on different subjects are giving their lessons. It ensures the attention of the pupil, and prevents useless conversation. Your writing is capable of much improvement.

M.—Yours is only one of hundreds of letters which we receive, begging us to point out some way of earning money at home. We have mentioned some ways in previous numbers.

Tam o' Shanter.—When asking the opinion of a doctor or a lawyer it is essential that you should put them in possession of every circumstance of the case, or they may give you advice the very reverse of what they should have given. And so without knowing the social and the relative positions of the two parties you have named, and the object of the act (whether only charitable and kindly, or influenced by interested motives) we could not offer you any advice.

Puzzled.—The language called "Muncey" is spoken by the Muncey Indians, who live in the western part of Canada.

Lurlei.—It is usual to write such orders in the third person, there is no unkindness intended. Your writing could be made more free and flowing by choosing an English specimen of writing as a copy.

Nobody's Darling.—We cannot believe in the truth of your pseudonym, for your letter is full of kindness and sweetness, and we fancy the writer must be something like her letter.

Joyce.—Jewelelry is not worn outside the jacket during the winter. We decline to answer your third question, as we are not detective police. Your own writing is good but careless. Nos. 1 and 3 appear to be the same hand; the y's and g's are much too long. No. 2 is a beautifully fine handwriting of the olden school.

Hoar Frost.—The south window is the warmest, and is probably most influenced by the dampness of the internal atmosphere, and the steam of the breath, &c. This would account for its freezing first, perhaps.

Warm Supporter.—"Tonnage and poundage" would mean a duty of so much per ton and pound. "Dora" is Greek, and means "a gift."

Lily, Rose, and Violet.—The flower is the daisy called "Marguerite" in French. Your writing is very pointed and scratchy.

Rosa W. M.—It is not needful to write the word "Received" on the receipt stamp when it occurs in the printed or written receipt. The baptismal register is the one required and demanded in all transactions of life, and the name in that is the right and lawful name.

Christmas Box.—We fear you have quite spoilt your gloves by using such hot water. Your writing is anything but pretty.

H. H.—The two hats mentioned are the only ones used for riding at present. Your writing is most legible and round.

Darby's Pet.—Your eldest sister should be your first or chief bridesmaid. Your writing is very poor indeed.

Mabel.—From the list you send we imagine the situation of "mother's help" would suit you. This seems to be a position in which your knowledge of housekeeping and needlework would be useful.

M. S. L. B.—Go to the yard and inquire at the shipbuilder's office. You will thus obtain every information.

A-lee-lah.—We believe that they are often recommended by physicians.

Rabbit.—We think that a biographical dictionary would help you. The remedy for a neglected education lies in your own hands, for many of our greatest men and women have become great through self-culture. Accept our thanks for the offer of the flowers and the recipe.

A Welsh Lass.—Thank you for your kind letter, which is written with extreme neatness and care, and is likewise well expressed. We are sure that you can do much to improve yourself by patient study.

Frances.—We know of no other way of disposing of old music than by selling it. Unfortunately, unless of standard works, it is of little value.

On the Alert.—The cracks are caused by the moisture contained in the bread, which the heat condenses into steam.

Vivo.—The taking of a cup of coffee after dinner is more a foreign than an English custom, although we have adopted it. A lace Jersey-collar would be a pretty addition to your dark dress in the evening.

Bluebell.—Your writing should be much better than it is for a girl of thirteen years of age.

Muslin Curtain.—We think M. Guizot's History would suit you.

Elesiph.—From what you say we should imagine that the house is exceedingly damp, and that there is no room nor cellar under the hall. The only cure would be to relay the tiles on a substratum of cement. Your writing is not quite formed.

Ima.—Universal custom requires you to adopt an arbitrary mode of pronunciation in certain words and names, and thus you must say "Ing-gland." "Envelope" is a French word which has been adopted by us, and the first syllable must be pronounced as it is in "envers." The "n" is not sounded in French after the English method. Your writing is tolerably good.

Niobe.—A student of the University of Cambridge is called a "Cantab." "Tarentella" is the name given to a particular class of tunes and songs, composed to cure the dancing mania, produced by the bite of the "Tarantula." This mania is called "Tarentism," and the spider is of a large and venomous species, abounding in the neighbourhood of Taranto, whence the spider, dance, and tunes derive their names.

Daisy.—We feel for you more than we can express, and heartily approve of your solicitude for all so far dependent on your kindness and good judgment. You are quite right in removing the stimulants. Always see that the candle be extinguished at night, and the matches removed; and if your doctor be aware of your trouble consult him, as he may be of great use, possibly in prescribing and arresting the evil, and helping you in any emergency. There is One who has bidden you to cast all your care on Him, and pray to be guided aright.

Ada Thompson.—Replace the worn-out silk in your piano-front with a piece of black cotton-backed satin, which you might either paint or embroider. Plenty of designs are supplied in this paper. You might tone down the red colour of your room by introducing a black screen, or dark curtains and portiere. You might improve your writing by copying a good round hand.

A. A. S.—It is impossible for us to recommend an orphanage for your little sister, without knowing for what occupation she is intended ultimately. You had better write to Messrs. Hatchard, Publishers, Piccadilly, London, W., for "A Guide to all Institutions Existing for the Benefit of Women and Children," Part I., 1878.



VOL. II.—NO. 73. MAY 21, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEASONABLE DRESS, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

THE prevailing tendency of the summer materials is towards extreme softness and lack of "dress." Everything hangs in graceful folds, and more drapery is used than has been seen for some time past. Gathers, or as they are now called, "reevings," form the most popular way of making up all the thin materials, such as nun's cloth, grenadine, zephyrs, or ginghams, as they were once called. The little girl's dress in our monthly illustration shows the newest and prettiest way of making in this manner. It is gathered at the neck, waist, and sleeves, and the style is as suitable to sixteen and eighteen summers as to six. The "zephyr cloth," or old-fashioned gingham, is, as it always was, a delightfully pretty and becoming dress for all ages, and from its excellent washing and wearing qualities is extremely economical, and it costs from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d. per yard. It is made in pink, blue, and a soft grey. The favourite trimming for it now is one of the Nottingham or "Calais" laces, which are coarse in texture, but very strong, and wear well even for children, while they are moderate in price, and do not add to the trouble of washing.

The numbers of non-washing materials prove how useful they were found to be last year, and though the patterns are improved, the way of making up a figured sateen or print, with a plain petticoat and trimmings, is unchanged, the ground of the former being generally chosen as the colour for the latter. This style is a great help to those who have old summer dresses to alter and enlarge to suit growing girls, because if the old dress be figured, a plain sateen, gingham, or cotton can usually be found to go with it. A small bodice can be enlarged by putting in a gathered front and back, and a circular collar-like piece can also be added at the neck to increase the length. A puffing at the shoulder



[*All rights reserved.*]

GARDENING.

and elbow will give length to the sleeve, and the skirt may be lengthened by means of a kilted flounce at the edge. A little consideration and cleverness are needed to make these changes, but I hope that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have improved so much in the art of dressmaking during this last year that they will be able to accomplish any alterations required. Of the excellence of their needlework there can be no doubt, as it is sufficiently proved by the work sent in to the "plain needlework competition."

Dresses ornamented with crewel embroidery are as much used as ever, although the manner of its application has slightly changed. The embroidery is applied to a pointed plastron down the front of the bodice, or to a circular yoke at the neck, into which the top of the bodice is gathered. An embroidered band is also used, and similar bands on the sleeves, with narrow puffs in the centre of every second band.

The long "Newmarket coat," as it is called, shown upon the second figure, supplies the most stylish shape for ulsters of light summer cloth, and also for those useful dust cloaks which are made either of thin tweed, pongee, or tussore silk, or alpaca of quiet colours. For travelling their use is nearly imperative, as they protect the dress from being utterly ruined by the dust and blacks of the railway and steamer; while for those who walk much, or have to make shopping expeditions at home, they are equally useful. The turndown hat that is worn by this figure shows a quiet ladylike shape for morning wear.

The third figure wears a handkerchief dress of summer alpaca, or a thin woollen nun's cloth. The method of making is clearly shown. As these handkerchiefs can be purchased separately at so much a piece in all good drapers' shops, they form an economical means of doing up old dresses, for which the style of the illustration might be adopted as a guide. The handkerchiefs require no trimming, and are simply hemmed round, either by machine or hand.

The fourth figure shows the present style of the jersey, which continues to be worn by young girls, but not by married nor older women. This jersey is of dark blue merino, very thin in texture, the overskirt being a plain shawl-shaped scarf, tied at the side; the under skirt is of plaid. The material is a very light tweed, the colours dark blue, green, and threads of yellow and red. The plaids used are of the most quiet and modest description, and they are in keeping with the present quiet taste in colour. This figure wears a "Mother Hubbard," or, more properly, a "Grannie" bonnet. These will be made to match the summer dresses, and are gathered, or drawn in deep puffs in front, the crown being high and loose. The last new shape of this kind is called "Under the Window," and is copied from one of the bonnets in Kate Greenaway's book.

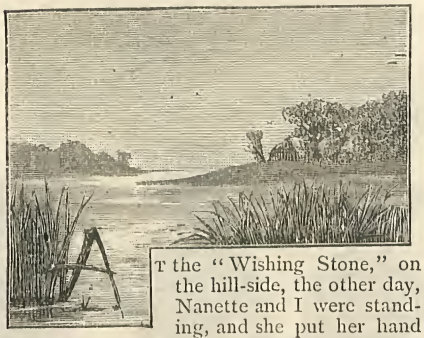
The summer costume worn by the young lady gardening may be made of sateen, cotton, batiste, or piqué, and is trimmed round with Swiss embroidery. It is made with a full bodice and waistband. The skirt is decorated with two kilted flounces. A small coarse straw hat is worn with it, trimmed with India muslin and Valenciennes lace. Capes, resembling the top of the "Mother Hubbard cloak," are made for all washing dresses. The stockings and gloves are of plain colours, and will probably be worn to match the costume by those who can afford them. Dark-blue stockings with coloured clocks are excellent for summer use, and if carefully washed in tepid, or even cold water, they do not lose their colour, but they must be wrung out till perfectly dry to avoid a "streaky" appearance, and look better if rinsed in salt and water. Oxford shoes are worn, as usual, this summer, and are the most economical foot-gear for those who are obliged likewise to think of their pence. Care should always be taken to avoid extremely pointed toes, as no style could be more unbecoming, or injurious to the foot. The shoes should be selected of a long and rather narrow shape, instead of being very short and broad. Greater comfort will ensue if this rule be followed.

Galatea stripes have returned to fashion, the material being rather thinner than it was formerly. Plain blue is used for the petticoats and trimmings; and the "sailor costume," a kind of loose blouse, is the favourite way of making. Very large round collars of lace or Swiss embroidery are much worn by all young people. Some very recent novelties are made of a plaid gingham, the edges being trimmed with Swiss embroidery—these would certainly keep clean the longest.

The most sensible, as well as the prettiest garments for every day out-of-door use for girls of all ages are the long, closely-fitting jackets made of black, grey, navy, or drab stockingette cloth.

They are untrimmed save for the buttons, and the neat rows of machine-stitching around them, and have collars at the necks. No hoods appear to be worn with them, and their whole appearance is most becoming and simple. Parasols and sunshades are made to match the cotton and sateen dresses, in pretty pompadour and Japanesque patterns, but those of our readers who must think of economy should select a parasol with a black ground, and any colour about it must accord with the principal dresses they are in the habit of wearing.

THE WHOLE ART OF BEING LOVED.



T the "Wishing Stone," on the hill-side, the other day, Nanette and I were standing, and she put her hand on the stone and said, "I wish to master the whole art of being loved, so that when I come to die I may be like that woman you read of this forenoon, at whose funeral it needed a strong force of police to keep back the people, who crowded with every mark of affection round her grave." This gave a turn to our conversation as we walked home, and such, girls, was the beginning of this paper.

We are all, like Nanette, eager to be loved, and I shall be greatly surprised if, on seeing what this article is about, you do not seize on THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER pretty much as a tiger might lay hold on a sheep. But don't, if you please, raise your expectations too high. I am no wizard. Long, long ago there was a rose garden in the world, and if anyone only wore one of its flowers in her hair she secured the affection of all she met. But when the days of magic were over, the key of that garden was lost, and we must gain love now by means much more legitimate.

It is very natural to long for the affection of those about us, for life, after all, is nothing without love. As an old French poet says—

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde à la ronde."

The only pity is that we are sometimes too ready to be satisfied with an inferior article, and to accept the advances of people not at all worthy of esteem. Were it otherwise, there would be a great deal less misery in the world and a great deal more solid happiness.

You are now, girls, very quiet and very attentive, so I shall disclose to you the whole secret of the art of being loved. It consists in being worth loving. Is that all? Is that, Blanche, not enough?

Make yourselves worth the loving, and people will be sure to care for you. Have a tender heart, be gentle, be good—that is the whole matter. It is just as in the beginning of many an old story. "There was once a sweet little girl, who was beloved by everyone who saw her." Some of you are grown up, no doubt, but that makes no difference in the philosophy.

Of course, if we are to gain affection we must feel affection. He knew the world who wrote, "Love me, I love you." You must show your love, too, and be very kind and obliging. But it is not for me to give a lesson in what is taught every day by nature herself. "Love and a cough," you know, "can never be hid."

To those who are not so nice as they might be I have nothing either gratifying or complimentary to say. Be very nice, then, all of you. Who will love you if you are morose and capricious? Nobody. Or if you are vain and empty-headed? Nobody. Or if you sneer at everything good and great? Nobody. Or if you are quarrelsome and heartless? Nobody. Or if you are mean and greedy? Still nobody. You cannot begin with everything disagreeable and end with pure and happy affection, any more than you can sow turnip seed in spring and in autumn find it has come up a fine crop of gooseberry bushes.

You can never be quite perfect. I no more expect that than I would look for a cat with five feet. But you may be striving after perfection, which is the next best thing. Then you are pretty sure to be beloved. So little, however, is this understood in general that I have seen a girl expecting to be made much of who was no better than a certain princess of whom her sister, who was a famous queen, once wrote: "There is no possibility of saying anything to her even with the best intentions in the world. She is so snappish that it is impossible to converse with her, or one would have to quarrel all day."

By a little exercise of imagination just put yourself outside yourself and say: "Would I really care for myself suppose I were changed into somebody else?" Never mind though this seems to be nonsense, for the meaning is plain enough. Such criticism would be a fine employment for leisure hours, and would lead many of us, I daresay, to turn over a new leaf, and grow the best people imaginable.

It is hardly a fact, however, that if you are unlovable no one will care for you. People may be, and indeed often are, blind—the more's the pity. But love is never likely to last long when one has to go into it with one's eyes shut.

You speak of the charm of good looks, but that is not the question. Those who have any sense are not so eager after the most beautiful features as after the most beautiful heart. Why, I remember three girls so beautiful that they were known as the Graces, but when they grew old they came to be called the Furies. Now there goes Maggie, and she is not good looking at all, but those who meet her cannot fail to love her, for they feel as if a bright ray had entered into their lives and the sweetest harmony had fallen upon their hearts.

Some of you think you are not loved, but it is quite a mistake. If all secrets came out you would discover that many eyes grow brighter at the mere mention of your names.

But there are others who, in spite of their being good and gentle, and striving to grow better every day, remain solitary and unappreciated, and not at all unlike the girl in the story who says: "I am a poor maiden deserted by all but God alone." Their surroundings are not favourable, and those with whom their lot is now cast are not kindred spirits. What should they do? Let them have courage and patience, for things will take a turn, and their good qualities will perhaps one day secure as widespread affection as fell to the lot of the woman of whom Nanette spoke at the Wishing Stone.

JAMES MASON.

THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.—III.

By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.



CONVERSING on the subject of the Lower House—the House of Commons—we must touch upon the subject of elections, by which means the members are returned to Parliament. If a man be once returned for any city or borough he cannot resign the trust thus committed to him except by accepting any office under Government. *This* necessitates re-election, but there are a few sinecure offices which are really kept for the purpose; and therefore if my readers hear a member has accepted the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, they can understand that he retires from Parliament, and of course need not seek re-election. His position may be forfeited by certain acts of his own: if he should be made a bankrupt, or if it should be proved that at his election votes were gained by himself or his agents through any act of bribery, &c. Of course a general dissolution of Parliament entails new elections for every county and borough. Writs of election are made out, and sent to the Returning Officer, whose business it is to see that the election is made within eight days of its receipt, if in a town, but double that time is granted for the counties. No one can take his seat who is under twenty-one years of age, nor can any foreigner (unless he has been naturalised), nor a clergyman, nor anyone holding certain appointments.

Elections are now carried on with much less excitement and party spirit than formerly, when the announcement of a coming contest for a vacant seat threw the whole neighbourhood into a state of tumult. Political feeling at one time ran to such excess that Whig and Tory would scarce treat each other with common civility. An election then, too, lasted many days: in fact, the poll might be kept open till every elector had given his vote; scenes of riot and disorder pervaded the place; most wholesale bribery went on openly; electors were prevented by their opponents from voting by violent measures; an unwary man was often waylaid and locked up on his way to vote. Thousands and thousands of pounds have been wasted at such times, and in some cases very large estates have been heavily crippled through a severely-contested election. The candidates and their friends drove about in their respective colours; bands and banners were heard and seen in all directions, and many an exciting tale has been written of the doings at elections. The introduction of voting by ballot was with the hope of doing away with bribery and other evils, but the results have not proved it quite efficient, and additional checks are proposed. The polling booths, where the votes are received, are in various places in the borough. The hustings is the platform from which the candidates address the electors, and where they are first proposed. It does occasionally happen that there is no opposition, and therefore the candidate may be at once "returned" to sit in Parliament, but if not the returning officer calls for a "show of hands," but this would not satisfy either party, and the voters must come to the poll and register their votes, and, the majority wins the day. The name of the successful candidate is then announced from the hustings. The old custom was that the member should then be "chaired," which meant that, hoisted in a chair on the shoulders of his supporters, he was carried through the town, with bands of music before him.

It now becomes the duty of the member to represent in Parliament the views and wishes of his constituency, and he may present any petitions to the House on their behalf.

Of all the important offices which are held by a member of Parliament when his party is in office, the first is the Chancellor of Exchequer, on whom devolves all questions connected with the financial matters of the country, and it is his duty each year to lay before the House a clear statement of affairs, which is called the Budget (taken from a French word for *bundle*). He has to state what money is required to be voted for the maintenance of the State, the Army, and Navy, &c., and, of course, this varies with the position of England as to her relations with other powers. A war necessitates a heavy demand to meet its expenses, and this entails the introduction of fresh taxation.

There is one curious fact worth telling my friends, which is that every year the Mutiny Bill has to be passed, and this is so important that, if it were not passed at the proper time, the whole army would be disbanded. The reason for this must be sought for in the past history of the country, when the Sovereign used his army to carry out any measures of his own, and coerced the liberty of his subjects. It was therefore thought wise that all laws relating to the discipline of the army should be passed for one year only, at the end of which time they are renewed, and these laws come under the head of the Mutiny Act. This reminds me that, at the time of an election, the soldiers who were in the neighbourhood were removed at the time of the contest to some place two miles from the polling place, to prevent any possibility of their force being brought into use. It is now only customary to order the troops to be confined to barracks while the election is going on.

The Lord High Chancellor, of whom we have spoken as having his seat on the Woolsack, is the law adviser of the Crown, and is always chosen for his well-established legal ability. He holds in possession, while in office, the Great High Seal of England, which is affixed to certain State documents, and, on retiring, when his party give up office, my readers will notice that it is stated the Lord Chancellor "delivered up the Great Seal to Her Majesty," as it is from the Queen's own hand it is received on appointment.

The Lord Privy Seal holds another seal in like manner, which is the Privy Seal of the Sovereign. In 1784 the Great Seal of England was stolen from Lord Thurlow's house, he being Lord Chancellor. It was never recovered, no doubt being melted down for the silver, but it is recorded that a new one, to replace it temporarily, was made within twelve hours.

The Secretaries of State respectively conduct the country's affairs with foreign nations, colonial matters, and home duties; while there are also Secretaries of State for the War Department (our Army) and for India. The First Lord of the Admiralty, conjointly with naval men of rank and service, regulate the affairs of the Navy and form the Board of Admiralty. There is another important post (President of the Board of Trade) which regulates commerce and trade. All this is but a brief outline of the government of our country to induce my readers to inquire more than I can tell them in so short an article; and there are many interesting facts connected with the local government of the respective counties of England. In a former paper I just touched upon the Spiritual Peers who sit in the House of Lords, in virtue of their bishopric or see. England is divided ecclesiastically into two provinces, Canterbury and York, each of which has its archbishop. On the death of a bishop the Sovereign communicates to the authorities of the diocese, called the Chapter, his recommendation of the successor, whom the Dean and Chapter proceeds to elect. Archdeacons, rural deans, rectors, vicars, incumbents, and curates have each their different sphere in ecclesiastical work; the distinction between rector and vicar is that the former receives the great tithes of his parish, while the latter only the small tithes. The ordination of deacons and priests in the Church of England is not a subject for these brief sketches, but it is an impressive service, which my readers would do well to attend if they have the opportunity; and the consecration of a bishop is a most solemn sight. The Church and her faithful ministers have the battle to fight against the great enemy of mankind, and we are all enrolled the faithful soldiers and servants of our Great Captain. But I may not give more than a passing glance at the subject of the Church in England. The old historic abbeys, the remnants of many ancient monasteries, are of great interest, and well repay any time bestowed on reading about them.

The army of England in olden times was part of the feudal system, by which the knights were bound to be in readiness to attend the Sovereign when called upon for a certain time; and these men, numbering many thousands, could be brought into the field with little or no expense to the King. These soldiers of course were rough and untrained, and when we were at war with France the superiority of their trained bands was apparent, and by degrees, instead of turning out themselves, our ancestors paid money to the Crown for the providing regular soldiers, and at last this became the law of the land in the reign of Charles II.; and one of the oldest regiments of the standing army of England, the Coldstream Guards, takes its title from the little town in the North of England, where it was first raised by General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, in 1660.

The head of the army has the title of Commander-in-Chief. His office is at the Horse Guards, Whitehall. The great Duke of Wellington held the post for many years, and on the occasion of his public funeral, after the grand lying-in-state at Chelsea Hospital, the body was quietly taken late at night to the Horse Guards and there laid in the room where he had so long transacted business, and it was not the least impressive part of that great ceremonial to pass along the passage and, entering through heavy curtains the dimly lighted chamber, stand beside the Great Duke's coffin, now guarded by a single sentry for this last night, while on the morrow all

England's soldiers would be represented at the concluding service; and amid tears and lamentations from many who had served with him, the nation saw him carried to St. Paul's Cathedral with all the state and pomp befitting so great a hero.

We have, as all know, regiments of cavalry, infantry, and batteries of field artillery, as well as horse artillery and engineers; and we are the only nation in Europe whose military ranks are filled by volunteers. Other systems prevail in other countries, but Englishmen voluntarily enlist in the Queen's Service, and the saying often heard of "taking the Queen's shilling" expresses the bounty each man receives on enlisting. This may not be an inopportune moment for naming the decorations which are given by the Sovereign for distinguished service, though to give their history would require an article devoted to this alone. The Order of the Bath ranks first, and is divided into three classes:—Knights Grand Crosses, G.C.B., is the abbreviation affixed to the possessor's name; K.C.B., Knights Commanders; and Companions, C.B.

St. Michael and St. George is another. The many clasps and medals which we see on the breasts of our brave soldiers are struck to commemorate special campaigns and victories. We have them for the old Peninsular War, for Indian battles, Chinese victories, Crimean campaign, New Zealand war, Abyssinian, Ashantee, and South African engagements; but above all distinctions the Victoria Cross ranks highest, as it is given to an individual in either service and of any rank for distinguished acts of bravery in face of the enemy. It is a simple bronze cross, bearing as its inscription the words "For Valour."

The militia and the volunteer force of England must not be forgotten. These first are bodies of men respectively enlisted in every county who come out annually for a three weeks' training, and during the Russian War an Act of Parliament permitted their being used as regiments for service abroad. The volunteer force has been one of the great movements of the present reign, and consists of many thousand active Englishmen of all ranks who have joined it, and who meet and drill at stated times, and who are now a recognised and highly-valued body of trained troops, who yet pursue the callings of trade, or whatever may be their vocation, but are ready and willing to come out as a body should occasion need.

The Navy of England has ever been its pride, from the days of the gallant defeat of the Invincible Armada, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Since the introduction of steam and the marvellous creations of steam-rams, &c., we have lost much of the beauty and poetry of ships and sailors. Seamen, like soldiers, now volunteer for the service, and receive pensions after long service. The affairs of the Navy are regulated by the Board of Admiralty. The dockyards of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, &c., are where our ships are built and fitted out, though in late years some of the iron and steel ships are turned out from private yards, but their final fittings are completed at the Government dockyards, under the supervision of the admiral in command. The coastguard is a branch of the Navy employed to watch and prevent smuggling; but this work is less arduous than it was fifty years ago, when duty on foreign goods was so high that it was worth much risk to land them on our shores without paying any.



SOWING AND REAPING.

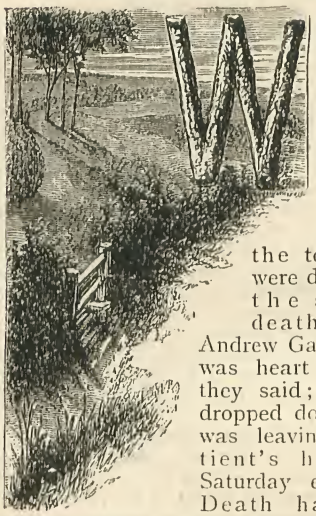
ONE day the master of Lokman, the Eastern fabulist, who was a slave, said to him, "Go into such a field and sow barley." Lokman sowed oats instead. When harvest came his master went to the place, and, seeing the green oats springing up, asked him, "Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why then have you sowed oats?" He answered, "I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up." His master said, "What an absurd idea! Did you ever hear of such a thing happening?" Lokman replied, "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of this world the seeds of evil, and yet expect to reap in the resurrection day the fruits of virtue. Therefore I thought also I might get barley by sowing oats." The master was abashed at the reply, and set Lokman free.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER III.

"FAREWELL ALL WISHES, ALL DEBATE."



WHILE the church-bells of Bridleton were ringing for Sunday morning service the townsfolk were discussing the sudden death of Dr. Andrew Garnett. It was heart-disease, they said; he had dropped down as he was leaving a patient's house on Saturday evening. Death had been instantaneous; there were no parting words, no signs of leave-taking. He had been lifted up and carried back to his own home, dead.

So the thing that Cecily Woodburn had greatly feared had actually come to pass.

Dr. Philip Garnett did not go to Bridleton to attend his brother's funeral. When the news of Andrew's death reached him he was lying sick on his bed and the shock retarded his recovery. He remembered that, in old days, he had loved Andrew well; and perhaps his conscience was not altogether silent. He might have been kinder to the brother who had not succeeded in life; he might have felt that success is, after all, something that ought to make us softer, not harder to others. And it was probable that poor Andrew had had drawbacks and burdens that he, Philip, had known nothing about; it might not have been shiftlessness and folly that had hindered him in running the race. Ah me, it is strange how leniently we can regard a failure when it ends in death!

The great doctor's elder daughter wrote to Daisy in her father's name. In that letter Dr. Garnett offered to take his niece into his house, and treat her as if she were his own child. It was a kind letter, stiffly written; but the stiffness was due to Rhoda Garnett, who was secretly unwilling to write it at all.

"What shall I say to my uncle, Aunt Cecily?" Daisy asked, in a weary tone.

The funeral was over, and she was lying on the bed in her own room, utterly languid and spent. Cecily sat by her side, sometimes gazing anxiously at the pale young face, and sometimes letting her glance stray towards the window.

It was a true autumn day, golden and still. Even the smoke of Bridleton could not quite obscure the mellow light that came stealing over house-roofs and chimneys. It was that kind of light that gives a touch of poetry to the most prosaic scenes, and even brick walls and attic windows were beautified by the soft glow.

The Michaelmas daisies were still blooming in their corner, and Cecily remembered how often her sister's eyes had sought comfort in their beauty. And then she recalled the words that she had spoken to Daisy only a few days ago, telling her to be like the flowers, flourishing bravely in their dreary nook when all their companions had passed away. Once upon a time there had been jessamine sprays feathering out over that old wall, and late roses sighing in autumn sweetness among the yellowing leaves of the vine. There had been rich velvet dahlias and gay asters to keep the daisies company, and hardy evergreens had rustled their leaves in cheerful mimicry of summer foliage. In those days the daisies must have lived with a pleasant group of friends, always ready to talk to them in flower-and-leaf language. And now all were gone; and there was only that blue-grey cluster of blossoms looking up, golden-eyed, to the autumn skies.

"What shall I say to my uncle?" Daisy repeated in her tired voice.

"You must thank him for his kind offer," Cecily replied. "And you must tell him, Daisy, that you will go to him when you leave Bridleton. You have not long to stay here, my child."

"Must I really go to him? Must I leave you? Oh, Aunt Cecily, this is too cruel, too hard!"

It was very difficult to speak firmly at that moment, but Cecily Woodburn put her own pain resolutely out of sight. Gladly would she have kept the girl with her, and toiled for her day and night. But could she, if she did her uttermost, provide such a home for Daisy as Philip Garnett could give?

No; it would be a hard matter to make a home at all. Cecily, albeit there was a good deal of romance in her nature, was a practical woman who knew the price of bread and meat, and the cost of clothes. And she knew, too, that Daisy was a delicate girl, who required a full share of all the comforts of life.

"Daisy," she said earnestly, "don't you know that you are the dearest thing I have in the world? Do you think I would let you leave me if I could keep you?"

"If you will let me stay with you, aunty, I will teach, or sew, or scrub floors," cried Daisy, in desperation.

"There are already too many teachers and sempstresses, dear; and I doubt your ability for floor-scrubbing."

"Then I must *really* go," said the girl, raising herself on her elbow. "I must say good-bye to you, and live with uncle Philip and his family! His daughters don't want me, and they are sure to be unkind."

"It will be a bad beginning if you make up your mind to think them unkind," replied Cecily, gravely.

"But they despised my mother, aunt Cecily, and of course they are prepared to dislike me."

"And you are prepared to be disliked! Oh, Daisy, if you go to Dr. Garnett's house in that spirit you will not have a day's peace! Half the hatreds in the world begin with a mere groundless prejudice. If, as you say, your cousins are prepared to dislike you, it must be your aim to make yourself lovable, and you can succeed if you please. I am sure of it."

"Do you think I am lovable, aunty?"

Daisy put the question with a girl's natural and innocent love of approbation. Her soft eyes looked wistfully at Cecily as she waited for a reply.

"Very lovable indeed," was the frank answer. "You have the sweetness of look and manner that your mother had; dear Rose was remarkable for her gentleness. Take care that you do not lose your charm."

"Am I in danger of losing it?" asked Daisy, anxiously.

"Yes, if you harbour ill-will, and brood over slights, whether fancied or real. Nothing injures a girl's beauty more than that bad habit of brooding; it spoils the complexion, and alters the whole character of the face. The mouth droops at the corners, the cheeks fall in, and faint lines appear on the forehead. There's a dismal picture for you, Daisy!"

In spite of her sadness Daisy could not help smiling, and the smile did her good. Unconsciously her old self was coming back to her; the self that had been banished by the terrible shock of her father's death.

"You must make the best of your lot, my child," Cecily went on. "You must just imitate the Michaelmas daisies yonder, and bloom bravely in spite of uncongenial surroundings. And then, after a time, you will find that your life is not so very disagreeable after all."

Daisy slipped quietly off the bed, and came to her aunt's side for a kiss.

"It is very likely," continued Cecily, "that you will find life pleasant enough in Portland Place. There will be plenty of visiting and entertaining, and you will make acquaintances who will ripen into friends. One can't mix in society without making friends; it may be a hollow world, but here and there are persons worth knowing. And if we cannot make friends, ay, and keep them too, we must be poor creatures indeed!"

That cheerful tone would have heartened Mr. Despondency himself if he could have listened to it. It roused Daisy from her gloom, and made her ready to regard the future with hopeful eyes.

She had scarcely tasted food that day, and as Cecily stroked her white



cheek, she felt that Daisy must be coaxed into eating something. But it was a relief when Daisy herself confessed that she needed refreshment.

"Let us have tea sent up here," the girl proposed. "The room downstairs is full of dreadful memories. And I would rather see the Michaelmas daisies than the street; besides, my head aches and I cannot bear the noise."

So a tray was carried up into the chamber where Daisy's nursery pictures still hung on the walls, and she and Cecily sat down to a little table by the window. Out of doors the golden lights were sinking lower, but the brightness had not yet faded out of the skies. A bird in a wicker-cage, hanging outside a neighbour's casement, caught one glorious ray across his prison bars; and a crying child, standing at a window, was dazzled by a slanting beam, and stopped in the middle of his wail. Gleams of sunset found their way, too, to Daisy's tea-table, and shone on her golden-brown head, and glistened in Aunt Cecily's deep blue eyes.

"I am happier now," said Daisy, under the touch of the sunshine.

"And you will be still happier by-and-bye," Cecily answered with confidence.

"I don't know; I can hardly think so," the girl said, coming back to the thought of separation with a long sigh. "If I might only stay with you! Auntie, shall you go to Lady Jessie Boyd, now?"

"Yes, dear; I wrote to her yesterday."

There was a pause, and Daisy drew another long breath which ended in a sob.

"Aunt Cecily, will you come to see me at Portland Place?" she asked.

"We shall meet, dear Daisy; but I hardly think I can go to Dr. Garnett's house. He would not be well pleased;—it would seem to him an intrusion."

"But why should he dislike my mother's family so much, Aunty?"

"He thought that your father's marriage was a great mistake; and he always persisted in believing that it spoiled his brother's whole life."

"But, Aunt Cecily—" Daisy began in an indignant voice.

"We must not discuss the subject, my child," said Cecily, firmly. "I cannot trust my own judgment in the matter; I cannot be calm and just where my poor sister is concerned. And I think, nay, I am sure, that the Garnetts will have good feeling enough to be silent on that point to you. But, Daisy remember that you must speak of me as little as possible; if you want to spare yourself pain and annoyance, do not talk about Aunt Cecily."

"I will try to keep silence," said Daisy, in tears. "But I can't love people who won't love you."

"Ah, Daisy, there would be no getting on in the world if we only liked those who liked our friends!" 'Love me, love my dog' is a bad motto for anyone to start with. You must read Charles Lamb's essay on that fallacy, some day. And now, dear child, don't forget that the letter to your uncle must be written for to-night's post."

(To be continued.)

THE DUTIES OF SERVANTS.

By Sophia F. A. Caulfeild.

The question of the respective duties of all classes of domestic servants to their employers, and no less so those of the latter to their paid dependants, is one which often supplies a subject of painful disagreement between the two parties concerned. Unhappily for each, they are too much disposed to regard each other as opponents, actuated by conflicting interests. On the contrary, the well-being and peace of the household forms an important object of interest to each. They have it equally in their own power, respectively, to promote, or mar their mutual comfort and happiness, and to confer more substantial benefit on each other in their own especial departments of duty than money could either purchase or reward. All antagonistic feeling should be extinguished on both sides, and this can be effected without in the least degree interfering with the order of society and of those distinctions of position which exist by the ordinance of God. It is to be recognised throughout all nature, from the humble "hyssop on the wall, to the cedar of Libanus;" "one star differing from another star in glory;" one faithful servant being "ruler over ten cities," and another "over five" only. "The head cannot boast itself," we are told, "against the hand" or the foot; nor can they be envious of the head. For all the members there is a fit and seemly place, and an honourable work to do; and of every arrangement of divine appointment we may be *perfectly sure that all is* well and wisely ordained.

In giving a general summary of the duties devolving on those employed in every department of female domestic service, I propose to offer a few suggestions both to them, and to those appointed to be heads of households.

The Housekeeper has the entire direction of all the female servants, with the exception of the lady's-maid and the head nurse; receiving the orders of her mistress and acting as her deputy. Excepting where a house steward is kept, it devolves on her to keep the weekly accounts, to enter on her ledger the expenditure of each day; to pay all bills and file receipts; superintend the weighing of meat, to correct the tickets sent with it, and to examine every article sent to the house for the table or otherwise. Should there be a man cook he will relieve her of many of her duties, including that of marketing, one with which she would otherwise be charged. In the case of a female cook being kept, the housekeeper should be prepared to supplement her work as may be found necessary, and to make, as well as to superintend the making of all dishes of a delicate or *recherché* kind, and likewise the arrangement of the bill of fare for every meal. The taking in of the fruits in their due season for preserving, and all the direction and assistance requisite for the making of pickles, jams, and confectionery; the preparation of syrups and the bottling of them, and other juices and liquors are also amongst her duties; as also salting of meat, changing of the brine, the curing and smoking of hams, the storing of salted butter and of eggs, the preserving of potted meats, preparation of stock for soup, and, in fact, everything connected with the kitchen, larder, store-room, still-room, and dairy; as well as the superintendence of the poultry, and all live stock designed for the table, outside the house, all this comes under her jurisdiction. But her duties must be regulated in each particular family, by the establishment kept, and the character of the house, whether a country seat where most of the necessaries of her several departments of trust are home-supplied, or a town mansion where the domestic arrangements are of a different character.

The linen closet and laundry demand her close attention, and she has to give out from the former what is either for use or repair to the under-servants, and to see that the requisite mending be accomplished. The body linen she separates from the rest and commits to the hands of the lady's-maid or head nurse, as the case may be. In the evening she directs the breaking of lump-sugar, washing and stoning of raisins, blanching of almonds, and general preparation of all that will be required for use on the following day.

The inventory, which she should receive on entering her situation, should be carefully compared with everything committed to her charge at stated intervals of six or twelve months, including all the household furniture and kitchen requisites, and a report of wear and tear or deficiencies supplied to her mistress, and entered on the list, if not made good. Her own accounts should likewise be submitted for inspection at least once a month. But all such rules must depend on the wishes of the mistress herself. The wages of a housekeeper vary from £20 to £50 per annum. The "finding" or providing with beer, tea, and sugar, over and above the ordinary food of an indispensable character is subject to no "hard and fast" rule. It varies, according to private arrangement, as regards every class of domestic servants.

The Cook, where no housekeeper is kept, has a considerable amount of work on her hands besides the cooking of meals, such as the marketing, continual supervision of the larder, the salting of the meat, the making of the preserves, and the baking of cakes and perhaps of bread. She must make the study of cookery her continual business, by reading as well as by practice. She must know when meat of all kinds, and different sorts of game, poultry, and fish are in season. She must study the gardener's calendars to ascertain when certain vegetables and fruits come in, and when to make pickles and jams. The cooking of the dinners, and what may be required for all the other meals, of course devolve on her, and the scullery-maid is under her direction, to whom she should make it a point of conscience to teach, to the best of her ability, the art of cookery. In small households she is required to give some assistance in household work, such as to take the front hall, dining room, hall door, and the steps and pavement in front of a town house under her care; not to speak of the kitchen and all the basement. But where a kitchen-maid is kept, the basement floor, area, pavement, with pot and pan, and all floor cleaning, and the bringing in of coal and water, naturally devolve on her, instead of on the cook. But private arrangements may be made by mutual agreement, either increasing or decreasing the legitimate work which a mistress has a right to demand of her cook. Her wages vary from £16 to about £30 per annum.

It will be remembered by the reader that a cook's duties—while she cannot refuse to fulfil those which I have named—may, as I have stated, be multiplied by private arrangement; and must be so, as a matter of course and right, when she undertakes a situation where no housekeeper, nor kitchen-maid is kept. Thus she will have to study the list of that functionary's duties, to be thoroughly acquainted with her own. On this account I have introduced her out of her place in the order of precedence amongst servants, in which she ranks after both the lady's-maid, and the head nurse.

The Lady's-maid holds a position next to the housekeeper. Her duties commence before her mistress rises; and if tea be taken in bed, it is her duty to bring in the small tray containing it, and the toast or bread and butter she also should prepare. She then places all the under-linen, slippers, and dressing-gown ready for use, takes out the dress and cap to be worn, and remains to assist, or retires for a time, according to her mistress's wishes, until she be summoned for the hair-dressing, and to complete her mistress's toilet. Every such maid should be proficient in the art of dressing hair, and should learn every new style as it comes in. She should also know how to make cleansing washes, and rosemary and other decoctions requisite for the hair, so as to provide them at home; also such necessaries of the toilet as camphor-cake and lip-salve, pomatum, &c. After her lady has left the bed-room, it is her business to fold the night and dressing-gowns, and place all in order before the entrance of the housemaids, throwing open the bed and the window, taking out such articles as may need repair or alteration, those requiring fresh lace and frills, and the linen that should be aired. Gloves and boots should likewise be inspected, that buttons may be supplied and small rips sewn up as required. The jewel-case and all private drawers should be locked before leaving the room.

Not only reparations and alterations of dresses come within the limits of her duties, but she should know how to cut out, fit, and make them. She should understand the art of blending colours, so as to become a light or a dark complexion; and her mistress, whether tall or short, stout or slight, fair, sallow, or a brunette, should be to her an object of study; as it is her duty to make her appear at all times to the best advantage. In many houses where a lady's-maid is kept, there is no private laundry-maid, and thus it is one of her duties to understand the cleaning of lace, "getting up" of fine things, clear starching and gauffering. Also how to preserve furs from moth.

A lady's-maid should likewise understand millinery, how to make a bonnet, cap, or hat, and should study all the new fashions in their style as they appear in the best shops. She will have to keep an account of all that she expends in reference to her needlework, as she may be intrusted with a certain sum to meet current expenses. It is her duty to count all the body linen on its return from the laundry, to divide all requiring buttons and strings or other repairs from the rest, and to place each set in a separate spot, drawer, or work-basket, after all have been well aired. An inventory should be kept and notice given to her lady when the wardrobe needs to be replenished with new articles. Having inquired at what hour she proposes to go out, it is her duty to be again in attendance at the appointed time, having to place all that is needful, whether for driving, riding, or walking, in readiness for her; and on her return her lady should find the suitable change of dress prepared for her, and the maid awaiting her arrival to attend upon her. A knowledge of folding and packing closely, so as to save space, without injury to clothing, is another of her essential duties, and one in which much deficiency is generally observable amongst them. At a suitable time before dinner the maid should again adjourn to the bed or dressing-room, and lay out all she may require for her evening costume, and be prepared to dress her. On her leaving the room she extinguishes the candles or lets down the gas, and places a screen on the fire. At bed-time all required for night should be put out in readiness, and she should be in attendance until dismissed. In case of going out to dinner, or any kind of evening entertainments, her mistress has a right to expect her to sit up till her return, and see that she has all that she may require, such as tea or sandwiches, hot water, &c. Should the mistress be an invalid or an elderly person, the

maid would be required to act more or less as a nurse, and would have to read aloud, which she should study to do agreeably, and to write letters at dictation, on which account her writing and spelling should be thoroughly good. But under these circumstances many of the duties required of her by a younger mistress, and one in good health and going into society would not be required of her, so that her work would not be excessive. In small families some of the duties of a housekeeper are united to those of the lady's-maid. Her wages vary, according to her efficiency in all her duties, from £18 to £30 per annum.

An UPPER NURSE should have a thorough acquaintance with all the ailments to which infants and children are commonly liable. She should therefore have some reliable book on the subject of nursing the sick, and children in particular, always by her, and keep her memory perpetually refreshed on all points, so as to recognise the first symptoms of every complaint, and be prepared for all emergencies. She should also study all questions relative to attendance upon her mistress, so as to nurse her, and supplement the services of the regular nurse temporarily hired. Her place is the nursery, for meals as well as for a sitting and work-room, should it happen that there were no day-nursery; and only when her charges are asleep for the night can she leave them in the care of the under nurse, or housemaid, to take her supper in the housekeeper's room, or with the other servants if there be none. The only female servants who have a right to avail themselves at all times, for meals and otherwise, of the housekeeper's room are the upper nurse and the lady's-maid. The washing and dressing of a young infant must be exclusively done by the upper nurse, and that of the older children by the under nurse, always by the supervision of the former. She must take them out, wheel their carriage, and carry them in turn with her assistants. She has the dress and under-linen to make and mend, and she has the assistance of the under nurse, who acts at all times under her directions, helps her to make the bed, and does the rough work of cleaning the room and grate, making the fire, and bringing up the water and all the meals. Should the nurse be single-handed, she must be prepared to keep the nursery in all due order herself, and obtain assistance from the under housemaid, or the single-handed housemaid, as she could not be expected to leave her charge to fetch water, coals, nor the daily meals. She also lights her own fire when single-handed, unless assisted by the housemaid, and makes the beds. A head nurse receives from £18 to £25 or £30 per annum. Ordinary single-handed nurses in small households receive less. But the qualifications, experience, and age of the latter must always regulate the amount of wages expected, even should a valuable servant prefer a situation in a small family of limited means, and to undertake the whole charge of the nursery and its young occupants, to a situation of a higher character.

The UPPER HOUSEMAID.—The duties that devolve on this class of domestic servants are comparatively light, but they are only well performed by a careful, industrious woman—methodical, gentle in touch, and one who "has her eyes about her," knowing how to direct and superintend, and is not above assisting in any duties which are performed by the under-housemaid. Whether she be aided in her work, or be single-handed, that work must be the same in every house, great or small. The cleaning and arrangement of the breakfast room, boudoir, and then the drawing-room, should be accomplished before the family leave their bed-rooms; just as the cleaning of the hall, hall door, steps before it, and dining-room are all done by the cook or kitchenmaid before their appearance downstairs. While the family are at breakfast the bed-rooms have to be set in order, the windows opened, the beds shaken and turned, the slops emptied, and all crockery washed and scalded, caraes, jugs, and tins refilled; a T-shaped sweeping brush wrapped in a wet cloth passed under the bed and all round the room where there may be no carpet; and a damp and dry duster employed in successively removing the dust from the whole room, especially all the ledges in the wood-work. The table, looking-glass, and cheval-glass, or that in the wardrobe door, should be well polished. The rugs should be taken out and shaken daily, the grate and irons cleaned; the cinders must be sifted from the ashes, and the latter removed before the dusting of the room, and the bed also, having been previously shaken and turned, may be re-made without making any fresh dust, the last thing in the finishing of the work. The making of the bed is no unimportant matter, as there is much variety of taste, and one person does not like the bed to be made as another may like it to be arranged. Thus the housemaid should observe what alterations have been made in the amount and ordering of the clothes, and also inquire whether any change would be agreeable. Housemaids are little aware how often the beds are completely re-made by their occupants, as visitors never like to give directions to the servants of their hosts, even in reference to the room especially allotted to their own use, and many are the comments made on the dulness, and want of observation of those who attend to the bed-making.

The cleaning of the paint and of the windows, the washing of china ornaments, and the polishing of the furniture (if need be) should be the work appointed for a certain day in every week, a room or more being completely cleaned every week. The wiping down of the uncovered portions of the stairs and landings, and upper corridors and passages with a damp cloth should be the housemaid's daily work, but when two are kept it devolves on the under maid. The taking out of each rod, one at a time, to wipe underneath the carpet, should be done weekly, on a certain day, and each rod rubbed with a leather before being returned to its place. It is a most inconvenient and unsightly habit, adopted by half-trained maids, to always be taking up the whole of the stair carpet at once. Furniture polish should also be applied to the top of the balusters at intervals, and careful rubbing performed afterwards.

It is the housemaid's business to collect and count the linen to be washed, under the housekeeper's or lady's maid's supervision, weekly; to mend and hem the house-linen, and also to count all on its return home. She has to take down, shake, and put up the curtains and hangings; attend also to all the rugs and cushions in the house, and destroy all moths and flies which may be found behind the shutters in the spring or early summer. Of course, much devolves on the housemaid which properly is the work of a lady's maid, if there be none in the establishment, and she may also be required to assist a good deal in various ways in the nursery, and even sometimes in waiting at table, if only one man-servant be kept. It is also very usual for the office of housemaid to be combined with that of parlour maid, and this demands great quickness, method, and extra knowledge—such as that of cleaning plate, knives, lamps (including the entire management of the latter), the laying of the table, and the art of waiting well—observantly, in reference to the requirements of each individual at the table, quickly, and noiselessly. As a housemaid's duties may be so much regulated by the circumstances of the establishment kept, she may have, as I said, to include some of those which naturally belong to the lady's maid, nurse, and footman, and must not be ready to say "this or that is not my work." She will also have to answer the hall door at certain times, if not always. Her wages range from £15 to £25 per annum.

The UNDER HOUSEMAID, UNDER NURSE, and KITCHEN MAID are directed by the servants holding a higher position in the same department of service as themselves; and, with the exception of remarking that the kitchen maid is expected to dress the nursery and kitchen dinner, it is not necessary to enter into any detailed account of the work of each respectively. The wages of all these maids vary from £9 to £14.

A GENERAL SERVANT should be a very well-informed person, particularly active, methodical, and intelligent; yet she is usually more ignorant and more incompetent than any other class of servants. Well-trained and experienced persons naturally object to the almost never-ceasing work which their situation entails; but quickness and a judicious timing of all the work to be done will, with the kindly aid of her mistress, enable her so to get through her duties—if the dinner be an early one—and enable her to have a quiet hour or two for her own needlework or reading before bedtime. She will have to be an early riser, and she must manage her work so as to be dressed in the afternoon, to attend to the hall door when visitors may be expected; but the enumeration of all her duties is superfluous in this place, as she needs only to study the directions given to the cook, housemaid, and parlour-maid to be fully acquainted with all her own work. Her wages vary, according to her efficiency as a cook especially, from £8 to £18.

Upon the duties of the Laundry and Under Laundry Maids, the Still-room and the Dairy Maids it is scarcely necessary that I should write, and I hope in my next paper to add a few friendly words to those of my readers who have selected domestic service as their vocation.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Oh, write on me an ode, or rhyme, or sonnet,
Or simple prose about "my last new bonnet!"
But let it be in words that all may scan
In every clime inhabited by man.

My nature's peaceful, yet I rage and boil,
And man to conquer me in vain may toil.

Ungainly proportions!
Yet, hark to the sound!
And in cottage and palace
I'm equally found.

No, madame, 'tis not, 'tis your complement, though
You may presently guess, if at first you don't know,
If you take off my head and my tail I still stand
Unrivalled by all, through the whole of the land.

We like it not; we shrink in horror and dismay,
And fain would let it pass on unmolested way;
Yet shun it not—a hidden treasure lies,
Can glad the heart, and fit it for the skies.

ALICE LEGG.

ANSWERS TO BURIED MOUNTAIN RANGES (p. 503). — Andes, Alps, Apennines, Ural, Grampians, Alleghany, Kong, Altai, Balkan

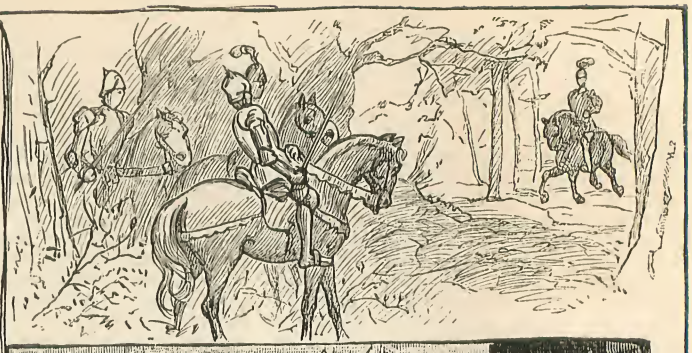
BALLAD.

He rode alone through the starry night,
And the lady waited with listening eyes;
Then quick in the window she set a light,—
"Long watching," she whispered, "hath made me wise.

"I will not fear though he cometh late,
And the way he cometh be dark and wild,
But patiently still I will watch and wait,
For he said, 'I shall see thee to-night,' my child."

Then down through the casement looked the moon,
Till she cried, "Kind moon in the heaven above,
Oh, guide him home to me safely and soon;
I am his wife and his one true love!"

Far in the distance she seemed to hear
The echo of hoofs on the wintry ground,
And close to the window she leaned her ear—
"What is it, what is it, that hurrying sound?"







Louder and louder the clattering grew,
The light in the window dazed her sight;
"He cometh at last; he is brave and true;
He rideth fast through the awesome night.

"It is my hand shall unbar the door,
The heavy hall door shall be opened wide."
She laughed as she said it, but more and more
She trembled to think of that lonely ride.

She opened the door with hurry and care,
And her heart beat faster—it must be he.
'Twas a wild black horse stood panting there,
But never a rider could she see.

Oh, fair and sweet as the dawn of day,
The lady opened the great hall door;
But the morning found her old and gray,
For the man she loved came home no more.

A. Matheson.

HOW TO PLAY MENDELSSOHN'S "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

By LADY BENEDICT.

THESE charming pieces are, perhaps, the best known and most popular of all Mendelssohn's works, and it is a matter for astonishment that their success in England was not rapid. So small, indeed was the sale of the first book that Mr. Novello would not publish the second. *Now*, there is not an amateur who does not play them, or, at least, try to play them, and it is for this reason that I should like to make a few remarks on their practice with a view to facilitate, if possible, their study, and render it perhaps more methodical and even more interesting.

The name chosen for them was in itself an inspiration, and now that it is familiar to us we can hardly realise the curiosity it must at first have awakened. Unfortunately the English equivalent was not adopted till after the appearance of the first book, which came out as "Original Melodies for the Pianoforte." The title, "Songs Without Words," hardly requires explanation. They are songs pure and simple—as much songs as though they had words, and doubtless the great tone-poet had in his mind, as he penned each, a distinct sentiment which he intended to convey. Thus, in sending the very first he composed (Book II., No. 2) to his sister Fanny, he wrote as follows: "I wish I were with you, but as that cannot be I have written for you a song expressive of my wishes and thoughts." It is impossible for us to know what particular thought inspired the composer in each, except in the few cases in which he has himself given names to the pieces, and these I have indicated below. Others have subsequently received titles which are unauthorised, and it is probable that no two persons would independently give the same interpretation to any one of the numbers. That so well known as "The Bees' Wedding" has also been called "Spinning Song," and you will see that I have given it yet another meaning. Nevertheless I think it is just as well to have in our mind, and try consistently to carry out in our performance, some definite idea, as it may help us to play in a characteristic manner.

Without for an instant presuming to disparage the arrangement of Mendelssohn, which is quite faultless, I must suggest that, unless the performer is very advanced, it would be quite out of the question for her to learn them in regular order, or even to go straight through any of the books, really doing them justice. There are at least half-a-dozen which can only be mastered by a very accomplished pianist, and as many more which are decidedly difficult, and I have therefore drawn out a table uniting, as well as I could manage it, a constant variety of style with the gradual development of difficulties, and taking also into consideration an appropriate sequence of keys. Do not let me be understood to say that *any* of the "Lieder" are easy. Although a few may present no mechanical obstacle whatever, they all require to be played with so much expression and soul — in fact, what the Germans call *Vortrag*—that each needs much thought, and some that are apparently simple I have placed low down on the list on account of the difficulty of style. Learnt more or less in this order, I think they may be looked upon as a series of studies—never dry, always melodious, and, if conscientiously practised, going far towards the formation of a good pianist.

The first thing to do in reading over one of the songs is to distinguish the melody from the accompaniment. As a rule, this is quite easy, but occasionally, when the melody is in the middle, it will require a little care to pick it out. Next I would recommend you to play this air by itself; or indeed, better still, to sing it over and find the expression that comes most naturally to it. The accompaniments, too, should be separately considered, the character of each noted, and that character kept up. Some of the songs have a little introductory symphony, and a few also conclude with one. These should in the playing be distinguished from the song proper.

In performing the whole together never forget that the melody is the principal part; it must be put forward and kept prominent; it must sing—and here great scope is given for the development of that highest of all musical attainments—a caressing sympathetic touch. Precise rules for touch cannot be laid down: the ear must teach us which way of pressing the note produces the particular tone required, and attentive observation of the performances of the greatest players can alone educate the ear on this point.

I should like to say just a few words on the subject of expression. It is a common fault with amateurs to imagine that to play with feeling necessarily means to slacken speed. Now nothing made Mendelssohn so angry as to hear *ritardandos* where he had not himself marked them, and in looking through the songs it is quite curious to note how few he has marked. With the exception of three or four cases where the last bar or two is to be played a little slower, probably to render the conclusion more definite, I think you will only find the expression in three out of the whole series, viz., Book II., No. 2; Book IV., No. 5; Book VI., No. 5. This is noteworthy, and we should study how to infuse all the necessary emotion into the pieces without deviating from the intentions of the composer, which are in every instance clearly expressed.

In the following table the first numbers are my own, indicating the order in which I propose the songs should be learnt; the brackets contain the original numbering of the author. The only complete edition is that of Novello, the seventh and eighth books not being included in any other; but as each book is published separately by Novello, you can add these to your collection should you have an incomplete one.

1. (Book VIII, No. 6.)—Of a quiet nature, suggestive almost of a prayer. Do not break up the chords, but play the two hands exactly together, and very *legato* where there is no indication to the contrary.

2. (Book II., No. 3.)—Here we have a little introductory symphony which is also used to conclude the song. You must make it clear where the melody begins. It has been used with very good effect as a hymn tune.

3. (Book I., No. 4.)—More in the style of a chorale. It is not easy in the second bar to play the thirds quite *legato* without missing the A below. In the case of the ninth it will be necessary for small hands to play the G and B *staccato*, the bad effect of which may be modified by the pedal.

4. (Book I., No. 2.)—Of a melancholy nature, and requiring careful phrasing. This is the first I have marked in which the accompaniment is divided between the two hands. The change should be quite imperceptible, though you will find a tendency in the right hand to play louder than the left. Observe the feature that is made of the three repeated notes in bar 3; they continually recur, and in the fourth and third bars from the end are taken up in the bass.

5. (Book VIII., No. 2.)—You may find this a little confusing owing to the syncopated notes in the melody, but all the song notes have their tails turned up, so you may with a little care pick them out, and be sure to hold them down their full time. Notice in bars 10, 11, and 12, and the corresponding three near the end, that the first note of the bar is *staccato*, the *legato* mark beginning on the second semiquaver.

6. (Book III., No. 4.)—The introduction requires some little practice and careful fingering. In the final cadence use the thumb on the D's so as to reach the last D easily with the little finger. Towards the end the figure of the symphony is entwined with part of the melody; and here you must be careful to mark the latter, the notes to be sustained having the tails turned up.

7. (Book V., No. 4.)—Not easy to play at the proper pace. As in the previous cases the introductory and concluding symphonies should be well distinguished from the rest. The rhythm throughout must be well kept up, notably by the repeated D's and G's in the bass. Those ninths in both hands together are very awkward to play clearly, especially the second time, when they come after quavers, and unless you have exceptionally long fingers you will be obliged only just to touch the D and B, but fasten firmly on the upper notes.

8. (Book I., No. 6.)—*Venetianisches Gondellied.*—Written in Venice, in 1830; this, a Venetian gondola song, is one of the few to which Mendelssohn gave a name. Do not be afraid to play the second C sharp in bar 14: it is quite intended. The long sustained notes at the end and beginning were evidently suggested by the vague and somewhat monotonous songs of the gondoliers, not only in Venice but in other ports of the Adriatic and Mediterranean. The accompaniment, which imitates the regular stroke of oars, must be quiet and uniform, and be sure the break is not perceptible, when in bar 7 it is taken up by the left hand entirely. Gradually the sounds die away in the distance, the plashing of the water ceases, and all is still again.

9. (Book III., No. 1.)—The chief difficulty here lies in the division of the accompaniment between the hands and the phrasing of the passionate melody above. In the middle the return to the subject in the original key must be gracefully and delicately managed.

10. (Book I., No. 1.)—One of the most charming of the whole set. Be careful to sustain the crotchets in the bass as well as the treble, lifting quickly the fingers from the semiquavers as they interfere otherwise sadly with the beautiful theme. Mark the echo in the 9th bar and in the 26th and 27th. The return to the subject should be grandly played, and the last climax in bar 41 as broadly as possible.

11. (Book VI., No. 5.)—To be carefully fingered in the symphonies, judicious use being made of thumb and first fingers of the right hand. The little piece with its sad colouring reminds one of an autumn landscape. Here,

exceptionally, we have a *ritardando* in the middle, which is preceded by a most lovely sequence of which much may be made, the intensity of feeling increasing whilst that of the tone diminishes.

12. (Book V., No. 1.)—The great feature of this composition is the reiteration of the two very first notes of the melody. The interval changes, sometimes it is a fourth, sometimes a seventh, once a second, but always from an upper to a lower note. The effect is that of a constantly repeated entreaty, replied to by the longer phrase, and towards the end we find it in the bass as well.

13. (Book II., No. 1.)—I daresay you think it hard enough to play two notes in one hand against three in the other, but here you must manage it in the right hand alone, which renders this number very troublesome in parts. Do not in any case let the melody suffer; it must always soar above the accompaiment.

14. (Book IV., No. 1.)—A pure love song, and like so many love songs, somewhat treacherous and deceptive. To begin with it looks very easy sailing, but, let me warn you, there are breakers ahead, though by means of good steering you may hope to come safe to port. When the octaves occur in the bass it is rather difficult to take up the accompaniment at the second and fourth beats without making them *staccato*, which is to be avoided. In the 14th and 13th bars from the end the melody is in octaves, which are to be played by the right hand besides the first 3 of every 6 notes in the accompaniment; the last 3 by the left.

15. (Book III., No. 2.)—Almost like a Russian national air; in turn passionate and tender. Your chief attention must be given to the syncopated accompaniment, especially when the melody does not mark the second beat in the bar, which must then be well pronounced in the bass. Just before the end note the imitation in the left hand, and the gradual dying away at last without *rallentando*.

16. (Book IV., No. 2.)—In such a case as this where you have continually three notes against two it is of no use to try and reckon the time fractionally, which will always give a stiff effect. Practise each hand alone and then play them together as independently as you can. A common mistake is to play in bar 5 D in the bass as D flat. Now it is not so marked except in some spurious editions. It is D natural and in the next bar D flat, whereas in the same passage, in bars 13 and 14, it is flat both times. Notice too in the return to the original subject later on that it is natural again. This piece is almost in a duet form though not so named by the composer.

17. (Book VI., No. 3.)—Of a pastoral character and to be kept in exact time except where there are indications to the contrary, being played throughout equally and quietly. After the *ritard.* be sure to begin the *a tempo* on the very first of the next bar.

18. (Book IV., No. 4.)—Solemn and reflective. The stretches render this anything but easy. The *sforzando* notes to be well brought out and the quiet ending after the break, which, by-the-bye, is only a wait of three beats and not a pause, to contrast with the climax which precedes it.

19. (Book V., No. 5.)—I always think this must represent a duet of two damsels gliding over the placid lagoon, and interrupted occasionally by the call of the boatmen. This call is heard at the end under the gradual fading away of the strain.

20. (Book V., No. 6.)—Generally known as the Frühlingslied (Spring Song), though it is more than doubtful whether Mendelssohn so named it. It is very rarely played as he intended, being generally taken too fast. It is absolutely necessary that the chords in the left hand should be extremely short and light, not in the least interfering with the delicious melody. Almost throughout the piece the first quaver in the bar is to be lifted, the slur mark beginning on the second quaver.

21. (Book II., No. 6.)—*Venetianisches Gondellied.*—The last of the gondola songs, and of a more melancholy tinge than its two predecessors. It begins with those two long-drawn-out notes we had in the *A minor* one, the 5th and 6th bars being peculiarly mournful and wailing. The same passage recurs in in bars 13 and 14, and 31 and 32, and it must in each case be played very *legato*, the fingers literally clinging to the notes. At the end you fancy you hear the rising and falling of the tones on the breeze while the gondola slowly glides out of sight.

22. (Book I., No. 3.)—Sometimes called "Hunting Song." In truth, one seems almost to hear in this spirited composition the call of the horn, the gallop of horses, and the yelping of hounds. In any case it is evidently meant to be played at a great pace, and in a spirited and brilliant manner throughout. It is very important to notice that the last two notes of bar 5 (and all corresponding passages) are semiquaver and quaver, *not* two semiquavers, as almost invariably given, and which, though much easier, quite spoils the effect. In bar 8 the first bass note is F sharp, not A, as generally played, and even printed in some editions. The semiquavers at the end should be very even, and the *dim.* carefully observed, though there is a slight *cresc.* for the very conclusion.

23. (Book VII., No. 4.)—The accompaniment here is sometimes divided in a very difficult way, the large intervals in the left hand rendering it very hard to play *legato*. Observe the peculiar figure of this accompaniment, which is kept up, even in the final cadence. In bars 27 and 30 resist the temptation to take G sharp in the bass, G natural, though somewhat an unexpected note, being intended.

(*To be concluded.*)

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By Alice King.

CHAPTER VIII.



H, Miss Ruby! I don't hardly know how to tell it. It was just soon after that parcel of good things you sent her had come, she was sitting looking at them with her eyes so sweet and happy-like, talking about you. 'Miss Ruby,' she says, says she, 'always told me that she had only her love and kindness and time to give me, but now I suppose she has got a bit of money somehow, and she goes and spends it at once on a poor thing like me, instead of on a new bonnet, as most young ladies would do; there'll be another jewel in her crown in heaven for that; but, still, her gentle, cheerful words did me more good than all she can send me. When she has been with me I always feel as if I had been drinking a draught of refreshing water brought by an angel.' Yes, those was just the words she was saying, Miss Ruby, when, all at once, she turned as white as your handkerchief, and dropped right away. I thought she was gone sure enough, but after a few minutes she just sighed a bit, and opened her eyes with a look in them as if she had been seeing things in another world; yet she seemed to have thought for us here too, for she told me not to cry, and bade me give little Annie her dinner—the child was calling out that she was so hungry. Then she said that she should like to see you, and I came away at once to call you, for I think I may make so bold as to say I am sure you will come. The doctor has just been in, and says she won't be here long. I left Mrs. Green with her, and I axed her to mind the child with the fire too, and to finish a bit of darning I was doing when Bessie dropped away, and to be sure to put on the tea-kettle to boil for tea."

The speaker was a rosy-faced middle-aged woman in a washed-out lavender print dress and a poke bonnet. The speech had been interrupted by many sobs and sundry short ejaculations, and had, therefore, taken some time in the making. The person addressed was Ruby Stanton, who was sitting in the window of the little room where she and Ella spent a good deal of their time, being thus released from the awful presence of Miss Nancy for at least a season.

Ella was reclining in an arm-chair by the fire, half dozing, with some embroidery, the most remarkable part of which was that it never seemed to make any visible advance, in her lap. Ruby's little hands too were, for a wonder, folded idly over her work. The early winter twilight was beginning to close in, and it was, in truth, getting almost too dark to see to make a stitch; in general she would have rung for the lamp at once, but this evening she sat on in silent thought. She was turning over and over in her mind all that Mr. Lindhurst had said to her about the mystery which hung around her life. With all the healthy activity of her nature, Ruby could not keep herself at times from gliding into waking dreams on this subject. What girl would?

The woman who was now speaking to her was the mother of the poor sick girl before mentioned, for whom Ruby's sympathies and interests, in her ministrations among the neighbouring cottages, had been so warmly aroused. She had seen Ruby sitting at the window as she approached the house, and had come up outside to tell her errand. The voice at first startled Ruby; she had not seen that anyone had drawn near, and she looked up confused, like one disturbed in sleep. Even when she saw who it was, some of the woman's words were quite incomprehensible to her. What did she mean by talking about a parcel of things she had sent Bessie? She knew she had done nothing of the kind. Matthew Lindhurst had, it is true, given her some money for charity, but she had spent none of it on this girl. She sat gazing wonderingly

at the woman for some moments; then she said, bending out of the window, which she had opened that they might talk more easily,—

"I am so very sorry Bessie is worse; but, tell me, Mrs. Bryant, what is this you say about my having sent you some things? I don't understand!"

"Why, Miss Ruby, I mean the large brown paper parcel which you sent by a boy this forenoon, full of more nice things than I knows the names of; I laid them all out on the table before Bessie, until our house looked, for all the world, like one of them stores my brother in Australia do write about. She did smile so pretty as she took everything up one by one. I declare my head felt quite confused while I was putting it all away; it was such a lot of it; I was just like a monkey in a toy-shop."

"But I have not sent anything to your house to-day," cried Ruby, in great perplexity.

"You did not send anything to our house to-day!" repeated Mrs. Bryant, her round, good-tempered face looking like a full moon, in her extreme wonder. "But, Miss Ruby, dear, you can't know what you are saying. The parcel came just as I was taking up the knife to peel the potatoes for dinner. Bessie will tell you the same, and so would little Annie if she could but speak plain, pretty dear."

"It must certainly be some mistake," said Ruby. "What did the person say who brought the parcel you speak of?"

"Why, he just said it was sent by Miss Stanton. What should he say else?"

"It is very strange. What sort of a person was it that brought it?"

"It wasn't a person at all; it was only a little monkey of a boy. One of they rogues you do take such delight in teaching at the school, Miss Ruby, I suppose."

"Do you know which of the boys it was?"

"Well, I can't say as how I did know his face; but there be many of them about who lives at the other end of the parish I can't put a name to. It's only a year or so that we have been in Larcombe, you see; and I was never one to run about to other folk's houses all over the country. Besides, I didn't look much at the boy, for I was just then in a way lest, while I went to the door, little Annie or the cat should get at the brown sugar, which I had left out on the table."

A thought crossed Ruby. Could Mr. Lindhurst have sent these things in her name to Bessie? He had been very kind in his manner to her during these last few days which had passed since that long walk of theirs together. Though he had not spoken a single word to her again on the subject of that strange mystery, might he not very possibly have meant to give her a pleasant surprise in giving the sick girl a present in her name? With this idea in her head she asked Mrs. Bryant to wait a moment at the window, and ran across the hall into the old gentleman's study.

"Guardian," she said (Mr. Lindhurst had told her that he wished her as well as Ella to call him guardian, though Miss Nancy strongly objected), "how kind and good it was of you to send such a lot of things to poor Bessie Bryant this morning in my name. I don't know how to thank you."

"I send things to Bessie Bryant!" repeated the old man, looking up at her with a very puzzled face. "Ruby, child, I don't know what you are talking about."

"But you must have done it," persisted Ruby. "A great parcel of things was left at the cottage, and the boy who brought it said Miss Stanton sent it; and, as I did not send it myself, who could it have been except you?"

A singular momentary gleam of intelligence flashed across Matthew Lindhurst's face as she spoke those last words. Ruby noticed it, and said,—

"I see you did send it after all, guardian. You were just pretending that you did not to mystify me a little."

"I tell you, child, I know nothing at all about it," answered the old man somewhat shortly and testily. "I have never so much as dreamed of sending an ounce of tea to an old woman. I gave you that money that you might attend to the poor people for me, as you know; and, if you had any sense, you would think that I should not trouble myself to do anything more. Now go away, and don't bother me any longer, for I am sleepy, and want a nap before I go to dress for dinner."

The old gentleman's manner admitted of no further questioning, and Ruby retired more perplexed than ever, and went back to Mrs. Bryant at the open window.

"I thought that Mr. Lindhurst might have sent it in my name," she said, "but I have been to ask him, and he says he certainly did not; I can't make it out at all."

"Well, it is odd, sure enough," answered the woman, "I can't understand it no more than you Miss Ruby; if you did not send it, I can't sense it at all; but I mustn't be standing here all night in this fashion, there's the pig to be served, and the supper to get, and who do know how it may be with poor Bessie while I am away? Miss Ruby, dear, I must be going, but do 'ee come after me as quick as you can, for Bessie be maze to see 'ee."

With that the good woman turned and went, holding a highly coloured pocket-handkerchief to her eyes.

"I will be there almost directly," Ruby called after her.

"What's it all about? asked Ella, roused by the raised tone of Ruby's voice and by the entrance of afternoon tea, always a most interesting event to the young lady.

"Bessie Bryant is worse, and wants me to go and see her. I sha'n't be away above half an hour or so, the cottage is so near."

"But, gracious me, Ruby, what will Miss Nancy say to your being out so late alone? And then you will find it so cold, and here is the tea, and such a nice new cake not yet cut; I am quite sure you can't run away from it, Ruby."

"You must eat my share of cake this evening, Ella," answered Ruby with a quiet little laugh. "As for Miss Nancy, if she is angry I can't help it, I think I can bear a scolding for doing right; it must be right to go to poor Bessie."

"Well, I could never take the trouble to make a fuss about doing right when there was any strong opposition against it," said Ella, cutting a thin slice of the cake before named, and putting it on her own plate, "that was always more than I could manage; I remember at school, when the little ones were naughty, I never could be bothered with keeping them in order."

"Oh, Ella, it is so cowardly not to stand up for what is right and true."

"Well," said the young lady composedly, "I suppose I am a coward, but it's a very comfortable thing to be. I'm very sorry, though, that that poor girl is so ill; and, Ruby, if you will insist upon going to see her this evening, do just drink this cup of hot tea before you go, dear, and put on my fur cloak, it is hanging up in the hall."

Ella's good nature sometimes got the better of even her indolent selfishness for a few moments.

"What was that you were saying just now to Bessie's mother about something which had been brought her in your name?" asked Ella, while Ruby was drinking her tea.

"I can't make it out myself. There must be some great, strange mistake in the matter," answered Ruby, thoughtfully.

A few minutes after that she was hurrying down the avenue.

(*To be continued.*)

MOTHER SHIPTON AND HER PROPHECIES.

FOR some months past we have received various anxious inquiries from "our girls" respecting a so-called prophecy which has been extensively circulated within the past few years, and which has struck terror into the hearts of not a few credulous people by winding up a catalogue of fulfilments with the one unfulfilled couplet:—

"The world to an end shall run
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

This prediction is asserted to be the utterance of the renowned Mother Shipton, and to have a place amongst the manuscripts in the British Museum.

Nothing of the kind, my dear girls. The manuscript prophecy in the library of the British Museum is of a widely different class, and contains nothing to link it with the present century or with Mother Shipton.

"But was there no Mother Shipton?" methinks I hear you ask.

Oh, yes, there was a child born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, a little above the celebrated petrifying spring known as the Dropping Well, in the year 1488, and as Ursula Sonthill she was baptised by the Abbot of Beverley. She was afterwards married to one Tobias Shipton, a builder, of Shipton, near York, and it is *said* she delivered her prophecies into the keeping of the Abbot of Beverley. Be this as *it may*, a builder whose name has survived to the present time, and

who lived in a place bearing his own name (whether town or village), must have been a man of importance, an eminent architect in fact, whose workmen might be busied with additions to the minsters of Beverley and York, and the honourable architect's wife would be addressed as "Dame" (an equivalent to our "Lady"), as a matter of courtesy. That she



No. 1.

was a person of repute and sagacity there can scarcely be any question, or her name would not have been remembered, or of any value to the astrologer Lilly, in 1682, or to those who professedly put forth her life and prophecies in 1663 and 1667. The first of these "lives" is the wildest of wild romances, in which a demon is represented as the father of Mother Shipton, and she as a hideous old hag, whose wisdom is the result of demoniac possession, and whose ugliness as pictured on the face of the pamphlet we reproduce here for the behoof of our girls, it being the reputed likeness of a statue erected



No. 2.

to Mother Shipton in the vicinity of York. Merely premising that statues were not erected to nobodies, and that the very *hat* upon her head proves the portrait to be spurious, unless she lived to see one of her own predictions verified—(Women wore hoods in her day, and she prophesied that "the time would come when women would wear *hats* like men."—I pass on to the second pamphlet, which discards the supernatural rhodomontade of the former, records Ursula Sonthill's courtship and marriage at the age of twenty-four, and her remarkable prophecies delivered as Dame Shipton to noblemen and others concerning Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, the noblemen themselves, and the destruction of London in 1663. How far these were genuine predictions there is no contemporaneous evidence to show. The downfall of Wolsey, the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn, and all the incongruous etceteras, political and historical, down to the great fire of London, *had already* taken place when this book of "Mother Shipton's Prophecies" was published in 1667. The more credible of these so-called lives also displayed a portrait of the prophetess, which, as you may see from her attire, was that of a person of distinction, there being at that time laws (called sumptuary) for the regulation of attire, prohibiting the use of certain materials and trimmings by certain classes of the community. From the ruff and other decorations in this portrait it would appear that Dame Shipton was a person of good position and of middle age; and I may add that only so recently as eight or ten years back there was a portrait of her in oil extant and in good preservation in the house of a descendant of the same name in North-London—the picture of a remarkably intelligent and clear-eyed woman above the common order.

So far it is evident that Mother Shipton herself is no myth. Prophecies, in the true sense of Divine revelation or superhuman knowledge, no longer exist. But some persons possess sagacity and wisdom, with knowledge of life and character, which enable them to give shrewd guesses about people and things, and Dame Shipton may have had reputation of this sort in her day. Of the ancient prophecies put forth in her name we cannot be so certain; but of the recently published doggerel there can be *no* doubt. *That* is a modern concoction and an imposture got up for sale. Moreover, neither Mother Shipton, nor the necromancer Lilly, nor any other human being can predict that terrible hour of which Christ himself hath said, "no man knoweth."

ISABELLA BANKS.

OUR PATTY'S VICTORY; OR, A WHITE HAND.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN, Author of "Her Sweet Revenge," "When I Was a Girl," &c.

CHAPTER III.

A SUBSTITUTE PROVIDED.

THOUGHT of sharing these beautiful shells with some of my friends hereabouts," said Aunt Barnet to her nephew one morning about ten days after his arrival.

She was engaged in sorting over some treasures, marine and otherwise, which the young sailor had brought as an offering to the good-hearted relative, who had been almost a mother to him since the death of his own.

"That is if you have no objection," she added, looking across the room to where Tom was engaged in assiduously drilling the poodle in martial exercise.

"All right, aunt, they're yours."

"If you have nothing very particular in view this morning," Mrs. Barnet went on, "perhaps you would like to conduct me as far as Greendell? I think poor Mrs. Blake might like a few of these."

"I shall be very glad," was the rejoinder. "I have nothing at all to do that I know of, very particular. Greendell? I was there the other evening; Jemmy Smart's father used to live there, but no trace of them could I find."

"They went to America two years ago. Did I not tell you?" said Mrs. Barnet. "The Blakes live in the old house. It has been altered a good deal—I can't say improved."

"There are a great many alterations, unfortunately, since I was young here."

Tom was barely twenty.

"Yes," was the rejoinder in a regretful tone, from the lady. "But you found some of your old haunts unchanged, I think."

"Oh, yes, a few, and all the better they seem by contrast. Are you ready, aunt?"

Mrs. Barnet assented, and the two passed forth into the bright autumn morning.

Their road lay in much the same direction as that which Patty Holme had taken on the day of her first lesson, except that, as haste was no object with the aunt and nephew, they took a longer detour for the sake of a path which skirted a wood where the birds were warbling in contented harmony, and the varied tints of the trees, touched by autumn, gratified the eyes and raised a feeling of thanksgiving in the soul for so much peaceful loveliness.

A few yards further they walked in silence. Suddenly the youth lifted his hand.

"What is that?" he exclaimed.

Music floating out on the still air, a young voice singing to a soft accompaniment a plaintive song.

"It is Amy Blake, no doubt," said Mrs. Barnet; "she has a sweet voice."

"Is that the girl I saw the night I came came home, aunt, at the cottage?" queried the young man, eagerly. "She with the fair hair, and hands like a statue's?"

"Miss Blake, yes; she lives here with her mother. This is the house."

"This Smart's old place? Why, so it is; but how altered!"

"Yes, it has been modernised outside, but the interior is much the same."

"I did not know it was she whom we were coming to see," said young Barnet in a low voice, as he ran his fingers through his hair and set his cap straight.

Truth to say, he had forgotten Amy in the occupation of renewing old friendships and revisiting the scenes of his boyhood's escapades. But the musical utterances had recalled the impression of the lovely girl upon his mind, and, all pleasant expectation, the young sailor now followed his relative as she led the way with the freedom of a privileged visitor.

Amy rose upon their entrance, and welcomed them with an excess of demonstration.

She made, as usual, a very pretty picture. Her dress was of some pale blue material, made up in fanciful style, decked with lace and ribbons. Her hair was arranged in the latest mode which had penetrated to Greendell. She had a symmetrical figure, and would have been graceful had she not tried to be so. When desirous of appearing to advantage she was apt to attitudinise to a painful extent.

"My nephew is on familiar ground here, Miss Blake," said Mrs. Barnet, when the first greetings were over.

"Yes, many a good time I have had in this old parlour," said Tom. "How well I remember it, though it looks very different in some way. And the garden," he added, walking to the window, "there it is, just the same! Do you call to mind, Aunt Charlotte,

when I fell out of that big apple tree, and they thought I was dead, and ran to fetch you, and when you came there was I, like Mother Hubbard's dog, sitting up and laughing?"

"You were never out of mischief," said the aunt, affectionately though.

Tom had turned from the window, and the old memories, to the folio of music which lay open on the stand.

"Will you play again, Miss Blake? We interrupted you. Will it sound as good here as it did while we were coming up the lane?"

"Why not?" rejoined Amy, smiling, as she seated herself at the piano.

"This is a duet," she said, pointing to the piece her visitor had placed before her. "Will you?" looking towards Tom.

"*I!*" he exclaimed with a laugh, "I sing. I should astonish you, I expect, if I were to begin."

"My dear, I am sure you used to sing loud enough before you left home," said his aunt.

"Loud enough, I grant you," said Tom, and the others joined in his hearty laugh.

Amy began her song. Then another, and another. Tom needed not words to express thanks for the gratification he was deriving from her performance. He was on his knees beside the music stand, and he handed up piece after piece, song after song, with a request of "Now, this, please," and "Oh, just this one!" till Mrs. Barnet, who sat a little apart near the window with her knitting, interposed, saying, "Have mercy, Tom; Miss Blake is very kind, but you will weary her."

"Oh, I never weary," said Amy, "I am so fond of it."

"I hope I haven't tired you though?" said the lad. "You know, one doesn't get much music where I have been."

"Except the wind singing through the rigging," said Amy.

"Well," said the young sailor, "we do have our sea choruses too, certainly; but for sweet songs——"

He shook his head.

"Not even a mermaid?" laughed the girl.

Tom seemed to be meditating a compliment as he gazed at her from his lowly station on the floor.

But flattery did not come easily to his honest tongue; and Amy, perhaps to cover the little pause, ran over the prelude of a song before her, and sang a snatch of it carelessly.

"Ah, that is a favourite of mine!" exclaimed a voice which startled them all, for the new comer had entered the room unobserved.

"'*What is home without a mother?*' and *àpropos* of it here she comes!" added Miss Knox, for it was that lady.

The song had ceased, and naturally all eyes followed the indication of the speaker's to the window, whence poor Mrs. Blake was to be discerned making her way up the garden with a load of rugs and mats, which she had evidently been engaged in shaking beyond the ken of the "drawing-room" windows.

Silence ensued for a few moments. Amy was turning over the scattered music.

Mrs. Barnet had risen. "I have a few shells here for your mother," she said, hesitatingly.

Little Miss Knox went swiftly down the garden steps and joined the mistress of the house. They entered together by the side door, and voices were audible directly after in the lower regions.

"I should like to go round the old garden," said Tom, as he stepped out.

"Suppose we all go," proposed Amy, looking at Mrs. Barnet.

They descended the steps, and threaded the paths of the old-fashioned, sweet, but neglected, garden, Tom renewing his acquaintance with certain landmarks which recalled many a boyish exploit to his mind.

"Here are the very identical stones! How the moss has covered them. We piled them in this corner, Jemmy and I, to get to the top of the wall, and hold stolen interviews with old Pancks, the pedlar; though we could just as well have seen him in the ordinary way at the house door. How absurd it all seems!"

"Anything in the way of adventure and dare-danger was acceptable then to this boy," said Mrs. Barnet, turning to Amy.

"I don't know that it is any different now," was the response of her nephew, from the top of the slanting old wall which he had scaled.

He scorned the aid of the mossy steps for his descent, coming down with a leap that carried him into the midst of a bed of pot-herbs, whose homely incense rose swiftly like an uttered protest against the assault.

Tom had plucked a sprig of golden wall-flower which flourished upon the summit of the lichen-covered stones. Now, adding to these a morsel of thyme and a pansy, he held them out to Amy.

"Thank you," she said, without extending her hand, both of which were covered in her handkerchief. "I will get you to carry them to the house for me, as I have no basket."

"My dear, for your dress," said Mrs. Barnet; "they are so sweet."

"Oh, I don't care to wear flowers," returned Amy; "they so often have ants, or some horrid things in them, and they die, and mess one up so."

Silently young Barnet handed the little posy to his aunt, who took the flowers with a smile, and fastened them in her brooch.

"So sweet!" said she. "These homely blossoms are far more delicious to my thinking than all the perfumed hothouse beauties."

"Oh, I like perfume," put in the young lady, raising her handkerchief to her face. "I wouldn't be without Ess. Bouquet for the world."

The three were walking in single file along one of the narrow paths, when, from a side walk, they were joined by Miss Knox and Mrs. Blake, the latter with a half-hesitating apology for her delay.

Then, *àpropos* of the shells, the conversation turned upon a sea life, its pleasures, dangers, &c.

Amy yawned slightly; the topic did not touch herself, and possessed little interest, therefore, for her.

She was sauntering on, a little in advance, when her mother said, in her peculiarly unobtrusive accents, "Mind, dear, not that path; you are sweeping them all away."

Amy's dress was at the moment trailing through a quantity of bread crumbs with which the walk was strewn.

She lifted her skirts with a little movement of impatience, and stepped aside to the grass plot.

"Now, aren't birds a nuisance?" she said, looking back, with her radiant smile, and addressing no one in particular. "Don't they peck the fruit and the seeds and things? And the noise they make as soon as it is light!"

"I thought you liked music? Amy," said Mrs. Barnet, who was following.

"Music, oh, yes! but that is very different; and there is Aunt Martha's parrot, a dreadful creature; the screeching it keeps up. My head always aches so when we are there——"

"And the ganders on the common that attacked poor blind Barty," put in Miss Knox, "and then that pigeon-pie which upset me so the other day. Decidedly, birds *are* a mistake!"

The others were laughing: not a muscle moved in the face of the speaker.

Amy maundered sweetly on.

"Of course, and see how many farmer Spriggs shoots——"

"Not singing birds, my dear," said her mother mildly.

"Well, it's all the same, they're troublesome things; and the gulls and such like, Mr. Barnet"—turning to the young man, who now walked beside her—"they come to tell you when there is to be a storm, don't they? You can't like them?"

"I can't say I particularly like them," he said, with a smile; not so much at ease with her. Her pretty face was raised to his, as much animation in it as though she had been talking sense.

"I don't think I *dis*like any created animal I ever saw," Tom went on.

"La!" cried Amy, her eyes opening wide.

"No accounting for tastes," quoth Miss Knox, as the group united near the house. "My prime pet was a toad. I cherished him for eighteen years. He lived under a huge stone behind the fernery at home, and, maybe, is there to this day, if he did not break his heart when we left. I know it was a bitter grief to me, but the poor old fellow would not bear transplanting, I feared."

"A toad, ugh!" shuddered Amy, as she gathered her dress about her, and skipped up the steps to the shady parlour.

Mrs. Blake was urging her friends to stay for some luncheon.

But they declined.

"It *is* early," said Amy, "of course, but I had to arrange so for little Patty Holme to have her lesson. It was so tiresome the morning hour; I had to hurry so."

"Ah, and how does Patty get on with the music?" asked Mrs. Barnet, kindly. "Does she make progress?"

"Pretty well," answered Amy, carelessly.

"She is rather a favourite of mine, do you know?" continued the lady.

Amy shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"She is a good little thing, I daresay," she rejoined; "it is a pity she has no mind."

"*No mind!*" snapped Miss Knox.

"Well, you know what I mean, no ambition; no thought above domestic matters, and you know those must be of second importance to improving the mind."

She was looking at Miss Knox as she spoke, and that lady nodded silently.

"I told her she must practise, you know," pursued Amy, complacently, "but she always says she can't get time, and you know that is nonsense, because where there's a will there's a way."

"That's true enough," agreed Tom, who in his turn was her *vis-à-vis*.

"And she is ruining her hands for the keys," concluded Amy, "and I told her so."

"Ah, that is bad!" jerked out Miss Knox.

Whether it was the fact, as stated by the young speaker, or the rebuke administered to her pupil, which the lady alluded to, did not appear very clear.

Amy Blake evidently accepted the former interpretation as she regarded with satisfaction her own wax-like hands, presenting each of her guests in turn with the prized possession in the moment of leave-taking.

Tom Barnet looked at the pretty white fingers as they vanished in the grasp of his big tanned fist. He seemed to find some amusement in the comparison, for he laughed as he relinquished it, and said,—

"You won't spoil yours, will you?"

"No indeed!" was Amy's reply, "not for anyone!"

Her tone was earnest *too*. *She meant* it, very sincerely.

At the rectory, where the trio made their next call, good Mrs. Chisholm, the rector's wife, had some prize bantams, which must be exhibited and descanted upon. The stable

next allured Tom, who, sailor as he was, had tastes that way.

A visit to the bees wiled away an hour, and then the rector came in, and luncheon was on the table, and no refusal would be taken.

It was late in the afternoon when the little party bent their steps in the direction of home.

"It will not be far out of our way," said Mrs. Barnet, as they strolled leisurely along. "I should like to call upon Mrs. Holme; I have not seen any of them for a fortnight. But perhaps you will not care to come?"

"I am going," said Miss Knox.

"I, too, unless you don't want me," added her nephew.

He followed in the path taken by the ladies.

This led them to the fields, across which they obtained a view of the Holmes' dwelling, standing alone in a good-sized garden of its own.

They had paced along almost in silence. The slumbrous stillness of evening was settling down upon the earth. Distantly a lark sang its farewell to the day; a lazy thrush hard by warbled a subdued accompaniment.

The low of homeward tending cattle fell faintly on the ear. Everything seemed sinking gradually to repose.

Suddenly comes a wild break into the drowsy harmony.

Affrighted silence fled before the shrieking of a small figure which darted from the door of the house they were approaching.

A girl it was, bareheaded, dashing headlong with a yell, followed by a puff of smoke and a smell of burning, while, so powerful is the effect of *imagination*, Mrs. Barnet fancied she saw flames.

There was a crash of earthenware; loud cries of childish voices were issuing from the house.

"Gracious! whatever is it?"

"Is the house on fire?"

While the women exclaimed, their nephew was striding on towards the house.

The fugitive ran on, still shrieking; tumbled over the stile, crossed the corner of the field, and disappeared down a narrow lane which led to a group of small cottages lying in the hollow.

Ere Tom reached the garden-gate, two terrified *mites of humanity rushed* from the house, crying bitterly,—

"Our Patty! Oh, where's our Patty?"

"Mammy! mammy! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Mammy's in the fire!"

Tom ran past them and entered the house.

The ladies were not far behind. Mrs. Barnet caught Jack as he came headlong through the gate.

"What *is* the matter?" she exclaimed. "What have you been doing?"

"I done nothing," he sobbed, while Susie joined in with a torrent of tearful words, of which nothing could be made.

Suddenly a torrent of sparks shot up from the chimney; a smell of burning soot became very apparent. The baby was heard roaring lustily.

The children redoubled their cries that "Mammy was in the fire," "Baby would be burned."

Tom Barnet appeared at the casement, which he flung open with both hands.

"It's all right," he said, "at least it will be in a few moments. Stay out there a bit, aunt."

He disappeared, and from the window came a cloud of smoke.

At that moment "Our Patty!" shrieked Jack, "there's our Patty!"

The girl came flying, as it seemed, over the stile and up the field path, marvelling at the signs of commotion about her home.

The youngsters ran to meet her.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried the sister, as they clung about her and she still pressed on, panting with the speed she had made.

"Nancy set the house on fire!"

"Yes, and burnt all her hair!"

"And smashed the big tea-pot!"

"And scalded baby!"

"Oh, dear! dear!" cried poor Patty, "where is mother?"

"She's in the fire!" sobbed Susie.

"No, she's put out the fire," corrected Jack, "and he's in there, the gentleman with the gold on his cap, and he's put out the fire too!"

"And he's all black, and so's baby," cried Susie.

"What does it all mean?" asked Mrs. Barnet, coming forward from the small arbour where she and her sister had sat down to rest.

"Oh, ma'am," began Patty, "I got Nancy Lee——"

An interruption here occurred.

From the side of the dwelling, where the garden opened upon the lane, appeared the figure of a woman bustling up, with a face full of wrath. A dirty face it was also, and over it fell her untidy hair, only half-covered by a dingy shawl. Cap or bonnet she wore none.

She was almost breathless with haste, but she kept up squalls of angry threat to someone who followed closely behind her.

This was a girl, about fourteen, with grimy blackened face and reddened eyelids. She limped; and as she came she twisted a very dingy pinafore in her hands, now and again applying it to her eyes, when she sniffed and sobbed with an ostentation of the deepest woe, which contrasted oddly with her broad red face and open mouth, almost on a grin.

The woman began as soon as she entered the garden and her eyes fell on Patty.

"Here's a fine to-do! Here's my child come home half burnt to death, and all her clothes spoiled, and her hair burnt off her head, and, maybe, disfigured for life! And me scared out of my wits, and in the middle of my washing! I'd like to know who's to pay me for her things. And her eyebrows singed! it isn't a shilling a week as will pay for that!"

"Oh, Mrs. Lee!" cried Patty, endeavouring to go forward, while Susie clung about her, terrified by this new scare. "Is Nancy hurt? I know nothing of what has happened!"

"Oh, no, of course not!" exclaimed the virago. "You must be minding your music and your fal-lals. Hurt, indeed. Her eyebrows are gone and her beautiful hair half off her head, if that's being hurt!"

At this moment she became aware of the two ladies who had stepped out of the arbour.

She dropped an awkward curtsey, and stopped speaking.

"Well!" said Miss Knox, looking her full in the face, "have you finished?"

"I beg your pardon, mum," she whined. "I didn't know as you was there, but it is hard, and me a poor widow."

"Come here, Nancy," said Mrs. Barnet, and the girl approached, with a very futile attempt at a sob.

"I see no disfigurement here," said the lady, quietly, "but what plenty of soap and water will remove. Are you burnt anywhere, Nancy?"

The girl murmured a negative, looking furtively at her mother as she did so.

"Who set the chimney on fire?" asked Miss Knox, bluntly. "Was it you, Nancy Lee?"

"Yes," very reluctantly.

"She poured the oil on the fire," said little Susie.

"To make the kettle boil," added Jack.

"Who broke the tea-pot? Was it you?" queried Miss Knox again.

"It fell out of my hand," muttered the culprit.

"And spilled the water on the baby's foot, eh?" the sharp cross-examiner continued.

"Yes," growled Nancy, defiant now.

Miss Knox addressed the angry accuser.

"It seems to me," she said, "it is Mrs. Holme who has good ground for complaint. Your child has caused more annoyance and mischief here than you seem likely to atone for."

Mrs. Lee was already turning away, and, driving Nancy before her, with a push and a grumbling threat of what she should "catch," the two disappeared down the lane.

Mrs. Holme now appeared at the door, desiring her visitors to come in.

"It is all over now," she said, "though how I should have ever managed if Mr. Tom had not come to my help I don't know, for baby was screaming so dreadfully all the while that I feared he would have a fit. But it's all over, I'm glad to say!"

She was looking very pale, and the baby, who had been put through a hasty course of ablutions, and who had been more frightened than hurt, was crowing in her arms, a pathetic sob at times escaping him, like the faint heaving of the surface of a lake, when sunshine follows storm.

"Come into the parlour," said Mrs. Holme, as she led the way. "Mr. Tom is upstairs having a wash. I am so thankful for his help, I really don't know what I should have done!"

"That Nancy is a mischievous monkey," said Miss Knox, as they sat down in the shady old-fashioned parlour, and the grim woman took the chubby infant on her lap, he nothing loath, after a minute inspection of her face.

"I don't think there is any real harm in the girl," said Mrs. Barnet. "She has been terribly neglected, of course. We know her mother of old. "I have always pitied Nancy, though I certainly would not select her for domestic service."

"Oh, ma'am," cried Patty, "it was all my fault. I asked mother to let me have Nancy Lee in to help in the house a bit while I went to Miss Blake."

"Ah! for your music lesson," said Miss Knox, who had given the baby her watch chain to play with, he having just made the unpleasant discovery that it was not on the whole eligible as an article of food.

The colour mounting in Patty's cheeks acknowledged something in the tone of the elder lady's remark.

"You did it for the best, my dear," observed her mother, also answering the unspoken thought in her child's face. "She paid Nancy out of her own little pocket money, and the girl might have been useful if she chosen."

"She is a nasty girl!" said Jackey, very decidedly. "She put salt in my milk instead of sugar."

"And her gave baby mustard, and made him cry," says Susie.

"And she threw a stone at a frog," adds Jack, who would have continued but that a hand was laid gently on his lips.

"Don't do that Patty," he cried out, pushing the hand away. "I may talk, and I don't want Nancy, and you ain't our Patty any more if you let her come."

"No," chimed in Susie, with her little tinkling tones. "You ain't our Patty any more, and I won't dance to your music, that I won't."

Poor Patty! she went quietly away, with a sore heart, under pretence of getting some tea for the visitors, and then set herself to the task of restoring order to the dismantled sooty kitchen.

(To be concluded.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GERMANIA.—We could not undertake to advise on the subject of agencies in England. We should think that a reference to, or an advertisement in, the columns of the *Times* would be the best plan.

EXCELSIOR.—Read "A Talk about the Cambridge Local Examinations" page 115, vol. ii. Also "Instruction by Correspondence," page 274, vol. ii. From the careless way in which you read THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER we should fear your head teacher's strictures were true.

RUBY A. C. S.—We think you deserve great praise for your efforts to improve your education, and we should suggest Saturday evenings, as on that day you seem to have the least to do. Try half an ounce of powdered chalk.

HOPE.—There are many excellent books which would be of much service to you in teaching "the first principles of religion" to your pupils, which each, more or less, treat of the fall of man, the Holy Trinity in Unity, the Incarnation, the sacrifice of Christ for man's redemption, faith, and good works and amendment of life as the fruit of a living faith, the resurrection of the body, the future jugdment, heaven and hell, these being amongst the chief principles of Christianity. "Paley's Evidences," one of the University class books, should be studied, and Stanley Leathes' "Grounds of Christian Hope," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and the "Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., are works which you should procure.

A SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.—We recommend the "History of England" for schools, 2 maps, 12mo, 5s., cloth, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

SCOTCH GIRL.—We are not acquainted with any teacher at the East end of town, nor anywhere else, who gives lessons in dressmaking. Inquire at some good dressmakers'; possibly they might, some of them, be induced to receive you without apprenticeship.

EVANGELINE, S. A. B., MARGARET, DEVOIR and JESSIE.—1. You must be a certificated student to qualify you for applying for a situation as mistress in music, or any branch of education in a high school. 2. You had better write for instruction on the subject to the National Training School for Music Kensington Gore, London, W.C., or the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W., or Trinity College, Mandeville-street, Manchester-square, W.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.—The future draughtsman should learn algebra, geometry, and drawing of all kinds; the chemist, botany, mineralogy, and Latin. We should think you might learn to swim at any age.

WALLFLOWER.—We recommend the "History of Greece" for schools, by the Rev. F. Arnold, with maps and illustrations, crown 8vo, price 6s. cloth, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Your writing is good

WORK.

ANNIE KNIGHT.—You are quite right about the wool. The right description for making our "baby's shoe," No. 5, is Berlin, not Andalusian wool. We are so glad that you find the recipe to produce under your good workmanship such a pretty one. Thank you for telling us the result of your experiment.

F. B.—See our answer to "Henrietta." We cannot tell you "how to cure the effects of moth on fur," the "effects" consisting in the production of bald places, unless you suppose that rubbing a little pomatum on them would make the fur grow again. "And also, how to destroy the moth itself," you add. Your only chance of effecting this is to send it to a furrier to be baked.

ADA.—Satin is a suitable material for a piano front. Consult our many articles on crewel embroidery for an answer to your other questions.

IONA.—We do not think it possible for you to "construct" your own folding screen as you propose to do. It is far wiser to purchase one ready covered with canvas which will be well stretched, and of solid manufacture. You can then cover the canvas with gold paper, if you wish, as you could not possibly put on paper without first preparing a groundwork of canvas. See answer to "Claribel."

MAVESSIE WYOESSIE.—The grey spots left on your black silk jacket—left by the use of turpentine to remove paint—may be taken out perhaps by the application of spirits of wine. If your mother have such an opinion of your visual powers as to suppose that "you could not see the sea if sent to it for salt water," we think that she had better take the case very seriously in hand. Either you must have given way very deplorably to a habit of absence of mind, commonly called "wool-gathering," or else you sorely need the advice of an oculist. You had better set about obtaining a remedy, as it is no joking matter. "Frowns" are very objectionable on anyone's face, but especially on a little girl's, even when disappointed of seeing THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—For button-holes see "Plain Needlework," page 154, vol. i. A good beating is generally the best way to clean Turkey carpets, and it is wonderful how they are improved by it. Dry salt is also considered good to sweep them with.

ERMINE.—"Thread before the needle" means in front of the needle, not at the back. "Slip one" means take one stitch from one needle on to the other, without knitting it at all. We do not understand the rest of your query as to the "slipped stitch." Have you no one near you who can give you a few instructions in knitting?

PASSEMENTERIE.—If you can crochet well you may be able to make some passementerie for yourself, using black silk and beads. Your writing appears pretty good.

ARISTOCRAT.—Read "Socks and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii.

A. E. B.—Such cases are made by shopkeepers for themselves. They are very simple affairs. Why not purchase a small chamois leather, and make one for yourself on a foundation of American leather? Run the chamois leather in casings wide enough to hold your needles.

HENRIETTA.—According to one of the first authorities on furs in London, nothing will preserve them but constant shaking, brushing, and exposure to the air. But if obliged to pack them up for any period, sew them up in linen, and lock them into a closely-fitting box or wardrobe lined with cedar-wood.

TIB.—Rinse your eis-wool shawl in a good lather of soap and tepid water, and then wrap it in a towel, and pass it, thus enclosed, through a wringing machine.

E. T. D.—We do not understand what you mean, and your spelling should be improved as well as your writing before you attempt to indulge in letter-writing. What do you mean by "Mbro"?

ELMWOOD.—Try to obtain orders for work from some "ready-made linen" shops, or fancy work shops.

DORA H.—When you "purl" you place the thread before the needle to knit the stitch.

ART.

MARION.—Dessert d'oyleys are usually etched with good marking ink and a steel pen. Everyone seems to advise some particular favourite in the way of ink, so you must choose for yourself.

BARZELLA OUIE.—We agree with your drawing-master, and advise you to continue your practical studies in drawing and shading, as well as your studies in water-colours.

ILLARA.—Take your original designs for Christmas cards to the various publishers and stationers, and you will soon sell them if good. This is the only method of disposing of them.

MADELINE.—The person to whom you should apply is a good paper-hanger. If you refer to the back numbers of our magazine you will find directions of all kinds on the subject of art in various departments.

GRANNY.—We should advise your taking your invention or card to some publishing society of your own denomination. Your own minister may be able to give you information as to the best means for making it known. Your writing is legible.

D. S. L.—You have a very decided talent for drawing, and we should think you might be most successful as an artist. The mushrooms are particularly good and well drawn.

COOKERY.

A YOUNG WIFE.—Read "Pies and Tarts," page 244, vol. ii. Also "Lemon Cheese Cakes," page 95, vol. i.

TOTTIE.—We think the malt bread you inquire about is probably a baker's recipe, made for an especial complaint. Perhaps the doctor who advised it can tell you where to get the instructions how to make it. Extract of malt can be obtained at all chemists'.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EASTERN HELIOTROPE.—We sympathise with you and your eldest brother sincerely. In reference to your own case, you have given us a clue to the reason for some of the unpleasant scenes that occur. "I confess to a very hot temper," to which you give vent when annoying things are said. But a young girl, still a minor, has no business to "answer back," whatever may be said by one so much older and standing in such a position. We say this in all kindliness, and with the fullest sympathy for you in so painful a position Try the peace-making effect of that "soft answer" that "turneth away wrath," and set yourself to the difficult task of self-control, daily asking for the needful strength. This "nagging" is often the result of a lack of tact in the persons subjected to it.

NORA HEXALL.—The price of the "New Companion to the Bible" is 2s. 6d.

DOLLY.—We do not think it at all "too much trouble to answer Dolly," and are glad to tell her that she writes very well for eight years old. Mamma is very good to say that we know everything; but then, alas! we cannot always tell everything that we know, and our rules forbid our giving names and recommendations.

JUE.—We think you might find the information in the "Memorials" of Miss Havergal, by her sister. Your writing is large and legible.

JUG and CARO KETTLES.—Soak the cloves in hot water until sufficiently softened to piece with a needle.

GLUE POT.—The door shelf is merely of pine, with two brackets, one on either side of the door lintels. It may be ornamented in any way you wish. Your writing is quite unformed.

CHARITY PECKSNIFF.—Count the number of words in the column of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and then find out to how many pages your writing of that number extends.

MARIA.—The recipe for the alum basket appears to be quite correct, but perhaps you have not stirred the mixture with a piece of wood while gently boiling. Too much evaporation of the alum has taken place, and the boiling process was too long or too violent.

EVELYN, NELLIE CHOLMONDELEY, and L. S. D. wish to restore discoloured pearls to their natural hue. Soak them in hot water in which bran has been boiled, with a little salts of tartar and alum, rubbing them gently between the fingers when the heat will allow, rinse them in lukewarm water, and lay them to dry in a dark place on white paper. Renew the application till all discolouration is removed. "L. S. D." should read "Seasonable Dress" in the December number for advice on her expenditure of her allowance.

AGAMEMNON.—The bristles of hair-brushes may be stiffened by soaking the brush, bristles downward, in alum and water. Your writing is not at all good for fifteen years of age.

JULIE.—Inquire at a first-class grocer's.

LOUISE 2.—1. Copper is cleaned with oil and finely-powdered rotten-stone rubbed on thoroughly and allowed to remain a time; rub off with a soft leather. 2. Dry your flowers between sheets of blotting-paper, changing the paper every few days.

A WREATH OF SMOKE.—Make a solution of alum, half-pound to one pint of water. Boil gently, and when cool dip your leaves and grasses into it, allowing them to remain some hours. Your writing is very good.

HOUSEKEEPER.—With great care we think £3 to £3 10s. per week should suffice for food, washing, and light. The clothing for the father, mother, and two elder daughters would cost at least £15 per annum each. For the two younger ones £15 the two. All clothes must be made at home, except the gentleman's cloth suits. You do not mention either wages or rent, so we conclude you pay these from some other fund, as they are very important items. Repairs and renewal of furniture, china, and house-linen are also omitted.

ST. LENA.—We do not quite see why you should write for advice to us, as you seem perfectly aware of your own failures in "redeeming the time," so we will give you a sharp spur forwards on your upward path in a text. Read St. James iv. 17. We must improve or else deteriorate; we cannot stand still.

ALICE D.—Write "Care of" in full. Writing and drawing are of the same nature, and one of our best authorities maintains that the person who can write can draw.

ELLA.—We think the reading of sensational stories very bad for the mind, as they enervate and weaken it. We are glad that John Bunyan is not alive to hear you inquiring whether "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a novel. It is an allegory, or figurative story.

SORROWFUL MAGDALENE.—If you steadfastly desire to serve God humbly, and to perform all the little duties of your everyday life as in His sight, and you place all your hope of salvation on His atonement alone, you need not to be for ever brooding over your "frames and feelings," your "assured peace," and so forth. No matter about them. God will grant His peace in His own time. As to your meeting with so many more temptations since you endeavoured to serve Him, it is simply that you have learnt to know the evil of your own heart better than you did before. Remember that the Holy Ghost alone has drawn you to seek your reconciliation to God. You would not have turned your own heart; and thus you may find much consolation in this consideration. See Isaiah xxvi. 3, Isaiah l. 10, St. John vi. 37, and Hebrews vii. 25. You will feel happier after a due study of such passages as these.

DRY BACON.—Certainly, hyacinths in glasses should be kept in the dark, as the roots would be if in the earth.

WILD ROSE.—We consider that it is a lazy and very bad practice to appear at breakfast in a dressing-gown. If young girls come down in bedroom attire, the grandmammas and grandpapas might come down in their night-caps and slippers. The term *genre* is French, and denotes subjects of still life, sometimes, perhaps, including birds and animals. The Dutch excel in this style.

EVA.—1. Gold and silver have been worn simultaneously for some considerable time past, and gipsy rings of both metals on the same finger. 2. Yes.

A MOTHERLESS GIRL.—A year of full crape mourning. The black edge of the paper is rather too deep for the present custom. The wedding-ring had better have been unremoved.

CLEM.—Consult a veterinary surgeon. You are by no means too old to compete for our prizes. Compare your writing with our articles on the subject, and judge for yourself.

AMI.—1. Steam the papers, "gummed back to back," over a basin of boiling water. 2. Inquire at a musicseller's.

A MOTHER AND SISTER.—1. We feel much sympathy with you, and congratulate you much on having been given such an important work to do, and to have been able to accomplish it so successfully, even in sickness and suffering. 2. See answer to "Clem."

TICK-TICK.—The name "Judith" means, in Hebrew, "praised." See answer to "Clem."

NELLIE.—We do not recognise your quotation. What do you mean by being "grately obliged"?

GRUMPY-CHIESSOM.—"Sir Roger de Coverley," who invented the dance of that name, was the great-grandfather of Roger de Coverley, otherwise Roger of Cowley, a place near Oxford.

SCRAP ALBUM.—You both need medical treatment. Local applications only give temporary relief in most cases. Myrrh and water is a good wash for the mouth.

PUGGIE.—Some people's eyes have been known to fade, and in old age they may naturally do so. But we believe your statement is somewhat exaggerated, however unintentionally.

POOL'S SNOWDROP.—The day about which you ask was a Thursday. See answer to "Clem."

MIRIAM.—1. What is to become of those who do not accept salvation through our Divine Redeemer is no business of ours. They are in the hands of their Maker, the supreme source of all wisdom, justice, and mercy. It is simply our duty to believe, and to "bring forth fruit with patience." 2. The inconsistencies and the evil conduct of those who know the truth of the Gospel are no *reflection upon that truth*; it brings them punishment, adding as it does to their responsibility. We are not to constitute ourselves the judges of others, nor the judges of our Creator in His dealings with His creatures. We are all too much disposed to say, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."—St. John xxi. 23. We feel for you sincerely.

F. DOMBEY.—See Genesis xxxi. 49. Do not appeal from your parents to us. They must guide you. But at all times, as a rule, lean to the side of discretion, if even to your own self-denial.

MARY.—It simply means just what is said. The differences in religious scruples amongst Christians is enlarged upon, and the urgent command to desist from judging our brethren equally insisted upon, "wisdom" being "justified of all her children," and "charity" being "the fulfilling of the law."

A YOUNG COLONIST.—The "Laura" spoken of by the poet Petrarch was thought to have been the wife of Hugues de Sade, of Avignon. In this case she was Laura de Novès before her marriage. Your writing is neat and legible. We are glad you find our paper such a comfort in your far-away village in South Africa.

SNOW.—Artificial teeth may be held in a mouth without natural teeth by means of what is called "suction." There is no way of securing your own teeth when they become loose. If from a cold, they may tighten again of themselves.

PENELOPE.—Sprinkle a little "insecticide" about the place on the hearth where they are heard at night. We thank you for your kind letter.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.—As we are perfectly unacquainted with the circumstances of the case, we can only say to you as we do to so many—consult your mother, who knows all and is your natural guide. If you had none we should advise you kindly, but firmly, to decline accepting any more.

PET LAMB.—From what you say we fancy you have a soprano voice of small compass, and you have not got any good low notes. If suffering from chronic hoarseness you should consult a doctor. We thank you for all your kind wishes.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—We cannot prescribe for "sore eyes" without knowing what made them so. We do not profess to be "quacks." But see page 127, vol. ii., which may help you.

F. M.—What a funny little body "F. M." appears to be! She says, "I have written a book, and cannot tell what to do next. *I do not* know what a publisher is." They are not "sea-serpents" at all events, though apparently rather formidable to this little maiden who seems to be so much "at sea" on the question of launching her paper boat. She further assures us that "the people in my book are neither so ignorant nor so foolish as I am." But all the same we do not know how we may obtain the privilege of an introduction to them. Get some gentleman friend (clergyman or lawyer) to look through your manuscript and advise you. We did not for a moment disparage the feminine character of your epistle by "mistaking you for a boy."

EXCELSION.—We much approve of the tone of your letter, and thank you for it. To you we must give an oft-repeated piece of advice—pray for grace to subdue your hasty temper, lest the influence of your teaching may be counteracted by the faultiness of your example. But active means should always be taken when you pray for anything, and we think that the method which we prescribe for the benefit of stammerers would be equally efficacious to the speakers of "hasty words." Count twenty when angry before you open your lips. Writing copies daily will improve your hand.

SCOTCH TABBY.—Of course when visitors are shown into the room where you are singing or playing, you should at once cease your performance, and rise to greet them, and take a place where they can speak to you if so disposed.

CARROTS.—Try steel drops, or a mixture of quinine and iron, which a chemist will make up, if you tell him what it is for. He will mark the dose and give directions for use.

C. D.—Your letter is illegible from the paleness of the ink. Let all correspondents use white paper and black ink.

L. MAX.—We have more materials than we can use.

ROSALIND.—It is by no means advisable for a girl's health to go out every morning in the depth of winter, at half-past 6 a.m., to attend a class, fasting. Under such circumstances she is liable to catch any infection prevalent, and to suffer from the inclemency of the weather. If unable to obtain a regular breakfast she should have a cup of milk and a piece of bread and butter.

FIRENZA.—Any stimulating lotion may be tried. Ask a chemist or hairdresser.



"What a lovely morning it is, Marion dear! How fresh the air is, and how sweetly the birds sing! I wonder if many other of the Editor's 'girls' are now taking walks in the early morning?"

"Yes, Jane, of course there are. The Editor's influence is unbounded."

MAGGIE.—The fur will look better after being worn for a time, but it will not recover its first look any more than your brother's new hat after it has had a drenching with London rain.

WOODBINE.—Crown Imperial is the common name for a plant of the Liliaceous order, the botanical name being *Fritillaria imperialis*. The bulbs have a fetid foxy smell. It is an exotic. There is one English species of the genus, *Fritillaria meleagris*, the Snake's head, or Fritillary. It is also called Guinea-hen flower. It grows wild in very few localities. In Dyer and Trimen's "Flora of Middlesex" it is said to grow abundantly in Lord Lytton's park, Totteridge, Herts.

RED RIBBON.—White mice are best fed on oats, bread, and milk, not cheese.

MARIE LOUISE.—A greenhouse is a suitable place for your birds, but not a hothouse.

MADELINE.—It would not be the slightest use sending your story to a publisher.

PHILAMATH.—Do not yield to adverse things is the meaning of the motto. It is part of a Latin hexameter line:—

"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."

ECILA.—The disfigurement is probably from the varnish being spoiled by the spirit, which would not injure wood much. The only remedy is re-varnishing. The coins would fetch little more than their nominal value, not being rare.

MIGNONETTE.—The propriety of your taking the sacrament is a matter on which you must consult some friend or your minister. No one can give advice on such a subject by a printed answer to your question.

KURRUM VALLEY.—Ask at the place where the "percolator" was bought.

CLARICE.—The humorous poem about the temptations of St. Anthony is by the Rev. Mr. Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," and will be found in his works. It is one of the pieces which Florence Marryat recites with great effectiveness in her popular entertainments, and is printed in some of her programmes.

BERTA.—Your tortoise will find food in the garden when the plants grow as spring advances. Put various things in its way if you wish it fed by yourself, but it is a stupid sort of pet. A young frog or toad is much more interesting, and useful in killing insects among the plants.

CORNISH GIRL.—Your suggestion that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER should combine for some charitable or benevolent object will be considered in due time. The examples named by you originated in the minds of publishers with the view of benefitting the poor. In some of the hospitals with abundant means the patients are petted and spoiled for returning to their own humble homes. The truth is that there is no lack of sympathy and help for the sick and for paupers, and even criminals, but there is comparatively little done for the honest and industrious poor who are struggling to support themselves and to maintain their independence. Among all the charities of London, with their vast revenues and well-paid officials, there is hardly a place where decayed gentlewomen, governesses, and teachers out of situation, and others, with scanty means can find food and shelter, short of the workhouse, where all classes have to herd together as paupers. In some countries there are Refuges for honest poor folk, without needing to qualify for admission by being criminals. In England in old times the building of almshouses for the poor used to be a favourite form of charity. There are too few of these places, and special interest is necessary to get admission. But more are needed; or else there might be, in connection with Poor Law Union Workhouses, places where respectable poor people could live, on payment of a small sum by themselves or their friends. Churches and congregations might thus add to the comfort of many aged or invalid persons, at very little cost. Everyone would gladly contribute to the annual collection or offertory for such almshouses, just as they do for the sick on Hospital Sunday. We shall consider how generous girls like our Cornish correspondent may best help in some good work for poorer sisters.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—No. 74.] MAY 28. 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY

CHAPTER IV.

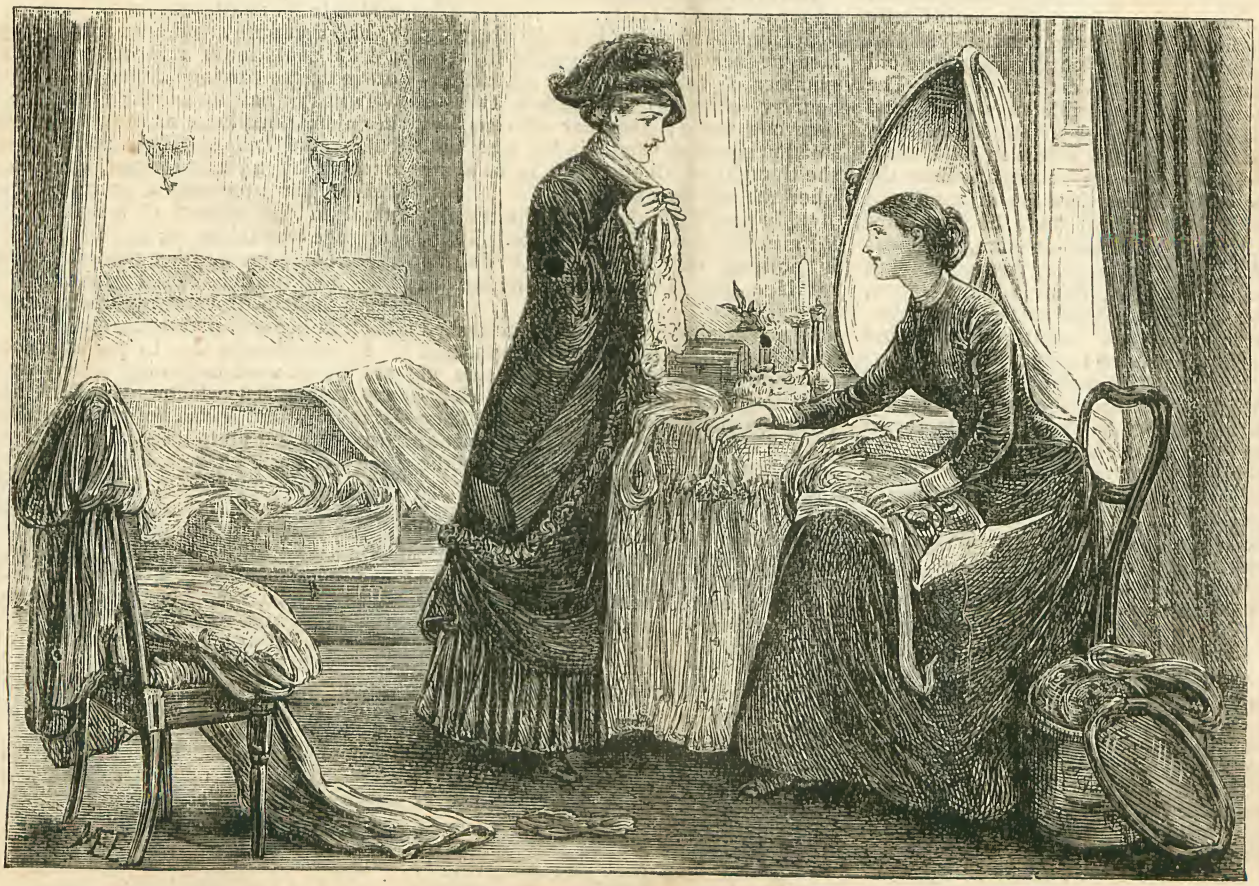
"AND TEARS TAKE SUNSHINE FROM THINE EYES."

DR. ANDREW GARNETT had left no debts, and his affairs were in better order than Cecily Woodburn had dared to hope. There was little enough for the orphan, but she would not, at any rate, go penniless to her uncle's house.

And Cecily, like a wise woman, determined that her niece should be well furnished with all that a young girl could reasonably require. A great deal of after comfort or discomfort would depend upon the Garnetts' first impressions of Daisy.

Aunt Cecily herself had a small sum put by for a rainy day. Edgar Wyon had left his little all to his betrothed, but as yet it had not been touched. A fairer future was now opening before Cecily's eyes; she was going to Lady Jessie Boyd, and her purse would be better filled and her whole life larger and brighter than it had ever been before.

She made few purchases for Daisy and herself before they left Bridleton. They were going straight to London, and Cecily resolved that her niece should have the benefit of town costumes, chosen with care and taste. The Garnett girls



[*All rights reserved.*]

"A YOUNG LADY IN DEEP MOURNING."

should have no fault to find with their stranger-cousin's dress. Daisy would be able to meet their first sharp glances with the consciousness of being thoroughly well attired.

Dusk was deepening fast into twilight when Daisy had her first glimpse of London. She was feeling jaded and tired after the journey, for her health had not recovered from the shock of her father's death; but she roused herself and sat upright as the cab rolled along Regent Street.

There was still a red glow of sunset in the sky, and a fresh wind blew softly into her face through the window. In spite of natural interest in scenes entirely new, Daisy looked longer at the rosy clouds than at the crowds below them. It was the very same sky that she had watched a thousand times from her old room at home; just such an evening flush had often reddened the roofs and walls at Bridleton, and had charmed the child's eyes with its fading beauty.

Even in her nursery days her mind had always been awake to the poetry of evensong. Sunset and prayer were never divided in her thoughts, and heaven itself seemed nearest in the calm of the closing day.

She could not help thinking of the time when there would be no Aunt Cecily by her side. She was going into a little world of strangers, and was by no means sure of her welcome there; but the God of her childhood was the God of her maidenhood—a Father, watching His child with all the ceaseless care of love. The comfort of the thought strengthened her and quieted her spirit, and Cecily saw her pale face brighten visibly.

They had taken lodgings in a very old house in a quiet West-end street. The landlady was a Bridleton woman, and had once owed her life to Dr. Andrew Garnett's prompt attention and skill. She had been a poor woman when the doctor had taken her case in hand and effected her cure; but she was now married to a well-to-do man, and was fairly prosperous. Her house was but a short distance from Portland Place, and Cecily was glad to feel that Mrs. Linford's rooms might be a future meeting-place for Daisy and herself.

To Daisy this lodging-house seemed dark as night when she stumbled in, out of the waning daylight. Their rooms were on the second floor, and the girl groped her way up long flights of stairs with weary feet. But she found herself at last in a bedroom with a quaint bow-window, and saw the last of the red sunset through the small panes of glass.

"You are very tired, Daisy," said Cecily's soft voice.

There was a cushioned seat in the old window; Daisy sank down upon it, and leaned her head against the window-frame.

Long afterwards she retained the dreamy impression of that first night in town. She remembered the vast outlook of chimneys and roofs of all shapes, and the church spire that rose high into the twilight. Cecily moved softly about the room, lighting candles and opening trunks, and came at last to Daisy's side with a pair of little slippers. She gently drew the boots off the girl's aching feet, and put on the soft shoes; and then she almost lifted Daisy from her seat.

"You must wash your face and hands in warm water, and have some tea," she said, cheerily; and Daisy obeyed her.

Tea was ready in a sitting-room as old-fashioned as the bedroom. Mrs. Linford had hung antimacassars over the heavy sofa and chairs, and had tried the effect of one or two very modern and cheap pictures—coloured woodcuts from illustrated journals; but the solid old furniture would have looked better without the white crochet, and the woodcuts were decidedly out of place on the dingy walls. There was a good fire; a round table was drawn close to the hearth, and spread with tea-things and covered dishes. Cecily drew forward an arm-chair for her niece.

Daisy slept that night the profound slumber of utter weariness, while Cecily lay waking by her side for an hour or two. Daisy was still the chief object in her life and the subject of her thoughts.

Cecily could never believe that she should ever be deeply interested in anything but Daisy. She was quite ready to enter cheerfully upon her new life with Lady Jessie, and to enjoy all the advantages of her new position. It would be an immense privilege to have access to a good library, and leisure to read and think. And then, too, there would be the pleasure of intercourse with cultivated people, for Lady Jessie gathered round her only those who were really worth knowing.

But even these delights could not make up for the loss of Daisy.

Cecily looked wistfully at the sleeping face at her side, just visible by the glimmer of the night-light. A neighbouring church clock struck two in sonorous tones; the roar of sleepless London sounded faintly in her ears, and she thought of all that had to be done when the sun rose again.

"My poor little darling," she mused, "I must be strong for her sake. There is nothing that I would not do, no sacrifice that I would not make for Daisy."

Daisy awoke in the morning refreshed and cheerful. No girl of her age could be quite insensible to the pleasure of shopping, and Aunt Cecily made everything as delightful as possible. They did not return to their rooms till afternoon, and then there was a cosy meal by the fire and a long talk.

They spent, on the whole, a happy fortnight in Mrs. Linford's lodging-house. Parcel after parcel arrived, and was unpacked, and the mirror soon reflected a fashionable young lady in deep mourning, instead of the old school-girl Daisy.

The girl looked at the reflection of her new self with an astonished satisfaction that amused Cecily. Her new gowns were simply made, and great care had been taken to avoid too much trimming and draping; but they were of more costly materials that Daisy had ever worn before.

"I look quite like a little woman of the world," was her first observation. "When I wear this frock the servants will pay me extra attention. Of course, a gentlewoman would be just as courteous to me in my plain old serge; but servants, I think, always do honour to dress."

"Not *always*," said Cecily. "We should have gone on with the plain old serge, Daisy, if we had stayed in Bridleton; but a new outfit is, in reality, a piece of respect to your uncle and his standing in the world. As to the servants, they will soon find out what manner of girl is inside this frock, and they will give her all the attention that is due to her."

Yet fortified as she was with new frocks, and a determination to make the best of everything, Daisy was wretchedly depressed when the day came for her to go to Portland Place.

"Aunty," she said, at the last moment, "if I am *too* miserable—if I really cannot bear my lot—will you take care of me once more?"

Cecily soothed her, not only with the promise she required, but with assurances that the new life would be far better than her fears. But when they reached the great doctor's house Daisy's heart sank again.

It was a large, gloomy brick house, a mansion in fact, standing far back from the causeway. Its front windows overlooked a spacious lawn bordered by trees; but lawn and trees were uncountrified to the last degree, and Daisy thought the place would have been better without them. To her fancy, her uncle's dwelling had a grim penitentiary look, and the large piece of greensward, unrelieved by shrub or flower-bed, only added to its unattractiveness.

The iron gate stood open, and Daisy's spirits sank lower and lower as they drove up the carriage drive.

It was no time for words; Cecily kissed her almost in silence as the cab stopped before the house. The hall-door was opened by a man-servant, and close behind him appeared a smart parlour-maid in the whitest of aprons. The luggage was taken in; the great house received Daisy and her modest belongings, and the door closed again.

As the cab drove away, Cecily leaned back in her seat and moaned aloud.

It was growing late in the afternoon, and lights were beginning to appear in the houses. The windows of the Langham Hotel sent out a cheerful glow; vehicles were running up to its portals; and men and women in ulsters were ascending the steps, tired and hungry, and eager for all the comforts that money can buy. Cecily looked out upon them for a moment with a sigh of envy: *they* had wealth, she thought, and could keep their loved ones by their side. For them there was the light and warmth and bustle of a great hotel, with its ever-shifting crowd of faces and murmur of voices; for her there was only the dull room in the lodging-house, and no companions save her own sad thoughts.

Cecily was a sociable woman, made for society and not for solitude; and to-night she had an intense longing for somebody to talk to, even if that somebody were a perfect stranger.

For weeks she had been toiling with brain and hands for Daisy; the girl had

absorbed all her time and all her heart, and now her life seemed suddenly emptied of everything that had made it interesting. The central object of existence had been taken away, and (like Othello) she felt that her occupation was gone.

The cab set her down at Mrs. Linford's door again, and she went wearily upstairs to her rooms on the second floor. Fire and gas were burning, and yet how desolate the sitting-room looked! Cecily threw herself into Daisy's arm-chair, and began to struggle with the desire to sob like a child.

The sobs might have ended in a fit of hysterical weeping which would have undone her for a day or two. Strong woman though she was, the strain upon her nerves had been severe, and she had unconsciously neglected herself. But it was a slight thing that checked her tears—only the sight of a letter lying on the table.

Cecily had not many correspondents, and she knew at a glance that the letter was from Lady Jessie Boyd.

And then she remembered that Lady Jessie had a right to expect a cheerful companion. It would be unfair to go to her new home with a clouded face and a racking headache. She had written to Lady Jessie, saying that at the end of her London fortnight she should be free, and here was her ladyship's reply.

"DEAR MISS WOODBURN — (the letter ran)—I have come up to town to see my lawyer, and I hope there is no reason why we should not travel back to Hartsdowne together. You will feel lonely after the parting with your niece, so perhaps you may be willing to come to me at once.

"Yours, most truly,

"JESSIE BOYD."

The note was written from the Langham Hotel, that very hotel that Cecily had passed a few minutes before. She wiped away her tears, and rose from the chair, feeling more like her own resolute self again.

The dreaded evening was not, after all to be spent in solitude. She dined pleasantly enough with Lady Jessie and the old family lawyer, and put her sorrow quietly out of sight. After dinner, as she sat on a lounge in the hotel drawing-room, her heart ached wearily for another glimpse of Daisy; and yet the people around were helping her, unconsciously, to get back her old strength and self-control.

It was a little world of meetings and partings, as the drawing-room of a great hotel always is.

Cecily's glance wandered from a group of lively Americans to a widow and her son, talking with subdued voices and sad eyes. Close by sat a couple on a couch, a man and woman, still young, but looking worn and pale, as if sickness and sorrow had been busy in the lives of both.

Yet in these two faces there was a brightness that charmed while it puzzled Cecily Woodburn.

They had a great deal to say to each other. Once or twice her ear caught their low, quiet tones, and they seemed to take little interest in those around them. Some subtle instinct told her that they were speaking of trials past, of temptations fought with and overcome, of the heart's gold tried in the fire and purified.

Who were they? Cecily never thought of asking herself that question. She only knew that they impressed her with a sense of tranquil happiness and rest, and that their very presence lifted up her spirit.

Next morning she left the hotel with Lady Jessie Boyd, whose country home was in Hartsdowne, Oakshire.

(*To be continued.*)

ON SUMMER DRINKS.

By MEDICUS.



THE day was very hot, and I felt both dry and drowsy, for the office gasogene was empty. No wonder as I sat, almost nodding, in my arm-chair, that my thoughts wandered away from the busy toiling town to bloomy dales and woodland scenes; no wonder that I presently roused myself up, and, fixing the Editor with my eagle eye, addressed him as follows:—

"I'd have a cottage where the south wind came
Cool from the spicy pines, or with a breath
Of the mid-ocean salt upon its lips,
And a low lulling, dreamy sound of waves,
To breathe upon me where I lay."

But the Editor brought me up sharp,—

"Not to-day, doctor, I can assure you," he said; "you've got to finish that article on summer drinks. After that you can have as many cottages as you like." I gazed sadly on the empty gasogene for a few moments, then with a sigh resumed my pen, and presently I forgot everything else saving my subject, and a very pretty duet the editor's quill and mine made, I do assure you.

But why, fair reader mine, should one sigh to look at an empty gasogene in summer? we seldom trouble ourselves much about this queer machine in winter. The question requires no very deep knowledge of anatomy or physiology to enable us to reply to it: exposure to a more heated atmosphere than usual increases the perspiration of our bodies, both sensible and insensible. When this is carried too far thickening of the blood is the result, and one feels in consequence enervated, languid, and depressed, and longs for some cooling beverage to assuage the thirst.

But before going a line further I must warn you, that the excessive use of cooling drinks is most hurtful and injurious, not only to the skin and complexion but to the whole system. I should like every reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to feel as cool in summer as a little cucumber, and as "caller" as a little trout, with a skin as soft as the petals of a rose, and eyes as pure and bright as an Italian sky. Therefore, I say, whatever beverage you may fancy, *sip* it. Never drink until thirst is quite assuaged, or you will assuredly drink too much. Let your motto be, "little at a time," but I do not mind how *often* you drink. Be guided by your own feelings as to that. Excessive thirst is often quenched by allowing the cooling drink to trickle slowly down the throat. But, on the other hand, I would have you live during summer in such a way, that there would be no occasion for frequent potations of any kind. And if I did not show you *how* to do this, my present paper would be, in my opinion, anything but complete.

There is a right way, then, and a wrong way of spending the hot days of golden summer time. Winter's pleasures ought never to be carried quite into spring; even indoor parties, and especially close concert-rooms, should be avoided in summer, so should the fatiguing journeys and excursions people so often take, in the oft-times vain search for pleasure. The social circle is now best enjoyed in the cool of the evening, in the moonlit verandah, or seated in the garden beneath the quiet stars. The heat of the mid-day sun should be avoided; fortunate are they who can choose the hottest hours of the day for a siesta in a shaded hammock out of doors. But this is a work-a-day world, and most of us have to toil at noon, as well as any other time. Only there is one thing we can all do and so help to keep ourselves cool and healthy: even in the hottest months of summer, we can dress lightly and wear light coloured garments, and we can alter the kind of food we eat to suit the weather. We ought to carefully avoid all kinds of heavy indigestible food, rich soups and gravies, fat meats and over-stimulating condiments, and we should eat more sparingly; and although we ought to be cautious in the use of cheese, salads ought to be eaten every day. And yet how very few of the fair sex know how to compound a delicious salad! I think if some of my readers knew the effect for good upon the blood and the complexion that salads have, they would study how to make them.

"Does your daughter play?" I asked an American with whom I was dining last year in Philadelphia.

"Well, no, and that's the truth," he replied somewhat disconsolately. After a few moments' pause he brightened up as he added:—

"She don't play, sir, *but* you just wait till you see the salad she'll put in front of you."

And if you would be well in summer, if you would be cool in body and in mind, and if you would feel and look strong, do not forget the morning tub and the rough bath towel. Mind I don't hold with excessive bathing; once a day immediately after getting up take the sponge bath, and once a week before going to bed a nice tepid soap bath, followed by a sponge full or two of cold water.

Early rising in summer is greatly to be recommended. A young girl ought to get up soon after the birds do.

But it is time, you will say, that I should tell you something about summer drinks. Well, I shall tell you first that neither beer nor stout nor porter is suitable for warm weather; nor is champagne, the effects of exhilaration produced by it are only momentary, but claret cup and, better still, sauterne cup may be partaken of in moderation, after or during exertion. Such out-door games as lawn tennis should always, in my opinion, be played either early in the forenoon or in the evening during summer.

I may remind you that the hottest part of the day is from one o'clock till three. A great many girls think that their complexions will not be injured by the sun, unless his rays shine directly on the face; and they wear veils or sun hats to protect themselves; but they should bear in mind that exercise or over-exertion during the hottest hours of the day, is far more detrimental to the skin than sunshine.

Both tea and cocoa are refreshing as summer beverages, and not only refreshing but soothing and cooling as well. The cocoa should be the best procurable. I recommend cocoatina, which is neither adulterated with sugar nor with starch. Its good effects will

be appreciated if taken in the forenoon, just before going out walking or for exercise of any kind. It should be taken warm but not too hot, and with milk and sugar. Tea on the other hand is most valuable in the afternoon of, say, a warm or sultry summer's day. It should be pretty strong, because much should not be drunk; it ought to be the cheapest tea you can buy, and the *cheapest* tea, mind you, is that for which you will have to pay the *longest* price. Bad tea is worse than useless. Do not drink tea too hot, do not *drink* it at all, but *sip* it. When taking tea talk on subjects light as air, and do not let what you eat be very much heavier. It would, methinks, be a blessing to our country if everyone knew the value of cold tea as a beverage for the traveller. I have travelled a great deal by train, and very long journeys, and I find there is nothing to equal it. I have it made before I start, milk and sugar added, and bottle it and place it in my bag. Thus armed I am secure against thirst, and to a great extent against fatigue as well, and I run no risk of being injured by bad beverages at railway stations.

To those who can afford it some or other of the various aerated waters—Vichy, potash, soda, or seltzer water—either plain or mixed with some kind of flavouring, form the most wholesome drink for a warm summer's day. These waters are, of course, all the better if iced, but they cannot be drunk in large quantities with impunity. This should be remembered by those who partake of them, nor is it a good plan to make too large a use of ice in hot weather; it interferes very materially with the process of digestion, and if carried to excess will induce positive disease.

I must also warn my readers against over-indulgence in any of the numerous medicated waters, with which the market is at present flooded. Taken occasionally, some of them are undoubtedly tonic in their effect, but if persisted in for any length of time the drugs, such as iron and phosphorus, &c., which they contain, accumulate in the system and produce the most distressing symptoms. This is a fact which cannot be too widely known.

Aerated iced waters form the basis of a great many cooling drinks. Soda-water may now be bought very cheaply and economically on the syphon system. The syphon flask should be kept in the ice chest, and, if desired, the draught may be nicely flavoured with any of the various fruit syrups, which your grocer will supply you with cheaply. Where there is a large family the gasogene may be used, otherwise I cannot recommend its use, as the water left in it for any time is apt to get flat. When the summer's heat seems to be telling too much upon one, a very nice drink may be composed as follows, and used every day for a fortnight, three times a day or even four times. It is made of dilute phosphoric acid five drops, tincture of quinine thirty or forty drops, and a little syrup of oranges, mixed in a tumblerful of iced soda-water. Another excellent tonic drink is composed of extract of malt in soda-water, flavoured with a little tincture of oranges. The dose of the extract is from a dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful three times a day; if a little tincture of quinine is mixed with the drink the tonic properties are of course increased.

I cannot speak too highly of soda-water and milk as a summer drink on a warm day; it is soothing, nourishing, and refreshing. You see that soda-water may be made the basis of a great variety of drinks. If ice be bought, and you have no ice-chest, either keep it in a box of sawdust, or roll it round with thick blanket-cloth. A box of sawdust is the better plan: it will keep ice almost any length of time.

A few drops of tincture of ginger in a bottle of sweetened soda-water is a very reviving drink. Ginger is aromatic, tonic, and stimulating. Tincture of ginger can be had of any chemist, only be careful to make him mark the strength or ordinary dose on the phial.

Here is a cheap and wholesome summer drink: A tablespoonful of lime juice in a glass of pure cold water, sweetened to taste, with or without a little tincture of ginger, and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda added to make it effervesce. Mind it is lime juice, not lime cordial. This lime juice may be added to soda-water or plain water and syrup.

Apples, pared, sliced, and steeped in water over night, form a nice summer drink.

There are various kinds of sherbet powders sold by the chemists, which effervesce when mixed with water. I can recommend them all except ginger-beer powders. They are not nice.

Ginger beer itself is one of the most wholesome summer drinks I know, and can be drunk *ad libitum;* only make it yourself. "Medicus" need not give you a recipe for this—you can get one in any cookery book almost. What is sold as ginger beer in glass bottles is not good. But ginger ale is an excellent beverage for summer use.

Spruce beer is another capital drink.

New milk, drunk in the morning warm from the cow, will support you wonderfully in hot weather; and, last, but not least as a summer drink, comes one which deserves to be put in capital letters, and have a whole line to itself; I mean

BUTTERMILK.

HOW TO PLAY MENDELSSOHN'S "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

By LADY BENEDICT.

CONTINUING the subject of playing Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," we come to—

24. (Book IV., No. 3.)—This must go very quickly. In the left hand the notes, though *legato*, must not be kept down more than their full time. In bar 24, and afterwards, be careful to make the four left-hand notes equal, not the last three a triplet, which I know from experience is very hard to avoid, especially as the first must be accented throughout.

25. (Book VII., No. 6.)—Special attention must be devoted here to the fact that the middle notes are *staccato* and the upper notes *legato*. Where the bass is in octaves, and light, the effect of strings *pizzicato* should be imitated, but the *legato* parts should be *very legato* in contrast.

26. (Book VII., No. 3.)—As a rule, this is rendered a great deal too slowly; it is not meant to be sentimental, being marked *presto*, and when taken in the right spirit is highly effective. Be sure in bars 9 and 10 to play the first three E's natural, as they are marked; and do so boldly, not as though you were making an apology for playing them at all. Until you know it thoroughly at the right pace the passage may sound crude, but when completely mastered the effect is delightful.

27. (Book VI., No. 6.)—Here the left hand will tease you a little. The two semiquavers must be played with precision, equality, and lightness of touch, and the whole must absolutely be known from memory, as you will never catch that second bass note correctly without looking at your fingers and the keyboard. One may almost call this another Spring Song.

28. (Book VIII., No. 1.)—A tender and expressive strain, in which the vocal effects should be made particularly prominent. In bars 9, 10, and 11 from the end the phrasing against the usual accents has an appealing effect, and must not be overlooked.

29. (Book VII., No. 2.)—The crotchets in this piece are singly dotted, not doubly dotted as often erroneously rendered, giving a very jerky effect. Make much of the melodious phrase in bars 10 and 14 from the end afterwards twice repeated, each time an octave lower, with striking effect.

30. (Book VII., No. 5.)—In contrast with the soft expressive theme of this *Lied* we have symphonies of a martial nature, the kind of trumpet call being afterwards alluded to.

31. (Book VI., No. 2.)—An agitated *allegro*, more in the style of the last movement of a grand vocal *scena* than a simple song. The *staccato* figure used as accompaniment must be very fine and detached, like *pizzicato* notes on the violin. When the dotted crotchets begin in the treble make them as broad as possible.

32. (Book V., No. 2.)—The *staccato* notes here must not have too much strength, or they lose the nature of accompaniment to the fiery melody. Maintain throughout the restless character, and in bar 25 begin to be very mysterious, gradually working up to the climax and return to the subject.

33. (Book VIII., No. 4.)—Although very beautiful, this song is not much played. In bar 14 observe the E flat, and D, the first of which notes is to be accented here and wherever they subsequently occur. Later on it is marked *sf.*, and in bars 3 and 4 from the end both are prolonged to semibreves. The other chief point to be observed in performance is the *crescendo* in the middle, with the four times repeated high B flat.

34. (Book VI., No. 1.)—Grave and dignified, and offering no particular difficulties till you come to the high B flats. You may imagine it is a religious song of nuns, the bell calling them to prayer. This bell, though distinctly brought out, must be completely subordinate to the melody, of which it is a sort of variation.

35. (Book III., No. 6.)—*Duetto.*—The title, given by the composer himself, hardly requires an explanation, the demands and replies being so evidently set forth in the music. It is suitable to soprano and baritone voices, the former beginning in a supplicant vein, the answers being reassuring and consoling. These gradually become more and more passionate till at last the two unite triumphantly in one feeling, singing in octaves, and thus giving the most perfect idea of unity. Towards the end it is not easy to keep the voices distinct, and be very careful in bars 1 and 2 from the last to mark the melody,

though keeping it subdued and delicate, like a soft farewell.

36. (Book III., No. 3.)—Here is another, with the accompaniment divided between the hands, the right hand taking only one note, which please do not hold down, but make it sound like one of the triplet, as intended. Remember it is in 3-4 time, not 6-8, the accent therefore falls on the first, third, and fifth quavers, *not* on the first and fourth. In bar 10 there is a *sf.* on the E, which is made a feature of the piece, and in this phrase must be always more or less observed even when not indicated.

37. (Book V., 3.)—Sad and solemn, suggesting a mournful procession. Chief attention to be directed to the triplets which ought to come quite loosely from the wrist, and are very hard to get in neatly, peculiarly so at the end of bar 28. The majority of pupils make them semiquavers instead of demisemiquavers.

38. (Book VIII., No. 5.)—Your chief study here should be to blend the notes of the right and left hand so perfectly that they sound together like equal semiquavers. There is always a tendency to relax the speed, which we must not give way to, as there is not a single *rallentando* throughout.

39 (Book II., No. 2).—The elasticity of the semiquavers throughout this piece is very difficult to obtain, especially when the hand is on the stretch, as at the beginning, when the thumb has to take an F below. The tremendous working up in the major at the conclusion cannot be handled in too bold and spirited a manner.

40. (Book VII., No. 1.)—Do not overlook the sequence commencing with bar 18, which arrives at its culminating point in bar 22, the high B flat being specially to be emphasised. Great attention should be paid to the preparation of the return to the subject, which in those two almost wavering bars must be whispered, and then decisively given out in the major.

41. (Book VIII., No. 3.)—Requiring much elasticity and lightness, one is very apt to degenerate into a heavy touch, especially when beginning to be tired. You will find it less easy to play the left hand quavers well when there are two only than when there are three.

42. (Book IV., No. 5.)—*Volkslied.* The prelude, a kind of free fantasia, which is repeated several times during the course of the song, serves by its wildness and originality to prepare the martial strain that follows. It is almost in the nature of an improvisation, and should therefore not be rendered stiffly. The character of savage grandeur and energy is maintained from beginning to end, and the *crescendo* in the obstinately recurring bars 13, 14, 15, and 16 from the end, must be brought out as the culminating point of one of the most characteristic pieces of the great master.

43. (Book VI., No. 4.)—This must be played throughout with the utmost lightness and distinctness, those notes only that are marked *sf* being emphasised. To ensure the necessary delicacy and finish you will have to practise it slowly and loud to begin with. It has been called "The Bees' Wedding" and "Spinning Song," but I always fancy it representing a chorus of merry laughing nymphs around a bubbling stream. It is a treacherous little composition, in appearance easy, in reality presenting difficulties to the most experienced; but how lovely, and what a reward for one's labour!

44. (Book III., No. 5.)—Give a very firm touch to this melody while the agitated accompaniment below is *staccato*, and do not sacrifice any of the syncopated notes in the left hand, as is too often the case.

45. (Book II., No. 4.)—Rather similar to its predecessor, and requiring the greatest looseness of wrist, on account of the repeated notes, and the great pace at which it is meant to go. Unless you have an exceptionally long stretch, you will find the three ninths in the bass of bar 21 impossible; in which case I would recommend you to touch the first D with the thumb of the right hand.

46. (Book II., No. 5.)—The difficulty in this piece consists in giving smooth continuity to the melody, and at the same time great clearness and precision to the running and never interrupted bass. The fault of dwelling too much on the notes of the left hand, and slackening speed when the passages become more intricate, cannot be too cautiously avoided.

47. (Book IV., No. 6.)—The constant exchange of chords between the two hands forms an original and very effective accompaniment, but the practice of pupils to keep the fingers down on any notes but those constituting the melody leads to a muddled performance. You are apt to imagine at first that the accompaniment is in quavers in each hand and to keep down the chord till you have the next in the same hand, but if you look attentively you will see that they are only semiquavers, and they cannot be too quickly lifted to avoid confusion. A nice little treat is in store for you at the end, in the shape of a shake in the bass.

48. (Book I., No. 5.)—It requires the grasp of a master to make this air stand out well from its surroundings, and the left hand skips after the first double bar need attention. The temptation to slacken speed when you come to the major should be resisted, though the calm in contrast to all the preceding excitement must of course be rendered perceptible to the hearer by the modified touch.

Although I have taken a good deal of trouble in arranging the above table, I do not by any means imagine that my classification is perfect, or that it perhaps suitable to some pupils it would answer equally well for all. The capabilities of different players vary much; some have a difficulty with octaves, others with wrist passages, many have a weak left hand, and so forth. Therefore each one must modify my suggestions for herself as she may think best.

I do not wish, either, to dogmatise as to the way of playing the particular numbers, and have consequently, as a rule, only mentioned the points which are already indicated in the music by the expression marks, but which might nevertheless be overlooked by the pupil.

In conclusion may I hope that those to whom this little article is of any interest or use will kindly forgive its almost unavoidable dryness, and take an earnest desire to keep to the point in lieu of elegant diction and high-sounding phrases?



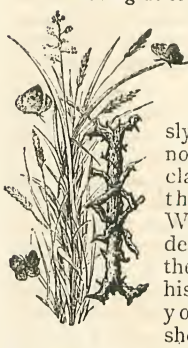
ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER III.

ANNA FITTON.

"When the heart is low,
Smallest trials are as discords
Moving us to woe."



IN connection with All Saints' Church, which was the church the Townslys attended, were afternoon and evening Bible classes, presided over by the rector, the Rev. William Oldfield. His design in instituting them was to have under his eye and keep together young people whom a short time ago he had prepared for confirmation. The classes for young men were held in the evening in the schoolroom adjoining the church, but there was an afternoon class for young ladies, and to this both of the Misses Townsly belonged.

There were some very interesting girls in it, and some thoughtless and frivolous ones; but the variety of character was one with which the rector had had a long and growing acquaintance. He chose his subjects, therefore, with a view to special profiting, and often a word in season fell consciously from his lips when intention was least suspected.

His own daughters, Edith and Evelyn, were fast friends of the Townslys, and Anna Fitton, the curate's eldest child, a fair, frail girl of seventeen, was by virtue of her rare gifts of mind and heart the gem of the charmed circle. But Anna was now away at college, struggling for honours with all her might and main, and both the Townslys and the Oldfields had to be content with fragmentary news of her from her own family. Report seldom said that she was well, but, coupled with admissions of over fatigue and excitement, there was always the comfortable assurance that she would rest by-and-bye.

No one who knew Anna could have quarrelled with her ambition, though they might with the free rein she gave it. It was a far-seeing, disinterested, noble one. The spur to it was the remembrance of her father's large family and his narrow purse. She coveted such distinction as should enable her not only to maintain herself, but to assist him as a bread-winner for the younger ones. Earlier than was good for her the serpent of care coiled its length around her heart and brain, but the effect had not been to crush and stifle. It had rather given too great an intensity to her thoughts and purposes, while purifying her aspirations of the selfishness that might otherwise have mingled with them.

Life to her and to the rector's daughters, with their affluent means, presented a very different outlook. Yet these intelligent, simply-dressed, high-minded girls never thought of her disadvantages

but with admiration for the spirit that she opposed to them, and they and the Townslys were agreed in preferring her society, when she was at home, to that of any other of the girls of their acquaintance.

The afternoon of the day on which our story commences was the afternoon on which Mr. Oldfield met his ladies' Bible class. Eleanor, though fully appreciating it, was rather lax in her attendance, intolerant of even so short an interruption to her studies. This afternoon her inability to study, and we may add a sense of dissatisfaction with herself, impelled her to go for the help she might receive. Catharine, more full of business than ever, dropped the work in hand, just in time to get ready, and seemed pleased that she was to have Eleanor as a companion, though Eleanor's manner chilled her. She knew she was offended and grieved, and she was sorry for the cause, more especially as Harry had whispered to her that he had seen Eleanor crying, and had asked her if she knew what was the matter. So, though she was afraid she would be late, she relaxed her pace to suit Eleanor's, and hoped that the afternoon's exercise would prove soothing and helpful to her. Secretly she had suspected her of a growing indifference to the claims of religion.

When they reached the schoolroom they found it nearly full. Among the audience was a large sprinkling of ladies, whose title of admission was not so much their youth as the prefix *Miss* for *Mrs.* to their names, and there were also a few married ladies, young and fair, who had been in the class when girls, and had been invited to continue members of it.

After the reading of the collects the rector in his extempore prayer referred to one, once present with them, who was sick, petitioning for "a happy issue out of her affliction, and that the friends who were sorrowing on her behalf might be gladdened by her recovery."

"Whoever can it be?" is the natural query of every mind at such times. While the rector was reading the lesson the Townslys with others took note of ladies who were absent, but nothing was to be learned from that. Then Catharine noticed that none of the Fittons were there. She recalled the expression "once present with us," and she wondered if the sufferer was Anna.

Mr. Oldfield's evident depression confirmed the idea that it might be; but she refrained from speculating, and gave her attention to the lesson.

The subject was the marriage in Cana of Galilee. It was treated in the rector's own pictorial, interesting manner, though with a little less of his accustomed liveliness. There was one point in it to which he seemed to give an almost undue prominence, though doubtless he had some good reason for doing so. In speaking of the rebuke Jesus had addressed to His mother, the rector said He had evidently intended to check her very natural desire that He should display the powers which she knew Him to possess. Also that as He was now entering upon His public ministry He would no longer recognise any control but that of His Father in Heaven. She must not seek to direct Him.

"But," said the rector, "in filial obedience, as in every other virtue, Jesus was the one perfect pattern. Though at twelve years of age He disputed with the doctors in the temple, He could return uninflated to his lowly home at Nazareth, and be subject to his parents until He was thirty years of age. The shadow of the cross lay athwart its threshold, for we read that 'neither so did His brethren believe on Him,' yet He was in no haste to leave it. In these days," continued the rector, "young people early imbibe a spirit of independence, and I do not think that the fifth commandment is held in such respect among religious people as it was even in my boyhood.

"Perhaps it arises from this—that parents having perceived that they held the reins with too tight a hand now hold them too loosely. But, surely, if well-meaning young people would reflect a moment they would not punish their parents for their indulgence.

"Some children wonder at what age they may cease to obey. I do not believe for my part that so long as our parents live we should free ourselves from our allegiance to them, refuse to comply with their reasonable and just wishes, or be too proud to ask their advice on subjects they can advise us upon.

"There are some cases, I will allow, in which men and women have to liberate themselves from fetters that have been too long worn, and to resist a dictation as mischievous as it is irritating. But even when it is so the emancipation should be effected as gently and with as much regard for their feelings as possible. I am quite sure that while young people remain under the parental roof, or are dependent on their parents, they should consider that submission to them is nothing more than their due.

"The balance of advantage is on the child's side undoubtedly; but oh, how far would it go to lighten the anxiety parents feel for their offspring, from the hour when their hearts first beat with joy and pride on receiving them, till the time draws nigh for the loving but worn heart to be laid within the precincts of that silent land, where, as the sweet German poet tells us, 'it can throb no more.'

"Youth is thoughtless and hopeful. Age is wise from experience. Youth is prodigal of health and strength, counts all men mortal but itself and fears no risks. Age knows how many a worm has crept into the bud, and how many a winding sheet has been spun.

"Youth knows how to burn the lamp. Age knows how to feed it. Therefore it is God's provision that we should profit by the wisdom of others until the wisdom of experience is ours in our turn. We are told to hearken and obey. We love our own way. We would prefer to talk and teach. Is it so? Then think of the thirty years of filial obedience and of manual labour at Nazareth. Think who practised it. He who wore that yoke says to you, 'Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'"

We do not know what the voice of conscience said to some who were present, but we know how the words went home to Eleanor Townsly's sensitive heart. She knew that she was feeling angry with her mother, and that was unfilial. Yes! Eleanor had only come to the class to be be made more miserable, and the words that wounded her must remind Catharine how devoted and diligent and self-denying she had been. But, no! we are none of us in our inmost consciousness without reproach. Catharine was pondering various shortcomings with selfish motives and deeds of wilfulness that in God's eyes must have marred her sacrifice and rendered it less a sacrifice of love. She did think of Eleanor, however, and wished she would take a hint about the duty of causing her mother less uneasiness where her health was concerned. And, truth to say, the midnight lamp burned against orders, the neglect of the daily walk, which was such a point with both her parents, and various other transgressions of a like nature came to her mind, and she half resolved that she would be more obedient; that she would make her studies give way to her walk and not her walk to her studies; and that she would refrain from reading when she was supposed to be in bed. She did not quite resolve, however, for she was afraid the temptation would be too much for her.

The lesson being over, the hymn sung, and the class dismissed, several of the ladies were joined in their homeward walk by others of their acquaintance. Some sought an opportunity of speaking to the rector, and one or two little knots of them lingered a few moments in the schoolroom.

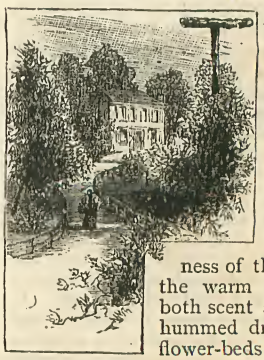
The Townslys were soon joined by the Oldfields, and from them they learned that Anna Fitton was the sick member of the class to whom allusion had been made.

(*To be continued.*)

"YEARS AGO."

A Ballad Story.

Words by Helen Marion Burnside.
Music by Milton Wellings.



THE very first summer's day—one of those perfect days in early June, before the fresh, full green of spring, with its delicate and varied tints, has settled down into the more sombre sameness of the July leafage—the warm air was full of both scent and sound; bees hummed drowsily over the flower-beds; a soft, monotonous cooing came from the pigeon-cotes close by; the water of the brook tinkled gently as it ran amongst the tall golden flags and flowering grasses, amongst which a pair of kingfishers flitted about, making little flashes of sapphire and emerald as they went, and from some far-off height in the blue sky fell the notes of a lark's song, like musical rain.

I am standing under a great chestnut-tree, the sticky pink spathes are still clinging to the base of each graceful pyramid of fan-like leaves and flower-spikes. Now and then a white petal, with its fire-tinted spot, flutters down at my feet.

It has always seemed to me that the tender blue of a June sky looks most beautiful seen through just such chestnut boughs as these. Across the brook are the great wide meadows all golden with buttercups, with—here and there along under the hedges, and in shady nooks—azure clouds of bluebells. Two children are filling their baskets with these. I could hear their clear little voices in the distance harmonising well with the subdued nature-music of which the air seemed so full.

By-and-bye, they crossed the rustic bridge, and came nearer to me, a fair little cherub of a boy hand in hand with a girl a year or two older. A slim, wee maiden she was, with ruddy golden ripples in her brown hair. Suddenly she stopped, and as she stood there, with her little hands hanging down, lightly clasped in front of her, and her brown eyes looking up through and over the tree tops, as though listening intently, I thought involuntarily of Wordsworth's "Lucy" :—

"She shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

What was she thinking of, I wondered :—

"Do you know what yonder river to the fleur-de-lis is saying?
Or the murmurs in the tree tops of the wind-harps soft and wild?
That you fold your hands to listen, as the angels do for praying?
Ah! I wonder what it feels like to be a little child?"

"How beautiful it is to-day!" she said at last, with a little sigh. "I think it must make everything happy—the trees and flowers, and the birds and bees, just to be so beautiful. They are all talking to each other, and saying how happy they are, and they are glad, too, because it makes us happy to see them."

The little pair sat down as the girl finished speaking, and began to sort and tie up their flower bunches; till a cloud that had been for some time slowly floating towards us passed over the sun, and down came great drops of rain. The children jumped up and scampered under the shelter of my tree, where they stood silently watching the brief summer shower. It was soon over, and, though the sun itself was still for a minute longer hidden by the dark cloud with its rim of red light, broad, misty golden rays shot downwards across the last silvery drops as they fell. The lark had never ceased its carol, and now a blackbird in the shrubbery close by burst into a mellow ecstasy of song.

The little maiden flitted out into the sunshine again, the fair, sturdy boy who was her companion trotting, as usual, by her side.

"I thought the flowers and the trees would not like the rain," said he, "but they look prettier than ever, and, oh! how nice the roses smell, and how clean the leaves look."

"I think they did like it," answered the girl. "Did you see how still they all kept? they bent their heads for the rain to go over them, and now all the leaves up in the trees seem to be dancing and clapping their shining wet hands in the soft little wind for joy because they are prettier and cleaner than they were before, and the flowers-bells and cups have all got diamonds in them. I think they must have liked the rain because God sends it, you know, and so it is sure to be right."

"Yes," said the boy gravely, "but look, there is a rose all knocked to pieces and dead. I don't like flowers to die, do you?"

"No, but I don't think they do *quite* die, the same ones seem to come up again every summer, they only go to sleep in the earth for a time." A little shower of bright raindrops fell from the branches on her hair as she spoke, and with merry peals of laughter the children sped away out of my hearing.

How their childish faith had touched my heart. It may very well be the lot of many, nay, of most of you girls for whom I write in one way or another, to lead and guide some of these little ones: if so, deal gently and reverently with them, I pray you. Do not ridicule their pretty fancies, but strive by every means in your power to guard their simple and innocent faith, which is as easily destroyed by rough handling as the delicate down on a butterfly's wing. Remember they are nearer to Heaven, down in the warm and sheltered valleys of childhood, than you who have reached a higher platform on the hill of life. I would pray you also not to hurry too eagerly up that same hill, but be thankful that you can still afford to linger and gather flowers with the little ones now and then.

I, standing on its summit, look back on them and you, and wonder how it will fare with you when you stand here too. But I know, and you know, that, whatever chances, "God sends it," and so "it is sure to be right." If a storm breaks over you, be still and bow your heads till it has passed, and it is sure to leave diamond drops of blessing behind it. I know this, for my own journey up the hill side has taught it me, but I think we must all "become as little children" in faith before we can read these teachings quite clearly. Guard your own faith also as you would your most precious treasure, and when you turn to go down life's hill, as I must turn now, the way will look scarcely less bright to you than that on the further side. There is as much that is happy and beautiful to be found; as many flowers for the gathering here as on the other side, but they need the trained hand of experience to pluck what only the open eyes of faith can see.

With these, even the "valley of the shadow" at the hill-foot will seem as bright as that of happy childhood which we left behind us so long ago.

"Very long, but, O ye children, I am daily growing nearer
To the far diviner brightness that is won by life's long pain,
And in its perfected beauty, which is daily growing clearer,
The unclouded faith of childhood has come back to me again."

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

MICHAL AND MARY.

THY love for me was wonderful, passing the love of women."—II. Sam. i. 26. "But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping."—St. John, xx. 11.

There rose upon Gilboa's hills
A great and bitter cry;
It smote the rugged rocks around,
It echoed to the sky:

"Alas! my brother, woman's love
Could never equal thine,
So wondrous was the golden chain
That bound thy heart to mine."

'Twas Michal's broken faith that drove
Straight home the poisoned dart
Which wrung those words of saddest scorn
In anguish from his heart.

And e'en when clear, prophetic flame
Flashed o'er him grand and free,
His poet's vision could not read
What woman was to be.

But, hark! to-day a different note
Rings in the Gospel strains,
Which tells how by an open grave,
One lonely form remains.

That silent vigil was too drear
For Peter's soul of fire;
With doubt e'en John's devoted heart
Could sicken half and tire.

But through the shadow and the doubt
A woman's love watched on,
Until soft breathing of her name
Revealed the Adored One.

And, since beside that garden tomb
The weeping Mary stood,
A glorious mission hath been laid
On Christian womanhood—

To stretch soft hands in Jesus' name,
To lift from deepest sin;
With love's sweet talisman of might
His erring ones to win;

To heal, as with an angel's touch,
The sore and smitten heart;
To bid the moody thoughts of ill
With cheery spells depart;

To raise with tender hands and pure
(And count all else but loss),
As girl, as wife, as mother blest,
The standard of the Cross!

ALICE KING.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER IX.

RUBY'S first thought on arriving at the cottage was to see if she could find out anything further about the mysterious parcel, which naturally enough had excited her girlish curiosity greatly. She could not, however, discover anything more than she had done from her talk with Bessie's mother. The impression of the whole family had been that it was a present from herself, and they could cast no light upon the matter. Ruby examined the string and the brown paper of the parcel, which had been left lying about after the things it contained had been put away; but they were simply the most commonplace string and brown paper in the world, and Ruby tossed them down with a little petulant movement—the whole circumstance was utterly incomprehensible to her.

The parcel and everything connected with it were soon, however, quite forgotten. When Ruby sat beside the dying girl, and looked into her face, moon-like in its sweet serenity, Bessie knew well enough that she was quickly gliding away out of this world, but she had firm hold of the eternal Hand, and she was not afraid.

The cottage formed a touching picture that winter evening, as cottage homes are wont to do under such circumstances. Propped up with pillows on a sort of bench with a high back, called in West Country houses a settle, lay the sick girl on one side of the fire; on the hearth stood the mother, by turns wiping away her tears with her apron and attending to the family supper; in a cradle, close to where Bessie lay with her bright, feverish, wakeful eyes which seemed to have no more earthly sleep left in them, slumbered her little sister, and smiled as some pretty baby dream flitted by. Near the door stood the father, a rough, weather-beaten labouring man, just come in from his work: how the hard, bronzed face quivered as his eyes turned eagerly, wistfully towards his dying child, and how much of the Christian hero was in the tone in which he whispered, "Thy will be done!"

Ruby sat silently by, and watched the whole scene, and her young heart took in its high and solemn teaching.

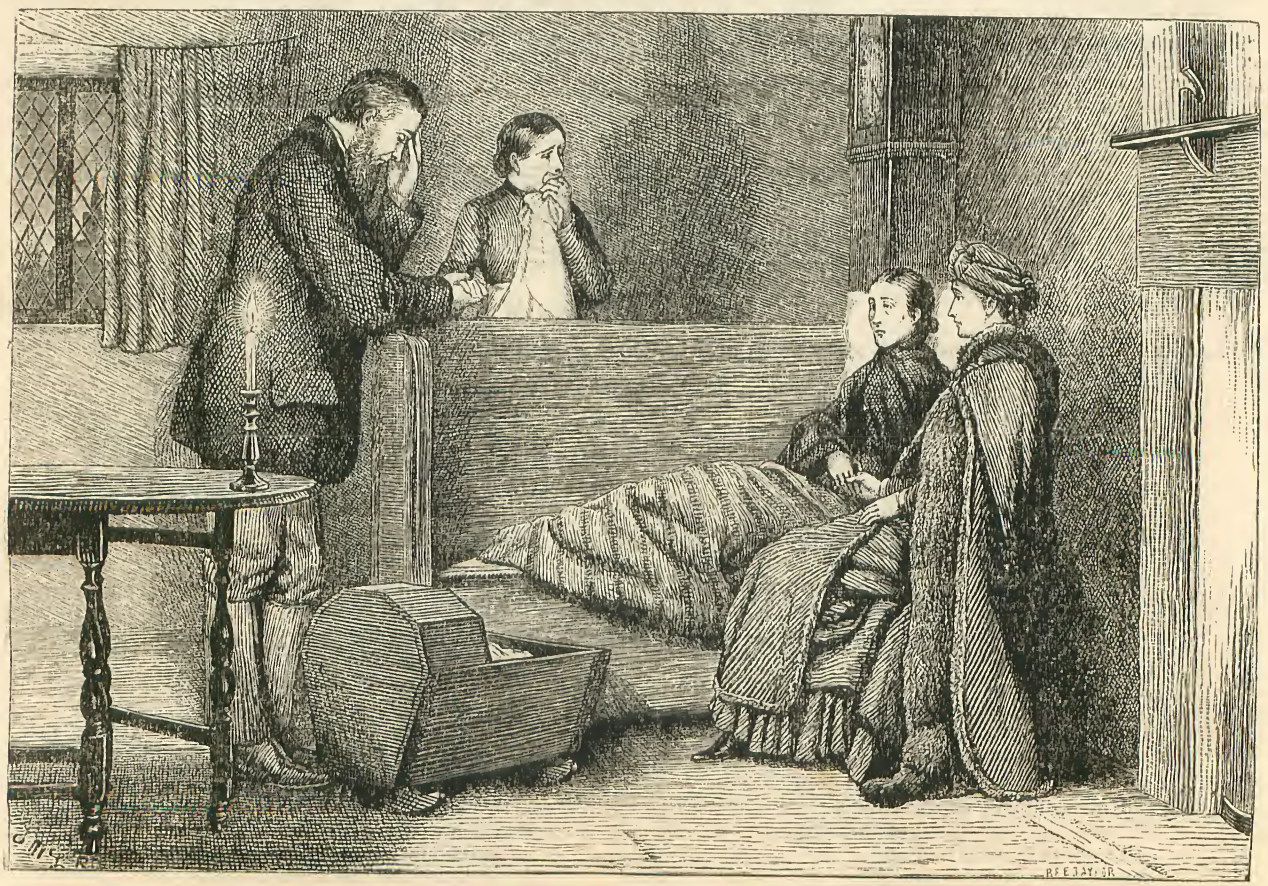
"Oh, Miss Ruby! I'm glad you are come; I shall like to carry the remembrance of your face with me over to the other side," said Bessie, between her laboured breathing. "I don't think that even when I am in the midst of the fulness of joy, gazing on the King in His beauty, the dear Lord Himself would have me forget those whom I have loved on earth."

"I shall always remember you, Bessie," said Ruby, gently.

It was the first time she had ever sat by one who was dying, but, somehow, she was not at all frightened; on the contrary, a feeling of deep peace seemed to be with her. She thought of her own mother who was where Bessie was now going, and she said softly:—

"Bessie, when you meet my mother in heaven, will you tell her about me?"

"Ay, that I will, Miss Ruby, dear, and tell her, too, of all your loving kind-



"BRING UP LITTLE ANNIE AS YOU BROUGHT UP ME."

ness to me; it will be sweet news for her, I'm thinking."

"Tell her, oh! tell her, Bessie," went on the girl, her voice trembling, as the rising tears made their way into her sweet eyes, "tell her, I love her, though I never saw her face; tell her, I strive so hard to be brave and true for God."

"Yes, I'll tell it all, Miss Ruby."

"Are you in pain, darling?" asked the father, drawing now nearer. "God knows, I wish I could bear it for you."

Bessie looked up with a smile as sweet as that of the sleeping child.

"Don't grieve, father dear," she said, "He is making it all so light and easy for me, as light and easy as it used to be when I ran home from school; and I am going home now too."

"But you were coming home, in those old days, to your mother and me, Bessie, and now you be leaving us."

"Oh, father! that's just the hard part of it, leaving you and mother; but you'll come after me, both of you, wont you? You'll try to live so that we shall all be in heaven together. And then think what a dear Lord and friend I'm going to; no one that has read His holy book can fear to go to be with Him."

"Ay, child, He is a friend; your mother and I found Him one, sure enough, in the time of sickness and scarcity of work when you were born; your mother said, when she first looked upon your face, 'See, John, God has sent an angel to help and comfort us in our trouble,' and an angel you have been to us ever since, my Bess."

"And father, mother," went on Bessie (they were both bending over her now, grasping each other's toil-worn hands the while), "bring up little Annie as you brought up me, to know the dear Lord who bought us, the Lord who took the little children in His arms, and she will be your joy and brightness as years go on; He who is doing well I know for us all in taking me, though we can't see how yet, will make her His own child."

"It will be a rare long while before she takes your place, Bessie," sobbed the mother.

"And mind," began Bessie again, "you take care of my hymn book for Annie, and the three little books I won as prizes at school; my Bible, that I should like Ben to have, if he would but prize and read it."

Ben was Bessie's only brother, and, strange to say, considering the honest, God-fearing family from which he came, one of the wildest lads in the parish. Ruby, who was especially fond of teaching boys, had coaxed him sometimes into the Sunday-school, and she and his sister had a certain good influence over him; but it was a power that often grew faint, and died altogether.

Bessie was silent after she had made her little will, looking in turns at Ruby and her father and mother. At first her face was very calm and bright, but gradually an uneasy expression came into it, and she began to cast restless glances towards the door. By-and-bye, she said:—

"If only Ben would come; I am so afraid he won't be in time," and her breath began to come and go more heavily and slowly.

After that, there was a great stillness in the house, a stillness broken only by the sound of that same weary, laboured breath, and the faint sighing of the wind at the window, and the ticking of the tall clock which had belonged to Bessie's grandmother, and had been ticking just the same when Bessie's mother was born. The father's lips were moving all the time, and once a fragment of prayer broke from him, as if he could not hold it back.

"Help us, Lord, who died on Calvary, help us in Thy mighty, everlasting love."

Once, too, the mother spoke, spoke beneath her breath, in her husband's ear:—

"John, I'm thinking that when any good thing comes to me I shall grieve and weary so to tell it her."

"Very like, Mary, the Lord in heaven will let her know it," he answered in the same soft tone.

And Bessie, too, once broke the silence to say:—

"Mother, I had forgotten one thing, I should like you to have my warm shawl to wear on Sundays."

Those were the only words uttered for a long time in the cottage, and still the slow breath struggled on, and the wind sighed on, and the clock ticked on, but the brother did not come. Those wistful, shining eyes of Bessie watched ever the door, but the pale lips breathed no impatient sound. Ruby wanted to say something to comfort them all, but her young spirit could not find exactly the right words; and, besides, she knew that a better comfort was with each one of them. She pressed Bessie's hand from time to time, and the girl's face showed that she thanked her for her sympathy.

Hark! What was that sound? It was only the little child stirring in her cradle, and murmuring something in her lisping baby talk. The mother bent over her to soothe her.

"She is dreaming," she said, "and saying something about the angels."

"I have often heard Bessie telling her beautiful stories about them," answered the father in a whisper. "Mayhap, who knows, she can see them coming for her sister."

The minutes sped on, the trembling breath grew weaker; the sister's eyes grew piteous in the anguish of their long watch; would he, or death's mighty angel, be there first?

"Could you not go out to look for him?" asked Ruby in a low tone, turning to the father.

"It's a chance where he may be, Miss Ruby, and, besides, I do set such store on every minute with her now."

At length there was a patter of quick feet on the frost-hardened road outside, and a ring of shrill, boyish laughter; an instant after, a handsome, but resolute-faced lad of about fourteen burst into the cottage, calling out "Good night" to some companion as he entered. Bessie raised herself, a great, joyful light flashed across her face, and her voice, which had been lately very low and weak, rang out sweetly as she cried,

"Ben! dear Ben!"

When the boy came in, eyes and lips were all dancing with mischievous smiles, but the moment his glance fell upon his sister a deep, sad, softening shadow fell upon his face. At first he stood still, as if half shy and abashed, as if he were on the threshold of some holy place which he feared to enter. But when she held out her arms towards him, and fixed upon him those earnest, pleading eyes, he drew nearer slowly, and knelt at her side, and her weak embrace clasped him closer.

"Ben, dear Ben," she whispered, with her head nestling on his shoulder, "come and trust in Him. He is making me feel so safe and happy now."

Then there were some moments again of solemn stillness, broken only by great sobs from the boy; and all the while the breath came weaker and weaker. After that there was one long, quivering sigh, and Bessie had gone to join the waiting angels.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.



H, dear me, *what* a heap of mending!" sighed Margaret, one Monday morning, as she raised the already partially open lid of her stocking basket. "The basket actually will not shut—it's so full! and *what* big holes! However is it that boys' socks always wear so much worse than anyone else's?"

Taking out the top pair, and unrolling them, Margaret held them at arm's length in dismay. Such yawning chasms of holes, and so many of them, it would be but labour lost to attempt to mend. She remembered that very pair of socks, a week or two previously, as having looked decidedly thin in several places, but having no actual holes in them they had been rolled up and put in Tom's drawer, ready for wear. And this was the result; and as she reluctantly put the mutilated socks aside for kitchen use, remembering at the same time one or two previous similar experiences, she learned anew the old but invaluable lesson about "a stitch in time." Never again would she leave thin places to come into these awkward, even unmendable holes, but, by taking them betimes, save herself endless labour, expense, and time.

The stocking basket, well stocked with needles, yarn, scissors, *and* socks was kept handily in a work cupboard, whence it could be lifted out whenever there was a little time to spare.

Margaret found she could not afford to waste even the odd five minutes which come to the busiest people sometimes. The two brothers would rush home from school, perhaps with some long tale of the morning's exploits to narrate, or Mr. Colville, before starting in the morning, liked to read extracts from the paper, commenting thereon; and Margaret, not from want of interest in either,

could not help feeling fidgetty at letting the precious moments slip away when there was so much waiting to be done. So she would quietly take some piece of mending from the cupboard and go on with it the while, or, failing mending, she kept always a piece of knitting in hand—a sock for her father, or stocking for herself—which could be readily taken up and laid down again.

Thus she soon got into the way of almost mechanically taking up her work in these odd minutes. But when she felt she could spare time for a real rest, she *did* rest—no work then, but snugly nestled in the recess of the largest and easiest of easy chairs, she would give herself up to the enjoyment of a favourite author or poet.

For it must be confessed that this young damsel was not by nature fond of work. It is probable that, had her lines fallen in different circumstances, her time and energies would have been chiefly devoted to music, reading, and so on, without a thought anent household affairs or the conservation of leisure moments. So she may be excused for banishing even her knitting, when, on very rare occasions, she gave herself to "luxuriating."

But to return to Margaret as she sits examining her pile of mending. Her thoughts are not solely fixed on the task, for they will wander prosaically to the larder which is at present bare, and, moreover, must speedily be filled, or else dinner will be late. The problem was what to have for dinner, for this question still often proved a puzzling one, particularly on Monday, when it was advisable to have a joint that could be eaten cold next day, because Tuesday was washing day.

Washing day was not a very imposing matter in the Colville household, because nothing was washed at home save the kitchen cloths, dusters, and so on, and Betsy's clothes, excepting her cotton dresses. Monday was sometimes a cold-meat day, and then a nice savoury hash or stew formed the Tuesday's dinner, as it could be gently simmering by the fire whilst the washing was going on. But Betsy would have felt aggrieved at being expected to cook anything more elaborate than a stew on this great day, and hence the problem.

"Let me see! Last time we had hot meat on Monday—it was roast beef; and the time before I *think* it was roast mutton, and before that I've no doubt beef again. Oh, I have it! We will dine off boiled mutton with the usual trimmings, *à la* Mr. Weller, and that will give an opportunity for telling Betsy the rules for boiling meat, which I've long suspected she is slightly 'mixed' about."

The next few minutes were spent in instilling into the mind of the domestic the fact that if you want to extract the goodness of the meat—for beef-tea, for instance—put it on the fire in cold water, because the act of boiling draws out the juices of the meat. But if it is desired to keep the strength and gravy *in* the meat, let the water boil first and then put it in, as otherwise it cannot but be tasteless and poor, because all the goodness has been drawn out into the water.

"And you must, of course, keep the liquor the mutton was boiled in, Betsy," went on Margaret, "and on Wednesday we will use it for oyster soup. You have the recipe?"

"Yes, miss, but will you be so kind as read it out to me, I can seem to take in the meaning better when you read it up."

"But you will have forgotten it all by Wednesday. However, if so, you must ask for it again. You require a tin of oysters, the tinned ones will do as well as the fresh for this occasion. Three pints of white stock, not quite half a pint of milk, one and a half ounces of butter, one ounce or rather more of flour, and salt, mace, and pepper. First, take the oysters from the tin and put them in your soup tureen; then take a pint of stock and simmer it with the liquor from the oysters for half-an-hour; strain it and add the rest of the stock, with the seasoning. Boil it, add the butter and flour for thickening, let it simmer for a minute or two, stir in the boiling milk, and pour all over the oysters. There, that is very simple, and now I must go out and order the leg of mutton."

"But please, miss, about the upstairs fires, as it's come so warm lately and you generally lets the fires out in the morning, I was thinking whether I need light them any more for the present."

"Well, you need not do so to-morrow, and we will see whether anyone feels chilly. If we decide to leave them off altogether in the drawing-room you must thoroughly clean and blacken the grate, take away those bars and put in the bright ones."

"Yes, miss, and beautifully bright they are; I just give them a bit of a rub with a cloth, and they look just like new, through being put away covered with a thick paste of sweet oil and unslaked lime: there's nothing like it for keeping off rust on brights."

"That is all right. Do not forget to fasten down the register. The dining-room grate can be left as it is, because you know we like a fire occasionally even on a summer's evening, but that register must of course be closed too. Only I hope you will not forget to raise it when we have an occasional fire again."

This idea of keeping the fire laid all the summer through was Mr. Colville's, who failed to see why one should sit chilly and comfortless on a cold evening simply because it was the month of July and August.

"Of course it *ought* to be warm, I grant you," he would argue, "but it *is* cold, so by all means let us have a fire."

There was no difficulty about this, as Margaret had worked a pretty pair of curtains in crewels for the fireplace, which effectually concealed all traces of coal and stick. When the fire was to be lighted the curtains were simply looped back by their bands, the register raised, and the grate was ready for the application of the match.

Apropos of grates, Margaret's calmness had been put to a severe test on the night of Dick's birthday party. Wilfrid Trent came to preside in Mr. Colville's absence, and Margaret retreated from the noisy scene after tea, but returned to be present at the promised conjuring tricks. The room after a time becoming warm, a window was slightly opened, and the draught blew directly on to the mantelpiece, causing the candles to flicker, and presently to begin to drip grease down upon the marble.

The conjuror stood immediately in front of the fireplace, and Margaret did not like to interrupt the performance by getting up to remove the candles, so she had to just sit and watch, with growing anxiety, the likewise growing heaps of wax.

Her precious marble mantel! It was very handsome, fine, and white; the one thing in the house in which she felt a pride. Every day, with her own hands, she rubbed it tenderly, using a soft cloth only, rightly judging that the application of soap and water would be prejudicial. And now to have to sit and calmly watch the slow, steady trickle of grease was indeed anguish.

"Never mind," she said to herself, "I must smother my feelings till this is over, then I will rush for Joanna's book and seek a remedy whilst the company is having its lemonade and cake in the dining-room before going home."

This she did, and luckily found there an excellent and simple way of removing grease spots from marble. Carefully detaching with a knife as much as she could without scratching the surface of the mantel, she applied some finely-powdered magnesia, to be left all night, and then, with an easier mind, rejoined the merry party in the next room.

The following morning, on wiping off the magnesia, the grease marks had disappeared, and a second application was not necessary.

The Colvilles' house was an old one, and though it consequently could not boast of modern improvements such as heated linen rooms, yet it possessed one advantage rarely met with in a new house, namely, a fairly large garden.

It was not a remarkably productive garden, but that was, perhaps, because there was so little attention given to its culture. The lawns were kept closely shaven and the paths neat and trim, but beyond that the old-fashioned rose-bushes still blossomed on (or not, as the case might be), free from the rivalry of standards; the lilacs, all untrimmed, grew into perfect bowers, whilst honeysuckles and clematis climbed and wandered about in a delicious tangle, just as their own sweet wills led them.

One corner of the garden was dignified by the name of orchard, though all that remained to merit the title was one gnarled old apple-tree, hoary with age and long past bearing. But here were a number of fine hardy gooseberry and currant bushes, which some enterprising tenant had planted, and in spite of the neglect of the present very unagricultural family, the bushes were laden with fruit, year after year, with unabating plenty.

Tom and Dick would commence their onslaught on the crop whilst the fruit was still in the condition of small green bullets, acrid and indigestible beyond words to describe, and continued it as long as there was a berry left, but still there was abundance left for pies and puddings and preserving.

This year Margaret resolved to be content with bottling a quantity for winter use, instead of preserving any, for it must be confessed that she felt a little timid of trying her 'prentice hand on preserves. Following what she took to be the traditional family recipe ror gooseberries in the miscellany book, she selected the fruit when fully grown but before it was ripe. They were gathered on a dry sunny day, and with the "heads and tails" cut off, they were placed in wide-mouthed bottles, which had to be perfectly dry inside. These, well corked, were put to stand up to the neck in a pan of cold water on the fire, which was allowed to come to a boil very gradually till the fruit looked scalded or "coddled," to use an old fashioned phrase. The bottles were then taken out and the necks dipped into the following cement for keeping out all air:—Put two pounds of resin, with two ounces of tallow (that from a dip candle will do) into an earthen vessel; melt over a slow fire till well mixed, colour with a little stone blue or yellow ochre, and let it cool till it is only just liquid.

"The currants require rather more care in gathering, so as not to bruise the fruit, and their treatment afterwards is somewhat different. To every pound of fruit, half a pound of sugar is allowed, pulverised and dried by the fire. They are boiled with the sugar for a minute, then when cold put into bottles with a little sweet oil on the top. A piece of bladder and a little sheet lead are good coverings for excluding air, and finally, the bottles are put away in a cool, dry cupboard, and their contents subsequently testify to the excellence of the way of preserving, for they taste like fresh fruit.

It was during the gathering of this fruit that Betsy confided to her mistress a very agitating and interesting piece of news. It seemed that during her sojourn "down home," Betsy's pleasant face and manner, and her devoted attention to her sick mother, had quite won the heart of a rising young baker. In fact, so devoted was he that, not being

actually discouraged in his suit, he had left his native village and taken a situation as foreman in a thriving establishment not far off, ostensibly to better himself, but also, as Betsy could not but surmise, with the idea of renewing his proposals.

"And now," continued the damsel, hiding as best she could amongst the friendly gooseberry bushes, her face always rosy, at this agitating moment absolutely carmine, "now the young man was pressing for a decided answer, and a letter had come that very morning urging for it in eloquent terms."

"But you don't mean that—he doesn't want you to marry him directly, surely?" asked Margaret, lost in amazement and perplexity.

"Oh, dear heart, *no*, miss," replied the damsel, unable to refrain from a smile at her mistress's simplicity, "'tis only to keep company, as the saying is; and I thought as father hasn't no objections, and if you hadn't no objections, and he's a very steady young man and getting on well in his trade too——"

"Your father knows him, then?"

"Oh yes, miss, from a child, I might say, and me too. We was at school together, and was always friendly like."

"Well, Betsy, it would not be right for me to hinder you in a matter like this, so long as your father is content, and I feel sure he would not allow you to have anything to do with one who was not very steady and good and nice."

"No, miss, certainly not, nor I wouldn't wish to. Should you have any objections to me seeing him now and then, miss?"

It was Margaret's turn to smile now, for the idea of not being allowed to see one's betrothed even now and again struck her as droll. She was on the point of saying he could come as often as he liked, but, on second thoughts, prudently replied, "Of course I wish to do what is best for you, so I will think it over, and let you know what can be arranged."

Margaret's "thinking about it" meant, as usual, "ask Mrs. Trent or Joanna about it," for this was indeed a new experience for her. She knew, poor child, that a whole day's thought would bring her no light on such a subject, and though she felt much interested in the affair (as what girl of eighteen would not?) she wished she had not to give an opinion on it.

As soon as possible she set out for Mrs. Trent's, timing her visit so that Wilfrid would be certainly safe at his business.

After hearing the state of the case, Mrs. Trent congratulated Margaret on Betsy's having made so good a choice, for she had heard the young man spoken of in high terms by his employer.

"As to his coming to see Betsy, it has always seemed hard to me that while Miss Belinda in the parlour may have her beaux, Betsy Jane in the kitchen is not permitted to have a 'follower!' One wishes to be kind and considerate in such cases, but too frequent visits are not satisfactory; it unsettles the girl, as she is in a constant state of expecting him to come, and it may tempt the young man to waste the time when he ought to be at work. Now, I advise you to give him permission to come every other Sunday afternoon, have tea with Betsy, and go to church with her in the evening. On the intervening Sunday she will see him no doubt at church, but he should not come into the house on any other occasion, save by very special permission."

"Oh, Mrs. Trent, only once a fortnight! Why, if she is very, very fond of him, she will want to see him every single day! I'm certain I should," Margaret exclaimed, blushing and laughing.

"Ah! well, we cannot have everything we want, love; supposing he lived very far away, once a fortnight would seem delightfully often. But you had better propose that to Betsy, and I feel sure she will be well content, and he too. Now, dear, I will give you that recipe for the marking ink with which my linen was marked when I was married thirty years ago, and, see, it is as black and clear as if it were freshly written. Here it is. Take two drachms of powdered gum arabic, one scruple of sap green, and one drachm two scruples of nitrate of silver; dissolve these in an ounce of distilled water. That is the ink; but before using it, it is necessary to prepare the linen with a mordaunt, made by dissolving one ounce of carbonate of soda in half a pint of water. Moisten the place to be marked with this mordaunt, and when dry proceed as with ordinary marking ink, finally holding the newly written letters to the fire for a minute."

"Many thanks, Mrs. Trent dear, I *have* been so troubled with bad marking inks: some of them wash out directly, and others, still worse, eat away the linen into large holes. If this is a little more trouble to use I'm sure it will be well worth it, for the names on your linen, done so long ago, are far clearer and better coloured than any I can get now."

"Yes, I think you will be pleased. In looking over my old papers, searching for that recipe, I came across this one—it is a delicious conserve, made of rose-leaves—which I have never seen or heard mentioned since I was a child, and used to have a spoonful for dessert on Sundays as a great treat. Yes, you may well open your eyes, but after all it is not a very different thing from drinking the infusion of tea-leaves. This is the recipe:—Take red-rose petals, remove the white part at the bottom of each, sift them through a sieve, to remove seeds and other particles. Weigh them, and allow three times their weight of the best loaf-sugar. Boil the leaves till they are tender, reckoning about a pint of water to the same measure of petals. Then add the sugar and boil, stirring all the time till the syrup is nearly all taken up. Then put away in little jars, covering as for preserves.

"I shall so like to try that as soon as our roses are in perfection; it is such a pretty recipe, and it is so poetic actually to eat a conserve of rose-leaves."

"Then I saved two simple custard recipes for you. They are such an improvement with rather sour early fruit, which will be soon coming on now. Here is one of them:—Take a pint of milk, add two large eggs, both whites and yolks, and a little nutmeg. Beat these together for five minutes, and pour into a saucepan. Stir over a clear fire till the mixture thickens. Put into a jug a little drop of almond flavouring, or vanilla (half a teaspoonful is ample), strain the custard into the jug, strain it once more, and serve cold. The other recipe is equally simple and economical. For it you must boil a pint of new milk, with a little lemon-peel, two bay-leaves, and sugar to taste. Meanwhile, rub down smooth a dessert-spoonful of rice-flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with it the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Take a basin of the hot milk and mix with the cold, then pour that into the saucepan of boiling milk again, stirring it one way till it thickens and is on the point of boiling. Next pour it out into a jug or other vessel, stir it for some time, adding a tablespoonful of peach-water, and any flavouring you please."

"Those certainly sound very simple. I have never been very successful with custards when I have tried the more complicated recipes, but surely I cannot go wrong with such clear and easy directions as these. How lovely that bouquet of lilac is! Surely they are not the same clusters that I saw here more than a week ago?"

"Yes, indeed, they are the same, and they are as sweet as ever, are they not? It is because there was a little charcoal put in the water in which they stand. There is nothing like it for keeping flowers fresh."

"Well, I hope Betsy will not think me *very* hard-hearted about her interviews with the young man," said Margaret, as she rose to take leave.

"She will be unreasonable if she does; but you need not fear it. I hope you will meet with no worse treatment from the powers that be when your own time comes."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street:—

Lost on the Prairie. Descriptive song for baritone or bass. Words by Charles W. Rowe. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass, A to F. This vigorous song comes to us as a pleasing variety after many maudlin sentimental love songs. It may be that *Lost on the Prairie* is more suitable for a man to sing; nevertheless we are sure that many girls will enjoy a change of subject upon which to exercise their vocal talents, and this song can safely be recommended both for its invigorating nature and its excellence as a descriptive composition. If Signor Pinsuti had not written hundreds of other excellent songs, this alone would have made for him an enviable reputation, but it seems to us that each new song written by this composer is better than its predecessor. This song is full of variety and contains a mine of excellent themes with which to play upon the emotions of an audience. It opens with a recitative in E minor:—

"Silence profound, no path, no track is there
To guide the wanderer on his homeward way,
Lost on the Prairie, far from human ken;
Save for my steed alone, through night and day
He, the dear comrade of my many toils,
Hungered, athirst, exhausted, near me lies;
While carrion vultures, scenting quick new prey,
Sail circling round and watch with greedy eyes."

The time and key change as he descants on his visions and dreams of home, and asks with declamation, "What to me now this treasured gold?" for which he "toiled with such wild haste." But the key changes again and the time increases, and in a pianissimo accompaniment we hear the gallop of horses, and in an allegretto recitative the lost man cries, "But hark! what sound is that? It speaks of help, of life, of hope, of home!" and the finale of this splendid composition ends with:—

"O God, I thank thee for this aid
Sent in our direst need!
Courage, my steed, my gallant steed,
We're saved!"

Three Tokens. Words by Nella. Words by Henry Parker. Compass, E to A; also

My Treasures. By the same writer and composer. Compass, D to E.—Sung by Madame Patey. These two songs are melodious, and written in a popular style. They will not suit girls whose voices are not crisp and flexible.

Autumn. Words translated from the German. Music by King Hall. Compass, C sharp to D. And by the same composer,

The Moss Rose. Compass, E flat to F.—The words of this song, translated from the German of Krummacher, give the legend of the moss rose. On asking the Angel of the flowers for an additional grace, the rose had thrown over it a veil of moss, which has since that time made its appearance different from the other roses of the garden. The music of *Autumn* and of *The Moss Rose* is quiet and beautiful,

and proclaims it to be the work of a musician of superior culture.

WILLEY and Co., Argyll-place.

The Fairies' Ball. Morceau for the Pianoforte. By E. Baudey.—A piece suited for beginners, well-fingered and easily learnt, presenting no insurmountable difficulties.

J. H. BARNETT, 67 High-street, St. John's-wood :—

Boat Song. By Theo. H. Barnett.—This is No. 2 of "Summer Sketches," and is a nice soothing movement, with an easily-caught air, taking us in fancy over the rippling waters, after the bustle of everyday life. An easy and pleasing little sketch.

METZLER and Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W. :—

Over London River. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Frederick Henley. Compass, E to E.—This is a song on a subject which we should hope is exhausted. Mr. F. E. Weatherly's *London Bridge* has evidently set song writers agoing on the same theme. The music of *Over London River* is melodious and correct, but more we cannot say.

The High Art Maiden. Words and music by Herbert Harraden. Compass, D to D.—This is a humorous song on the subject of modern æstheticism. The capital coloured picture on the cover shows the consummate quiteness and utterness of a feminine æsthete, who is feeding by the sense of sight, or, as the writer calls it, "that Bedlam-like stare," upon a sunflower placed in a blue and white jar. In the last verse the singer asks :—

"Why does she her love with such fervour bestow
On a blue plate that cost but a shilling or so ;
And why does she beg us, with tears in her eyes,
To bury it with her whenever she dies?
Don't you know why? 'High Art!' is the cry!
What? *Not* be æsthetic!
'Twere better to die!"

The music to this song is suitable to the subject and clever, allowing the necessary amount of flopping and attitudinising.

ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W. :—

Evening Star. Nocturne by Fritz Spindler. — An easy, graceful little Nocturne. The theme is well sustained and carried out, only requiring moderate attention to the indications marked by the composer to secure a right rendering.

These publishers have issued a set of four songs, entitled "Proverbs in Song." The verses are by F. E. Weatherly, and the music by Joseph L. Roeckel. The following are the subjects of the compositions already published, and others will be added in course of time :—

1. *Two's Company, Three's None* (Compass C to F).
2. *A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush* (C to E).
3. *When Poverty Knocks at the Door, Love Flies out of the Window* (D to F).
4. *The Longest Way Round is the Shortest Way Home* (E to F).

All these songs are capital for performance in the drawing-room. Of course, the proverbs are illustrated by stories of love, but they are agreeable and not "far-fetched," as many might expect.

No. 3 is our favourite by reason of the illustration (or contradiction, rather) of the proverb as much as of its suitable setting by Mr. Roeckel. The song tells us of two poor lovers who married in spite of their neighbours telling them that when "poverty knocks at the door love flies out of the window." And poverty worked its severest—

"But this staunch little, true little couple
Only stuck to each other the more,
Till love, every day growing stronger,
Kicked poverty out at the door.
So they dwelt at their poor little cottage,
Devoted as husband and wife ;
And though poverty pays them a visit,
Love is their tenant for life."

A. COX, 29, King-street, Regent-street, W. :—

Revival. Canzonet. Words by M. M. D. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass, D to F.



This little, short song, which is really the meaning of the term canzonet, is a delightful composition, highly recommended to our girls. The title refers to the coming again of summer weather, the flowers, and the birds :—

"In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing,
Far beneath our feet."

Sleep in Peace. Words by Mona. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Compass, D to F sharp. A charming song, requiring delicate rendering, especially in the lullaby :—

"Sleep in peace! God's love and care will never cease."

Separation. Duet for soprano and contralto or baritone. Words by Lewis Novra. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. The subject is the familiar one of the parting of lovers with the necessary renewal of vows. A capital duet, both easy and effective, well worthy of the composer's fame and our readers' purchase.

OUR PATTY'S VICTORY; OR, A WHITE HAND.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN, Author of "Her Sweet Revenge," "When I was a Girl," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

A CONFLICT.

"IF only I knew what to do!"

Patty uttered the ejaculation to the empty air, in the stillness of midnight; as, in her own little room, she sat on the bedside in wakeful self-communion, troubled by doubts and tremors, none the less real that the subject of them will appear to others but trivial.

To each human soul its own struggle is all-absorbing. The conflict which this young girl was now sustaining was to her as fraught with pain, as earnest and intense, as were ever the inward wrestlings of the most sorely tried and tempted sufferer for conscience' sake.

"It does seem so hard," ran her mental pleading, "when I am trying to do what is right. It must be right when by-and-bye I may earn money and help mother; and the learning costs nothing!"

"Mother is often wishing she could afford things that I know she used to have, and the children getting bigger, and more expense every way. Father's illness last year cost a good deal, and if he were to be so again——"

She had risen, and was gently pacing the room to and fro with her hands clasped before her.

She had only taken off her dress, and loosened her hair. The candle was extinguished, the half-drawn curtains admitted the moonlight to one side of the chamber. The rest was in shadow.

In the small white bed lay Susie, calmly sleeping, recking little of the struggle which was agitating her sister, and keeping her from the pillow she should hours since have been sharing with the pretty rosebud folded there.

Patty communed with herself half aloud. "Yes, if father were to be ill, or if Mr. Campion were to go abroad again, they would want fewer gardeners at the Castle. Then what use the money would be if I were earning!"

She stopped in her walk, checking her thoughts with her footsteps.

"That is all 'if,'" she said, doubtingly. "Perhaps I ought to have more faith. If God sends the trouble he can send help too. He has done before now. But then perhaps this is the way sent for me to try. Miss Blake says I am getting on so well, and should soon be able to teach.

"I wish things could be smoother at home though, everything seems to go wrong lately. Yet mother always tells us 'What thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might,' and I have tried to learn, and I love it so!"

Another check to the rapid pacing, to the busy thought.

"Yes," she went on doubtfully, "I want it so, I *love* it so, may be that is the very reason I ought not to. Ah! if I did but know—if I did but know."

The little one stirred in her sleep, and murmured Patty's name. The elder sister bent down to draw the coverlid closer, and a tiny hand found its way round Patty's neck and nestled there.

The moonlight just showed the little flushed face and tumbled hair. Patty softly caressed

the hand she loosened from her neck, and kissed it tenderly.

How this mite clung to her. Patty had been her only nurse since she was a few months old, Jack too, and now the baby. They all looked up to her for help and for companionship, for comfort, for happiness. Even big Reuben, though he would not own it—she made a part of his world that he could not easily have dispensed with.

"They have got so used to it, my dear," her mother had said on one occasion, when Patty had uttered a protest against some childish exaction.

And it had been very sweet to her, this home popularity. Surely she had been fond and proud of it. She would not have them learn to do without her certainly. As for delegating her duties to another, and that other such a one as Nancy Lee!

Her heart smote her, and then came the echo of the words the children had spoken, "You are not 'our Patty' any more."

Childish nonsense, to be smiled at in the moment; but just now, to Patty's highly-wrought nerves, it seemed a forecast of what might be to come.

If they should learn to do without her, to be careless of her coming and going, indifferent to her good or bad word!

And why not? Was she not forgetting them, taking her own way, and deserting long-formed habits, sweet womanly cares?

"Yet it was to help them I meant it. It is all for their good."

And yet meantime they were miserable, and—"Thou shalt not do evil that good may come."

"Oh, if I could but know!"

She sank upon her knees, her face hidden in her hands.

The moon looked down upon the silent white room, where this young creature strove in solemn earnestness, and prayed that the right might be made plain to her.

Time passed. Susie slept tranquilly. At last the girl rose from her knees and looked round the room with a strange sensation that something in it had changed.

The struggle was past.

Quietly and swiftly she undressed, and laid herself down beside the small sleeper.

In three minutes she, too, was in the land of dreams.

No one but Patty herself could have told what various elements entered into the contest which had been so strongly fought upon that homely battlefield.

Girls may be born, or trained, not to take precisely the same views of what constitutes honour, bravery, or cowardice, as do the opposite sex. It may be that the manly breast scorns with more intensity the idea of coercion, and repels with deeper indignation the notion of being laughed out of a resolve.

Still, few girls with any spirit like to be supposed capable of being subdued by ridicule.

Now, with his natural relish of a joke, Reuben had made the most of his big brotherly privilege, as regarded Patty's music lessons.

One evening it was a large piece of hop-sack he brought in, and ostentatiously asking for a big packing needle and thread, he had begun to work upon it.

In answer to Jack's eager inquiry of what was that for? Reuben had answered gravely it was "to carry to the bank the money Patty would soon be earning by her music."

Again, he would pretend to read, in the paper he brought home from the town, advertisements for a professor of the piano; offering fabulous sums for an instructress, whose personal appearance, being described, of course tallied with Patty's, making due allowance for the flattering colours of fraternal portraiture.

A spider, in the middle of its web, being discovered by the facetious youth, in a corner of the kitchen; he loudly called for his sister to "sing to it"; remarking, as she turned indignantly away, that he had quite supposed music was to do everything, since so much seemed to be sacrificed for it.

Another time it was a large van, with four horses, that he reported to be coming up the road. It belonged, in fact, to a travelling circus; but Reuben gravely surmising that it might contain the new piano "our Patty" was to play, the younger children bustled about, with loud acclamations, dragging the furniture aside to make room for the new possession.

Of course, the nonsense could not fail to raise a laugh; while its object bore it all in silence. Her sweet nature harboured no resentment, and such poor jokes could certainly have no power to move her resolutions. Still another strand in the cord which had been drawing her in one direction was the conviction that should the lessons be discontinued, Reuben would not fail to take to himself the credit of having worked the change.

But it was all done with now.

The conflict was over, the victory gained. Ridicule or temptation would not move the victor, where she slept peacefully.

Next day, in the lull which seemed to fall upon the homestead, when the little ones had been started off to school, and the baby was taking his morning sleep, Patty, who had been bustling actively about almost since sunrise, made her appearance with her hat and cape on.

"You can spare me, mother, for a little while now," she said, "can't you? I want to run over to Greendell."

"Yes, my dear," her mother replied. "Is it to Miss Blake?" For the girl held a roll of music in her hand.

"Yes, mother, I am going there, but I shall not be long—only just there and back."

Her mother assented quietly.

Patty smiled to herself as she hurried off.

The journey to Greendell, by the shortest way, did not take long.

Arrived at the villa, Patty was beginning to state her errand to Mrs. Blake, when that lady begged her to wait.

"You had better see Amy, my dear. I might forget some of it, and I am sure she would rather you saw her yourself."

After a short delay, and a murmuring of voices above, Patty was admitted to Miss Blake's bedroom.

"Whatever has brought you here at this time?" asked Amy, who was in the midst of her toilette, with closed windows, and a stifling atmosphere of exhausted scent-bottles in the air.

"I came to say, if you please, Miss Blake," Patty hurriedly began, "that I am not going to take any more lessons, and to thank you very much for your kindness, and to bring this back."

She laid down the music sheet.

"Not take any more lessons!" exclaimed Amy, turning from her glass, the uplifted brush suspended in her hand.

"Gracious me! give it up! when you were getting on so well!"

Her tone was one of annoyance. To tell the truth, Amy had anticipated not a little credit to herself on account of her pupil, whose probable success, it need hardly be said, was really in very small part owing to her assistance.

"Won't your mother let you?"

"Oh, indeed, my mother has not said a word about it," replied Patty. "She does not know why I have come. But I felt I could not give the time to it, not without neglecting other things."

"Well I never!" ejaculated Amy. "And you seemed so fond of it!"

"I am indeed fond of it. It made me very, very happy," returned Patty. The tears were in her eyes. "But I could not see my way clear that it was my duty."

Amy shrugged her shoulders, and returned to the brushing of her hair.

"I thought you would be expecting me to-day, as usual, and maybe stay at home for me, so I ran over as early as I could."

"Very well," said Miss Blake, shortly. "Leave it there" (meaning the music); "I hope you won't alter your mind again and be sorry, when it's too late."

"Oh, no!" responded Patty, in a firm tone, as she took her leave of her former instructress.

Then she hastened on her homeward way.

And now what was it that made her feel as though she might have just awakened from a long sleep—had opened her eyes upon a new world?

She had passed along this self-same path, between Greendell and home, so many times of late, yet had it never impressed her as on this morning, when she hurried along with feet so swift yet with eyes that took note of all.

A branch of late dog-roses swayed to and fro from the hedgerow. How sweet the breeze came over from the farm-fields. Was it the pot-herbs it had caught the scent of or the ricks? maybe all together. Ah! there was a robin, early harbinger of winter. And here are blackberries, a fine ripe cluster; she must have these for Jacky. Ripe already! why how the time had flown, and yet she had taken no heed! What a glorious sky, and was there ever such a sight as that "traveller's joy," with its red leaves like a flame-coloured mantle draping the gable end of Farmer Spriggs' homestead?

How fresh it all seemed, like a new world this morning. And in a measure so it was. The world of unselfish devotion, of thought for others, which is revealed only to those who come up triumphantly from the narrow ditch of "self" and its sordid cares in which poor humanity too often lies enshrouded.

A long day was before her, in imagination she filled it with loving labour.

"I shall have nothing else to think about now," she said within herself, as she opened the garden gate and gathered a broad rhubarb leaf for her blackberries.

"Why, dearie, you have been quick!" cried her mother, whose face bore a look of quiet joy. "You did not wait for your lesson, surely?"

"No, mother," Patty began, when someone behind took her by the shoulders, and, turning, she came face to face with her father.

"Here is a surprise," said Mrs. Holme, "and, Patty, father is going to stay with us till Monday. He has good news too!"

"Well, my girl," said her father, kissing her, "so I hear you are learning the piano like the rest of them. Well, so long as you don't neglect the needful, there is no objection to the ornamental, I suppose. And how do you get on with it?"

"I was getting on father, I believe," said Patty, "but I have given it up."

Mrs. Holme, who was hurrying to and fro with her preparations for dinner, had stopped to listen to her daughter's words. She said nothing.

"Yes, mother," resumed Patty looking at her, "I went up to tell Miss Blake this morning that she might not expect me. I am not going any more."

"But if you were getting on so well and it amused you," her father said, kindly.

"Oh! I don't want for amusement, father," said Patty, with something of a hurt tone; then she added, quietly, "I am quite content as it is."

And she hurried upstairs to put away her hat and cape.

Coming down, her mother met her at the foot of the stairs, and put her hands upon the girl's smooth brown hair.

"You are a dear child, God bless you!" she said, gently, and Patty knew she had her mother's approval. But she would not know, till years have passed over her, how nearly her parent had entered into the motives, had divined the struggle in her daughter's heart, nor how justly she had anticipated her decision.

Those words, that gesture of her mother's, were the crowning point of Patty's victory.

It was a joyful dinner-table the little family gathered round, for the father's presence had been lately a rarity, except on short visits, owing to the distance which lay between his employment and the home.

The good news he brought was the prospect of a change in this respect.

"And shall I have a dada always at home, like Mary Moss?" asked Susie, who was established on her father's knee.

"Yes, chucky, you are all coming to live in a bonny cottage close by where I am," was the reply. Jack, who is perched on a rail at the back of the parental chair, and is feeding his father with blackberries, recalls the fact that it is a half holiday.

"And you are to come nutting with us, our Patty. You promised first half holiday."

"It's music day," puts in Susie. "Our Patty's music day, and her can't go."

Jack groans a melancholy "Oh!"

"I am not going to the music lesson, Jacky, and I will come to the nutting when work is done indoors," said Patty, quietly.

Down jumps Jack from his perch. "Not going to music lesson never, *never* any more?"

"Never any more, dear," said Patty, smiling.

"And no more Nancy Lee?" cries Jack.

Patty shakes her head in reply.

"Hooray! Susie, hooray! No more music days, no more Nancy Lee. Our Patty's going to stay always; hooray!"

"Hooray!" Susie's silvery treble joins in, as the two link hands and dance round the elder sister.

Reuben putting his head in at the door to learn the meaning of the hubbub, the joyful news is communicated.

"Given it up!" says the sapient elder. "Ha! I thought that's how it would be!"

The unkindest cut of all. To be credited with inconstancy, when with such a hard fight she had yielded up her heart's desire.

But Patty could bear it. The chain of love which held her, as it might be, in the encircling of those baby arms, in her mother's smile, her father's hearty laugh, was armour-proof against all stings and arrows of such sharp shooting.

* * * * *

It is a Sunday evening. There is a feeling of crispness in the air suggestive of coming winter. Sunset tints linger, floating higher and higher, fading in the cloudless blue, where the stars are beginning to show themselves, and are reflected in the stream, creeping slowly through the meadows.

"Sweet day so calm, so pure, and bright,
Fit bridal of the earth and sky,"

quotes one of a party of three, who saunter slowly along, thoroughly enjoying the beauty of the evening, and stopping now and again to remark on the changing hues of the sky and waters.

Miss Knox was the speaker. Her sister-in-law walked beside her. In the rear came young Barnet, with his inevitable companion, the poodle Punch.

Doggie has almost transferred his allegiance, these few months past, from his mistress to the young sailor, who had proved so apt a teacher that Punch was already a proficient in all canine exercises.

"How precious these last days of autumn seem to us," said Mrs. Barnet. "Much as I love the spring I don't know but these sober tints, this settling down of Nature into her long slumber, as it were, have not even a greater charm—oh, Punch!"

The concluding adjuration was caused by the sudden apparition of the poodle, darting past, like a flash of orange light. With a short quick bark he disappeared through a gap in the hedge.

"Hi! Punch!" Tom whistled. The ladies called, in their most seductive tones, but no poodle reappeared.

There was a faint sound of voices, in the field beyond the hedge.

"What can it be? Someone Punch knows, or he would bark," said Mrs. Barnet.

Tom held up his hand for silence, as he approached softly the gate in the fence.

A group met his view, which had he been a painter he would certainly have noted for future use.

A young girl was seated on the bank below the hedge, holding a very small child in her lap. A few late autumn flowers and berries lay beside her, which she was making deftly into bunches, decorating the hat of the little one, who in both hands held tightly a small basket whence peeped the restless eyes of a kitten who seemed protesting against the enforced confinement.

A sturdy boy stood near fondling Punch, who was evidently on the best possible terms with the whole party.

The elder girl was speaking.

"I don't think I can carry you, Susie dear, much further. My arms ache so, and you know we have not such a very great way to go now."

"The kitty is heavy and I must hold her," said Susie plaintively.

"Jacky would carry the basket," said the elder sister.

"I promised kitty I would carry her and I must," argued Susie.

"Well, dear, we must be going now, see how late it is. Jacky, here are your flowers."

Patty rose, pinning a little knot of blossoms in her dress.

"Come along, pet," she said, cheerfully, raising the reluctant child to its feet. "We have had a good rest, and we shall soon be home. Mother will be wondering."

The gate swung open and the little party passed through, meeting the elder trio as they came.

"Why, Jack," said Tom, after mutual greetings had passed. "What friends you and Punch have grown. Have you seen him go through his exercise?"

The boy looked inquiringly at the speaker.

"Make ready! Present! Fire! you know," said the young man. "Ah! you must come up to the Cottage, and we will make him exhibit.

Jack was apparently struck with an idea.

"Are your arms very strong?" he asked, looking critically at the, to him, big proportions of the sailor lad.

"Pretty well," replied Tom, laughing. "Why?"

"She's very tired," said Jack confidentially, and pointing to Susie. "Our Patty has carried her ever so far. *I* am not tired, at least not when our Patty sings to us; but then she says she can't sing and carry Susie too; and I don't think she can, do you?"

The ladies had been chatting with Patty and her charge, while this brief colloquy was taking place.

They parted, and Patty called to Jack.

"Good night, Jack," said Mrs. Barnet. "And mind you are to come with your sister next time she comes to the Cottage, and see Punch go through his exercise."

"All right!" said Jack, as he relinquished the hand of his new companion, and ran after the others.

He soon overtook them, for they walked slowly. Susie holding fast by the gown of her sister, who had gained possession of the basket and kitten. She extended her hand to Jack as he came up, and went on singing in her sweet fresh voice, with the little song the children had asked for—

"Let us scatter seeds of kindness."

Tom Barnet lingered awhile, looking after the receding figures. Then he hastened after the elder ladies. Touching his aunt upon the shoulder, he said hurriedly: "That little one seems very tired. I may as well help them on a bit."

"By all means, Tom," was Mrs. Barnet's reply, as composedly as if it had been the very thing she was expecting.

"I thought we were to call at the Blakes this evening," said Miss Knox. "Will you be in time?"

"I shall see," said her nephew, who had already turned the other way.

He went off at a round pace. He would soon come up with the little weary ones.

Was it fancy? or from afar, in the clear evening air, did the two elder women hear the sweet refrain of our Patty's song—

"For the reaping by-and-bye"?

THE END.

THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

IV.

Combined Dressing Cases and Housewives for the Use of Missionaries.

Our girls are asked to compete for prizes and certificates offered for well-made Dressing Cases and Housewives combined, to be presented through the various societies for the use of missionaries travelling in foreign countries. The secretary of one of our largest missionary societies has suggested to us that these articles would prove invaluable to most of the missionaries, and we, therefore, should like all our readers to try to join in this good work, which will benefit both the giver and receiver.

A diagram of the pattern Dressing Case and Housewife is here given. The inside should be made of a thin waterproofed sheeting, the pockets and flaps being placed on a foundation of the same, and made up before being placed in the outer case. The edges of the flaps are bound with ribbon or galloon, the edges of the pockets being placed under those of the flaps, thus hiding the rough edges of both, and reducing the number of stitchings required. The outside edges of the foundation, pockets, and flaps are all stitched carefully round to secure firmness, and, lastly, the outside covering is added.

This outside covering, as it is thus carefully protected from wet and damp, may be made ornamented, and may be embroidered in crewels or silk on cloth, serge, or diagonal, and when finished is bound up with the waterproof pockets by a galloon or ribbon binding; two wide elastic bands must be sewn on to go round the case when full.

The points for judgment will be—

1. Neatness in the work.
2. Suitability in the colouring and design chosen for the embroidery.
3. Care in using the proper stitches throughout.

Five inches of the space at the end next the elastic bands is devoted to the "Housewife."

Two casings for black and white thread respectively, and straps for small necessaries, scissors, buttonhook, &c. These are fastened to the foundation, not the outside cover; above them, sewn in with the binding, is a thin mat-



tress pincushion and four or five leaves of flannel for a needle-book.

Two Prizes of THREE GUINEAS and TWO GUINEAS will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors of or between the ages of twenty-five and twenty.

Two Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors under the age of twenty and above the age of sixteen.

Two Prizes of ONE GUINEA and HALF-A-GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful candidates under the age of sixteen.

The last day for receiving the Dressing Cases and Housewives for examination is Wednesday, August 17, 1881.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

Each Dressing Case and Housewife must have firmly sewn upon it the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this Dressing Case and Housewife is the sole work of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

BONES.—Consult D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," "Homes and Haunts of Luther, or Footprints of the Reformers in Foreign Lands." "Rome and its Papal Rulers" might also help you. Write for all to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

G. K. B.—Your question is not very clear. Of course, if you wish to teach private classes, the certificates you have would answer. As a teacher in a public school, you would be obliged to conform to the regulations made.

JAMAIS TRISTE.—An article giving full instructions in the art of bookbinding has already appeared, which you may have read in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER before you receive this answer. Pitman's system of shorthand writing is considered the best. See page 75, vol. i.

D. W.—We must refer you to the full information already given on the subject of nursing at pages 76, 454, and 99, vol. i.

SPEC.—How could we tell you what length of time you would require for making yourself proficient in bookkeeping? It depends on your ability and especial aptitude for it, as well as your diligence. You may be a "budding genius," or you may resemble the young lady "whose name was Dull," in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." All information on the subject of bookkeeping is supplied at 22, Berners-street, where a class is held.

ALICE MARGARET.—Your question covers such a wide sphere that we advise you to write to Messrs. Hatchards and Co., Piccadilly, W., for their sixpenny "Guide to the Institutions for the Benefit of Women and Children," from which you will obtain what you need.

ETHEL.—Read "Female Clerks and Book-keepers," page 309, vol. i., and also inquire at the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, W.

MUSIC.

TIPPE.—We have no idea of the value of your instructions in music. Apply for music copying at a musical instrument shop, where we believe it may sometimes be obtained, or at a music-seller's.

LITTLE EM.—The word "piano" is of course Italian, but we have made it English, and the "a" is pronounced by all well-educated people as it is in "baker." For chilblains see vol. i., pages 15, 64, and 111.

JU.—If applauded, it is needful to acknowledge it with a bow.

ELFIN.—A voice may be improved and notes gained, and an ear for time can, we are assured, be more or less acquired by steady and judicious practice under a good master.

YOUNG PIANIST.—The Directory, which is sold for sixpence at the National Training School for Music, Kensington Gore, S.W., will give you full information on the subject of the scholarships to be competed for. Address the secretary at the school.

A. S. M.—Women can compete for all degrees in music at the University of London. The age for the Matriculation Examinations—held in January and June—is "sixteen years complete," and the time when the Degree Exams. may be taken is regulated by the time ordered to elapse between them. Address Registrar, University College, Gower-street, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAUD LEWIS wishes to know the names of "Female Hospitals" for Incurables. Without commenting this novel idea, we may suggest a few designed for incurables, amongst others, perhaps, equally good, where women may be received when there are vacancies. The "Home for Confirmed Invalids," South House, Highbury Park South, N.; weekly charge 10s.; superintendent, Miss Warren. "Home for Incurable and Infirm Women" (over fifty years of age), 21, New Ormond-street; £26 per annum; Miss Twining. "St. Elizabeth's Home for Incurables," 68, Mortimer-street; from £16 per annum and upwards.

LILY.—Good riders ride safely and with greater convenience at the near side of their companion, but little girls, such as many of our correspondents, not trained as you appear to have been, can be the better taken care of if on the gentleman's off side, as his right hand is free for seizing her rein if necessary.

TWO DRESSMAKERS.—There is a "Dressmaker's Home" at 72, Gower-street, Bedford-square, W.C., where they can be received at about eleven shillings a week, but we are not acquainted with any institution exclusively for their benefit, to which they may continually subscribe, so as to obtain assistance when out of work.

LIZZIE.—The term "waits," applied to musicians who patrol the streets at night towards Christmas time, signifies a "watch" (so rendered in Scripture, "Ye have a watch"), or persons whose duty it is to remain awake at night patrolling the streets, to guard them against attack, and give warning of fire. It is derived from several languages. In German the word is "wachi," in Dutch, "wagt," Danish, "vagt," Swedish, "wakt," and Scotch, "wate." Watchmen, or waits, still patrol the streets in primitive, out-of-the-way Continental towns and villages, carrying a lantern and long staff, and singing the hour, state of the weather, &c., in pretty quaint old rhymes. The shepherd's watching their flocks at night, and the angels singing the glad news of the Saviour's birth, doubtless originated the idea of announcing the approach of this great anniversary after the same fashion. A "wake" is a different thing altogether.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.—The initials "O. S. B.," as in English, or "O. B. S." as in Latin, seen on tombs in Roman Catholic churchyards, signify "Order of St. Benedict."

MAY BLOSSOM.—Try rubbing the ivory with whitening. We have answered this question often before.

KANGAROO.—To say "spoonfuls" is correct. You write very well.

CURRIE THE HUNTER, IRISH LINNET, LA CHATELAINE, OLD MAID, E. C. R. D., ADELINE, MA DAME D'ARCY, and W. A. A. are thanked for their kind thought in sending Easter cards to the Editor.

THE THREE SISTERS (Rosa, Tamar, and Elizabeth), A LITTLE READER aged 12, and SILLY NINETEEN, are thanked for the very beautiful flowers so kindly forwarded to the Editor.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—You ask a question often put and hard to answer. If not strong enough for service, there are few employments open for you. Being quick and accurate at accounts might be a recommendation. Look out for advertisements where bookkeepers in shops are wanted, or advertise for such a situation. Many girls are thus employed in bootmaker's, butcher's, and other tradesmen's shops, besides libraries and fancy work stores.

HONEYSUCKLE.—If she cannot get a change of scene, try to engage her in some active occupation. Has she no taste for needlework, if not for some out-of-door employment?

TOPSY.—The face powder must have had white lead or other vile poison mixed with it. The powder used for babies is purest starch. Fuller's earth is also pure. But all powder interferes with the healthy action of the skin.

MYFANNY.—Von and Van usually belong to German and Dutch surnames, but Frenchmen or Americans or any others may possess similar family names, which prove nothing as to actual birth or nationality. The writing will be more regular as you get older, but is excellent in form and style.

CECILIA.—The three legs of the Isle of Man crest denote its position to the three coasts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. The Liverpool bird is heraldic, not scientific.

M. J. L.—With your weak eyes it is wrong to read by firelight, or indeed by any light that is not clear and steady. Follow your mother's advice.

SWEET BRIAR.—Camphor is recommended for preserving dried plants, but there is no effectual remedy. Better preservation is given by mixing something with the gum or paste used for fixing the plants at first. See "The Home Naturalist," published at 56, Paternoster-row.

FACTORY GIRL.—We are truly pleased to learn that our directions on many points have been found so useful to you and other factory girls in Scotland. The cookery hints, you remark, are more suited to England than to your country, where the diet of working people is plainer. There is the less need for lessons in cookery. Do not be offended when we advise you to spell more after the way in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

BONNIE LESLIE.—The assassination of the American President, Abraham Lincoln, was on 14th April, 1865, Good Friday of that year.

DIDO.—Honeymoon we suppose to be so called from its being a season of sweetness, and we wish that the feeling always remained through months and years of married life.

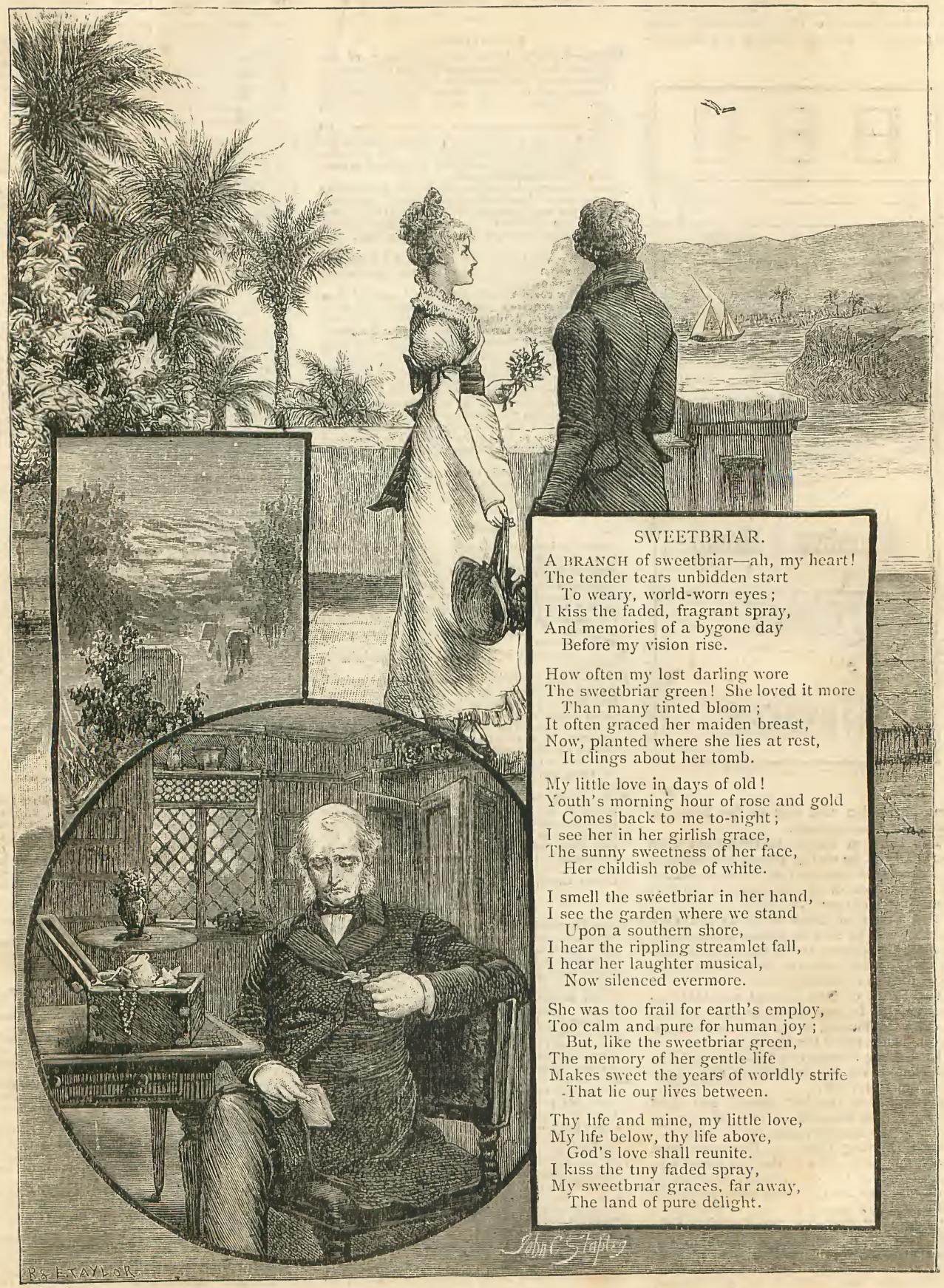
BHAER.—Exercise with dumb-bells or clubs may counteract the tendency to stooping, and plenty of exercise in the open air with cheerful companions will be useful for general improvement.

HOME NURSE.—Mustard poultices are made off-hand in a cup. Mustard plasters are prepared and sold in sheets, which are moistened when applied.

LANCASHIRE WITCH.—We advise you to get the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, the index to which will direct you to what you want to know about handwriting, and many other things. A pennyworth of saffron in about a pint of water will make a solution in which to dip lace so as to give it a rich creamy tint. It must be well washed first. The canary's head will come all right, if not too old.

MAGGIE M.—You had better consult a friend, if you have no mother. The shoulder-blade can hardly be out of place without pain, but if the difference is so marked, something may be wrong.

AUNTIE.—We never recommend schools, but as you ask about places on the Lancashire coast, we may name Southport, Lytham, and Blackpool. Of the three we greatly prefer Lytham, the others being crowded holiday places like Margate and Ramsgate in the south. Lytham is quiet, healthy, and possessing every advantage.



SWEETBRIAR.

A BRANCH of sweetbriar—ah, my heart!
The tender tears unbidden start
To weary, world-worn eyes;
I kiss the faded, fragrant spray,
And memories of a bygone day
Before my vision rise.

How often my lost darling wore
The sweetbriar green! She loved it more
Than many tinted bloom;
It often graced her maiden breast,
Now, planted where she lies at rest,
It clings about her tomb.

My little love in days of old!
Youth's morning hour of rose and gold
Comes back to me to-night;
I see her in her girlish grace,
The sunny sweetness of her face,
Her childish robe of white.

I smell the sweetbriar in her hand,
I see the garden where we stand
Upon a southern shore,
I hear the rippling streamlet fall,
I hear her laughter musical,
Now silenced evermore.

She was too frail for earth's employ,
Too calm and pure for human joy;
But, like the sweetbriar green,
The memory of her gentle life
Makes sweet the years of worldly strife
That lie our lives between.

Thy life and mine, my little love,
My life below, thy life above,
God's love shall reunite.
I kiss the tiny faded spray,
My sweetbriar graces, far away,
The land of pure delight.



VOL. II.—NO. 75.] JUNE 4, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A TALE OF A PENNY.

By RUTH LAMB.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Do be quiet, Jack. I wonder who can read, write, or think, with any hope of satisfactory results whilst you are turning everything topsy-turvy and rummaging round in such a fashion. What restless plagues lads are to be sure."

"And all because a penny is lost, stolen, strayed, or otherwise mislaid. I am sure it is not worth all that fuss," said sister number two, while the young gentleman addressed, no ways affected, continued his search for the missing coin.

There were just the three of them in a cosy room, one of those universally useful apartments which are not too grand for working, studying, or playing in, as the case may be, but in which mothers and their young folk love to congregate. Florence, mostly called "Flossie," on account of her lovely hair, which was just one mass of silken locks,



[*All rights reserved*]

"MADGE DISCOVERED THE NEW PENNY."

was the eldest, and a girl of sixteen. She was generally considered "a little bit blue," being a hard worker at her books, and great in various branches of study unknown to girls when our mothers were at school.

One of the teachers had been heard to call Flossie the prop of her class; whereupon Master Jack, who was very fond of having a sly poke at girls in general, and his sisters in particular, said he had never known such an appropriate name for anybody.

"Floss is not only a prop but a perfect clothes prop in every position," he said, in allusion to his sister's height, slimness, and length of limb.

At this moment Flossie was studying for an "exam.," and, though very fond of her young brother, she did not like to be interrupted by Jack's "rampage" for his lost penny.

Madge, the second girl, though nearly two years younger, was a born housewife; full of motherly instincts, and doting on little children. She was still a child, despite those graver employments and abstruse studies which are supposed to promote the higher education of women in these enlightened days. She had been a doll-worshipper always, and now, at more than fourteen years of age, was the happy possessor of an immense family in wax, wood, cloth, and porcelain. Amongst these she was as busy as was Flossie at her books—furbishing up the whole lot, washing faces, repairing garments, tidying dishevelled locks, and otherwise making the multitude of dolls fit to be seen. Madge had brought down a doll's house, relegated a year before to the garret, and was setting it in order for the amusement of some very small cousins who were expected on the following day. At first Jack had been helping Madge, but the loss of that precious penny—and a new one, too—had diverted his attention, and in the search for it he had upset chairs, unmade beds, brought down miniature pictures, to the destruction of those works of art, and brought down upon himself, in addition, the wrath of his younger sister and playmate.

It was amusing to see how the ten-year-old lad's nature seemed compounded of the very opposite characteristics of the girls. At lesson time he plodded away beside Flossie, who helped him with his declensions, and gave him almost too-learned lectures on the beauties of Euclid and piloted him tenderly across the Pons Asinorum.

At playtime he entered into Madge's pursuits, believed in the reality of doll families and all their joys and sorrows. He even assisted at their toilettes by dressing the boy juveniles, propriety being duly considered, though under the roof of a doll's house. Madge was playfellow, sister, friend, little mother and comforter to Jack from and before the time he could toddle. Her great grief in those early days was that *he would grow*, and often was she heard to say, when remarking his progress upward, "O, mamma, won't it be a pity when Jack is grown out of a baby!" he being the youngest of the family, and consequently the darling of all.

Father and mother both rejoiced in the close union among the children, which helped, especially in Madge's case, to keep the girls young—alas! a very difficult matter in these high-pressure days. And Jack had a good deal of quiet humour for a lad of his age. He professed to read Madge like a book, and declared that she made the coming of the little visitors an excuse to have a turn at the dolls, of which she was as fond as ever; moreover, that she still nursed them on the quiet, and caressed them with all the old tenderness when nobody was by, though in company she tried to look as grown-up as dear old Floss, who was, in many ways, nearly as old as Methusalah and as wise as Solomon.

An extra crash amongst the small furniture, and a half-penitent apology from Jack, and then Madge began to scold in earnest. "I declare, you bad boy, you have undone nearly an afternoon's work, and done many a pennyworth of damage. I'll bring an action against you, Jack, and mamma shall be judge. And here's the porcelain doll that I called after you, and you were pretending to wash, left at the bottom of the bath. Of course it's drowned, for no person could be ten minutes face downward and under water without being finished off. However, the little ones can play at burying him to-morrow—that's something."

This was too much even for Flossie's gravity. She and Jack burst into a fit of laughing at the idea of the drowned doll and funeral in prospective, in which Madge joined a moment after, despite her endeavours to look aggrieved at the sad consequences of Jack's negligence.

In removing the tin bath Madge discovered the new penny underneath it, and then Jack remembered that he had put it there himself for safety, because both his pockets were in an unsafe condition.

"And no wonder, Jack, considering the loads and loads of rubbish you put in. One of your jackets came from the cleaner's only yesterday, and mamma says it smells oily yet, and all through your carrying lumps of putty in it for weeks together."

Jack pulled a long face, and held out his hand for the recovered coin, which Madge at first refused to deliver up.

"Give me a kiss for it, and say you're sorry for all the fuss and the mischief you have caused," said she.

Madge held out her rosy lips; Jack drew back, shrugged his shoulders, and looked as if he were going to perform an act of penance. He gave the pretty lips a very rapid salute, snatched the coin from Madge, then pulled a wry face and polished his own mouth on the cuff of his coat.

"Is it such a terrible dose, Jack?" asked Madge, with just a suspicion of moisture in the corner of her eye, for she could not bear the young rebel even to pretend anything unloving towards her.

For answer she received a hug that would have been a credit to a Greenland bear, and quite a little shower of kisses from the boy, who added, "You knew it was only for fun, Madge. I would not vex *you*, dear." And she *did* know it.

At this moment mamma came in.

"My dear children, what an untidy room! What! up to the eyes in dolls and dolls' belongings, Madge. I suppose you are preparing for the small cousins; but I thought by this time the whole establishment would be in order. Flossie, how have you gone on working amid such a racket? What has it been about?"

"Jack's new penny. He lost it and would not be pacified, until at length it was discovered—but not without enough fuss and turmoil to make the room in this state—in the very place where he had himself put it. I offered him another, two others, but nothing save the particular penny would do. As if the loss of a penny were of any consequence."

"It is of consequence," said Jack. "I did not want to lose it. I never like to lose anything if taking a little trouble will find it. Beside, I don't believe in being beaten when I know the thing must be somewhere about, so I was determined not to give in until I got my penny back again."

"Right, Jack," said mamma, "and I am very glad your perseverance was rewarded by its recovery. Still you had no occasion to make the whole room and its contents look as though the place was the scene of a recent earthquake. Flossie, dear, how have you managed to move your elbows? You might be besieged. Let me say to you, dear, also, *never undervalue a penny*. I once heard a story which told how the future of two lives hung on a single penny."

Flossie's book was closed, and her pen wiped and put away in a moment.

"I have just finished my work, mamma, and am longing for a chat with you by the fireside. Tell us the story about the penny. Do, there's a darling."

Mamma's cosy chair was drawn forward, and a little fireside circle formed instanter. But mamma protested that she never could tell a story in the midst of a litter, so Madge and Jack began to clear away with great rapidity. The girl, who was naturally methodical, put things in their places; the boy made bad worse by the unceremonious fashion in which he huddled the dolls, their clothing, and furniture into the miniature mansion, and closed the door upon them.

In her eagerness to hear her mother's story Madge forgot to find fault with Jack, and soon the girls were seated at each side of the family tale-teller, and the lad stretched on the rug at her feet, his upturned, intelligent face lighted by the blaze of the cheerful fire, gas having been vetoed by unanimous consent.

CHAPTER II.

TWENTY years ago two girls might have been seen approaching a London railway station. They had evidently been on a shopping expedition, for they were quite laden with numbers of small parcels, besides which they had one of considerable bulk, though not very weighty. A glance at their fine, fresh faces and the lovely colour on their cheeks suggested the idea that they were country girls on a visit to the metropolis. Indeed, few persons could have met these girls without giving them a second glance. One, the elder by several years, was unusually tall; but her carriage was equally remarkable for grace and dignity, and her features for almost faultless regularity. No wonder that she attracted some attention amongst the many passers-by.

The younger, a girl of eighteen, was also above the middle height, and, although not a beauty like her sister, her face just possessed the charm which was lacking in the other. It beamed with intelligence, and seemed to be the reflection of an active mind, a cheerful temper, and a warm, loving heart.

Even as they passed along the unselfish character of the younger was made manifest. She insisted on carrying the larger share of the parcels, notably the largest of all, which was evidently a source of considerable annoyance to her beautiful companion, who plainly deemed these packages *infra dig.* Though surrounded by strangers, she glanced round from time to time to see if, by any chance, some acquaintance were noticing her, and carried such parcels as she retained by their loops of string and on the tips of her fingers, as if under constant protest.

As they were nearing the station the elder girl said, "I am so glad we are getting near the end of our tramp. You, Lizzie, scarcely seem to care how many bundles you have about you, if you can only carry them; but I hate to go along laden just like a pack-horse and on a warm day, too. This hot weather makes me look like a washerwoman."

"It would take a great deal to make you look like a washerwoman, Edith," replied Lizzie, with a merry laugh. "I never saw you look better than you do at this moment. I get as red as a peony all over my face, and you are only rose-coloured, and in the proper places. Do touch my face with your handkerchief; for mine is deep down in one of my many pockets, each of which is crammed with odds and ends of purchases."

Mollified by this tribute to her personal

appearance, Edith did as she was requested, and the girls, finding they had a quarter of an hour to spare, seated themselves on a shady seat at one side of the platform, on which Lizzie also placed her larger parcels; seeming thankful for the rest.

They were not going home together after all. They were guests in the same house; but they had other friends in the neighbourhood besides those with whom they were staying. Edith, especially, had many acquaintances, amongst whom she had often visited when in London on former occasions, and she was going to spend the evening with an old schoolfellow recently married.

Lizzie, in London for the first time, was a stranger to this married friend of her sister's. She had been invited to accompany Edith; but had declined, because had she gone she must have disappointed some quite little children to whom she considered herself engaged.

"You might have gone with me, Lizzie," said Edith, in a tone of annoyance. "Just as though it mattered for you to romp with those little cousins to-night."

"I had promised the children before Mrs. Martin's invitation came, and these little people feel a disappointment far more than elder ones do. Besides, I know your friend does not really want me, and Sam and Nellie do. She only asked me out of civility to you, and you will enjoy your confab a great deal better by yourselves. Even if Mrs. Martin did want me, a promise is a promise, and I must keep my word."

A slight look of contempt crossed Edith's fair face as Lizzie announced her intention of keeping her appointment with the little people, but she felt that, after all, her frank young sister might be rather in the way than otherwise, on the principle that two are company, three none. She was rather reckoning on an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Martin, who had been her chosen school friend, and as whose bridesmaid she had officiated a few months before. Mr. Martin and his brother would be in to dinner at six, and then there would be two couples for chatting, and perhaps a stroll together, before she should have to return to her temporary home, and rejoin Lizzie there.

Edith did not say aloud what was passing through her mind. Her reply was, "Of course you cannot go with me now, as you have not dressed for the purpose, and I was certain you would go back to those children in any case. But you will have to take every one of the parcels and my umbrella. It will not matter, as you take the train directly, and you can have a cab from the station."

"Oh, no, I can manage very well. But, Edith, you forget, I have no money left. You must give me some."

"And I have very little; only five and sixpence. I cannot go to Mrs. Martin's without anything in my pocket. If you had not persisted in buying that Shetland shawl to-day we should have had plenty and to spare, and if you had let the shop people send it we need not have gone about laden like two excursionists."

"We are excursionists," laughed Lizzie. "Haven't we got special tickets for this very trip. As to the shawl, it was so exactly what mamma has been trying to obtain, that I felt we ought not to risk losing it. I care nothing about carrying it, for though it makes rather a large parcel, it is very light, and I shall have the pleasure of forwarding it to mamma at once. Besides, Edith, you bought several little things for yourself after I had spoken for the shawl."

Lizzie felt just a little bit hurt at her sister's reproof, for Edith's purchases, which had nearly drained her purse, were all for her own personal adornment, and helped very considerably to increase the load which she declined to share. The shawl would add greatly to the comfort of their rather delicate mother, who needed one which would combine warmth with extreme lightness, and who had begged the girls to send one from London with as little delay as possible.

Edith insisted that in such roasting hot weather the shawl could not be of any consequence. Lizzie's great desire was to execute her mother's commission, and to keep her promise.

Again the girl reminded her elder sister of her own moneyless condition. "However the cash has gone, Edith, it is gone, and I suppose the railway people will not give me a ticket for nothing. You must spare me something in the shape of a coin. I will do with as little as possible. I can pay the cabman from my money at home."

"The fare is only fourpence," said Edith, taking out her purse and abstracting the only small coin in it. "I suppose this sixpence will do. By-the-bye, it is my train that goes at the quarter; yours is at the half hour, so you will have to wait by yourself."

A moment after the first train glided in, and, after a brief pause, carried Edith away with it.

In spite of the heat, Lizzie, who had only lunched after a very mild fashion at a confectioner's, and who had the vigorous appetite of a healthy girl, began to feel excessively hungry. It seemed impossible for her to endure another quarter of an hour at the station and the short railway journey and cab drive without having something in the shape of food to sustain her.

So, taking up her load, she moved towards a refreshment-room and procured a bun. A wistful little face, with hollow eyes, was peering at her through the open doorway and gazing longingly at the food.

Ever sensitive to the call of need, the warm-hearted girl rose and handed the untasted bun to the famished-looking lad, who had hardly time to make a rude nod and utter "thank ye" before one of the porters gave him a gentle push, and said, "Come, youngster, get out o' this. We can't do with beggars in the station."

The child, only too glad to escape, was off like an arrow, and Lizzie sat down to discuss another bun in the place of the one she had given away. She then paid her twopence and was going out of the refreshment-room with a very unsatisfied feeling when she suddenly remembered that she had just another penny loose in a small outside jacket pocket. This time she chose a different kind of bun, and when she had eaten it found, to her horror, that the price of it was twopence, and that when it was paid for she would not have sufficient money left to purchase her railway ticket.

Lizzie picked up her parcels and went out of the refreshment-room, feeling half-perplexed, half-amused at the position in which she found herself. "What would mamma think if she knew that I was wandering about here at a railway station in London, and with only threepence in my pocket? Actually unable to go on my way for want of a penny. What shall I do for two more halfpennies? Poor mamma. She would fancy all kinds of horrors—that I should be kidnapped perhaps, for she seemed to think that Edith ought to keep me close at her side under all circumstances. Five minutes to train time. Something must be done."

What Lizzie did was to indulge in a hearty laugh first of all, and whilst these thoughts were passing through her mind. The next thing was to go towards the window, at which a boy clerk was giving out tickets. The boy was looking excessively cross, and he did his work in a morose fashion, without uttering a word, unless compelled to reply to a question, which he did as briefly as possible. The fact was he had made a mistake in giving change to a passenger early in the day, and had been obliged to make up the deficiency out of his own pocket, in accordance with rules.

Lizzie explained her position to this youngster, after peeping over his shoulder to see if there was any older person in the office to whom she might appeal.

"Can't help it. Ticket's fourpence," was the sullen reply.

"But I have told you I am just a penny short. If you will let me have a ticket, I will leave something with you worth many shillings. This silk umbrella, my silver pencil-case, or one of my parcels. You can look inside."

For a moment the sullen face relaxed; but no, the young clerk was in a savage mood, and determined to revenge himself on all the other passengers who might come to him for the dishonesty of that one who *had gone off* with more than his lawful change. He therefore shook his head, and gruffly said, "Booking offices are not pawnshops."

No other reply could Lizzie get, and she turned from the little window with a slight quiver of the lip, which told of a little sinking of the heart at the thought of her queer predicament. To add to her discomfort, the train by which she should have gone on came in and went without her. There would be another in a few minutes; after that a very long interval. She must make an effort to obtain a penny, if she even begged for it. She was far too tired to walk the weary miles between her and home had she known the way, and it would be a very expensive cab ride. Edith would certainly scold her roundly if she were to use that mode of conveyance. She must not think of it.

Glancing along the platform, Lizzie saw a lady and gentleman sauntering slowly towards her arm-in-arm. The thought crossed her mind that a lady would be sure to help a girl like herself out of such an unexpected dilemma, and she accordingly advanced towards the couple, and, in as few words as possible, explained her position, and simply asked for the gift of a penny.

To Lizzie's utter astonishment, the lady turned on her a hard, searching glance. Then looking up at her husband she said, while her lip was curled contemptuously, "Do you believe this absurd story?"

The gentleman did *not* answer, but Lizzie often remembered, in after days, the deprecating glance which he cast on his wife, though he seemed afraid to suggest that, after all, the "absurd story" might be true.

His companion did not hesitate long.

"I do not believe a word of your tale," she said, in a harsh voice. "It is most unlikely that a person of your dress and appearance should be really in need of a penny. I suspect there is some trick in this application. Go away. I shall give you nothing."

After another searching look, first at Lizzie then at her husband, which seemed to ask if there were any acquaintance between them, she turned away, the hard expression still on her face. Lizzie stood for a moment, as if petrified with astonishment, and then, utterly overcome with pain and mortification, she burst into tears, and once more took her seat on the bench where she had rested before.

At this crisis of the story there was a unanimous burst of indignation from mamma's three listeners. Flossie could hardly believe it possible that a woman could be so horrid. Jack wished he could punch the boy at the booking-office, and Madge lifted her sympathetic blue eyes, all moist with tears, and asked "if the story were real, or only make-believe?"

"Absolutely true," replied mamma.

"Were you the girl without a penny?" inquired Jack, who had a way of connecting his

mother with all her stories, and who insisted that she was like all the nice heroines.

"No, Jack. I never was placed in such a strait. But I regret to say I must leave Lizzie in it, for I hear your father's step. You must wait till to-morrow for another chapter."

(*To be continued.*)

THE "GIRLS' OWN" CLUB.



FLORRIE BENNET lived on the outskirts of one of our large manufacturing towns. The particular district was eminently respectable, but within a short walk of her home lay a neighbourhood which, for squalor and misery, would rival the worst purlicus of the East-end of London.

The inhabitants, consisting principally of costermongers, street hawkers, and the lowest class of factory girls, when not engaged in following their respective callings, beguiled the time by fighting, drinking at their favourite public-house, or, if money were short, lounging at the door, hoping some acquaintance would come along who could stand treat.

Lately, however, some gentlemen connected with a neighbouring church had resolved to take steps towards improving this part of the parish, which was justly considered a disgrace to a Christian land. They had started a coffee-house, where all sorts of entertainments were provided for the men, in the hope of attracting them away from the public-houses. With this was connected a night-school for boys, which they seemed to appreciate; and quite recently a small "mothers' meeting" had been opened.

This was all very good, as far as it went; but it occurred to Florrie Bennet that it was rather hard for the girls that they alone should be left friendless, and she mentioned her idea to several acquaintances who were exerting themselves in the neighbourhood. But they all answered that, though what she said was quite true, the really bad set of girls liked their liberty too much to consent to come regularly to a meeting, or anything of the sort. She next appealed to a Bible woman, but met with the same discouragement. She had tried it herself, the good woman said. A lady *had started* a Bible-class in her room for them, but, after one or two attempts, it had dwindled away to nothing.

With all these authorities against her, Florrie was nearly concluding that the poor girls must be left to their fate. Not quite, though. It is hard to give up anything on which one's heart is set, just for want of a little sympathy, so the idea kept simmering in her brain.

Then she talked the matter over with her sister Jessie, and gained her promise to aid and abet in whatever was done.

At length they decided upon holding a "Girls' Own" Meeting every Monday evening. The first meeting was to include a sumptuous tea, always a powerful inducement. This was held, and was a success. About a hundred girls came, all of whom had been invited by reason of their extreme poverty or bad character.

After tea the girls were entertained by part-singing from some of the helpers, and a few short and lively addresses were given. One speaker undertook to describe the proposed weekly meeting, and he put the matter in a form so attractive that it was hoped nearly all present would come regularly.

On the following Monday Florrie and Jessie went early to the room, arranged one table with a tempting array of pictures and illustrated magazines, while on another were some bottles of ink, and a few pens and copy books. In case there should be a great rush of girls they had also provided some simple reading-books, and a few games—draughts, solitaire, and so on. They were determined that, since the mere mention of Bible-classes and "preaching" seemed to frighten the girls away, the class should be at first simply a sort of cross between a night-school and a mothers' meeting (without the mothers), hoping to be able to introduce religious teaching by degrees, and to influence the girls for good through many different channels.

When everything was arranged the two sat down to await the arrival of their scholars; but, alas! they waited in vain. The time slipped on till half-past eight came, and not one girl arrived; and, to add to their chagrin, the Bible woman came in and said,—

"I am sure I am very sorry for your disappointment, Miss Bennet; but I told you how it would be. I am sure I wish you success; but you will never get them to come."

In very low spirits they packed up their things again, and went home. Of course everyone asked eagerly how they had got on, and, when told of their failure, though they did not all *say* "I told you so!" they all looked unsurprised.

But Florrie had made up her mind to get the girls somehow, and, though she had had a rebuff, she was by no means beaten yet. Her next scheme was to have a number of cards printed with the following inscription in brilliant blue and red letters:—

"The Girls' Own Club,
"1, Snargate-street.

"You are invited to attend a meeting of this club next Monday evening at seven o'clock."

She distributed a number of these herself, and persuaded a few friends to do the same.

The next meeting was an improvement certainly, for one solitary girl sidled shyly into the empty room, looking very much alarmed at finding two teachers all to herself, but though no companion joined her, they had a very pleasant hour together, playing games and telling tales, till the scholar became confidential and promised to bring some friends with her the following week.

From that day the numbers slowly but steadily increased. The poor girls certainly never came in the crowds that had at one time been hoped for, but when a year had elapsed and the sisters looked back upon their labours, they found that there had been an average of one new girl every week.

Of course there were many difficulties to contend with, and many discouragements; no class of that kind, or indeed of any other kind, can be conducted without such. Some of the new girls who came in were boisterous and unruly, and never having been accustomed to discipline of any kind, strongly objected to submit to the regulations. Others came for the avowed intention of "having a lark," which they did, as a rule, by sitting so quietly and demurely that the unsuspecting teacher was thrown off her guard, till an opportunity occurred to tip over a form, or turn out the gas, or any other favourite trick which boys and girls of that rank think so irresistibly funny, and which invariably sent the whole class into roars of laughter and disorder, which it required the utmost tact and good humour to subdue.

A few of the quite untameable ones were turned out, as they stirred up insubordination amongst the others, but Florrie's heart yearned over them, and she would never consent to expel till she had exhausted all her eloquence in trying to persuade them into being good. The class soon became more than the two sisters could manage alone, and they found the truth of the old saying, that "nothing succeeds like success." Now that the difficulties about starting the class were over, and there was no doubt as to its prosperity, there appeared plenty of volunteers to help.

They chose out three of their friends who seemed best suited for the undertaking, and arranged the work as follows. The doors were opened at seven o'clock. There was no formal beginning, as the girls came in so irregularly, many of them, from the nature of their work, being unable to come punctually. Jessie took her station at once at a little side table, where she remained during the whole meeting, receiving and paying out money for the savings bank and clothing club, and exchanging library books. These latter were very much appreciated, and the greatest punishment that could be inflicted upon a wayward scholar was to refuse her a book for a week.

In the meanwhile one of the assistants was presiding over the writing class at a long table, another had a class for arithmetic, while the third conducted as many reading classes as happened to be required.

Florrie herself was fully occupied in welcoming new comers, taking down their addresses, and asking them to join the savings bank or clothing club; or in coaxing a refractory girl into good humour.

Besides this, there were numbers coming in who, being "very good scholards," did not care to continue their education, and for whom books or games had to be provided, while all spare moments were given to assisting any teacher who had rather more than she could manage.

This went on till eight o'clock, when the monitors, two of whom were chosen for their good behaviour from each class, cleared away the books, slates, and copybooks, and assisted to re-arrange the forms in a large semi-circle.

As soon as all were seated again Florrie pinned up before them a large coloured picture of some Bible subject, and gave a short Scripture lesson. It was very simple, very practical, and never exceeded ten minutes; after which she taught them a short text bearing on the subject, which she made them repeat after her till all knew it perfectly.

The large basket of work was then brought out. Each girl belonging to the clothing club had a piece of tape with her name on it to tie round her bundle, and as Florrie stood calling out the name on each, one of her assistants handed it to the owner.

While the helpers went round, showing each girl how to go on with her work, Florrie took those who wanted any garment cut out to a side table, where she not only explained how it should be done, but made them do it themselves at her direction.

The cutting-out finished, and all settled at their work, some singing followed, the girls readily learning the words and tunes of hymns.



"ONE SOLITARY GIRL SIDLED IN."

These were always selected with a view to simplicity of words and meaning, coupled with lively and pretty music; and for the benefit of those who could read, Florrie always wrote out a copy of the words in very large letters, and pinned it up before them.

After this one of the teachers gave ten minutes' address on some domestic subject, either cookery, house cleaning, health, or needlework; but the favourite subject of all was cutting out. The whole class was instructed at once in the following way. Having announced her subject, the teacher first gave directions for measuring, to ascertain the quantity of material required. She then described the method of folding and cutting it out, illustrating the description by roughly sketching each portion on the blackboard. When this was thoroughly understood, she reversed the position of things, made herself the scholar, and cut out the subject of the lesson in newspaper from the girls' directions. She always took down with her a number of pieces of newspaper, which she gave to any girls who wished to practise cutting out; but it was necessary to make them bring their own scissors, as the supply vanished mysteriously as long as the girls were at liberty to borrow. The demand for paper to make patterns to take home and keep was great, and as an inducement to remember what was taught, two prizes were offered, to be given in three months time, to the girls who cut out the best patterns of each article of underclothing.

The remainder of the evening was filled up by reading aloud, with occasional singing, either by the girls themselves or by the teachers, and the evening closed with a repetition of the text just learned, and a very short prayer.

Before leaving, Florrie went round, notebook in hand, to make a list of the new work required for the following week. If any girl wished to make herself a garment, Florrie bought the material for her, and showed her how to cut it out and make it at the meeting, whilst it was paid for by weekly instalments, and no garment was allowed to be taken home till the whole price was paid.

The majority of the girls put a little money into the bank apart from this clothing club. Jessie simply took charge of these deposits, giving them back whenever required, after a week's notice, without paying any interest, as it was found that the depositors did not appreciate it, and seemed quite satisfied to have their money saved without any bonus.

A register was kept, in which the attendance was entered, so that absentees might be inquired after. This gave an opportunity of visiting their homes and learning something of the domestic affairs of the girls.

It had been originally intended to start a Band of Hope in connection with the meeting, but as there was a large one very near, it was thought better that the teachers should use all their influence to persuade the girls to join the already existing one, rather than create any feeling of rivalry by starting another.

If on any occasion a tea or entertainment were given them, the girls subscribed towards the expense themselves, bringing a halfpenny a week for four or five weeks beforehand. And instead of being a check, this little plan appeared to enhance the enjoyment of the treats, which were perhaps more successful than the completely free ones are sometimes.

So the Girls' Own Club went on and prospered. Sometimes the numbers fell off without any assignable cause, again they would increase rapidly, and equally without cause. But Florrie and Jessie have learnt not to be discouraged by those gloomy people who are always predicting failure, nor even by temporary want of success; for they know they are doing the will of the Lord, and that their work is to sow the seed, leaving the result to Him who has promised that if we cast our bread upon the waters we shal find it after many days.

I have written this account, which is strictly true, except that the beginning was far more discouraging than I have been able to describe, in the hope that some of the readers of this paper may be induced to begin a similar work. There is a class of girls such as those of whom I have been speaking in nearly every large town, and there is no set of people so much neglected. Who will help them if you girls will not?

DORA HOPE.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By Alice King.

CHAPTER X.



UBY left the cottage with heart and mind all thrilling and stirring with the scene she had just witnessed. It was little wonder that it was so; she had never stood beside a death-bed before, and she who had just left earth for the brighter land, was but a year older than herself. Then Bessie had gone with such a radiant halo around her, there had been nothing in this death to fill with fear or even to startle those who had stood around her; she had been most evidently one who was leaving her friends below to go to a better Friend in another country. Ruby was more full of this last thought than any other as she bade the sorrowing family "good night," and a strong prayer went up within her that her departure from this world might be like Bessie's whenever it came, and that she might so live as to attain such a death.

But, like all the rest of us, Ruby found that the commonplace cares and claims of life still keep imperatively their hold upon us, even when we turn away from some sweet and solemn scene in which we have stood, perchance with some departing dear one, on the very threshold of eternity. She had glanced at the cottage clock on leaving the house, and had seen, to her surprise and uneasiness, that it was nearly a quarter past six; time had fled quicker than she had supposed as she watched at Bessie's side. How should she ever get back to the Priory and appear at dinner with her dress changed and her hair neatly arranged, as Miss Nancy esteemed it to be a most incumbent duty for her to do? She knew that even her friend Mr. Lindhurst would not stand by her on this point, for he was always very strict with both her and Ella about dressing for dinner; his old fashioned creed on this subject with young ladies was inexorable.

In wild haste, therefore, Ruby sped along the piece of road which she had to traverse before she reached the gate of the Priory avenue; it was really only a short distance, but it seemed very long to her to-night. All at once a new feeling was added to her haste and uneasiness; it was a feeling of real, sudden, sharp terror. She had happened to glance back along the moonlit road, and it had seemed to her that she saw a tall, dark figure following her, lurking in the shadow of the hedge. Now Ruby was not, in general, timid in her walks; she was naturally a very brave girl, and she had always lived in quiet country neighbourhoods, where ladies can go abroad alone without any thought of receiving the slightest insult or annoyance; this is the case throughout all the West of England, out of which she had not been since her earliest childhood. As Ella went out so seldom, Ruby was used to walking by herself, and she had often, lately, run home in the winter twilight without a notion of alarm.

This evening, however, Ruby was most undoubtedly and decidedly frightened. Perhaps her nerves had been rendered a little unsteady by the scene she had just left; but, to say the truth, there was something singular in the way in which this figure seemed to be following her.

Along the road she hurried in her fear, her feet moving every instant quicker and quicker, her feeling of vague dread growing stronger and stronger. It was an undefined terror, but that made it all the worse. The wind came rushing past her with a long, dreary wail; the leafless branches of the trees rattled beneath its rough touch, and creaked and bent as though they were things in pain. Great black clouds were flung hither and thither across the sky, now and then hiding, for a few moments, the face of the moon, so that a deep shadow lay upon everything around.

There was nothing very reassuring in all this for poor Ruby, and most heartily did she wish that some one would pass by that way, for she felt as if any substantial human presence, whomsoever it might be, would just now be most pleasant and desirable companionship. But the Bryants' cottage was much nearer to the Priory than any other house in the village. There were not many dwellings in the parish of either farmer or labourer lying in this direction, so that few people were generally found in this road after dusk.

Every now and then as she went Ruby glanced over her shoulder with a quick, anxious movement, not, however, in the least diminishing her speed as she did so. The fact was, she would in her heart have far preferred not to have looked that way at all, but an irresistible fascination seemed to compel her to turn her eyes towards the object of her dread.

There it was still whenever she looked. Now lingering in the shadow of the high hedge, and appearing, seen from the distance at which she was, like nothing but a dark, shapeless something; now gliding out for a brief space into the moonlight, when it stood out evidently enough a tall, black form. The person, whoever it might be, was plainly intentionally following and watching Ruby; for the figure kept at exactly the same distance from her, as if it wanted to keep her in view without overtaking her.

What could possibly induce anyone to take such an extraordinary line of conduct towards her? she asked herself wonderingly and hurriedly, as she flew along, and her entire inability to answer the question only increased her fear. Such a thing had never happened to her before in all her many solitary walks. What should make it happen now?

At length the welcome trees of the Priory avenue came in view. Poor Ruby hailed them with a delight such as she had never experienced at their sight before. The wind was playing rude, unkind tricks with Ella's fur cloak which she wore, and doing its hardy best to keep her back, and take away her breath, and impede her swift progress; but she heeded it no more than if it had been a summer breeze. She hastened on, and a minute after, to her great joy, she had turned into the gate of the Priory.

When she had gone a little distance up the avenue, without slackening her pace, she ventured to make a slight pause, and to look back once more, the idea that she was near the house giving her a feeling of partial security. To her inexpressible relief she saw that the figure had not turned into the gate after her. She could no longer perceive anything of it following her. She stayed for a few moments to see if the dreaded form would pass across the broad patch of moonlight just outside the gate; but it did not appear, and she hurried on again. She felt as if she longed to have more light around her, and familiar faces and voices.

The door of the house was reached at last, and, with a glad little cry, she found herself standing within its friendly shelter.

Her joy was, however, somewhat short-lived. What should first meet the eyes of poor Ruby, dazzled by the brightness of the lamp in the hall, when she had just entered from the pale silvery radiance of the moonbeams, but Mr. Lyndhurst, leading, as was his wont, in state on his arm, his ward, Ella Ringwood, arrayed in a delicate white evening dress, into dinner, and followed by Nancy in grim majesty, robed in stiff black silk, and crowned by a wondrous cap of awful proportions. There stood Ruby, her face as brilliantly red as her name, what with her late fright and brisk exercise in the frosty air, and the awkward embarrassment she felt at the unlucky meeting, for she had half hoped to slip upstairs unnoticed; there stood Ruby confronting the whole party and feeling terribly uncomfortable, as she glanced at her outdoor costume all disordered by the wind and her hurried walk, and then at the faultless evening dresses of the other two ladies. She saw that Miss Nancy looked as stern as the frost that stiffened the trees and hedge-rows, and that Ella was half tittering; then she glanced timidly at the old gentleman, but did not gain much comfort from his face. Then she made up her mind that she would speak some grand, defiant words, but before she could well decide what they should be, she found that she had given way ignominiously and had burst into tears. Why she did it she could not have told herself; probably she was half worn-out with fear and excitement. Ruby was still in some things little more than a child, and she had gone through a good deal that evening, with the watch at Bessie's side and the sudden terror she had experienced on her way home.

"Ruby Stanton, you must be losing your senses," began Miss Nancy, staring

at her as though she had been some newly discovered foreign animal; "first you stay out in the most unlady-like and unwarrantable manner, and then you come in and behave in this silly, affected way."

"Oh, please forgive me," sobbed poor Ruby; "I have been with Bessie Bryant—that was what kept me; she is dead, and perhaps that's what it is makes me cry."

"To think of making all this piece of work because a labourer's daughter's dead," cried Miss Nancy, scornfully, the camelias on the topmost summit of her cap quivering with indignation; "don't the daughters of kings and queens die too, I should like to know!" and Miss Nancy gave a triumphant sniff, as though she thought this latter fact ought to be most superabundant consolation for any ordinary mortal in their affliction.

"Ruby, dear, has anything happened to you?" asked Ella, leaving her guardian's arm, and going and putting her arm around Ruby's waist.

Her good nature had soon overcome her first mischievous amusement at Ruby's discomfited appearance, and her lazy sympathies were now roused into real concern for her friend.

"My dear Ella," began Miss Nancy, reprovingly, "you surely can't mean to encourage Ruby in the unladylike, ridiculous way she goes on, visiting among the common people, and making them think themselves as good as the classes above them, with all the foolish sentimental interest she takes in them, and putting all sorts of strange unsuitable ideas into their heads."

"I don't know, I'm sure, about ideas or anything else," answered Miss Ringwood, coolly, "but I'm sorry for my little Ruby."

"Quite right, Ella," said Mr. Lindhurst, coming forward, and speaking for the first time since Ruby entered; his face had been gradually thawing as he watched the group of the two girls. "Nancy, I won't have Ruby harassed and worried when she is overdone and over-excited, as I see she is to-night. Ruby, child," he added, turning to her, "I should not like you to make a practice of staying out in this way, but I don't think you will, as you know I object to it; it was not wrong for once, as that poor girl was dying."

"Oh, no, I will never do it again," cried Ruby, brightening at his kindness through her tears. "I should not have behaved in this silly way, guardian, if it had not been that some one followed me and frightened me as I came home."

"Some one followed you and frightened you?" repeated Mr. Lindhurst, in great surprise.

"Yes, a tall, dark figure; I could see no more than that in the moonlight."

"Oh, how strange!" cried Ella.

"Nonsense," sniffed Miss Nancy, "your over-strained fancy must just have imagined it."

The old gentleman stood in thought for a few moments, then he said,—

"Well, yes, I think, Ruby, you must have magnified some very commonplace person into a mystery; how is it possible anyone would have been following you, child? But run up and take off your things, and come down to dinner; the soup is cooling all this time."

He spoke shortly and crossly, and as if he was tired suddenly of the matter; Ruby supposed he was, and ran meekly upstairs.

(*To be continued.*)



SKETCHING FROM NATURE.—V.

By JOHN C STAPLES.

Colours for Distance.—As you need in the distance to use many washes one over the other, it is well to select, as much as possible, colours which do not easily wash up under the repeated action of the brush. Those which possess this quality in the highest degree are, among blues, cobalt, (indigo, too, is very firm, but should be used sparingly in the distance, except sometimes for greys); among yellows the best in this respect are, yellow ochre, gamboge, Indian yellow and cadmium; and among reds and russets, light red and the various madders are best. Indian yellow and cadmium are, however, very powerful colours, and must be used with caution.

A fine range of greyish colours may be formed by the mixture, in varying proportions, of cobalt, madder lake, and gamboge, and a combination, most widely useful in this part of a landscape, is cobalt, yellow ochre, and light red. These colours may be made to vary from a sober green to a mild purple, and no depth of tone to be got from their use will be found irredeemably heavy. A little Naples yellow is often very useful in the distance for telling lights. Cobalt with brown madder or purple madder is good for shade. So, for cold tones, is French blue and lamp black. A little rose madder may be added to the last to warm it. A little sepia added to cobalt and brown madder also forms a useful combination. For thin glazings over any of these colours may be used raw sienna, burnt sienna, gamboge, gamboge with either brown madder or Vandyke brown, Indian yellow.

Middle Distance.—As you reach the middle distance and approach the foreground the colours become more vivid and the expression of form and detail clearer, but they still fall far short of the *strength* (not always important) to be reserved for the foreground.

The middle distance is often most beautiful and suggestive. Often it is the motive of the picture: the main point of interest, to which foreground, sky, and distance are subordinate, and the importance of which they are designed to lead up to and enhance.

For the reasons already advanced, it is increasingly difficult to give detailed instruction respecting this portion of the work.

Execution.—The washes may be laid on less thinly, the colour may be fuller and more positive; but remember that the atmosphere still lies like a veil between you and the objects you are copying. There must still be no harshness of treatment. You may with advantange run the colours together at their edges while they are wet, a plan often productive of happy accidental effects and always tending to softness and harmony. It should be employed throughout the picture in foreground, distance and sky as well as here. In the finishing you can always recover sufficient definition by putting in and taking out small sharp touches when they are seen. The glazings of local colour may now be stronger and more vivid, but they must still not obtrude. The beauty of the middle distance depends more on harmony and variety of tone and a soft richness of colour than upon bright tints and minute details.

Colour.—For colours you may use those already given for the distance, making the washes a little stronger. Add a little indigo to your cobalt in mixing the greens, or you may even use Antwerp or Prussian blue instead, with the yellows, if you break the rawness of the resulting greens by the addition of some orange or russet, such as burnt sienna, or madder brown. Buildings in the middle distance should receive a not inconsiderable amount of finish, but the colours used should, for the most part, whatever they may be, be broken slightly by the admixture of a small portion of some complementary colour.

You may now add to your palette, to be used as occasion seems to demand, such colours as brown pink, Italian pink, and lemon yellow. Terra verte, too, is a most useful colour in middle distance, though rather pasty in the working. Such mixed colours as olive green and Hooker's green may be used to save time and trouble.

Foreground.—Your studies of individual objects, or groups of objects, which, at the commencement of this chapter, I recommended you to make will have prepared you for the efficient treatment of foreground forms. The characteristics of a foreground are well put in the following passage from Mr. Penley's handbook, a work to which I have already referred: "Everything we can name will come under the denomination of a foreground object, so that some little experience is necessary to its successful introduction and treatment. Too servile an imitation of each individual part is sure to lead to 'littleness' of style, and the object, by being thus obtrusive, will destroy the breadth of the picture. Character in this, as well as in foliage, is the principal end to which our efforts must be directed. The great charm in foreground painting lies in brilliancy without crudity; in force, without violent contrasts; in a beautiful disposition of lines, and a perfect adaptation of this to the other portions of the work."

Execution.—In foregrounds, as elsewhere, get in the masses first, showing their light and shade broadly. Upon this foundation you can afterwards touch in crisply the smaller detail, and take out small bright lights.

Colours.—There is scarcely any colour, or combination of colours, which may not be useful in foregrounds, and the list is too long for repetition. Generally, however, you should use the brighter, stronger colours, and use them rather more thickly.

Indigo will be found very useful in mixing greens for the foreground, and so will Antwerp or Prussian blue, but these last will nearly always need a trace of some such colour as burnt sienna or madder brown (either in mixture, or introduced afterwards in glazings or hatchings) to break the rawness of a pure blue and yellow.

I append a few among many useful combinations for foreground greens:—

Indigo and gamboge.
" " Indian yellow.
" " Indian yellow with burnt sienna.
" " raw sienna.
" " brown pink.
" " brown pink with olive green.
" " burnt sienna.
" " brow madder and gamboge.

By substituting Antwerp blue for indigo in the above list more vivid greens will be produced,

and any of these may afterwards be glazed with warm transparent colours, if necessary.

For the pure clear green of expanses of young grass in shadow, use gamboge with a little Antwerp blue or cobalt, and for the same in sunlight use gamboge, or gamboge with a little Indian yellow.

French blue with yellow ochre gives a rather opaque green often needed. Gamboge with sepia is useful.

For the cold lights on the upper sides of leaves try—

Cobalt with emerald green,
,, ,, rose madder,
,, ,, Naples yellow
Indigo with rose madder,
or Antwerp blue with rose madder.

You should note that cobalt when used largely in or near the foreground gives a certain opacity. This is not always, however, a disadvantage.

For Earthy Banks or Roads.—You will find yellow ochre a very valuable colour. It may be used alone or combined with Vandyke brown (this is very useful) or with light red or with burnt sienna. Light red and lamp-black is useful, and a little cobalt may be added to any of the above for cooler tones. For shadows you may try Indigo with light red or Indian red; French blue with brown madder or with burnt sienna; sepia with brown or purple madder and so on.

For Buildings.—The same colours will be found useful, and raw and burnt umber may with advantage be added to the palette, both for buildings and banks or roads. These last colours may be used alone, or (for cold tones or shadows) with the blues or black.

Trees.—If you have studied individual trees and their parts, as I advised you at the beginning of this chapter, you will find no difficulty in painting them in the foreground or middle distance of your landscape. Of colours, both for foliage, and for trunk and branches, you will possess a good store when you have worked out and made yourself familiar with the various combinations given above.

The main points to be observed in drawing and painting trees are:—

(1.)—The shape of the mass.

(2).—The number and radiation of the main branches, with particular attention to the drawing of those which are foreshortened towards you or away from you.

(3).—The character of the terminal branches and leaves.

(4). —The character (general form and arrangement of markings) of the trunk and bark.

(5).—The colour of the foliage, noting whether there is any difference between the upper and under side of the leaves.

(6).—The colours of the bark and of the mosses and lichens (if any) upon it.

(7).—The value of the general tones of the tree, or group of trees, as compared with the other tones in the picture.

Water.—I have already said a word to you about calm water. In running water you must use every effort, by patient observation of the set and swing of the curves and ripples, to convey the sense of motion. For colour, the edges of ripples will catch the light and colour from the sky, and their hollows will reflect the banks, the overhanging branches, and so on, and must be painted with the tints used for these. Here and there you may see the colour of the bottom, and that, too, must be imitated with as much drawing of the underlying forms, whether of pebble, rock, weed, or what not, as you can clearly perceive. Often the water will have a colour of its own. When this is so, bring forward the forms and tones until they approach the appearance of nature, and the colours of the objects reflected. Then pass over all, from bank to bank, a thin wash of a colour similar to that of the water. The brighter lights can be taken out afterwards, and spray and foam may effectively be given by a dexterous use of the penknife. Do not be deceived, as you well may be at first, as to the amount of tone to be seen in water. To satisfy yourself on this point, set a bit of white paper to float down the stream, and watch it and make careful comparison as it sails over the lights, shadows and reflections. Hardly any of the lights will be as bright as the paper.

There are many other things which I desired to say to you, but this paper has already extended to far too great a length, and I must leave you now to the exercise of your own judgment and ingenuity. One caution, however, I have reserved to the last that you may be the less likely to forget it. Do not be misled by these arbitrary divisions of foreground, middle distance, third distance, and so on, into putting together your picture like the pieces of a puzzle. *You must look upon the scene you may have chosen to depict as one consistent whole, and your paramount object must be to reproduce the impression created in your mind by the contemplation of that scene as a whole.*

Next month I shall address to you a few final words on the subject of composition.

SMOKE.

How pretty it is as it curls away in a soft cloud against the blue sky. So airy and delicate is it that Queen Titania might have made her robes of it. There is something in the smoke of a cottage as it rises among the trees that suggests the quiet and the peace of home. It is associated with a clean hearth and a cheerful glow. It brings with it a breath of human interest.

And yet when it increases in volume, when it is the smoke not from one man's fire but from a hundred, when it rises from a whole town, or carries with it a city's dust, what a gloomy mist of darkness does the thin smoke make! How it veils the blueness of the clear heaven, and hangs like a cloud across the horizon! How it blights the flowers in the garden and dims the roses on the cheeks of the little town children! How its slow creeping action stains the whitest curtains and blackens the freshest paint! Nothing is clean, nothing is pure, nothing is really spotless under the action of a city's smoke. Somebody has said, "Gossip is a kind of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it: it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker."

And yet if gossip be smoke it is often a very pretty kind of smoke. It may be as gracious and airy as the breath of warm white vapour that steals out against the blue sky from a cottage chimney, or floats up from the blazing log fire on a Christmas hearth. What more kindly, more captivating, more full of cordial human interest than the gossip of a good and clever woman who knows all the ins and outs of her neighbours' lives, and never forgets to be reticent with regard to her neighbours' secrets? With what a gentle wit she touches on their oddities and glances at their hidden virtues. She has quaint stories or pathetic to tell of every life. Adventures grow around her. A hundred threads of subtle interest and expectation are for ever interweaving themselves about her path. There is a half-humorous tenderness in the very tones of her voice. She never meets a face in which she does not read a history. Her talk is full of dramatic interest and picturesque allusion, and if there is here and there a touch of unconscious fiction or glow of added colour, does it not increase the piquant vividness of her discourse? If now and then her imagination plays her false, and her own surmise becomes to her so real that she mistakes it for reality, shall we be very hard upon the unconscious invention which has given us so suggestive a starting point for conjecture or laughter?

Yet this is exactly the kind of smoke which obscures other people's windows and meets but too readily the like clouds from other people's chimneys. This is the kind of talk which never stops where it began, but gathers volume and purpose as it passes from lip to lip. It is not only by malice or by guile that hearts have been broken and young lives spoiled or misdirected, but by vague and foolish rumour coming nobody knows whence and working mischief nobody knows how; by futile misunderstanding, by unmeaning fancies, or even by mere carelessness of speech. It is not wickedness alone that makes the world's misery, but thoughtlessness and unbridled impulse.

And if all events are guided by a wiser hand than ours, yet that does not lessen our responsibility or make our power for good and for evil a less awful trust. It may be true that offences must come, but woe unto him through whom the offence cometh! it were better for him that a millstone were about his neck and that he were cast into the depths of the sea.

Who would willingly darken the heaven of another life? Who would soil the whiteness of another's name? Who would stoop to add to the dust and vapour of the town's idle talk?

Not the kindly soul in whom the temptation to gossip is strongest, and in whom, therefore, the watchfulness should be most keen.

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

A. MATHESON.

THE STREAMLET.

I saw a little streamlet flow
Along a peaceful vale,
A thread of silver, soft and slow,
It wandered down the dale;
Just to do good it seemed to move,
Directed by the hand of love.

The valley smiled in living green;
A tree, which near it gave
From noontide heat a friendly screen,
Drank from its limpid wave.
The swallow brushed it with her wing,
And followed its meandering.

But not alone to plant and bird
That little stream was known,
Its gentle murmur far was heard—
A friend's familiar tone!
It glided by the cotter's door,
It blessed the labour of the poor.

And would that I could thus be found,
While travelling life's brief way,
An humble friend to all around,
Where'er my footsteps stray;
Like that pure stream, with tranquil breast,
Like it still blessing, and still blest.

MARY ANNE STODART.



MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER V.

"Small and low, though fair as any."

When Daisy found herself fairly inside her uncle's house she summoned up all her courage, and behaved with a certain girlish dignity that was not lost upon the servants. A door opened, and a tall young lady came forward and held out a hand. Her greeting was cold and ceremonious; but Daisy had not looked forward to a warm welcome, and was scarcely disappointed.

"Jane will take you at once to your room," said Miss Garnett, with frigid politeness. "We dine at seven. I will send you up tea."

Daisy thanked her briefly, and followed Jane upstairs, holding her dainty little head, perhaps a trifle higher than usual. Not for the world would she let that haughty girl suspect that she wanted to cry; and Rhoda Garnett was, on her side, somewhat surprised to find her cousin so self-possessed.

She had made up her mind that Daisy was a clumsy country girl, a young person who was ignorant of all conventionalities, and would put her relatives to the blush. At the sight of the delicate little creature who stood before her, perfectly well-dressed and well-mannered, Rhoda was stricken with astonishment, and so was stiffer and colder than she had meant to be.

When the trunk and portmanteaux were deposited in her room and the door was closed, Daisy felt herself to be utterly alone indeed. It was a comfortable chamber enough, and her own figure was

reflected from head to foot in the looking-glass door of the wardrobe. The sight of her pale, scared face recalled her resolution to be brave. She began, with trembling fingers, to take off jacket and hat, and had laid them aside when Jane reappeared with a tea-tray.

"Shall I unpack your things directly, miss?" the maid asked, setting down the tray.

Daisy said, "Yes, please," and drank her tea with a fair show of composure. Jane's task was quickly done; linen and gowns were carefully stowed away in the drawers and wardrobe, and the newcomer was once more left to herself.

How was she to get through this first dreadful evening in the society of her stranger relatives? It was now past five o'clock, and they would be expecting her below in the drawing-room. First of all, there were a few pet treasures to be unpacked, and then she must set about the business of dressing.

A wearisome business it was to poor lonely Daisy, and when all was finished she lingered long before the glass, not in vanity, but in miserable self-distrust.

There was no kind voice to tell her that she looked well. But the graceful black gown set off her slim figure and fair face to the best advantage, and she was, in truth, very pretty, as she timidly entered her uncle's drawing-room.

The doctor himself was not there. He had recovered from his illness, and was again absorbed in the duties of his calling. But there were several persons in the room; Daisy recognised her cousin Rhoda, looking tall and stern, and made straight towards her in silent desperation.

"This is my sister Maud," said Rhoda, introducing a younger girl. And then a third lady came up to be presented.

"Miss Daughton—Miss Daisy Garnett." Rhoda went through the introduction in that wooden manner of hers; and a kind of instinct told Daisy that Miss Daughton was the governess.

Two other ladies were present, but they were merely afternoon callers already about to depart. They went their way, and Daisy, seated on a couch near the fire, had leisure to observe her cousins.

They were both very dark girls, like, and yet unlike, each other. Rhoda, a stately young woman, was too thin, and looked older than her years. She had honest dark eyes, handsome enough, and features that were fairly well cut; but she lacked the freshness and buoyancy of early womanhood.

Maud was altogether a being of another type; not so tall as her sister, and decidedly plump. Her brown cheeks glowed with the freshest red. She had a habit of glancing out of the corners of her eyes—almond-shaped eyes, of a velvety darkness, shaded by thick black lashes, and her full scarlet lips were less ready to smile than to pout. To Daisy she was lazily civil, but watched her furtively now and again, with a glance that might mean either hatred or goodwill.

Miss Daughton was a tall woman of forty, taller even than her elder pupil, and worn and wasted to the last degree. Elegant, perfectly well bred, endowed with an indescribable sweetness of manner, and dressed with consummate care and taste, she was the very person to be useful in society. Rhoda was off her hands, and Maud's education was supposed to be nearly finished, but nobody wanted to part with Miss Daughton.

"Have you travelled far to-day?" she said, sweetly, to Daisy.

"No," the girl answered, in her quiet voice. "I have been in town a fortnight with my aunt."

"Have you an aunt living in town?" asked Maud, opening her eyes a little wider than usual.

"No," said Daisy again. "My aunt only came here on my account. She is going back to the country."

"Was Bridleton a very horrid place?" Maud inquired.

"It was not nice. Crowded towns are seldom pleasant, I suppose. And I think most people disliked Bridleton."

"You will be very happy in Portland Place," said Miss Daughton in her soothing way. "Such a charming, breezy spot, and so central! We were all staying at the seaside in August, and before September set in we were longing to get home. One gets dreadfully tired of the sea; but one never tires of town life."

"I think the sea saddens one," observed Daisy, feeling that she was expected to say something. "I was taken to a little fishing village a year or two ago, and it was terrible to hear the tales of shipwreck and loss of life. I found myself pining for woods and green fields."

"I'm thankful to say I've never seen a fishing village," said Maud. "But we heard no tales of shipwreck at Southsea, and the band on the pier was delightful. It was all quite too charming there. Miss Daughton wouldn't have wanted to leave it if she had been twenty years younger!"

Daisy was silent, and shocked at this piece of impudence. But Miss Daughton's face showed not the faintest sign of discomposure.

"Were there any woods and fields near Bridleton?" asked Rhoda, reading Daisy's feeling in her looks, and rather ashamed of her sister.

"Not very near; we had to go a long way to find them."

There was a slight pause, and Daisy felt that Maud's eyes were furtively busy with her dress.

The large drawing-room was tastefully and luxuriously furnished. Foreign things abounded; there were costly Oriental cushions and rugs; carvings, bowls, jars, and screens filled up all the corners. Flowers were blooming on the tables, and altogether the softly-blended colours were very pleasant to Daisy's eyes. This room was so utterly unlike her own little sanctum in Holly street with its cheap furniture and pictures! She thought of her own poor attempts to make her old home beautiful, and sighed.

"Do you play and sing?" asked Miss Daughton, breaking in gently upon her musings. "We are all musical here."

"I play a little, but I do not sing," Daisy answered.

"Rhoda and Maud sing charmingly together; they will give us a duet after dinner, I daresay. Do you draw at all?"

"Yes, I am very fond of drawing in water colours; I like it better, I think, than any other occupation."

"You have quiet tastes," said Miss Daughton, in a soft, approving voice.

"I have led a very quiet life," Daisy replied, "and I have seen little of the world."

"We are worldly people here; so I hope you will learn to like worldliness," said Maud.

"It does not do to be shut up too closely," Miss Daughton remarked. "One gets morbid, you know, if one sees no company. But you had friends of your own age at Bridleton?"

"Yes, I had my schoolfellows," returned Daisy.

"Ah, school friendships are so delightful!" said Miss Daughton, with a touch of sentiment in her tone. "I often go back in thought to my school-days. I was a boarder in a dear old college that had been a convent in monastic times; there were quiet, old-fashioned gardens, with hedges of clipped yew and sunflowers—it was the most peaceful place in the world."

"Dreadful!" cried Maud. "I have no taste for peace and seclusion, myself. And as for Miss Daughton, I believe she loves every kind of gaiety even better than I do. She is fond of sentimentalising about that stupid old school; but she would as soon go to purgatory as be sent there again."

There was a lazy kind of insolence in Maud Garnett's manner that would have provoked the meekest woman alive. But Miss Daughton was either thick skinned or self-controlled to a wonderful degree. As for Rhoda, she bent over her crewel-work, and scarcely seemed to listen to the conversation.

"Rhoda is very clever with crewels," said Miss Daughton, taking no notice of Maud's remarks. "Do you like that kind of work?"

"Yes," Daisy answered, readily. "I have done a good deal of it. Just before I left home I finished the border of a table-cloth."

"Did you bring it with you?" Rhoda asked, looking up with sudden interest.

"The table-cloth? No; it was done for a fancy fair, held in aid of the Bridleton hospital."

"Do you remember the pattern?" Miss Daughton inquired.

"The border was composed entirely of primroses, grouped after a conventional fashion. I liked the stiffness; it was so quaint," said Daisy.

"Mine is a daffodil pattern," said Rhoda, holding up a strip of olive-green cloth.

Daisy went over to the table to inspect it; and Maud slily scrutinised the back of her dress, and the twisted coils of her hair. She was still looking at the work,

when the sound of carriage wheels was heard upon the gravel outside the house.

"There is Doctor Garnett," remarked Miss Daughton, with a glance at the clock. "Twenty minutes to seven; I thought we were nearer dinner-time."

Daisy scarcely heard her cousin's talk about the crewels at that moment. Her heart had given a quick throb at the thought of seeing her uncle. He was to be her guardian for the future; the protector who would fill the place of her lost parents; and the girl was silently longing to love him. Her father had never allowed himself to be loved; he had always behaved as if he thought affection a bore. Would Dr. Philip Garnett be like him?

(*To be continued.*)

WITHOUT A SERVANT.



N the recollections of early married life, when Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were living in the country home in Dumfriesshire, the following adventure befell the young wife:—

"One hard winter her servant, Grace, asked leave to go home to see her parents; there was some sort of a fair held in her village. She went and was to return at night. The weather was bad, and she did not return. The next morning there was nothing for it but for her to get up to light the fires and prepare breakfast. The house had beautiful and rather elaborate steel grates; it seemed a pity to let them rust, so she cleaned them carefully, and then looked round for wood to kindle the fire. There was none in the house; it all lay in a little outhouse across the yard. On trying to open the door, she found it was frozen beyond her power to open it, so Mr. Carlyle had to be roused; it took all his strength, and when opened a drift of snow six feet high fell into the hall! Mr. Carlyle had to make a path to the wood-house, and bring over a supply of wood and coal, after which he left her to her own resources.

"The fire at length made, the breakfast had to be prepared; but it had to be raised from the foundation. The bread had to be made, the butter to be churned, and the coffee ground. All was at last accomplished, and the breakfast was successful! After breakfast she went about the work of the house, as there was no chance of the servant being able to return. The work fell into its natural routine. Mr. Carlyle always kept a supply of wood ready; he cut it, and piled it ready for her use inside the house; and he fetched the water, and did things she had not the strength to do. The poor cow was her greatest perplexity. She could continue to get hay down to feed it, but she had never in her life milked a cow. The first day the servant of the farmer's wife, who lived at the end of the yard, milked it for her willingly, but the next day Mrs. Carlyle heard the poor cow making an uncomfortable noise; it had not been milked. She went herself to the byre, and took the pail and sat down on the milking stool and began to try to milk the cow. It was not at first easy; but at last she had the delight of hearing the milk trickle into the can. She said she felt quite proud of her success, and talked to the cow like a human creature. The snow continued to lie thick and heavy on the ground, and it was impossible for her maid to return. Mrs. Carlyle got on easily with all the housework, and kept the whole place bright and clean, except the large kitchen or house place, which grew to need scouring very much. At length she took courage to attack it. Filling up two large pans of hot water, she knelt down and began to scrub; having made a clean space round the large arm-chair by the fireside, she called Mr. Carlyle, and installed him with his pipe to watch her progress. He regarded her beneficently, and gave her from time to time words of encouragement. Half the large floor had been successfully cleansed, and she felt anxious of making a good ending, when she heard a gurgling sound. For a moment or two she took no notice, but it increased, and there was a sound of something falling upon the fire, and instantly a great black, thick stream came down the chimney, pouring like a flood along the floor, taking precisely the lately cleaned portion first in its course, and extinguishing the fire. It was too much; she burst into tears. The large fire, made up to heat the water, had melted the snow on the top of the chimney; it came down mingling with the soot, and worked destruction to the kitchen floor. All that could be done was to dry up the flood. She had no heart to recommence her task. She rekindled the fire and got tea ready. That same night her maid came back, having done the impossible to get home. She clasped Mrs. Carlyle in her arms, crying and laughing, saying, 'Oh, my dear mistress, my dear mistress, I dreamed ye were deed!'"

USEFUL HINTS.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES FOR DIARRHŒA.—1. Heat a breakfast saucer to insure dryness; pour into it a wineglassful of pale brandy. Set the spirit on fire with a strip of clean lighted writing-paper, and let it burn until the quantity is reduced one third. Pour this into half a pint of boiling milk; drink it when moderately warm; repeat, if necessary, but take only half the quantity at once after the first dose. Arrowroot may be substituted for milk, but whether made with water or milk, should be boiled, not merely mixed with boiling liquid. 2. Take twenty to thirty drops of elixir of vitriol, or, as it is often called, diluted sulphuric acid, in a wineglassful of cold water; three to five drops of laudanum may be added to the dose when there is great internal pain. Repeat, if needful, either with or without the laudanum, according to circumstances. The dose is a medium one for an adult. A very eminent physician, who was peculiarly successful during a terrible outbreak of cholera, told the writer that he had found this most valuable in the early stages of that terrible disease and in diarrhœa.

SIMPLE REMEDIES FOR RHEUMATISM.—1. One of the best possible remedies for rheumatism is a soda bath. Dissolve 2 oz. sesqui carbonate of soda, or a ½lb. of common washing soda, in an ordinary warm bath. Remain in it fifteen to twenty minutes, adding hot water from time to time, so as to keep up the temperature to the last. The bath may be repeated after an interval of three days, or a single affected limb may be bathed daily. 2. Rheumatic pains in a joint may often be much relieved, or even cured, by the application at the outset of spirits of camphor. Pour a little into the hand, and rub the part night and morning; the spirit dries almost instantly. In applying a mustard poultice, always interpose a bit of old transparent muslin between it and the skin. After removing the poultice cover the place inflamed by the mustard with a piece of cotton wadding. It gives great comfort. Amongst the simple domestic remedies which should always be kept within reach may be classed dried camomile flowers. A strong decoction of these, used as a hot fomentation, is extremely soothing. The following are instances of the value of camomile. A dear little boy had a gathering under the nail of the great toe. His mother stewed camomile flowers, put them in a bowl, and immersed the child's foot in the decoction. She packed the flowers above and around the ailing toe, and as they cooled changed them for hot ones. So long as the child's foot was in the water he suffered little pain; so at bed-time it was packed in a mass of the stewed flowers in a flannel bag. He fell asleep, and in the morning it was found that the gathering had broken, and the toe was comparatively well. A boil on the cheek and a large gathering inside the mouth and neuralgic pains in the face have been similarly relieved by fomenting with a strong decoction of camomile flowers. The following is an excellent way of applying this simple remedy. Make two flannel bags and fill them; but not so tightly as to make them hard, with boiled flowers. Squeeze one bag and apply it, as hot as can be borne, to the painful part, and cover with two or three thicknesses of warm dry flannel to keep in the heat. When getting cool, change with the second bag, which should be kept steaming hot between two plates in an oven. Being freshly wrung through the strong decoction after use, and again put to steam in the oven, a supply of hot bags will be kept up. The heat is retained much longer than in the case of fomentations with flannels merely wrung out of the hot decoction and applied. The writer has so often experienced relief and been soothed from pain to rest by the above method of using camomile that she cannot speak too highly of its value as a domestic remedy. For strengthening the eyes, plunge the upper part of the face in a bowl of clean, cold water, opening and shutting the eyes two or three times in the water, so that they have a cold bath every morning. The sensation is neither painful nor unpleasant, but the effect is very beneficial. A very soothing application for inflamed eyes and eyelids is seared milk, prepared as follows:—Stir a cup of new milk with a red hot poker till nearly boiling; let the milk settle, then strain it through muslin, leaving all bits of dust behind, and, when lukewarm, apply with a bit of soft linen to the inflamed eyes. In using eye lotions take a separate rag for each eye, and only pour out as much of the lotion as you are likely to require at one time. Wash and rinse the rags or lint each time after using, so that you may always begin with a perfectly clean piece. The seared milk may be used very often, and is an excellent application, especially for the tender eyes of infants. Elder flower water—the simple distilled water without any mixture—is an admirable cosmetic. After exposure to a burning sun, wet the corner of a towel with elder flower water, and dab it lightly over the face. The heat and smarting will be immediately allayed, and freckles prevented. A rag wetted with it will remove the smarting caused by nettle stings, and is also a very cooling and pleasant application to a tender skin after washing. It may be used twice daily.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.—At the end of a meal a good deal of tea is often left in the pot. Perhaps the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may care to know what we do with such "leavings." We pour it into a large bottle and give it to a poor old woman, who is thankful to be thus saved the expense of providing herself with her favourite beverage. If the cork is left out the tea will keep perfectly through the day, and the old woman sends for it in the afternoon. It is easily warmed up, and she finds it has a far better flavour than what she used to buy for herself.



THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.—ESSAY WRITING ON THE LIFE OF A FAMOUS ENGLISH WOMAN BORN IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Examiner: THE EDITOR.



T affords us great pleasure to report to our girls that the essays just examined far surpass in merit the work of previous competitions. Indeed the larger number of the six hundred and twenty essays sent in exhibit originality of thought, clearness of expression, and truthfulness of fact, such as we before have seldom found in connection with any other examination in English composition. The competitors, one and all—for there is scarcely a single essay really valueless—are congratulated on their superior work, and those who, after a very arduous and careful examination have had prizes or certificates awarded to them, should feel that they indeed have achieved much in passing honourably through so severe a contest.

The life most extensively chosen by the contributors was, of course, that of the beautiful, virtuous, and unfortunate Lady Russell. One hundred and thirty-seven essays were received on this subject, and, oh, did not some of our readers wax eloquent upon her domestic accomplishments and mournful and cruel sufferings! Indeed, were we incorrect in our conclusions when on seeing stains upon some passages in the manuscripts we attributed them to the tears of sympathetic writers? We think not; for earnestness, we are glad to find, is the prevailing characteristic of all the essays.

The lives of the following also formed the subjects of many essays: Lady Mary Montague, Queen Anne, Lucy Hutchinson, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; Susanna Wesley, Lady Fanshawe, Alice Lisle, Mary the Second, and Lady Grizell Baillie. Nearly two hundred of the essays were written by little girls under fifteen years of age, and the comparative excellence of their work speaks well for the culture of the rising generation.

As usual, some foolish and careless girls took the trouble to write elaborate effusions on the lives of women who were not English, and who were not born in the seventeenth century. Some of the essays thus disqualified were upon the lives of Lady Jane Grey, Grace Darling, and Queen Victoria.

FIRST PRIZE (TWO GUINEAS).

Eagleston, Louey, Gloucester-street, Oxford (19), for her Essay on Lady Russell.

SECOND PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Dawson, Emily A., Haling Tryst, Warham-road, Croydon (20), for her Essay on Lucy Hutchinson.

SPECIAL PRIZE (HALF A GUINEA).

Eaton, Emma, 46, High-street, Clapham, S.W. (17), for her Essay on Lady Russell.

EXTRA PRIZE (ONE GUINEA) FOR GIRL UNDER FIFTEEN.

Keeling, Amy Alice, 72, Caroline-street, Peas Hill-road, Nottingham (13), for her Essay on Queen Anne.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Bolton, M. Grace, St. John's Vicarage, Stratford, E. (19).
Brodrick, Hon. Albinia, 89, Eaton-square, S.W. (19).
Allan, Jessie, Scotland House, Sunderland (17).
Rogers, Marian, Ryston Vicarage, Downham Market, Norfolk (19).
Beaufort, F. E. M., Egglestone Vicarage, Darlington (19).
Paulig, Annie, Devonshire Villa, Chestnut-grove, New Malden, Surrey (18).
Vanes, Mary, 7, Sandringham Villas, The Grove, Ealing (20).
Robertson, Annie A., Rhenish Institute, Stellenbosch, Cape Colony, South Africa (18).
Amos, Lizzie, School-house, Messing, near Kelvedon, Essex (20).
Smith, Margaret, 4, De Crespigny-terrace, Camberwell, S.E. (19).
Wyatt, Florence, Spring Hill, Kingsdown, Bristol (17).
Thornton, Annie, 3, Warwick-road, Upper Clapton (20).
Garnett, Ellen Maude, Highlands, College Park, Lewisham (19).
Gatcombe, Bertha Ford, 20, Busby-place, Camden-road, N.W. (19).
Ensor, Constance Mary, Church Gresley, Burton-on-Trent (16).
Hamilton, Georgina, 146, Upper Brook-street, Manchester (20).
Walker, Annie, Barrow-road, Barton-on-Humber, Lincolnshire (20).
Willis, Minna, Sun Hill, West Cowes, Isle of Wight (20).
Ackerman, Lily, 39, Redcliff Hill, Bristol (19).
Staveley, May C., The Crescent, Wisbech (17).
Symonds, Rose J. F., Coryton Rectory, Lew Down, North Devon (19).
Ross, Margaret Mary Dumaresq, 19, Victoria-road, Brighton (18).
Grubbe, Sarah Louisa, Mentmore Vicarage, Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire (18).
Fortescue, Alice Sophia, Castle Hill, North Devon (16).
Drayton, Emma Jane, 1, St. James-place, St. Sidwell's, Exeter (17).
Peel, Annie, Market-place, Heckmondwike (14¾).
Hodges, Edith Muriel, Belgrave House, Belgrave-square, Monkstown, County Dublin (14).
Hughes, Edith, Harcourt Villa, Albert-road, South Norwood, S.E. (14).
Galehouse, Phebe Lois, Bosham, Chichester (14).
Rumboll, Amy Elizabeth, 2, Surrey-square, Old Kent-road, S.E. (13¾).
Oakley, Lucy Violet Ellen, St. Saviour's Vicarage, Hoxton, N. (15).
Carter, Alice E. Staples, English Rectory, Benburb, Moy, County Armagh (15).
Flynn, May, Summerseat, 241, Lord-street, Southport (15).

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Easte, Clarisse, care of Miss James, Ivy House, Stoke Ferry, Norfolk (19).
Mathias, L. A., The Rectory, Stratford St. Mary, Colchester (19).
Owen, Edith, Beech House, Rotherham, Yorkshire (20).
Matherson, Eleanor Elizabeth, 7, Emery-street, Mill-road, Cambridge (18).
Smith, Ethel, 9, Summerhill-road, Kingstown, county Dublin (16).
Tonge, Annie Gertrude, Brant House, Stragglethorpe, Newark (19).
Clark, Margaret S., Meadowcroft, Red Hill, Surrey (16).
Morrison, Catherine D., Logie Pert, Montrose, N. B. (20).
Perry, Leslie, Lausanne House, Worthing, Sussex (16).
Watson, Eleanor, 17, Canonbury Park South, Islington, N. (20).
Kershaw, Miriam, 50, Sidney-street, Cambridge (18).
Connell, Emma, 17, Approach-road, Victoria Park, E. (18).
Lamb, Edith, 120, Manis-street, Blythswood-square, Glasgow (20).
Hare, Constance, 9, St. Bartholomew-road, Tufnell Park, N. (17).
Brown, Marion Ethel, 4, Hartley-villas, Compton, Plymouth (15).
Samuels, L. Beatrice, Hope Field, Victoria Park, Manchester (17).
Palmer, Nellie, 56, South Quay, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk (19).
Homfray, Clara, 38, Broad-street, Leominster, Herefordshire (17).
Lester, Mary Elizabeth, St. Paul's Parsonage, North Shore, Kirkdale, Liverpool (16).
Proctor, Edith, Gaddesden Hoo, near Hemel Hempstead, Herts (20).
Paffard, Emily, Alma-street, Blackburn (19).
Alcock, Annie Elizabeth, The Elms, Mansfield, Notts. (19).
Dallas, Ina, Bruce-street, Macduff, Scotland (16).
Leslie, Emma Margaret, Elliesleigh House, Walpole-road, Kemp Town, Brighton (19).
Dawson, Blanche Emily, Moor-Allerton Vicarage, Moor-Allerton, near Leeds (19).
Crommelin, Amy Julia Iona, Anglesea-road, Ipswich (18).

Richardson, Grace S., St. Benet's Vicarage, Mile End-road, E. (18).
Thompson, Eleanor M., 93, Elswick-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne (14).
Harding, Ethel Mary, The Grove, Fishponds, near Bristol (11 11-12).
Simpson, Annie, Maw Carse, Milnathort, Kinross-shire, Scotland (14½).
Varley, Fanny, North Devon House, Upper Clapton, E. (17½).
Lloyd, Ethel, Manor House, Heston, Cheshire (12).
Hart, Sarah Jane, Callow Hill, Virginia Water, near Staines (16).
Brooke, Mabel Alice, Mansfield, near Uxbridge, Middlesex (14).
Lines, May, Fore-street, Hertford, Herts (12).
Long, Eliza, Audit Office, Cromer Hall, Norfolk (11¼).

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Norman, Florence, 147, Hemingford-road, Barnsbury, N. (18).
Weatherly, Janetta G., 51, Gordon-square, W.C. (14½).
Gayner, M. A., 37, Apsley-road, Clifton, Bristol (19).
Buttanshaw, Edith Margaret, Blackheath Park, Blackheath, S.E. (11).
Skeen, Sarah Ellinor, The Rectory, Castle Ellis, Gorey, Co. Wexford (13).
Harding, Agnes, 2, Wallbridge, Frome (10).
Rhodes, Agnes, Bank Top, Kendal (19).
Jennings, Nellie, Hill House, Royston, Herts (19).
Baynes, Ethel F., Braganza, Torquay (17½).
Gill, Emma Maud, Exe View, Tiverton, Devonshire (15).
Smith, Annie, Trinity, Collumpton, Devon (16½).
Church, Adela L., Chacewater Vicarage, Cornwall (16½).
Down, Eva Minnie, Ivy House, Balham-hill, S.W. (13).
Hayter, Rhoda, 32, High-street, Winchester (13).
Day, Mary Anne Phillips, Endowed Schools, Baschurch, Salop (15).
Lowe, Lucy C., Mayfield, Southgate, N, (15½).
Hunt, Theodora Louisa, Algoa House, Ashley-hill, Bristol (14).
Miles, Rachel, 8, William-street, Margaret-street, Clerkenwell (16).
Fitt, Annie, Nutfield Lodge, Boxmoor, Herts (18).
Martin, Ellen Maud, 107, Wrotham-road, Gravesend, Kent (18¼).
Clements, Kate, Cream Hall, Highbury-park, N. (19).
Maunsell, Louisa A., Tan-y-Garreg, Bettws Garmon, near Carnarvon, North Wales (14½).
Ridgway, Laura Annie, Bourton Grounds, near Buckingham (17).
Travers, Mabel, Kragga-Kama, St. Martin's, Guernsey (14½).
Moore, Lillie, Grove Hill House, Caversham, Reading (19).
Beedle, K. A., The Elms, Arundel-road, Weston-super-Mare (19).
Charnley, Elizabeth Hannah, Chester-place, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire (16).
Carryer, Jessie Octavia, The Mount, Stone, Staffordshire (18).
Longland, Mary Ellen, The Manor House, Grendon, Northampton (17).
Owston, Bertha, The Vicarage, Pirbright, Guildford (16½).
Wheelwright, Edith G., 16, Vernon-place, Canterbury (12¾).
Barnard, Kate Rachel, 35, Milner-square, N. (17).
Musson, Mary E., 16, Upper Charles-street, Leicester (14).
Hatton, Minnie Caroline, 8, Northampton Park, Canonbury, N. (16).
Turner, Lucy M., 26, Union-street, Birmingham (16).
Whitaker, Muriel, Elleray, Portinscale-road, Putney, Surrey (17).
Royston, Minnie C., 18, Barnsbury Park, Islington, N. (16).

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Lyon, Marion Louisa, Blagdon Rectory, near Bristol (10).
Gillett, Maud Ethel, The Manor House, Borrowash, near Derby (12).
Dunderdale, Edith, Redland-villa, Victoria Park, Manchester (13).
Clayton, Isabel Margaret, 18, Clissold-road, Stoke Newington, N. (12).
Partridge, Edith, 124, White Ladies'-road, Clifton, Bristol (15).
Webster, Maud, Maison Bellevue, St. Jean de Luz, Basses Pyrénées, France (11 8-12).
Elliot, Annie Walker Scott, Woodslee, Canonbie, N.B. (11).
Heaviside, K., The Hollies, Stoke, near Coventry (17).
Archer, Elizabeth A. No address given (17).
Cox, Gertrude Mary, 86, Manor-road, Brockley, S.E. (18).
Butler, Alice Charlotte, Murree House, New Hampton, Middlesex, S.W. (15).
Kittinger, Caroline, 7, Cornelia-terrace, Seaham Harbour, Durham (14).
Carstans, Jenny R., Balwearie, Kirkcaldy (10).
Tullock, Alice M., Ashleigh, Hampton Wick, S.W. (16¼).
Crane, Emily, London House, Swadlincote, near Burton-on-Trent (13).
Dailey, Ethel, 3, Marlborough-place, St. John's Wood (9 5-12).
Coultas, Bertha E., 78, High-street, Bridlington (15).
Thompson, Violet Gwendolen, Dedford Vicarage, Weedon (10).
Whelpton, Mary, 21, Grafton-square, Clapham, S.W. (13).
Barrett, Mary Elizabeth, Salford, Chipping Norton, Oxon. (9).
The Hon. Albinia Brodrick, 89, Eaton-square, S.W. (19).
Copp, Lilly Madalena, Watchet, near Bridgewater, Somerset (11).
Howe, Alice Emma, 6, De Montfort-street, Leicester (11).
Ketchen, Bessie, Pullar (9⅔).
Clark, Annie J., 23, Oxford-road, Finsbury-park (10).
Stockings, Dora, Stony Stratford, Bucks (12½).
Carter, Lilly, 44, Corn Market, Oxford (8 7-12).
Anderson, Mable Grace, Roseneath, Argyle-road, Castle Hill, Ealing (13).
Biggsley, Sarah, 10, Hillmarton-road, Camden-road, W. (19).
Hepper, Emily Clara, Clareville, Headingley, Leeds (20).
Wright, Laura Edith, 37, Tavern-street, Ipswich (14).
Carpenter, Elizabeth, 43, Eastlake-road, Cold Harbour-lane, Camberwell, S.E. (16½.)
Talbot, Emily, 5, Forest-lane, Stratford, E. (19).
Haig-Brown, Alice Mary, Charterhouse, Godalming (17¾).

The last day for receiving the essays on "My Christian Name" (full particulars of which were given in our May Numbers) is Friday, July 29, after which day no essay for that competition can be received for examination.



SEVEN DAYS.

By CLARA THWAITES.

WHAT have I for Thy praise?
Seven fair and fleeting days!
Of broken light, seven rays,
Seven notes for music's maze.

Within this narrow range
Ring carillons of change,
And chords as sweet as strange

This light of eastern skies
Holds beauty's thousand dyes—
Bright possibilities!

How crystal, clear, and bright
Is heaven's jasper light
To spiritual sight

Of seer and saint. May I
Flash in the glory high
Of immortality!

This circle of sweet sound,
This undulating round,
This tremulous rebound,

Hold ever-changing chords
Of joy's exultant words,
Or sorrow's pale accords.

The hero and the sage
Within this narrow gauge
May win immortal wage!

Let maid and youth, a-fire
With purpose and desire,
Cry, as their souls aspire:

"These many-coloured rays—
My life's melodious maze,
My chord of tuneful days—
Yea, take them for thy praise!"

THE FIRST-PRIZE ESSAY.



RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY, LADY RUSSELL.

LADY RUSSELL is one of those few women whose names live in the world through no effort of their own; she was not one of those who shine in Courts, or whose talents awaken the wonder and envy of their contemporaries; but she is pre-eminent in woman's own peculiar sphere as a most loving wife and devoted mother.

She was the daughter of the Earl of Southampton and his first wife, Rachel de Ruvigny, of a noble Huguenot family of Brittany, and was born in 1636. The early part of her life was spent in her father's country house, Titchfield, in Hampshire, whither Lord Southampton retired after the execution of Charles I., and where he resided in strict seclusion during the Protectorate.

Lady Southampton died in the infancy of her second daughter, but her loss was compensated in a great measure to Lady Rachel by the society of her elder sister, afterwards Lady Elizabeth Noel, whom, in some of her letters, she has called her "delicious friend." Their education was conducted by the Earl's chaplain, Dr. Fitzwilliam, who continued a firm friend to Lady Rachel to the end of his life.

Lord Southampton married twice subsequently; his second wife was a daughter of Sir Francis Leigh, and she appears to have introduced her daughters into worldly pleasures—for too much participation in which Lady Rachel in after-life strongly reproaches herself.

As was usual in those days, a marriage was arranged for her by her parents while still very young; the husband chosen for her was Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry. This marriage put an end for the time to her life of seclusion; her time was now spent in town, in visiting plays and diversions of all sorts, and no opportunity was given for the display of those noble qualities which she afterwards exhibited. She had one child, who, however, only lived a few hours. Her husband dying in the same year, she returned to her old home at Titchfield. It was during her residence there in 1667 that she became acquainted with Mr. Russell, second son of the Earl of Bedford, and that attachment commenced which was the source of such pure enjoyment and such deep sorrow.

They were not married until 1670, and she retained the title of Lady Vaughan for eight years, until on the death of her husband's brother he became Lord Russell. Their town residence was Southampton House, but their favourite retreat was Stratton, and they both found more pleasure in the quiet enjoyments of home than in the gaiety of a Court.

Their partings during their married life were few and short, for all their happiness was in each other; but there are a few letters written in the absences of Lord Russell on public business, and they give the highest idea of Lady Rachel's character; they show the most perfect confidence in the sympathy of him to whom they are written, relating all the trifling details of her daily life and of the studies and amusements of their children, of whom they had three—a boy and two girls. They were not, as was then too often the case, left to the training of tutors and servants, but they were constantly with their mother, whose sweet influence had its effects on their after-life. She had a bright, loving nature which found pleasure in the simplest things, and which helped her to live through the bitter troubles which fell to her lot. It was with much apprehension that Lady Russell saw the eager interest which her husband took in politics, and we find in a note which she wrote to him as early as 1678 an earnest warning to be cautious. He was not a man of showy talents, but of a firm and upright disposition, and he would probably have remained a silent member of the House of Commons had not he, with other good men, become disgusted at the dissolute life of Charles II. He therefore joined a party that was formed to watch against any infringement of the rights of the people. Lady Russell, while she sympathised with his motives, seems to have had some undefined misgivings as to the result of her husband's patriotism, for we find many cautions in her letters at this time. He was one of the strongest supporters of the Exclusion Bill, and thus drew upon himself the hatred of the Duke of York. Unfortunately, he allowed less honourable politicians than himself to use the *prestige* of his name for the furtherance of their schemes, among which was one for a general insurrection and the assassination of the King; thus his name was in bad odour at Court, and in June, 1683, he was arrested for complicity in the Rye House Plot and committed to the Tower. His wife did not sink under the shock, but worked every moment between his arrest and trial to find proofs of his innocence and friends to help in his defence. But every day his case looked darker, and great accusations were made against him.

On the day of the trial Lord Russell asked if he might have someone to write for him to help his memory. The Attorney-General, anxious to deprive him of the help of Counsel, replied hastily, "Yes, a servant." "My wife is here to do it, my lord," the prisoner answered. Lady Russell rose from her place beside him at these words, and a thrill of real emotion ran through the vast assembly as she received permission to perform the task. At four o'clock the jury pronounced him "Guilty of High Treason," and he was sentenced to be beheaded in a week. Even now the noble wife's courage did not fail: she made every effort for the remittance of the sentence; she sought an interview with the King, and, falling at his feet, implored him to spare her husband's life, but her prayers were unheeded; she persuaded Lord Russell to send a petition to the Duke of York, but that also passed unnoticed. Tillotson urged him to declare his adhesion to the opinion of the unlawfulness of a subject's resisting the authority of a Sovereign, and it was thought that had he done this his life might have been saved, but it was against his convictions, and he would not purchase his life with a lie. As a last hope his wife tried to induce him to change clothes with her and thus escape from prison, but he refused to entertain the idea. He hoped for the respite of a few days, but even this was denied.

On the afternoon of the last day before the execution his wife brought their children to him, and he bade them a tender farewell. She remained with him till ten, when she was obliged to leave. Her great and unselfish love enabled her to repress the grief and agony she felt, in order to give him no unnecessary pang. Silently he kissed her four or five times, and thus they parted. When she was gone he turned to Bishop Barnet, who was present, and said, "Now the bitterness of death is passed." Then he spoke of the blessing she had been to him—of her courage and her tenderness; and thanked God for giving him such a wife. He said his greatest comfort was in leaving his children in the hands of so good a mother.

After the execution Lady Russell seemed stunned, and for a time almost lost her faith in God, but soon she sought for patience and strength not to place too much dependence on any earthly happiness. She resolved to live for her children, and bring them up to be worthy of their father. She now undertook the sole charge of her daughters' education. She impressed upon them the necessity of constant study of the Holy Scriptures, and advised them to follow her example of diligent self-examination. She taught her children to remember their father with the utmost reverence and tenderness, and always keep sacred the anniversary of his death. She did not, however, let her great sorrow cast a gloom on their youth, but did her best to enter into all their pursuits and amusements. In this way she spent a few quiet peaceful years.

Early in 1688 a proposal of marriage was made between her elder daughter and the young Lord Cavendish, the son of Lord Russell's dearest friend, which on this account was most acceptable to her. The marriage took place in June of the same year, when Lady Russell received much earnest congratulation, and a cordial letter from the Princess Mary of Orange. On William and Mary's accession to the throne of England Lady Russell spent a short time in London. She was everywhere treated with the greatest deference and respect, everyone appeared anxious to do her honour, but the gaieties of the world had no longer any charm for her, and she gladly returned to her quiet home.

The second act of William's reign was the reversal of the Attainder of Lord Russell, and, in 1694, his father, the Earl of Bedford, was created a duke. In 1693 the marriage of Lady Russell's second daughter with Lord Ross, son of the Earl of Rutland, took place. From the gorgeous festivities of this wedding Lady Russell held aloof, chiefly on account of her failing eyesight, for she was threatened with total blindness. She speaks of this in her letters with perfect calmness and resignation.

A year or two later she underwent an operation for cataract, which in some measure restored her sight, but it was always afterwards impaired.

It was about this time that her only son began to give her great uneasiness. He spent his time in pleasures of all kinds, and squandered much money in gambling. His mother treated him with the greatest gentleness, and urged him to change his course of life. Her training and influence had not gone for nothing, for in spite of many backward slips he eventually became a good and honourable man.

It seemed now as if her troubles were over, and her declining years might be spent in peace; but there were yet some drops in her cup of sorrow. In 1711 she witnessed the death of her son from small-pox, and in the same year her second daughter died in her confinement. She must indeed have found the world—as she herself expressed it—"a very poor thing"; but she patiently awaited the death which she had once so eagerly desired. It was long delayed: she lived to see her great-grandchildren, and died at the age of 86, at Southampton House, in the presence of her only surviving child, who hastened to her on hearing of her illness. She was laid beside her husband in the village church of Chenies.

Thus ended the life of one who may truly be called a great woman. Hers was not that sharp, quick martyrdom which some are called upon to suffer; but it was, perhaps, harder to bear—a long life of intense suffering, borne with unparalleled fortitude and patience. Her character was truly great because it was truly good. Her celebrity was not gained by

the sacrifice of any of those qualities which most adorn a woman, but by the conscientious discharge of every duty from the highest to the humblest; therefore she is one of the best models for our girlhood and womanhood. It has been said by one of her descendants, "The peculiarity which is most striking in Lady Russell is that she was esteemed and consulted by her contemporaries, and has been admired and revered by posterity, without any ambitious effort of her own. She neither sought to shine in the world by the extent of her capacity nor to display by affected retirement the elevation of her soul; and when circumstances obliged her to come forward on the stage of history she showed herself in the appropriate character of a wife and mother."

Surely it is better to be remembered thus than as one who has left the duties and retirements of home to be flattered and caressed by the world. The latter may be likened to the brilliant star which sends out beams that dazzle and astonish all that approach; the former to the quieter orb which gives a gentle radiance to help all those who need its light. Her memory has been cherished not only by us but by those who cannot claim her as a countrywoman. M. Guizot has written of her, "Elle n'est point pour moi une étrangère. Ses sentiments me touchent; son sort me préoccupez, comme s'elle était là, vivante sous mes yeux." But such goodness as Lady Russell's is not the peculiar property of one nation or country: it is an honour to the whole world. It is, as the wise man wrote ages ago, "Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

LOUEY EAGLESTON (19).

VARIETIES.

CRABBE'S TALES OF LITERATURE.—A young lady was once asked if she had seen Crabbe's Tales. She said she did not know that crabs had tails.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To sailors home returning
Half-spent with toil and pain,
What joy to see the burning
Of my bright light again!

A century ago this name was giv'n
To him who, sacrificing home and health,
Thro' years of toil and torrid heat had striv'n
To gather for himself great Eastern wealth.

A little town between two rivers stands,
And Friedrich took it in his first campaign;
Without a shot, it fell into his hands,
Thenceforth to Prussia's realm to appertain.

A skill'd musician, train'd in arts to please,
Who could in clerkly penmanship excel;
But, sciz'd by ruffians at his sovereign's knees,
A prey to savage jealousy, he fell.

A town in France where fruitful vines abound,
And glowing clusters tempt the trav'ler's touch;
The wine-presses produce a wine renown'd,
Whose sparkling virtues cannot be extoll'd too much.

A FIELD FOR CONQUEST AND CONTROL.—Every part of our nature should be duly controlled and kept within its own proper province, and the whole brought into subjection to Christ and dedicated to Him.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 535).

P A C I F I C
O C H A R I N A
S I R
T O A D

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

FAY.—Consult "My Work Basket." If you know how to enlarge and how to lessen in knitting, you should not need any recipe to knit a diamond-shaped piece. Your writing is very difficult and tiresome to read, and we trust you will never write a book, in mercy to the publishers and printers. We do not see why "the strange mystery of life should torment or baffle" you, or why you should need "a mission in the world." Our "sailing directions," as a sailor would say, are of the plainest. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," is mission enough for anyone. See also Micah vi. 8; the last portion may be found peculiarly applicable to yourself on self-examination.

SNOW.—Trim the white cashmere wedding-dress with white satin, exactly matching it in tint. You will find this to lighten it quite enough.

SNOWDROP.—To straighten crewel work, see page 140, vol. i. Writing ugly.

FLORENCE WILSON and JUNO.—For bedroom slippers, see page 223, vol. ii. Your writing is very good for twelve years old.

PRIMROSE.—The colouring cannot be restored, we fear, to the tapestry, but it can be cleaned more or less satisfactorily, though even here we advise great care in giving it to anyone, as if valuable it may be spoilt. Try to clean a little scrap, as an experiment, with the crumb of a stale loaf.

STROMBOLI.—Try cleaning the ermine with flour, rubbing it in well.

LITTLE IGNORANT.—French merino would be more durable for the baby's cloak than cashmere. White, trimmed with white, would be suitable. For a long one with a deep cape, it would take about five or six yards of double width. But you should procure a pattern, decide on the length you desire it to be, and then measure the quantity.

SAMBO.—Darning should be run (not "ran") on the wrong side, and crossed on the same, not the right, side.

QUEENIE.—When a bonnet is worn at a wedding the veil can only be a small one of the ordinary size. Your letter is so very kind and grateful in its expressions, that it deserves especial acknowledgments on our part.

NELLIE B.—Your friend should get an introduction to some other "Berlin wool and art needlework shop" from her present employers; or else she should advertise in the *Times*. It might be done through the exertions and inquiries of friends, or personal application.

SENORITA.—We should not line the Bolton sheeting curtains, unless you required them very thick, when Turkey red twill would be a good material for the purpose. It would make no difference if the chairs were covered differently.

ETHEL.—Refer to pages 80, 144, 319, and 543, vol. i., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

SPERO MELIORA.—The next time that you pass a fancy work shop and see the slippers which have taken your fancy you need only to go in and inquire their price for yourself. The fashion for them has gone out and the price varies; some are of 12s., some of 15s. We are very sorry to hear of all your family trouble and your own ill-health, and rejoice that our paper proves so useful and interesting to you and your little brother.

EDITH STACEY.—You had better make an experiment with Judson's dye on a small portion of the grey fur.

EDUCATIONAL.

SISTER CHRISTIAN.—The Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, trains lady pupils from twenty-one to thirty-five years of age at one guinea per week. Write to the matron for further information. Lady-pupils and probationers pay, as a rule, for their training, board, and lodging. "Nurses" are not ladies, and are paid for their services from the time they enter. They are expected to remain in the service of the institution for a certain period after training, each hospital having its own rules. Lady-nurses are always called "sisters."

DOROTHY.—The idea of teachers for needlework, dressmaking, millinery, and art work has often been mooted, but does not seem to have been taken up so far as we know. You could very easily test the question of there being an opening now by inserting several advertisements in the *Times*, stating that you possess the above qualifications, and would teach in either schools or private families. We think you would probably be successful.

ZOE.—We should advise you to go in for a four months' course of "Instruction by Correspondence;" fee, two guineas. Apply to Miss Shore, Fir-grove, Sunninghill. This system is arranged with special reference to preparing for the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations. Read article also at page 274, vol. ii.

S. C. A.—Thank you much for your kind letter and offer of assistance, which, however, we do not require.

L. O. V.—We should advise your writing to the "Teachers' Education Loan Society," hon. sec., Miss Ewart, 3, Morpeth-terrace, Victoria-street, S.W. This society advances school fees upon certain conditions, to *persons* over sixteen, who are desirous of improving their education for purposes of self-maintenance as teachers. You are hardly old enough to be a governess, and it would be a great pity for your present amount of education to be unutilised when by aid of a little help you might be placed in a higher and better position in a year or two.

L. VON W.—Your letter is not sufficiently clear to us to discover which examination you are alluding to. Write and obtain full particulars from the secretary, the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

DAMH MOHR A VONALIA.—The Oxford Local Examinations are held in June: fee, £1. Address the secretary, the Rev. S. Edwards, Merton College, Oxford. We do not congratulate you on your selection of a name.

A SEAMSTRESS.—We are quite sure that everyone can educate themselves if they try. One of the most finished scholars we ever knew left school at 14, and acquired his knowledge while serving in the army by private study. Your best hours for reading will be before 9 a.m., and we think that if you made a rule of going to bed by 9.30 p.m. and rising at 6 a.m. you would find time for breakfast, study, and some exercise also. We think if you have a fair memory you might improve yourself very much. Read "Instruction by Correspondence," page 274, vol. ii., and write for information to Mrs. Peile, Trumpington-road, Cambridge.

PROBATIONER.—We fear from your letter that you have imbibed some very false views of life, and of your duties in it. You say, "It may be safer to choose some more self-denying way of life than merely to indulge our own fancies, and to give pleasure to none but ourselves." It is one of the consequences of this idea that girls leave their home duties and betake themselves to convents and sisterhoods, when nothing is more clear from Holy Scripture than that our blessings will be given us in "doing our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us." Depend upon it, where He has placed you is the best place in which you may practise all the Christian virtues, and prove yourself "Christ's soldier and servant, unto your life's end." Why are you not self-denying now? and why be thoughtless of the pleasure and happiness of others in gratitude for so many blessings vouchsafed to you?

M. C. N.—We regret that there was a mistake made in the name on your certificate. We think you would be wise in trying for the Cambridge Examinations, because even if you did not succeed you would learn much, and probably would do better at the higher examinations than you would have done. Your letter deserves our thanks for its kindness and appreciation of our work.

PAUL.—Read "Nursing as a Profession," vol. i., page 454. Full information is given in the article on the various hospitals, and their regulations and rules.

A TEACHER.—The fees at the Cheltenham College for day pupils are from £9 9s. to £26. Board and instruction, £50 to £80. Address for further information, the Principal.

JANE.—Write for information to the secretary of the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

NEMMIE.—The information about the Scriptural examinations for the Board schools would be given you by the head mistress if you asked for it.

ERME.—Miss Leigh's Home for young English girls in Paris is not of an educational character in any sense.

AGORAL, BOTANIST, and MOLLIE.—The "Home Naturalist," 4s., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would instruct you in botany, and in arranging all natural objects. Write to this address also for Sunday-school books.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ETHELINDA.—You can wash the terra-cotta if varnished properly. The post from New Zealand may take about two months.

CHUM.—You have a will of your own, as even your letter would lead one to suppose. In a small matter like that which you refer to us you will probably follow your own plan, but you had better consider beforehand the effect of conflict of opinion on matters of more importance. For a printed invitation a printed form of acceptance is good enough, but not if the invitation is written.

DOTTIE.—Good ivory covers ought easily to be cleaned by a damp cloth. But in cheap books the boards are usually of what is called vegetable ivory, or some viler composition, which soon discolours and cannot be restored. We feel deeply for your position as a hopeless invalid, but there is cause for thankfulness that the accident only disabled you, and does not hinder your enjoying the pleasures *of the mind*. In the *Sunday at Home* there are "Pages for the Afflicted," in which you would often find thoughts suited to your case.

H. L. T.—We hope you are more successful in growing flowers than in writing poetry, in which few

succeed. Why try to force crocuses before Christmas? The experiment is not worth the cost. If the walls keep damp, notwithstanding constant heat, the fault is that they rest on damp soil, instead of dry concrete.

ENDYMION.—Good health will in time remove what you complain of. If we can judge by clear bold writing, your strength will not fail. We wish all correspondents wrote as plainly, and used as good paper and ink.

KATE OF FOLKESTONE.—We are giving articles on names. Have patience. In the index of vol. i. you will find reference to many things which all girls ought to know.

FREDA.—There is a very simple rule thus expressed in rhyme:—

"Keep the left to the left when you pass on the street,
And the right to the right when in riding you meet."

This is the rule of the road in England, but it is different in some countries.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—You must practise writing much more from good copies, and consult a dictionary for spelling. You can buy a pocket dictionary for a shilling.

ARBOR.—We do not think there is opening for more wood-engravers at present, certainly not in London. Ask about teaching and fees at the School of Art in Edinburgh.

DOT, WILD ROSE, LOTTIE, and OTHERS.—We are pleased to get your budget of letters, and to hear that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is such a favourite in the school, but it is too much to expect that we can give an opinion on each handwriting. Your teacher or your parents must tell you about this and other things not of public interest.

E. S. H.—Lemon-juice will remove inkstains from cloth, but if you try it on the white mantelpiece the acid will corrode the marble and make worse spots. These can be only removed by rubbing with sand-paper and re-polishing.

RUBY.—In 1863, the 13th of May was a Wednesday. Freckles are sometimes natural and permanent; for those spots which are temporary you must consult previous papers by Medicus, and answers in our first volume.

ADELINE.—The work, both with pen and on the card, is very creditable to one so young, and the good feeling is appreciated.

WHITE IVY.—You forget the familiar quotation, "Who can paint like Nature?" By trial alone, with perseverance, can you succeed in getting nearer the hue of the flowers. To imitate the brightness of some petals, or parts of petals, a little gum water may be put on the surface, as varnish is put on oil paintings, but the natural effect is thereby risked. Try for yourself.

QUEEN MAB.—November 28, 1862, November 14, 1867.

PRIMROSE,—We have given papers on gardening.

REGAN.—Coins of George III. and George IV. have no special value, and as you ask how best to dispose of them, as being useless to yourself, we say give them to some poor person, put them in the missionary box, or buy the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

K. O'B.—You will find directions in previous numbers. We cannot repeat information requiring much space. We cannot make out whether you ask about white pussies or puppies. If they want cleaning, you are better without such pets.

EDELWEISS.—Oil stains on a carpet.

AMPHION.—At Brighton you can get the information you want at any music shop. If you have no older friend to inquire for you, do not be afraid to ask. A girl of thirteen will be courteously attended to, if they do not happen to be busy at the moment.

LARES and PENATES.—There are many contrivances for fixing over gas lights to prevent the smoke disfiguring the ceiling. You must get them at a shop.

SIBIL.—The riding habit is kept down by shot better than by any other weight.

WATERBED.—We are much pleased to hear that our hints have been useful to an invalid girl, and that so nicely written a letter comes from the desk described in our pages.

M. LOO.—Both your questions can be easily answered in a large city like Worcester.

BRIXTONIAN.—The goat is representative of Wales, as the lion or leopard is of England, or the elephant of India. This is why the 23rd Regiment of the line, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, have the fancy for a goat marching before their band.

PANSIE.—Ægrotat means he (or she) is sick. Hence its appearance in examination lists and other places, where the Latin word has puzzled you. The candidate named was hindered by illness from entering on the competition.

ROSE.—We are pleased to get your letter from so remote a part of the United States as Nebraska, and glad to know that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is so useful to yourself and to your neighbours. We wish many others at home were as thoughtful as your relative is in posting THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to friends in foreign countries, where books cannot be always procured. If you write again let it be with better ink, the letter being almost illegible.

IRENE.—We would advise you rather to prepare for being a teacher in a school than a private governess. Excepting where there are unusual advantages, governesses have little pay and poor prospects. There are too many for the demand. "Supercedes" is wrong spelling.

VIXEN.—The verse has neither rhyme nor reason. "Time" and "Rhine" do not rhyme.

WIFE.—The regular way is what you state, but if there is a true desire and right feeling no one is likely to hinder. When absent from home we have often joined the communicants, although known to no one in the place. In Scotland, and we believe in some churches in England, the terms of communion are strict, personal knowledge, and even a ticket or token being required, but not in parish churches.

A CRIPPLE.—The note is very plainly written, but spelling and grammar very deficient. Many questions are left unanswered because they are trifling ones, and our space is valuable.

VIOLET.—If there is no hospital within reach, send your old magazines to London, prepaying the parcel. For poor patients some of the magazines



"DEAR ME, WHY DID NOT *I* JOIN IN THE LAST PRIZE COMPETITIONS. I SHOULD CERTAINLY HAVE TAKEN THE FIRST PRIZE."

are not suitable reading, but in London there are hospitals and institutions where they would be prized. Generally the chaplain or matron has to approve of what is sent for hospitals.

LIL.—"Practice makes perfection." Study with the atlas before drawing the maps from memory. We have given articles about handwriting with specimens.

EUPHROSYNE.—For a mere beginner "Pinnock's Catechism" and Brewer's elementary volume will suffice. Ask a bookseller.

IRENE.—Steel ornaments should be kept in a dry place. Sweet oil is best for removing rust. Some of the articles are suited for "Sunday reading," others are not so. A thoughtful girl can judge of this. One does not want to worry about work or cooking or other worldly employments on the day of rest, when the care and health of the soul are chiefly to be attended to.

CECILIA.—Orazione means prayer. Lindley Murray's grammar is old, but re-appears in new editions.

CATHIE.—Brown velvet trimming may be partially renovated by being held over a hot iron plate, or in steam, without allowing it to get wet. If there is much of it, the only way is to consult a dyer; and for the dress, consult a dressmaker.

WINTONIAN.—Dripping is best clarified by pouring boiling water on it, removing grits or other impurities. It is then clear and wholesome for the use you name in your unusually nicely written note.

NO ADDRESS.—Look at Habakkuk, ch. iii., 17, 18; Job xiii. 15. *Nil desperandum.* Do not despair. We will make inquiries about such homes. Send your address and references.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER writing from Frankfurt, commences her letter thus:—"It is many years since I first took in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and for a long time I have been resolving to write to the Editor of the same." We very much dislike to doubt the veracity of any one of our fair readers, but should nevertheless be glad if "Hope on, hope ever" will kindly send us any of the single numbers taken in many years ago. We might then be disposed to answer her questions and criticise her amateur verses.

SELA.—Write to Novello's for organ music, and read "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," and "Dinners in Society," parts 10 and 14.

HOPEFUL.—No one can tell whether there is hope of success in the competition without seeing the essay. Even if unsuccessful, the effort will be profitable.

LILY.—February 25th, 1864, was Thursday. We have wondered why so many girls ask similar questions, and thought it might be a trap to test the Editor's knowledge and willingness to give information even on trifling matters, but we suspect this desire to know what day of the week some old date falls upon arises from superstition, as being born on certain days is considered lucky or unlucky. This is all nonsense, and only curious as showing old popular fancies.

MARTIN.—The next Cambridge local examination varies in different places. Ask some local teacher or bookseller.

SYLVIA.—You should get your father to consult a doctor.

AN ELDERLY READER.—Candle-grease spots are best removed by hot iron over blotting-paper. Neuralgic pains have many causes, tight boots being sometimes one.

LADY BELL.—Common sense will suggest a tightly-fitting dress for tricycle-riding, to avoid entanglement by hooks or wheels.

BLUE STOCKING.—Antipathy *to*, not against; contrasted *with*, not from. We say a rise of salary, but the verb is raise.

JUDITH.—You must consult some friend whom you can trust. The income named is not sufficient to warrant your taking a house, except there is some guarantee that the person who offers to live with you will meet the expense. You must be satisfied as to character and means, as well as good intention.

BLUE DOT.—Damp does not cause worm-eating in a table. The wood must be bad. Ask an upholsterer or carpenter to examine it.

ROSIE.—Try a small portion of the cloth; if it loses colour on being washed, the whole had better be dyed a darker colour. Consult a medical man about the deafness and sore throat.

KITTY.—Nothing can justify an untruth; but in the difficulty referred to you must manage the best way you can, after consulting some friend. Advice cannot be given when the circumstances are not known.

FOURTEEN.—Dreams arise from indigestion more than any other cause in the young. In older people troubles of the mind and overworked brain often cause them. Try change of time or of food at the last meal, and a higher pillow.

GRACE.—We advise you not to be hasty in leaving your situation. It may not be easy to find another so good. Advertising or application at an agency office are the only ways we know to hear of such employment as you seek.

QUILP.—There has been only one bound volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. All the subsequent monthly parts are on sale.

CRYSTAL.—Some persons have a constitutional tendency to grow stout. Do not take vinegar, or any of the remedies named by you. They will only injure your health. Some articles of diet tend to produce fat, such as potatoes, bread and butter, and of those you must eat sparingly. Meat, stale bread, and pulled-bread or toast are suitable, and plenty of exercise in the open air.

CARRIE.—We sympathise with one who is so ready to confess her faults of temper. You are in the right way to improvement.

POPOCATEPETL.—It is still the fashion to cut the hair short, and to wear dresses fastening down the back, but different modes suit different persons. Tell your friends that only a few out of multitudes of letters can be answered. Many are too trifling, or could be answered by anyone at hand.

A LEWES LASS.—Tastes differ so much that we cannot undertake to advise either as to suitableness of dress or mode of wearing the hair. The writer of so sensible a letter can use her own judgment after trying various methods. We are glad that our directions as to knitting have enabled you to gain something by selling your work.

ANNA.—The striped silk is most suitable, and with plain silk of darker hue for trimming will look elegant. Green does not suit all complexions.

PERPLEXED GOVERNESS.—You seem to have done all in your power, and must not fret on account of the apparent fruitlessness of your labour for your pupil. Change of air and of occupation will remedy the nervous complaint.

MARY A. B.—We have more material than we can use. Everything sent is examined, but we cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, nor to correspond about them. Your practical suggestion is kind and good.



VOL. II.—No. 76. JUNE 11, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER VI.

"THOU ART NOT FOR THE FASHION OF THESE TIMES."

IT is possible that Dr. Garnett himself felt a little shy at the meeting with his brother's child. Since his recovery he had thought less about the estrangement from Andrew; hard work, and intercourse with the world had driven regretful feelings out of his mind. And the sight of Daisy recalled that which, perhaps, he would willingly have forgotten altogether.

"How are you, my dear?" he said, hastily kissing her on the forehead. "I hope you will soon get used to your new home."

Daisy secretly felt that it would a very long while before she could get used to it. But she uttered a few words of thanks for his kindness, and the dinner-gong opportunely cut short the little scene.

There was a look of Andrew in the great doctor's features; but the face was altogether stronger, and even graver than Andrew's face had been. The eyes were steel-grey, keen and steady in their



[*All rights reserved.*]

"'WHOSE HOUSE IS THIS?' MAUD INQUIRED."

gaze, and the thin lips seemed as if they were firmly locked together by the force of their owner's will. The white hair, fine and soft as silk, called attention to the beautifully-shaped head, and added greatly to the dignity of the doctor's aspect. He was not yet an old man; but the silver locks made him venerable, and softened a little the natural sternness of his look.

Once or twice during dinner he glanced at Daisy seated next to Maud, and looking like a meek little lily of the valley beside a gorgeous azalea. Maud was undeniably a handsome girl; but Daisy's delicate beauty lost nothing by the contrast with her cousin.

There was a quiet grace, too, in his niece's manner that the doctor noticed with a little surprise. He thought within himself that the girl's training had been left to good hands; there was no trace of that vulgarity which he had half expected her to inherit from her mother.

Dr Garnett's own children strongly resembled his late wife; they both had her brown skin and dark hair and eyes. But Daisy's face was cast in the Garnett mould; in the portrait of the doctor's mother, hanging over the fireplace, there were the same delicately-chiselled features. She had, also, the sweet, serious look of that portrait; a look that sometimes sent Dr. Garnett's thoughts roaming back to early boyhood, and made him almost fancy he could hear his mother's voice again.

And then he turned to his handsome Maud, with her pomegranate lips and glowing cheeks. The doctor had a keen insight into humanity, and he did not love any earthly thing with that passionate affection that blinds the eyes. His sight was always clear, and his judgment cool, even where his nearest and dearest were concerned. And as his glance rested on Maud, he felt that he knew her character and read many of the secrets of her mind every day in her face.

He had had long practice in reading faces, and they often told him a thousand things that the lips of his patients never confessed.

He saw that of his two daughters, Maud was the more disposed to be at enmity with Daisy.

Rhoda did not like this little cousin, and did not want to have her in the house. But Maud's dislike to the girl was of another kind, and had another origin. It was the instinctive hatred of dishonesty to truth; of a sensuous nature to a pure and innocent soul.

"Daisy must fight her own battle," thought the doctor, mentally, shrugging his shoulders.

He had given her a home, and a place in the world; and what could he do more? To change Maud's nature was beyond his power; he accepted his child as she was, defects and all. In early childhood the evil in her had been allowed to grow almost unchecked. Maud, the beauty, had been the darling of her mother; and to chide Maud would have been to draw down a frightful storm in the household. Dr. Garnett did not fear his wife's temper as others did; but he refrained, as much as possible, from giving her provocation.

The doctor disappeared after dinner, and was seen no more that evening.

The girls and the governess returned to the drawing-room, and the sisters sang the promised duet. They were well taught; Maud's rich contralto was, perhaps, a thought too full to accompany Rhoda's clear but thin soprano, but Daisy enjoyed the music.

"Have you brought any drawings with you?" asked Miss Daughton of Daisy.

The two girls had quitted the piano: Rhoda had returned to her beloved crewels; and Maud, who seemed to have few occupations, was lounging on her favourite sofa.

"Yes," Daisy admitted, with some reluctance.

"Do let us see them," Miss Daughton entreated.

"Do let us see them," echoed Maud, mimicking the governess's manner. "You need not be afraid of rivalry; neither Rhoda nor I can draw a bit," she added, more seriously. "Jane shall go to your room and unpack your portfolio."

"It is already unpacked," Daisy replied.

She had no wish to display the drawings, but instinct and good breeding urged her to satisfy Maud's curiosity. Her cousins had been entertaining her, and they had a claim to be amused in their turn.

"I daresay the drawings are abominably bad," said Maud, when Daisy had left the room. "I never saw such an uninteresting, insignificant girl—I don't believe she can do anything but sit still and simper."

"She does not simper; she looks melancholy," corrected Rhoda.

"She smirks when she speaks. And she is awfully colourless and lackadaisical."

"She is not badly dressed."

"No; she has been spending her little all on town dressmakers. I shall represent the case to the father, and assure him that she won't require any more gowns for ages."

"You may represent anything you please," said Miss Daughton, sagaciously; "but Dr. Garnett will not be moved by your representations, Maud."

"You don't know the extent of my power over him!"

"Yes, I do. I know you always think you are going to succeed, and you invariably fail."

"But we will not let him spend his money on this little intruder—will we, Rhoda?" cried Maud, angrily, appealing to her sister.

"Don't talk nonsense," Rhoda replied. "He will spend his own money, not ours, you know. Of course I don't want the girl, and I think it is ridiculous to have her here. But, when my father insists, nobody can turn him from his purpose."

"If my mother had been alive, the creature would never have been suffered to come," said Maud.

"I don't know that she could have kept her away," returned Rhoda. "Even in my mother's life-time my father's will generally prevailed. There is no sense in fighting against him."

"That is exactly my opinion," said Miss Daughton. "You may as well strive with Fate as with Dr. Garnett. He has made up his mind to adopt this Daisy, and adopted she will be. Unless she ever does something positively disgraceful he will never cast her off."

"I wish she would turn out badly," Maud muttered.

"I don't think she will turn out badly, dear. I fancy that your amiable wishes will never be realised," Miss Daughton answered, with exceeding sweetness. "It is your big, showy, sensuous beauty who generally brings discredit on the family, not the meek soul that loves the shade."

"Why don't you write a poem upon her?" cried Maud, contemptuously. "What a devoted champion she has found in you!"

"Have you taken a liking to Daisy, Miss Daughton?" asked Rhoda, pausing in her work.

"No; I do not feel the slightest interest in her," replied the politic governess. "I have merely been trying to make Maud see that she will remain here, and therefore we must make the best of her."

Daisy's footstep put an end to the conversation. She came quietly into the room with her portfolio, and laid it down upon a table. The governess and Maud seized upon it at once.

One glance at its contents convinced them both that Daisy did not draw abominably.

The portfolio was full of unfinished sketches and carefully completed drawings; and all bore the stamp of talent of a very high order. Some of the studies showed a richness and breadth of colour that absolutely astonished Miss Daughton: and yet the subjects treated by the young artist were often exceedingly prosaic. Daisy had had to make the best of her surroundings in Holly-street.

Here was a view of the back of a neighbour's house, with the wicker bird-cage hanging outside the garret window, and the sunset casting a warm glow over the dull bricks. And there was the clump of Michaelmas daisies, just as Daisy had seen them from her own room, with the smoky wall for a background. She had that gift, closely allied to genius, of bringing out the beauty that lurks in common things, and making it perceptible to other eyes as well as her own.

There were several sketches of rural scenes, although these were fewer in number. She had seized the opportunities afforded her by school excursions, and long rambles with Aunt Cecily; and thatched cottages and bits of meadow and woodland were to be found in her collection.

Even Rhoda had deserted her crewels, to examine the drawings. The three were standing round the table, exclaiming, commenting, and asking questions, while Daisy sat quietly on the sofa.

"Whose house is this?" Maud inquired.

She was holding up the picture of an

old mansion, built in the Tudor style, and overgrown with rich masses of ivy. The sun was going down behind its chimneys, and the crests of tall firs stood out darkly against a saffron sky. You could see the white roses clambering over the heavy porch, and clustering round the mullioned windows, and you might almost fancy the sweetness of their evening breath.

There was a home-like rest, a stately peace about the grand old place that the Garnetts and their governess felt at once; and they had looked long at the drawing before Maud put her question.

"That is Hurst Hall, in Woodshire, the seat of the Hurstones. It was my grandmother's old home," Daisy answered, in her quiet voice.

She had not reckoned upon the effect of these words on her hearers. They started, and exchanged glances of profound astonishment.

"Have you ever seen this place?" Rhoda asked.

"No; that drawing was done by my grandmother long before I was born."

There was a suppressed murmur of surprise, and then a pause. Some seconds passed before anyone spoke again.

"How did she come to be your grandmother if she belonged to the Hurstones?" said Maud, bluntly.

Daisy's delicate face flushed a little; the tone was offensive. But her voice was quite calm and steady when she replied,—

"She married, against the wishes of her friends, a Captain Ashley. They never forgave her, even when she was left a widow. And then she took a second husband—my grandfather, Mr. Woodburn."

There was another silence. The drawing was closely examined again, and Rhoda found initials and a date in one corner.

"Was Mrs. Woodburn living when her daughter married Dr. Andrew Garnett?"

It was Miss Daughton who asked this question.

"No; my grandmother had been dead a year before my father and mother first met," Daisy responded, rather wearily. She was beginning to wish that they would drop the subject.

But Maud had no notion of restraining her curiosity. In vain did Miss Daughton give her a warning touch; she shook off the governess's hand with haughty impatience.

"How did you know all these things?" she demanded, in her curt fashion. "If your mother died while you were a baby, who told you your grandmother's history?"

"I heard it from my mother's sister," answered Daisy, coldly.

"Oh! that is the aunt who brought you to town? Where is she now? Are there any more aunts?"

"Aunt Cecily lives in the country. She is the only aunt I have."

"She is poor, I suppose? If she had been rich she would have taken you to live with her."

"You are quite right," said Daisy, rising from her seat, and taking possession of her portfolio. "She would have taken me if she had been rich enough to provide for me. I am very tired to-night," she added, turning to Rhoda. "I should like, if you please, to go to my room."

"Certainly," Miss Garnett answered, courteously. "And if you are not well to-morrow I will send up your breakfast. Our breakfast hour is half-past eight."

"Thank you; but I am accustomed to rise early," Daisy replied. "I shall be quite well after a night's rest."

There was silence for a minute or two after her departure, and then Maud spoke out in an ill-tempered tone,—

"She was sulky because I questioned her about her family. What right has she to resent anything?"

"I advise you not to press her too far," said Miss Daughton.

"My father has taken her out of charity. She will have to get used to my ways," cried Maud, beating the sofa pillow with her plump hand. "I shall not tolerate any airs."

"Nonsense, Maud!" said Rhoda. "She was inoffensive enough to-night. You will have to tolerate her, you know; and you had better begin by being civil."

"She prides herself on her connection with the Hurstones. I daresay that story about the grandmother was all a lie!"

"I don't care if it was," Rhoda returned, indifferently. "But I hate scenes, and I hope you are not going to make any."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

How to Discover a Girl's Weak Points.—Do you wish to find out a girl's weak points? Note the failings she has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings she is herself conscious of, but they will be their next door neighbours. No one keeps such a jealous look out as a rival.

Buried Shell-fish.

To put him out of temper I wink leisurely at him.
A case of chronic lameness did you say?
They deem us seldom worth attention.
When I fall ill I'm petted by everyone.
Was that haycock left for our amusement?
Are not boys terrible plagues?
He faced the frantic rabble still as a statue.

Woman's Duty in Woman's Province.—So much of our domestic happiness is in the hands of women, and their influence is so great upon our earliest years, that the universal interest of the world requires them to be well instructed in their province.—*Dr. Johnson.*

The Dawn of Genius.—A boy once came to Mozart, wishing to compose something, and, inquiring the way to begin, Mozart told him to wait. "But you composed much earlier." "But I asked nothing about it," replied the musician.

The Uncultivated Eye.—The uncultivated eye beholds comparatively little of all that is to be seen in this beautiful world. A man once objected to a great painter that he would never tell where in nature he found those gorgeous hues which seemed to inflame his landscapes and shower purple and crimson over fields and rivers. "I daresay," said the artist, "that you never see such colours; but do you not wish that you could?"

Pause before saying "Yes."—Men and women often, for want of consideration, say "Yes" when they ought to say "No." A young fellow offers his hand in marriage to a young woman, and if she would only stop to inquire she would find that he is a shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow, who will never make her happy, and that a union with him must entail upon her untold miseries. But because he is good-looking, or has a plausible tongue, and pleads his cause eloquently, or because she thinks she may never have another chance, she says "Yes," and walks in darkness and gloom all the rest of her life.

Answer to Double Acrostic III. (p. 574).

N A B O B
O H L A U
R I Z Z I O
E P E R N A Y

Turkish Proverbs for English Readers.—Here are seven proverbs imported from Turkey:—

Patience is the key to joy.
Fame is not acquired on a feather-bed.
The lazy man says "I have no strength."
Everything finishes here below except enmity.
Death is a black camel that kneels before every door.
Every event that makes us weep is accompanied by something to make us laugh.
The crow was asked which were the most beautiful birds, "My young ones," said she.

Virtue in Adversity.—Virtue is like precious herbs, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Bacon.*

In the Far North.—Should any one feel out of humour with our own climate let her read this cheerful calendar of a Lapland or Siberian year:—June 23rd, snow melts; July 1st, snow gone; July 9th, fields quite green; July 17th, plants at full growth; July 25th, plants in full flower; August 2nd, fruits ripe; August 10th, plants shed their seed; August 18th, snow makes its appearance again, and winter lasts till June 23rd.

Buried Heathen Deities.

The poor miner vainly cried for aid.
Give us a turn at the oars now.
Here are seven useful articles.
He has put up a new fence at last.
"What!" he cried, "I an ape? Ridiculous!"
They gave him arsenic, poor dog!

The Deaf and Dumb Mother's Experiment.—Mary, Countess of Orkney, was deaf and dumb, and was married in 1753 by signs to her cousin, the first Marquis of Thomond. Soon after the birth of her first child the nurse, who seems to have watched her proceedings with curiosity, and not without suspicion, saw the young mother creep cautiously towards the cradle of her child, as if her brain was busy with some deep design. Presently she took a large stone from under her shawl, and raised it up in both hands. The woman, who had expected nothing so dreadful as this, was paralysed with horror. She could not move, she could not scream, and the next instant down came the stone. It fell on the floor, however, *not on the* cradle; and when the child started and awoke screaming the countess fell on her knees in a transport of joy, her experiment having proved that her infant possessed the sense which was wanting in herself.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER XI.

No light came to Ruby either about that parcel which was sent in her name to the Bryants' cottage, or about the figure which followed her home that evening; she made all the inquiries she could among the village people, but they could tell her nothing that she wanted to know. Mr. Lindhurst and all the family at the Priory still continued to look upon her story about being watched as she went along as a fancy born of her over-wrought nerves, and so they were not likely to give her any help in clearing up the matter. Ruby at length gave up thinking anything more of the subject, because there seemed to be not the slightest profit in doing so; if, however, she chanced to be out at all late alone, an uncomfortable feeling would always creep over her; she would almost involuntarily hasten her steps, and would glance anxiously behind her, but the tall, dark figure never appeared again haunting her footsteps, so gradually her fear wore off.

Ruby visited the Bryants frequently after Bessie's death, and did her best to bring them comfort; but the lesson of calm, cheerful resignation to God's will she learned beneath that humble cottage roof did more for her young mind than she could possibly do for them. That father and mother had lost their dearest, best-prized earthly treasure; but with what bright faith, even before their tears were dry, did they trust their jewel to the Lord who gave her; how bravely did they strive to make Christian music in their home, which should be in tune with the songs she was learning from the angels round the throne. Ben, too, seemed softened and changed somewhat from his former self, and gave his parents less cause for uneasiness, though still the old wild leaven in him would at times rise to the surface.

One morning, when the winter days were beginning to grow longer, and when the first message from the coming spring was arriving on the wings of a soft south wind, a very singular thing happened to Ruby Stanton. She had been out for an early walk before breakfast, as was her wont, and was just re-entering the house with her little hands full of violets and snowdrops which she had been gathering, when the postman came up the avenue. She waited for him at the door, for she had a half childish pleasure in taking the letters, and delivering each one of them to its owner. She was a good deal surprised when she found among them a letter to herself, for, as has before been said, no one with whom she had lived before coming to Larcombe Priory cared enough about the poor orphan ever to write to her. She turned the letter curiously over and over, but she did not in the least know the hand; she looked at the post-mark, which was Exeter, but that did not enlighten her any further, she had no correspondent that she knew of in that town, so at last she broke open the envelope.

It was fortunate for Ruby that she was alone out of doors, not sitting at the breakfast table when she opened that letter—such a troubled wonder came into her face as she looked at it, such a sharp cry of startled astonishment broke from her; the paper she held between her trembling fingers was written in the handwriting of her mother.

She had some scraps of old letters from her mother to her father in her possession which she had always preserved most carefully, and often read and re-read, for everything concerning her parents was of sacred interest to the orphan girl; thus her mother's handwriting was quite familiar to her, though



"SHE LOOKED AT THE POST-MARK."

she had never held that mother's hand in hers.

The instant she glanced at the paper which came by the post this morning she thought that the writing before her bore a strange, close resemblance to the beloved characters; and the longer she looked at it the more certain she became that she was not mistaken. Yet how could it be really true? How could a letter come to her from one who had been so long in another world? Her brain grew dizzy at the question, her whole frame quivered, her eyes filled with tears, tears that prevented her for some time from reading a word in the written paper, the sight of which was causing her so much disturbance of mind.

At length, with a strong effort (Ruby was a girl with a good deal of decision of character, and she was learning to make good use of that quality in gaining rule over herself) she conquered her emotion sufficiently to be able to read what was before her. The first words which met her wondering, eager view were these—"If I should die at my child's birth, and that child should be a daughter, I should wish her to read this as soon as she is beginning to pass from early girlhood into womanhood; what I have written here is the only legacy I have to leave her."

These words were written on an envelope which had been enclosed in the other which came by post directed to Ruby in a handwriting, as has before been said, quite unknown to her. This second envelope, with the superscription given as above in Ruby's mother's hand upon it, was open; inside of it was a written paper, also in Mrs. Stanton's hand. That was what Ruby's still half-tear-veiled eyes were now resting upon. It ran as follows:—

"My child,—When you read this I shall have been for several years with God. I have no earthly heritage to bequeath you, but I can at least leave you these few words of love. In the first place, my bird, my flower, my jewel, my Ruby (I shall tell them to call you Ruby, for it was my own mother's), anchor your young heart firmly at once upon the Rock of Ages, then shall it be well with you whatever are the storms and trials of your future life. Let one thing be the star of your whole story, and let that thing be love, love of God and love for man. Be all truth, my Ruby. Even in your looks, let there never be a false point about you, even in your dress and outward appearance; my gem must be in everything a real stone. Recollect that a Christian woman must be at once the bravest and the tenderest thing on God's earth; very brave and uncompromising in standing up for the right, very tender and gentle in raising up those who have fallen; she must stand as a queen on a lofty pedestal, but a queen who is never weary of stooping and stretching out her strong, soft hands to lift up those who have sunk the lowest. Always be ready to believe the good in others, for a suspicious temper is a very dark shadow in the fairest female character where it exists; it is an especial disgrace to womanhood, even more than it is to manhood. Remember, it is never thought a disgrace to be cheated and deceived. My Ruby, when women ministered to our dear Lord, He showed thereby His sacred will and pleasure that Christian women should do good work for Him in all time; be a bold, large-hearted worker for Him, Ruby. Such are the last words to you of your mother,

LUCY STANTON."

Who shall tell the mingled feelings that were in the girl's mind as she read? What words can paint the flood of joy, and fear, and unutterable wonder that rushed over her whole being? It seemed to her as if a great incredible thing had happened to her: as if the curtain between this world and the next had been drawn aside by a friendly angel's hand, and a voice from beyond it had reached her.

She stood there in the morning sunshine, feeling like one who has been surrounded by a radiant cloud, and who half exults in the brightness, and half dreads its excess of splendour; and then the question went whirling through her brain, From whence did this letter come? In what strange, incomprehensible way had it reached her, to-day, this message, this legacy from the dead? She was completely unable to find any reply, though she sought after one until her head was giddy, and the trees in the garden seemed to be spinning round and round.

After that she returned again to the letter, and covered it with kisses, and dwelt upon each single word until, at length, her over-full heart and mind found relief in a shower of tears.

"Ruby! Ruby! where are you?" cried a sharp, very imperious voice at the window.

It was Miss Nancy calling her to breakfast. The sound made her start, but it also recalled her to the actual, everyday life around her. She dried her eyes, thrust the letter hastily into her pocket, for she had an instinctive feeling against saying a word about it at the breakfast table, and hurried in.

"Why, Ruby, how pale you look!" cried Ella. "I think your morning walk must have disagreed with you. I always thought it would. It is such a foolish habit getting up so early and going out. You have not half the appetite that I have."

And the young lady helped herself most complacently to a slice of ham.

"Oh, it's just like all the rest of her ridiculous whims," grumbled Miss Nancy, behind the tea urn.

Ruby took all these and like remarks, many of which were bestowed upon her that morning, with the meekest patience. Her whole mind was far too entirely wrapped up in the subject which had occupied it before she came in to heed what was going on around her. She did her best, however, to eat her breakfast much as usual, and so escaped further notice. When she left the table she crept quietly into Mr. Lindhurst's study, and, with all her former agitation coming back into her face, said, showing him the letter,—

"Guardian, look at this. Can you the least imagine who could have sent it me? It came by this morning's post."

Surprised by the emotion and earnestness of her manner, he fixed his eyes curiously upon the letter, and his face first was a face of wonder, then a face of deep thought as he read it. Then he folded it up very gently and slowly, and turned to the window, while he said, with nothing of the astonishment in his tone which Ruby had, of course, expected,—

"My child, I would not trouble myself if I were you with trying to guess or discover who sent you this letter. There is not the faintest clue by which you can find out anything about it. I would think of it, Ruby, only as a precious treasure which God has sent you to cheer and light you throughout your whole life's journey, to show you the way into the highest paths."

"Yes, it is indeed all that to me," cried the girl, clasping her hands. "But, guardian, I should like to know how it could have come to me in this strange way."

"I cannot bother myself, Ruby, with making all sorts of fruitless inquiries for you about the matter," he answered, with a sudden severity in his tone.

"Guardian," cried Ruby, as a thought suddenly flashed across her, "can this letter have anything to do with the mystery which, you said a little while ago, would very likely now and then approach me in different ways?"

"Perhaps it has, little Ruby; perhaps it has not," he replied, with a half smile. "Now run away to your books or your music, and wear the words of that letter always on your heart, as a sacred talisman to guard you from all evil."

Ruby did not ask any more, for she saw it would be useless to do so; but she put on her hat and went for a long walk alone through the fields and woods, and came back looking very calm and bright.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH SIMPLE HERBS.

By MEDICUS.



N board ship, in the merchant service at all events, the cook is usually addressed by the men as "doctor." This, however, is no reason why I, a medical man, should permit my advice to interfere with the province of cook. Nevertheless, as there are many so-called pot herbs which possess medicinal properties of no mean value, I cannot, I think, be greatly exceeding my duty if I say a word or two about gathering and storing them. The old-fashioned plan was to tie the dried leaves in bunches, and hang them on the walls, or to the roof of the kitchen. This is neither a good nor a tidy plan. From the month of May to the end of

August is the best time for collecting these herbs. Most of them can be gathered in July, but at all events they must be at the time in full beauty and luxuriance. In olden times they tell us that witches used to wander over moor and mountain, seeking herbs for love philtres, at the dead of night, and under a full moon. There is no occasion to risk catching cold by being abroad at such unwholesome hours, gathering pot herbs. You do not require the aid of the moon, but it is important that you should avoid the noonday sun; at the same time there should be no moisture on the herbs when collected. Next, you must dry them as speedily as possible. This is best done before a moderately hot fire. When they are perfectly dry you may proceed to store them. If you mean to collect, say, half a dozen different sorts, procure six nice air-tight bottles of small sizes, and label them with the names of the herbs. The dried leaves are then picked from the stems and powdered, then passed through a sieve, and then bottled. I have known a young girl-housekeeper to possess a highly useful and quite ornamental collection of powdered herbs.

Now I do not wish my readers to constitute themselves doctors in embryo, amateur pharmaceutists; no, nor little skilled old wives either; but there are very many things about some of the commonest herbs, which it will do every girl who means to make herself a useful member of society good to know.

I'll take them as they come to my memory. The name *chervil* brings back to my mind the days of my youth,

"When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,"

and used to gather and chew, for sake of its aromatic flavour, a pretty little green plant that grew under hedges and by the waysides. It was called myrrh, however, in my country. It smells exactly like paregoric, and if you do not know it in any other way you may know it by that. But be sure of it, because it grows where the deadly hemlock thrives, *and the leaves of the two are very much alike*. Chervil makes a nice addition to a salad, and although not to my knowledge used in medicine, possesses, nevertheless, aromatic qualities, and would therefore tend to strengthen the digestion. There is also a kitchen garden chervil, and it makes a pretty border for a walk. It should be gathered in June for powdering.

The flowery tufted *thyme* brings to my recollection the words of Virgil, as translated by Dryden:—

"No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs to crop the flowery thyme."

That would, of course, be the wild thyme. Let us go to the garden to gather ours. It is aromatic in a high degree, the lemon-scented variety being probably the choicest. It is used in making perfumes, its essential oil being called marjoram oil. Gather it in July.

Sweet basil is worthy of cultivation in gardens. A nice aromatic sauce for table use is made by gathering the fresh leaves in August, putting them in a bottle, covering them with vinegar, and steeping for ten days. This also possesses aromatic qualities. *Fennel* is a well-known plant, and its leaves are gathered about June for drying. Independent of its table use, an infusion or tea may be made of its leaves, a teaspoonful now and then of this being useful in many forms of indigestion. *Tarragon* is easy of cultivation, and if grown on a dry soil is quite hardy. It may be dried as other herbs, or a deliciously flavoured vinegar may be made from the leaves. If the latter is wished, they must be gathered before coming into bloom, and steeped in vinegar for a fortnight in a jug. Fermentation takes place, and it is then strained through flannel, a little isinglass added, and bottled.

The well-known *elder* tree is a shrub which is to be found in hedges, and from its flowers or berries many useful articles are made. I may mention one or two. *Elder flower ointment*, for instance, is a very nice cooling application for the skin when red and irritated. The fresh flowers of the elder are simply boiled in the purest lard until crisp, the whole is then strained through a linen cloth, and the ointment thus obtained is poured into stone jars. It has to be kept in a cool place. *Elder flower vinegar* is a nice cooling adjunct to the toilet, but of this and of *elder flower water* I hope to have the opportunity of writing another day, as well as about other harmless luxuries for the dressing-room. I might tell you how to make elder-berry wine, but would sooner you should apply to the other "doctor"—the cook.

Parsley cannot always be got fresh. It possesses medicinal qualities of great value, for it not only stimulates digestion but cools and purifies the blood. It is best gathered in July for powdering.

Sage.—This is a well-known garden herb, and one of great utility. Like the domestic cat, it is too well-known to need description. Again I refer you to the other "doctor" to describe its table use; be it mine to inform you of its curative properties. The tea is made as ordinary tea from the dried leaves, and is useful as a stomachic or aid to digestion, and also as an astringent tonic. The smaller leaves only should be used. A large handful of sage leaves may be boiled in a pint of water until it is reduced to half-a-pint. This makes a nice cooling gargle in sore throats, and surely so simple a remedy should be more often used, for, you see, it is always at hand, which a physician is not.

Peppermint.—Three kinds are usually employed. The vinegar of mint is thus made:—Any large open-mouthed bottle is filled with leaves, covered up with vinegar, and left for three weeks ere it is strained off. Peppermint is a valuable stimulating stomachic. Chewing the young green leaves, while in the kitchen garden, is often sufficient in itself to restore an absent appetite.

The herb called wormwood is a much more valuable tonic and appetiser, in my opinion, than many imagine. I will tell you how to make a tincture of it. Weigh half an ounce of the dried herbs—get it from a chemist's—and cut it fine. This is kept for a week in a bottle containing six ounces of what druggists call proof spirit; it is then squeezed through muslin or fine linen, and afterwards filtered. It is a good thing to know how to filter such preparations as these. The plan is very simple. A common funnel used in filling bottles is placed in a wide-mouthed glass vessel, say a pickle bottle. You must next prepare a piece of blotting paper, so that it will just fit the inside of the top part of the funnel. Fold the paper in the centre twice on its own length, you can then easily form a filter to fit the funnel, which will have three thicknesses of paper at one side and one on the other. You do not tear a hole in the bottom, the liquor makes its way through the blotting paper and drops slowly into the receiver. The dose of the tincture of wormwood is a small teaspoonful or less in a little water twice or thrice daily.

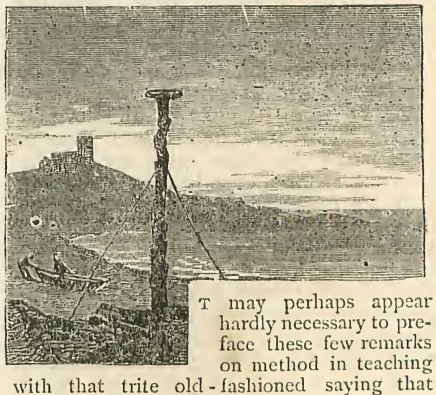
Dandelion is usually looked upon as a mere weed, but it is a very valuable one indeed, for not only are the young and tender leaves delicious and wholesome when used in a salad, or even as a salad with cheese, but it has a mild yet efficient action on the liver; and even young people's livers are apt to be out of order at times. The roots are used medicinally. You may prepare the juice, or wine, in the following way:—First dig your roots clean, and well wash them, cut them in pieces, and put them in a mortar, then well bruise them to extract the juice, and having strained it off, and having measured it, add a third of its bulk of rectified spirits of wine. (Do not make a mistake and put methylated spirits.) It must stand for a week before it is filtered. The dose is about thirty drops three times a day. The decoction of dandelion may thus be prepared:—Boil an ounce of fresh sliced dandelion root in a pint of water until it is reduced to half a pint; having strained it, add thereto an ounce of the compound tincture of horseradish, and the same quantity of the compound tincture of oranges, and your decoction is complete. The dose is two or three tablespoonfuls thrice a day. *Memo.*—I only order safe doses, and rather under than over the quantity needed for a girl of from twelve to fifteen. Girls under this age should not physic themselves, nor anyone else. A good remedy for anyone who is troubled with biliousness is dandelion tea. You make it thus:—Take of dandelion root, bruised, one ounce. This is to be boiled for ten minutes in a pint of water; pour it off, and add boiling water to make up to a pint. A small wineglassful may be taken three times a day.

Chamomile.—This is one of the most useful herbs that ever grew. I have hardly space to tell of all its virtues, whether it be applied externally as in a poultice, or decoction, or taken internally. It is best used internally in the form of tea. I give its recipe as under:—Take of the flowers one ounce, of bruised ginger one ounce, of boiling water one pint, and a few cloves. Infuse this in an earthenware teapot for half an hour, and when cold your tea is ready. The dose is one or two tablespoonfuls three times a day. If a decoction is wanted for an inflamed surface omit the ginger and cloves, and boil for an hour. I can earnestly recommend chamomile tea to young weakly girls with little appetite, and if they take from five to fifteen drops of tincture of iron three times a day at the same time, much good is sure to accrue.



ON METHOD IN TEACHING THE PIANOFORTE.

By Edwin M. Lott.



It may perhaps appear hardly necessary to preface these few remarks on method in teaching with that trite old-fashioned saying that "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," yet so convinced am I of the truth and enormous value of the old saw—which, like many venerable and generally-accepted maxims, is frequently accorded but scant attention—that my friends, and especially my younger ones, must pardon me for not choosing a starting point of a more novel character.

Touching that branch of study—viz., pianoforte playing, which I feel sure you all think worth taking up, and which I am going to endeavour to make you do well, I can only tell you (and I have spent the greater part of my life in telling my pupils the same thing) that method, and a method consistent throughout, is absolutely necessary from the moment a child's fingers are placed on the key-board. Aye, even earlier than this, when what is usually considered the dry routine of learning the notation of both clefs is struggled—sometimes, alas! tearfully—through. Now, for my part, I do not hesitate to deny *in toto* the smallest necessity for any such term as dry being applicable to the beautiful and attractive art of music, nor for anything resembling a struggle being needed during the introduction to its elementary principles. I believe that no person can possibly impart instruction of any kind thoroughly, nor can he even hope to gain the attention and goodwill of his pupils, unless he be himself master of his subject, and in love with teaching for its own sake.

As, however, the Utopia of education remains yet a land for discovery by some Columbus of the future, and for the present, unfortunately, bad teaching—*i.e.*, teaching without method—still exists, I trust a word or two in the direction of reformation by the application of something like system to the study of that universally-used and much-abused instrument, the pianoforte, may not prove quite valueless.

It is highly desirable, if not an absolute *sine quâ non*, that a teacher, in addition to a thorough acquaintance with the subject to be taught, should possess the golden virtues of patience and forbearance; of these an inexhaustible supply must be laid in, for be sure it will be heavily drawn upon.

With children just beginning I should strongly recommend the superintendence of a governess or advanced student, this being a material assistance to the master, and ensuring a safe and rapid progress for the pupil who, thus happily guided, will be saved from falling into numberless bad habits, wonderfully easy to acquire, but not quite so easy to get rid of.

Take a child from the first stage of its musical career: a reason should be forthcoming for everything, nor should the importance of method, even in the minutest details, be overlooked. For instance, the child should be made to understand that a difference, and a considerable difference, exists between his right hand and his left; again, though he may know without being told, that his fingers collectively number ten, he should also know that in England each hand is said to rejoice in the possession of four fingers and a thumb, which will account for the difference of fingering in English and foreign music, though at the same time he need not be allowed to infer that English hands are constructed on any different principle from foreign ones.

With regard to the names of the notes, an ordinary child finds some difficulty in retaining a string of dodging letters such as E, G, B, D, F, &c. The spaces in the treble, it is true, spell an easily remembered word, F A C E; but as the lines and other spaces are not accommodating enough to arrange themselves also into words, the easiest method of fixing them on a young, and perhaps treacherous, memory is to make up short sentences, the initial letters of whose words give the letters of the notes on the lines or in the spaces in regular order. For example, in this sentence, "Every Good Briton Deals Fairly," the capitals supply us with the five treble lines, whilst the bass lines may be readily picked out in the following:—"Good Britons Deal Fairly Always," and so on.

The next step on the ladder will be to make the child find out the corresponding keys on the pianoforte, then to place his hands properly on those keys. The seat also should be firm, the body erect, and should the floor be yet some distance from the little player's feet, he may be granted the indulgence of a footstool, this having the advantage of preventing all premature use of the pedals, at the same time putting a stop to all swaying to and fro of the body, a fault, by the way, not always confined to beginners.

A very important feature in musical education is that of scale practice, in which I always advocate at first the use of each hand separately, a method less confusing to the mind than the management of the two hands at once. The fingering must first be attended to, then the necessary evenness of touch—*i.e.*, no undue prominence to be arrogated by the thumb, nor any undue weakness to be permitted for the third finger. Scales should be practised in circular order—viz., C major, A minor, G major, E minor, &c., until we work round to our original starting place, C. When the fingers of each hand, by dint of methodical training, fall naturally into their proper places then both hands may be taken together at the distance of an octave; later on they should be practised in thirds, sixths, and tenths, and last of all in contrary motion. Thus, by a complete mastery of scale practice, most other difficulties will vanish. Scales constitute the very foundation of good playing, and without a perfect knowledge and performance of them very little hope can be held out to anyone of becoming a pianoforte player at all.

One point I would strongly impress upon my young readers is, that they themselves are mainly responsible for the proficiency of their scales, after they have been duly taught and passed by their teacher. At the same time I have found it a good plan to ask haphazard for one or more scales at every lesson, just by way of a slight check. Besides the usual minor scale, which ascends and descends in different ways, sometimes termed arbitrary or melodic, I would urge an acquaintance with the continually-used harmonic minor scale, which is the same in its ascent and descent. The only other scale to be mastered is the chromatic, which admits of two methods of fingering, both good. I presume my readers are conversant with one or the other.

With regard to the selection of music for study, a taste for the classical should always be encouraged. For an early stage in the easy sonatinas, rondos, &c., of Clementi, Kühlan, Haydn, Dussek, and even Beethoven, will be found a mine of wealth; at the same time no veto need be placed on lighter, modern music, provided it has an instructive aim in view, such as the conquering of difficulties in time and the like; for this, easy duets, and for small hands, trios for three performers at one pianoforte, will be found both useful and attractive.

Another point not to be lost sight of is the method of counting time out loud, although this wholesome method is as often as not more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The metronome is of use for exercises, and it would be well for every aspiring performer to remember that he must play to his counting, and not count to his playing.

Progressing beyond the easy sonatinas, rondos, &c., alluded to, the more difficult sonatas by the great masters may now be attacked, not omitting the salutary discipline of such exercises as Cramer's, Heller's "Introduction to the Art of Phrasing," Czerny's "Forty Daily Studies," Chaulieu's "Extensions," &c., &c., as aids towards the conquest of all difficulties of technique.

Speaking of sonatas, many young people in the habit of playing them frequently would be puzzled to explain what a sonata really is. As far as the derivation of the word goes that will not help us much; some say it is taken from the Italian *Suonare*—to sound; others trace it to *Sonetto*—a sonnet. Whatever root we may have to thank for the formation of the word, the work itself is evidently an outcome of the old-fashioned *suite de pièces;* a set of compositions in dance-time much favoured by writers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, consisting for the most part of allemande, courante, bourrée, gavotte, sarabande, minuet, passepied, gigue.

These suites were written in the same key, one or two numbers sometimes changing into the tonic minor. Couperin, Rameau, Corelli, Handel, and a few others occasionally adopted the peculiar plan of placing at the signature one sharp less than was actually required, the omitted though necessary sharp being always the leading note of the scale. Thus, the air known as the "Harmonious Blacksmith," by Handel, written in the key of E, had only three sharps at its signature, D, the leading note, being always accidentally raised.

When these suites began to show signs of impending dissolution, they were used as the ground-work for the modern sonata, from which, by the way, we have somewhat strayed. In the sonata, the first movement is generally an allegro. It should have two themes, each ending with a double bar; afterwards comes a slow movement followed by an allegro or rondo; sometimes a fourth movement is inserted between the second and third, called a minuet and trio, replaced in the first instance by Beethoven, by a scherzo.

There seems a tendency nowadays to revive some of the old forms and to use them as models—and very laudably so; for whilst preserving the quaint attractiveness of the old styles we have the advantage of hearing them on our modern pianofortes instead of their feeble precursors, the spinet and harpsichord. In some suites, more particularly those of Bach and Handel, other forms of writing were added to the numbers already mentioned, viz., the prelude, the air with variations, or air *avec doubles*, a very well-known one being the "Harmonious Blacksmith" previously referred to, and inserted by Handel in his fifth suite; in addition to these we find the musette, which is merely a continuation of one of the dances with a sort of drone bass, so called after the musette or small bagpipe.

The fugue was, one may say, perfected by Bach and Handel, and this brings us still further on our upward course, viz., to the study of such works as the forty-eight preludes and fugues of J. S. Bach, exercises in *legato* playing and phrasing that can hardly be equalled and most assuredly not surpassed.

In addition to these severer forms of composition an interesting friendship may be formed with composers like Chopin, Hummel, Field, Mendelssohn, Weber, &c., &c., giving a passing shake of the hand to those of the modern school, as Thalberg, Liszt, and others.

Now as I hold that example invariably gets the better of precept, I look upon the best method of obtaining proficiency in pianoforte playing to be to embrace every opportunity of hearing good performers.

In private practising don't forget method. Begin everything slowly: first securing the notes and their proper production, always accommodating the easier bars to the more difficult in point of time.

Never allow any difficulty to discourage you the first day, for if you do, and perseverance be neglected, the difficulties will be increased the second day; and, after that, you will have no method or heart left to do battle with any difficulty at all.



MR. RUSKIN'S MAY-DAY FESTIVAL AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE.

By J. A. Owen.

It was with the anticipation of much pleasure that I accepted an invitation to go "a Maying" this year; not into fields and meadows, 'tis true, but into the College of Whitelands, which proved to be a charming and flowery oasis in the dusty prosaic stretch of the King's-road, Chelsea. Through the kindness of Mrs. Newton I have been enabled to give our readers the following account of a very happy morning:—

As May-day this year fell on a Sunday, Mr. Ruskin, who takes a lively interest in this College, selected Monday, the 2nd, for the inauguration of this pearl of festivals. All preparations for the important events of the morning had been kept secret by the Principal, the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, so that the students might be really and truly surprised; and beyond the coming election of a May Queen they knew nothing.

Early in the morning Miss Stanley, the head governess, and numbers were astir and busy decorating the chapel, the large lecture-room, and the lower part of the house with garlands of moss and flowers which arrived in profusion from the country. Others wove wreaths and collected knots for personal adornment, and at 9.10 a.m. all crowded into the chapel for the quiet but joyous service of the morning. The light costumes and graceful disposal of spring blossoms, with the soft light of the early sun falling through the east windows, made the scene there very beautiful; and the service of grateful song which rose from young hearts gladdened by the sight of masses of blue-bells, primroses, and other sweet flowers, was surely acceptable in the ears of Him who "so clothes the lilies of the field."

At ten o'clock a few friends, amongst whom were Mrs. Faunthorpe, Sir Henry Cole, the Rector of Chelsea and Mrs. Blunt, Miss Archer, the directress of the Victoria Lyceum at Berlin, &c., met the students in the lecture-room, where the festivities began by the rendering of Müller's "May-day." Then the Principal, remarking that he had been forbidden to publish the morning's programme beforehand, read Tennyson's "Queen of the May," and on concluding said, "Now it is for you to elect *your* May Queen. Mr. Ruskin's orders are that 'she must be chosen from the Juniors by the Seniors; she *may* be the cleverest and the prettiest, but she *must* be the likeablest and the loveablest;' these are his own words." A voting paper was then passed to each of the 140 students, who secretly wrote the name of the candidate she favoured, and then doubled the slip. These were collected quickly; Miss Martin and Miss Skirner withdrew to scrutinise the numbers, and in the interval Weber's "Hail, all hail!" and "The Angels Breathe on Flowers," by J. Naylor, in parts, were sung. After a short hush, Ellen Osborn was announced "May Queen" amidst general delight; and she at once appointed Mary Birch and Fanny Vance, Seniors, her first and second handmaids, and Annie Brook her maid of honour; they then carried her off to be robed and crowned.

In the interval Miss Kemm, who has been recently elected a member of the Royal Historical Society, gave a short but most interesting lecture on "May-day Sports and Pastimes"; "Old May Day," a carol by Benedict, was sung; and the whole company, with their bouquets, filed out into the corridor, which they lined on either side to welcome the May Queen. She duly appeared, garlanded with moss and sweet flowers, and draped in white, covered with knots of various blossoms. She wore a crown of moss and stellaria, and carried a sceptre tipped with flowers. Behind followed her two handmaidens and six younger companions, each bearing four elegantly-bound volumes of Mr. Ruskin's works, the first maiden carrying three upon a cushion.

The procession closed in "two and two"; the Queen took her place on a chair of state, and a May-day carol was sung. She was then presented by the Principal, who said he was commanded by Mr. Ruskin to be for that day "her obedient servant," with a very beautiful gold cross and chain, the gift of the author of the festival. On the cross were hawthorn blossoms and leaves in gold, of perfect workmanship. The Rev. Gerald Blunt next presented her with a bouquet of roses; after which, selecting "Sesame and lilies" for herself, the Queen, through her "minister," presented the twenty-seven volumes, richly bound in "Ruskin blue" calf, or, rather, fine kid, which he had so generously sent to her for that purpose. His desire was that in all cases the reason of the gift should be "that they found grace in the eyes of the Queen and her handmaidens," and the "why and wherefore" should in each case be stated.

In reference to the cross Mr. Ruskin said in his letter that if the Queen was worthy to be deemed the likeablest and the loveablest of all the students it was surely fitting that she should receive a small trinket in token of their love.

To her maids of honour she gave "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Queen of the Air"; to her maid, Annie Brook, "The Eagle's Nest."

Perhaps it may be interesting to tell some of the reasons why the Queen presented books to certain girls; sometimes it was only that truly royal one, "because the Queen liked her."

S. Thomas received "Fors Clavigera": reason why—she is a noble and good girl. L. Campbell, "Ethics of the Dust," because the girls like her; she is pleasant. A. Robey, "Frondes Agrestes"—she helps the girls. M. Craney, "Bibliotheca Pastorum"—she works hard. J. Hassett, "Aratra Pentelici"—she stands up for what is right. B. Taylor, "Ariadne Florentina"—she is unselfish. L. Malton, "The Two Paths"—she obeys the Principal. And so on.

This done, and loyal homage having been paid by each fortunate nominee, the Principal gave a short sketch of Mr. Ruskin's ideal of a May Queen, and congratulated the whole body on the possession of so many costly surprises through the medium of the Queen, about which they had never heard a word. He said that once a young girl, rich and well born, and living in a country village, had undertaken to fulfil this ideal, and, supported by the advice and even contributions of Mr. Ruskin, gave anyone whatever she liked on May-day except "creature comforts," or those gifts miscalled "charity." But the scheme fell through on account of the strong opposition of her parents, and a "certain young gentleman."

Although only an experiment, the arrangements had been perfectly carried out, even beyond expectation. He then told them Mr. Ruskin wished to impress them with the fact of the special importance of their work. As future national school mistresses they would have entrusted to them the teaching of children who could not learn, like their richer sisters, where they pleased and when they pleased, but often only at school. That education meant cultivating in them what was right and good; crushing and killing what was bad. He, as their Principal, enjoined the twenty-seven gift holders to value Mr. Ruskin's words and his costly volumes as beyond price; never to part with, or even lend the books, and to read them with the aid of a good dictionary. In each one Mr. Ruskin said he had written "carefully, and with pains, his own name." In conclusion he read a letter of thanks from the students to Mr. Ruskin, conveying not only their thanks, but their desire to see his face.

The Rev. G. Blunt proposed a vote of thanks to the author of the delightful festival; the National Anthem followed, and the royal proclamation of a holiday till 7 p.m. sent the happy "Mayers" away.

The Editor of The Girl's Own Paper presented a handsomely bound copy of The Girl's Own Annual, which was given to Alice Cole, as being the most diligent student in the eyes of her teachers.

Our readers will perhaps wish to know which other girls were fortunate in receiving gifts:—E. Merton has "The Laws of Fesole;" C. Croucher, "Proserpine;" L. Haynes, "Arrows of the Chace;" M. Goode, the same; A. Hall, "Deucalion;" E. Osburn, "Stones of Venice;" A. Cocksedge, "Val d'Arno;" A. Wing, "The Crown of Wild Olive;" A. Thompson, "Miscellaneous Pamphlets;" L. Eyles, "Time and Tide;" A. Llewellyn, "A Joy for Ever;" V. Goodall, "Munera Pulveris;" A. Adeane, "Rock Honeycomb;" J. de S. Paer, "St. Mark's Rest;" R. Munday, "Mornings in Florence;" M. Hayes, "Unto this Last." All these are works by Mr. Ruskin.



"'I AM SURE I OUGHT TO BE VERY THANKFUL.'"

Eleanor's Ambition, p. 587.

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER IV.



"ANNA'S case is most serious," said Edith Oldfield. "'Tis inflammation of the brain. Her mamma was sent for yesterday, and her papa has been telegraphed for to-day."

"Could anything be more unfortunate!" exclaimed Eleanor. "The examination she was *studying* for was to come off next week."

"Yes, and the nearer it was, the greater the pressure," said Evelyn. "However all we can think about now is whether she will get through this illness. There's no chance of the examination, but that's a very secondary consideration when her life is in danger."

"It is a pity it had not been so before," said Catharine Townsly, with a very heavy sigh. Edith Oldfield asked her if she and Eleanor would not come in to tea. "We are all in such low spirits about Anna," she said, "that we cannot apply to anything, and it seems an age since you've been in. I was quite surprised to see Eleanor at the Bible class." Catharine knew who might be expected that evening at The Limes, so she excused herself, but said beseechingly to Eleanor, "You might go, Eleanor, it would do you good."

"Yes," said Eleanor, "there must be something in the weather, I think, for I've not been able to study either."

So Catharine returned home alone and Eleanor was soon ensconced, with her particular friend Evelyn, in a little library of the rectory. It was not the family library, nor the rector's study. It had been fitted up for the two girls Evelyn and Edith. Edith rather ostentatiously called it a boudoir, while Evelyn whose proclivities were more literary insisted that as—

"My 'walls' they are furnished with 'books,'"

the room was a library, and boudoir was a misnomer.

If there is anything in a name she was right. Evelyn was Eleanor's gossip. The two girls had much in common—similarity of tastes and a fair share of ambition. Evelyn had succeeded in some of the examinations in which Eleanor had failed, but that was because she had a cooler head and less enthusiastic temperament than her friend. She was more under control, and did not give out in the beginning the energies she should need till the race was run. Then she was obliged to take care of her health. Nevertheless her father felt that she needed much watching, and, while he encouraged her efforts to excel those who were in competition with her, he often warned her of the desire to outshine them. He knew her tendencies; while the change in Eleanor Townsly and hints that had reached him of her unhappiness at home convinced him that she too was in some way or other the victim of an inordinate ambition.

He hardly knew which young people were most troublesome, those who wanted the spur or those who wanted the bridle.

He had often urged Mr. Fitton not to allow his dear child's ambition too much rein, and Mr. Fitton had invariably replied that he gave her the best advice he could, and it was against his wishes if she studied late at night. Yet now poor Anna, on whose future hung so many bright hopes and cherished schemes, was laid upon a bed of sickness, having, as literally as poor Kirke White,

"Nursed the pinion which impelled the steel."

So it will be seen that the rector had his reasons for reminding his class that afternoon that the wisdom of parents should be accepted during the time of our youth and inexperience; that we should not add to the anxiety they have always to feel about us; that youth knows how to burn the lamp, and age knows how to feed it.

"I see now why your papa spoke so," said Eleanor to Evelyn.

"Yes, and when caps are thrown a crowd among,
Those whom they fit may put them on."

"I wish the cap hadn't fitted me so well," said Eleanor. "Do you know Evelyn I went to the Bible class this afternoon because I was disgusted with myself, and a little cross with everybody. I hoped to get some comfort, but it only made me feel worse. I've begun to fear that I'm not making a right use of my life. What if, after all, it should be a failure!"

"Oh you're out of sorts, and hearing of Anna was not likely to put you in tune. Still you're not looking well, Eleanor, and you must be warned by her not to draw the bow too tightly. I daresay papa had you in his mind. I wanted to ask you something, but don't tell me if you are not at liberty to do so. Report has it that Catharine and Mr. Lovell are engaged, and as papa met Mr. Lovell coming from your house looking as if he were in the seventh heaven the other evening he thought it might be true. Especially as Mr. Lovell would have tried the experiment of walking over him if he hadn't got out of his way."

Eleanor smiled. "They are engaged," she said, "but they don't intend to get married very soon."

"So much the better. You'll be lost without Catharine. I wish she wasn't so exemplary. Edith and I have a proper appreciation of her, but mamma holds her up to us till we almost feel as if we hadn't."

"I don't wonder," said Eleanor. "It's very annoying to have other girls held up to you. When I was at school they might allude to Bruce's spider for my edification, or the tortoise that beat the hare. But another girl! Oh! it was unendurable. I wished the paragon might do something which should unparagonise her, and when Catharine has taken a lecturing fit, I have often quite extinguished her by saying, '*Laissez-moi aller*.' 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'"

"Well, Catharine is only three years older than you; you have a right to give her a Roland for her Oliver."

"No I hav'n't. I'm of no good to anybody, and she is. But, oh, what a mysterious Providence that a girl like Anna Fitton, who had the good of those dearest to her woven in with every purpose and aim should be——"

Eleanor's speech was cut short as she caught sight of the rector standing in the doorway.

"Will you mend me these gloves, Evelyn?" he said. Then, having handed them to her, he took the chair Evelyn vacated and, addressing Eleanor, said—

"No, my dear, there is no mysterious Providence in the circumstance of our dear Anna being prostrate at the time she expected to be going in for honours. It were strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. Unless God would work miracles for our especial benefit we cannot wonder if Nature impartially exacts her penalties for the violence we do her."

"Then you think Anna's illness is all owing to over-study?"

"Over-study, want of exercise, want of sleep, and, above all, the means she has taken to keep herself awake at night while she has been stimulating her exhausted brain to fresh efforts. It has transpired that latterly she has been plunging her feet into cold water and putting cold water bandages to her chest every time that she was in danger of succumbing to drowsiness. So the vessels of the head have become overcharged, and the abnormal excitement has induced inflammation. If no mischief were to be done she would be a physiological phenomenon."

"I never knew of such a thing," said Eleanor. "I should have thought Anna was too wise to do that."

"At what point did you expect her common sense to come to her aid, and her enthusiasm to be held in check?" inquired the rector, looking curiously at her.

She replied to his question by asking him another.

"Don't you think they put the standards too high, Mr. Oldfield, and make the candidates pass through too fine a sieve? If the examination is such a strain on a girl like Anna, what must it be on an ordinary girl?"

"Yes; every year the cry is 'raise the standard.' But that is to keep down the competition, which is enormous. Then the different papers are prepared by men who have made the subjects of them their life study. Not the knowledge but the patents of its acquisition are the mark at which many candidates are aiming."

"It may be so with some of us," said

Eleanor colouring, "but I am sure it was never so with Anna. If she wanted to have her acquirements patented it was that she might be more successful as a teacher."

"Yes, we see in her case how even a laudable ambition, if it is pushed beyond its just limits, may defeat its own object. If Anna had allowed her parents to have judged for her she would not so mercilessly have abridged her hours of sleep. The thought of what her mother would say must have interdicted the cold water experiment. Besides our health is a talent for the abuse of which we are responsible to God. I reminded her last holidays, as now I would remind you, of what a good man once said to an oil-consuming student, 'Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and we have no right either to sap the foundation or to injure the walls.'"

"I am sure I ought to be very thankful that I wasn't allowed my own way in these matters," said Evelyn. "I rebelled against interference at the time, but I did not lose through it in the long run."

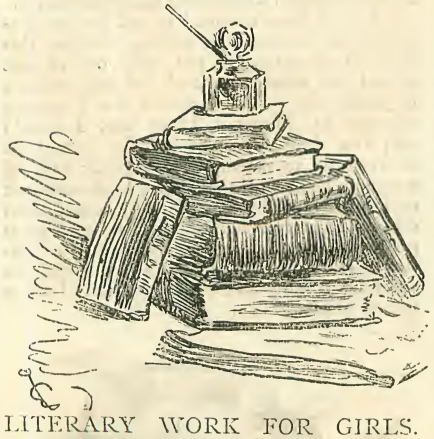
"No; slow and steady won the race for you, when if you had been suffered to keep up the pace you started at you must have failed from the inevitable reaction. I approve of the higher education of women. I do not want to discourage them from entering Girton and Newnham, or to throw cold water on the intellectual aspirations of young girls. But it is the feverish excitement, the over anxiety, the forgetting all relative and domestic claims in a passion for scholastic distinctions that I deprecate. It is the outcome of an ambition inordinate enough to quench holier fire, that God has lighted on the altar of the heart."

"I wish you would give us a Bible lesson on ambition, Mr. Oldfield," said Eleanor, looking down through a mist of tears.

"I will, my dear, but not immediately. It might pain the Fittons if they thought that Anna's illness had suggested it."

Evelyn handed her papa the gloves she had been mending, and the summons to tea ended the conversation.

(*To be continued.*)



LITERARY WORK FOR GIRLS.

By an Editor's Wife.

The question of remunerative employment for women is becoming every day a more absorbing one. The time has, we believe, almost—would that we could say quite!—gone by when work of any and every sort was considered a degradation to a woman gently born and reared. Poets in all ages have sung glibly enough of the dignity of labour, but it is hard for us to realise the dignity when we find ourselves tabooed and thrust down in the social scale by virtue of our work.

Happily this nineteenth century, which has so many evil things to answer for, has at any rate done us good service in materially altering the aspect from which women's labour is regarded. There is nothing so ennobling and invigorating to the mind as good honest work, whether undertaken of necessity or simply as a right use of the time placed at our disposal.

There is no such powerful incentive to perseverance and thoroughness as keeping before our eyes some definite object to be attained by our labour, and there are no such impartial critics of our work as those who gauge it by its market value, entirely apart from all sentiment whatsoever.

This is in itself as strong an argument as needs be why girls should, if they be disposed, turn their attention to *remunerative* work, even supposing other considerations to be absent.

The scriptural view of the matter, that the "labourer is worthy of his hire," applies indiscriminately to all sorts and grades of labourers, whether they be men or women, labourers from necessity or from a sense of responsibility; and she who labours well and thoroughly, with due qualifications for her task, deserves and is pretty sure to gain the hire which Christ Himself has declared to be her due.

"Well and thoroughly." Here is the great secret of women's work, and in no case does it apply more forcibly than with regard to the branch of work we have chosen as the subject of this paper.

"Surely literary work is the most pleasant of all ways of earning money," I have heard many a girl say. "There is no going from home among strangers, or weary plodding to and fro in all weathers, no wear and tear of refractory children, as in the case of a governess, no terror-inspiring examinations and outlay for being taught, as with telegraph clerks, no expensive course of lessons or stern apprenticeship, as with art needlework, designing, or even such work as millinery and dressmaking. If only a girl possesses a talent for writing she can sit quietly at home and make money with comparative ease, and if she is really clever she gets known, and then see how well she is paid. How fortunate to be able to gain a livelihood with such ease!"

And then if the girl is of an energetic turn of mind she will very likely sit down and dash off a few verses or a story, and feeling quite assured that she has read many in print that were no better, she dispatches it to the editor of any magazine she happens to take in, and impatiently, yet hopefully, awaits the result. This is tolerably sure to be a refusal. The literary aspirant is cast down and somewhat indignant. She is so sure that many compositions not in any degree better than hers have been printed *somewhere*. She sends her manuscript off again in another direction with the same result. Then she arrives at the conclusion that editors are the most blind, unfair set of beings in existence. They might at any rate have deigned to say why they refused her composition. She throws down her pen in supreme disgust, utterly disheartened, and very probably never takes it up for literary composition again.

Now, granting that her own estimate of her work was right, which, however, it is little likely to be, any more than the estimate of admiring friends, and that her verses or story were really equal in merit to others she has seen in print, is there any reason, apart from the blindness and exclusiveness of editors, why she should have failed? This is the question that we will endeavour fully to answer in this paper.

I will quite agree with my would-be literary girl that writing is a pleasant and profitable occupation, well adapted from many points of view for supplying a means of income without the attendant disagreeables attaching to many other employments. I will add, that never at any time was there such a field open to the literary worker as at this moment when magazines are multiplied and "of making books there is no end."

But I can go with her no farther. Literary work is not easy, at any rate to a vast number of those who live by it; it cannot be entered upon without training, and it requires much more than mere talent. The thorough practical training for the work is even more advantageous than a decided talent devoid of cultivation, although I will not be rash enough to affirm that talent is unnecessary. But that it is useless without training I am firmly persuaded. On another point, too, I must differ from my disheartened girl friend. Editors are by no means the dragons that many people paint them. What they may have been in past days, I cannot say, but my own experience is that they are as a rule most kind and courteous, and only too ready to accept a manuscript that really meets the requirements of their magazine in all particulars; for, incredible as it sounds, the number that comes under this category is surprisingly small.

My girl readers would not wonder that their MSS. have received such summary treatment, if they could see the formidable pile of papers lying each morning on an editor's table. I should like the discontented literary aspirant to have practical experience of the work of examining, sorting, reading, and returning just for one day, and her only wonder will be that the editor has not thrown her manuscript with a score or two of others at once into the waste paper basket, without even going through the brief form of rejection which has so roused her indignation. Fancy, if you can, the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper writing some twenty or thirty such letters every day as the following, besides having to wade through the twenty or thirty accompanying MSS. in every style of undecipherable handwriting, and probably varying in length from a page to a fair sized volume:—

"Dear Madam,—I am extremely sorry to be obliged to return your MS. In the first place, the story is three times as long as the greatest length we allow for short stories, and only about a third of the length required for a serial. Besides this, the interest is not sufficiently maintained, the characters are too unreal, and the whole tendency of the plot so extremely romantic that I am afraid it would give our girls a very false notion of life. The writing, too, bears evidence of inexperience, the composition of many sentences being even grammatically incorrect. Under these circumstances I am compelled most reluctantly to reject your story. I would willingly accept it, so far as I am concerned, for I am sure you have taken great pains, and there are many very pretty ideas in it; but I am afraid the girls would not consider it sufficiently interesting, and that their parents would not approve the tone. Unfortunately, we are obliged to consider these points, as we would rather sell The Girl's Own Paper than give it away. If you would quite alter the plot of your story, making it more practical, and in some way connecting the incidents; if you could make the conversation less frivolous and the characters a little more sensible, and if you would alter all the sentences that are not well expressed, I should be happy then to look at it again.

"With many apologies for wounding your feelings, I remain, dear madam,

"Your humble servant,

"THE EDITOR."

There, girls! It looks rather weak in print, doesn't it, but isn't that the sort of letter that you really wanted? and I can assure you that would be but a mild criticism of the inappropriateness of most amateur contributions sent to editors. Besides these, there is another class of contributions quite as useless, but far more distracting. Every editor knows them only too well. Shall I give you one brief example?

"DEAR SIR,—I send you herewith a MS., which I earnestly entreat you to accept. I am in the sorest need—an aged curate with a large family and small income. The long illness and recent death of my wife has reduced me to penury. My own health is failing, and, the new rector of this parish not requiring my services, I am thrown destitute upon the world. My only hope is that I may by my pen be able to maintain my family until I obtain something else. Unless I have ten pounds by next Friday my belongings will have to be sold. Oh, sir, in the name of that religion which your paper so ably advocates, help me to avoid starvation, beggary, and disgrace. There is nothing before me but the workhouse, unless you can give me a start in your valued paper. I beseech you do not dash away my last hope. . . ."

How do you think the editor feels over a letter like this? The article is perhaps some abstruse *theological treatise*, deeply learned, no doubt, but containing, maybe, extraordinary views which no one would look at, unless they emanated from some celebrated man. If the editor were to accept it no one would read his paper, and he knows very well if he gives this poor man the least encouragement he will probably be deluged with other similar compositions. He can, therefore, only return it, with the usual short form of rejection which seems so cruelly hopeless to the disappointed author. Yet if the editor were to make it his business to instruct would-be *littérateurs* in the art of writing, what would become of his magazine, or when, indeed, would the girls get their paper? And this is no overdrawn picture. Even more distressing circumstances than this are brought to an editor's notice, so that he is not unfrequently tempted to afford the help out of his own pocket which he dares not supply in his editorial capacity.

Therefore I say that if an editor even looks at all the MSS. and letters he receives he is very good, but if he returns what is unsuitable he is a paragon of kindness. This is the honest opinion of one who has had some experience both of rejecting and being rejected. Then, what is wanted to enable a girl to use her pen profitably? First, ability; secondly, TRAINING; thirdly, powers of discrimination and observation.

I need not dwell much upon ability. Although it is the first thing, it is in some respects the least of the three essentials: that is to say, a comparatively small amount of ability combined with the other two qualifications will go further than a large amount of ability devoid of them. A vivid imagination is very necessary to the writer of fiction, but if unaccompanied by education and experience it will be of little use to her, whereas these two latter would very likely enable her to write plain, practical articles without the aid of the former, especially if she be possessed of sound common sense. Patience and perseverance, I need hardly say, are needed by authors of every class.

We see, then, that, although exceptional talent is undoubtedly required to make an exceptional writer, the absence of any extraordinary intellectual ability need not be regarded as an entire disqualification.

Now, to come to the question of training; and this is indeed a wide and important side of my subject. It has indeed been the point where women's work has generally failed, though I am glad to see each day is carrying us on in the right direction, and opening the eyes of women to its importance. We must always remember the fact that there are always more, far more, girls willing to work than there are openings for them. Thus the best qualified, as a matter of course, come best off. "As a rule those who can supply what is really required, meet with those who will purchase their merchandise. It is inferior workers whose labour brings no profit," says an experienced writer upon the question of women's work, and her remarks are as true of literary as of any other branch of work.

When boys set themselves to learn a business, the same writer remarks, they bend all their energies to the accomplishment of the end they have in view. All other matters are made subservient to it. But girls imagine they can take up an occupation without any sort of special training. Is it any wonder that women's work is regarded from quite a different standpoint, and depreciated often beyond its just value? Another lady of great experience says:—"Partial training has been the ruin of many attempts to gain new employment for women. It is often spoken of as desirable that they should do 'a little work,' but the 'little' which is meant to apply to the matter of quantity is transferred to that of quality, and this effectually bars the way to success. It is very undesirable to see a lowered standard for women's work, and yet what reason is there to expect the attainment of a higher one in any way, but with the same amount of time and labour given by young men?" Another writer says:—"After an experience of life, neither very small nor very brief, I must candidly confess that my difficulty in trying to help my own sex has not been so much to find work as workers—women who can be relied upon, first to know how really to do what they profess, and next to have conscientiousness and persistency in doing it."

It is needless to multiply examples. All those who have deeply considered the subject have arrived at the same conclusion—that want of training is a principal cause of want of success by women-workers.

In the case of literary work, how is such training to be effected, supposing, for instance, that the girl's education is considered finished before the idea of writing has occurred to her?

In the first place, if she is not already well qualified in that direction, she ought persistently to follow up the study of composition, which she can easily do with the aid of such books as are to be had, if she have ordinary intelligence. In the next place, she must read widely and observantly good standard literature, in order that she may obtain command of language, that she may acquire the habit of looking at a subject from diverse points of view, and form an enlightened opinion upon men and things, for we are all of us, even the most original minds, greatly influenced and educated by the thoughts of the great men and women who have gone before us. An authoress of some reputation once said to me, "Nothing displays to you your own ignorance more vividly than writing. I was quite overwhelmed with my own ignorance when I began to write. I was continually finding myself landed, unconsciously, as it were, upon subjects of which I felt I was too ignorant to speak with authority, and in the midst of a paper upon some particular topic, I would find my thoughts had carried me along to side questions, necessary to be considered, but which I was obliged to stop and carefully study before I could write accurately."

Does not every girl reader perceive how this literary aspirant was giving herself the very training she required?

A very necessary point in magazine writing is to be able to say what you have to say in a given space. It is excellent practice to choose a subject, and allow yourself a certain number of sheets or lines in which to treat of it, rigidly adhering to the space assigned, while at the same time endeavouring to state the whole matter clearly, concisely, fully, and attractively. If the article fails in any one of these points, the author should regard it as she would an ill-worked problem in Euclid—only fit to be destroyed—and set herself to work out the problem over again. Does this seem very discouraging? Without such patient labour, no success can be hoped for.

And when our girl author has conquered the difficulties of composition, has acquired the art of expressing herself clearly and fluently, and has by a diligent course of reading acquainted herself with the views of distinguished thinkers upon all sorts of subjects, and learned moreover to think out a subject clearly and logically for herself, what more is required of her before she may attempt to send an article to an editor with a reasonable chance of success? Why, the practical application of the qualifications she already possesses to the subject she has in hand.

To explain more fully what I mean: it will be best to glance at the principal reasons why articles and stories intended for magazines meet with rejection, even when they are carefully and thoughtfully written. One great reason is inappropriateness of subject, or a treatment foreign to the expressed or understood policy and lines of the journal; and another, scarcely less important, is the matter of length, most amateur papers being written with an utter disregard to the nice balancing of articles and stories in a periodical journal which may be almost termed the alphabet of editorial work.

Here it is that the powers of observation and discrimination must come in. The magazine writer must be able to observe what are the tendencies and scope of the journal she hopes to write for, and about what space is allotted to the kind of paper she proposes to write. She must then cast about for a subject, which, while being sufficiently original, will, she believes, be one likely to fall in with the editor's ideas of suitability; and everything depends upon her nice discrimination of this point. It is not so much what best pleases her as what is most likely to please that particular portion of the community for whose delectation the journal exists. This quick perception of the fitness of things is as invaluable as it is indispensable to a successful magazine writer.

So far I have confined myself to the consideration of magazine writing, because this field of literature is not only one of the widest and most diversified, but also because it yields the quickest return for a certain amount of labour. There are, I should say, few literary aspirants who would be so rash as to attempt the gigantic task of writing a book until they had gained some sort of footing by the publication of less ambitious efforts. The consideration of the best way to proceed with such an undertaking as a continued story or work of fiction is too wide to enter upon here, and must be reserved for a future article.



A TALE OF A PENNY.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER III.

The young people were careful to have their room in a state of very unusual order on the following afternoon when their mother entered to spend the twilight hour with them and to continue her story. The small cousins were too much occupied with the many treasures of the doll's house to be much in the way.

"Go on as quickly as you can, mother," said Jack. "It seemed horrid to leave poor Lizzie and her parcels at that station last night, and crying, too, for want of a penny. I wish I had been there; I would have carried all her biggest parcels, and given her my new penny that Flossie thought of so little consequence last night."

"If it had not been lost past recovery through the hole in your pocket, Jack," remarked Madge, the housewife. "But there is this about dear old Jack: his sympathy *means something*, and he will help as well as talk if there is anything he can do."

"I am sure of that," said mamma.

We will go back twenty years, and to Lizzie Northcote. I think I only told you her Christian name last night. Probably if she had spoken to one of the porters he would have helped her out of the trifling difficulty; but the girl naturally spoke first to a lady, as the least likely to refuse her request. She was wiping away the tears which the coarse refusal had brought into her eyes, when, on looking up, she noticed a stout, ruddy-faced country gentleman observing her attentively. He had been about the station almost as long as herself, and appeared to be waiting for someone. He was a man in the full vigour of life and health, though his crisp hair was tinged with grey, and in his face there was a fatherly expression that reminded Lizzie of her own dear parent in their Lincolnshire home.

She was about making up her mind to speak to him, when he addressed her. "What is your trouble, dear child?" said he. "Anything I can do for you? You need not be afraid to speak; I have had children of my own, and still have one dear lass about your age. I wish her cheeks were half as rosy as yours."

There was a tinge of sadness about the last words, but there was no mistaking the manly sympathetic ring of that kindly voice. Lizzie felt that she had found the friend she wanted, and she told her story in a few words, but did not ask her listener for a penny. There was no need to do that. Almost before she had finished his hand was in his pocket, as he asked the name of the station at which she wished to alight; and, as soon as he knew it, he went to the booking-window, obtained a ticket, and placed it in the girl's hand.

"I don't know how to thank you enough," she said, half laughing, half crying. "It seemed so absurd to be kept here for want of a penny—to become a beggar for it, and to be refused, when I had the worth of so much money about me."

"Do not thank me at all, my child," said the gentleman. "But may I ask whether you sought help from the lady to whom you spoke?"

Lizzie's face flushed as she told how rudely she had been repulsed.

"Poor thing!—I don't mean you, child; I mean the fossil in female attire whom you mistook for a woman with a heart in her bosom. Depend on it she never held a little prattling girl of her own in her arms, as I have done. Now, will you take another shilling or two in case of further emergency?"

"No, thank you; indeed, I want nothing more. I should like to send back what you have lent me in stamps, if you will kindly give me your address."

The gentleman laughed merrily at the idea of receiving the trifle back again, and said, "Tell that handsome sister of yours I saw you both long before you saw me; that she must never leave you again with such a narrow margin of cash, especially if there is a refreshment-stall close at hand and a ragged urchin to assist you in eating the buns."

"I was very hungry," said Lizzie, with a good hearty laugh, "and my second bun was the cause of all my trouble."

"Not the boy's share; eh?"

"Certainly not. If I had been contented with one bun, all would have been well."

"Here is your train coming in," said the friend in need. "Let me hand in your parcels."

He saw her comfortably placed, closed the



"'I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU ENOUGH,' SHE SAID."

door of the carriage, and lifted his hat by way of farewell.

The train went slowly forward, and Lizzie, as she waved her hand in reply, saw the kindly stranger extend his own to a tall young man who was stepping eagerly towards him just as he turned away from the carriage.

"No doubt," thought she, "he has been waiting all this time for that new comer who stepped up in such a hurry. A happy thing for me that he did not come sooner and carry off my kind gentleman before I had time to receive his help. I wish I knew his name; I am sure papa would like to thank him for his goodness to me."

At this moment Lizzie noticed what she at first thought was a letter amongst her parcels. She snatched it hastily, fearing that the unknown had left something of consequence behind him; but she found it was only an empty envelope addressed "Percival Long, Esq., Elin Crag, Belford Regis." Naturally she did little else but wonder whether this could be the name she wished so much to know. At any rate she resolved to take care of the envelope, and deposited it at the very bottom of her pocket.

The brief railway journey was soon over, and a cab speedily landed Lizzie at her cousin's house, where she received a rapturous welcome from her smaller relatives, who were beginning to think their playmate had forgotten her promise. As a matter of course, she had to obtain money for her cab fare before she could dismiss the man. Her cousin supplied this at once, saying, "Do not trouble to go into your room to fetch it, Lizzie. But, my dear girl, you should not run your purchases within a shilling or two of your cash."

"I have done worse than that," said Lizzie; "I have not only been within a penny, but without one this afternoon. It is lucky I escaped being taken up for begging at a railway station." Without implicating Edith or letting her cousin Ellen know how scanty was the margin over and above her railway fare which her sister had given her, Lizzie gave a ludicrous account of her recent troubles and of the manner in which she had been relieved.

Helen was horrified, and began to concern herself about Edith's pecuniary resources.

"Edith is all right. She has enough, and, besides, she is with an old friend who would supply her wants. We are thorough country folk, Helen, and we had *so* enjoyed the shops and the buying all sorts of nice little things, without considering that unlimited expenditure was leading us straight to bankruptcy. I should have done well enough but for my greediness in eating two buns instead of making one do. However, I am quite ready for that delightful meal—a knife-and-fork tea—which you promised me. I ate the buns 'without prejudice,' as the lawyers say, and beg you will not remember those items when you see me feeding. You alluded to roast fowl, I think, and my nose suggests fried ham. I must not lose another moment."

Gathering up her gloves and other minor belongings the girl ran upstairs, and soon returned, bright, fresh, and smiling, in her pretty cool muslin dress. But if anyone had peeped into her room they would have seen that a portion of her time there had been spent on her knees. She had knelt to acknowledge an answered prayer; for, in her brief trouble, she had lifted up her heart to God to ask Him for help, and she now thanked Him as heartily for having sent her just the assistance and the friend she needed.

Lizzie's hostess had no occasion to complain that her young cousin failed to appreciate the tea-table dainties, or the little people that she was a less lively companion than usual. It was only when even they confessed themselves too tired to play any longer that Lizzie at length sat down to enjoy a much-needed rest.

The weary girl had forgotten self in her desire to keep her promise and minister to the pleasure of the children, who little knew what the effort cost her.

Edith returned sooner than was expected. Her cousin was not in the room when she entered, so did not hear the exclamation, "Oh, Lizzie! I am most thankful to see you safe at home."

"Where did you expect to see me, Edie?"

"To say the truth I have been quite uncomfortable about you. I had scarcely left the station and you on the platform when I thought how little money I had just given you, and how selfish I had been all the day through, as we had gone about together. You thought of mamma, of me, of everybody but yourself; and I, Lizzie! I feel ashamed when I remember that I considered no person's convenience but my own, and that every purchase I made was a selfish one. I did not even care about getting that shawl for dear mamma!"

"Well, dear, it *was* got, and Helen was kind enough to make it up in a nice large pasteboard box, and send it off to the parcels' office. I hope mamma will receive it to-morrow."

"No thanks to me!" said Edith.

"It went as from both," replied Lizzie. "You may be sure of that, Edie. Now, tell me, have you enjoyed your evening?"

"Nora—Mrs. Martin—was delighted to see me, and I found her husband exceedingly kind and agreeable."

"And his brother, the young groomsman?" asked Lizzie, with an arch smile.

Edith would not appear to understand the insinuation; but only replied that all the Martins were as nice as usual. "But," she added, "I must tell you, Lizzie, what spoiled the evening for me. We had two other guests who came later than I did and quite unexpectedly. The gentleman is a distant relative of Mr. Martin's and is agreeable enough; but his wife is Nora's aversion. She is a dreadful person: so cold, hard, unsympathetic, and besides so fond of saying sharp things without the least regard to the feelings of others that she spoils everybody's comfort. She told a story, and she looked, I thought, only at me whilst she related it, about a well-dressed young lady who had asked her for the gift of a penny at a railway station. 'And fancy,' she said, 'I had seen the creature gorging herself with sweets in the refreshment-room only the moment before. I told her plainly that she was an impostor, though I have no doubt George would have opened his purse to her had he been alone.'

"I could not get rid of the idea that you were the young lady, Lizzie; and when she named the place and described the girl I felt sure of it. All my selfishness flashed across my mind. I remembered how I had hurried you about your lunch—far less substantial than my own; loaded you with my parcels; and left you with not even money enough to obtain proper refreshment when you must have been both hungry and weary. I thought, too, that I might grow to be like that hard cold-hearted woman who seemed so devoid of common feeling, and I could not endure even the fancied picture. I was too unhappy to stay at Mrs. Martin's as long as I intended, and nothing ever rejoiced me more than to find you here safe and sound."

As Edith spoke she threw her arms round her sister's neck and kissed her affectionately.

Lizzie returned the caress with all the warm sisterly love that was part of her sweet feminine character. Further conversation was, however, prevented by the entrance of Cousin Helen, who announced that her lively little ones were at length sleeping peacefully, from the baby upwards. She jestingly alluded to Lizzie's adventure, and was surprised to observe the effect her joke had upon Edith, and to hear the latter frankly acknowledge how much she had been to blame.

Lizzie turned the conversation as quickly as possible, and no more was said about the matter. The cousins passed the last hour before bed-time in talk about mutual friends and relatives, and the expected return of Helen's husband on the morrow.

When the two sisters were in their own room Edith had something more to say.

"Does it not seem strange that so little a thing should make me feel so differently, both about myself and you, Lizzie? I have always had an idea that you, as younger sister, ought to give up your will to mine, and as though things which mattered for me were of no consequence to you; as though the best was my due always, and that——"

"Don't say another word, Edith. I have always been glad for you to have the best. You set off pretty things far more than I do."

"Ah, Lizzie, darling! it was good in you to give up; but it was not good in me to take the best. I can see to-night, as I never did before, how much I may learn from you, little sister."

"I am certain your feeling in this way towards me is an answer to dear mamma's prayers, Edie. People have always petted and admired you, dear, and I'm sure I do, as much as anybody," said frank Lizzie, looking with genuine admiration into the face of her tall, handsome sister, who had probably never in her life looked so lovely and lovable as she did at that moment. "And so much praise is not quite a help towards keeping us humble. Luckily for me, I am never very much admired, except by old women and little children."

"And that is because your kind heart and willing hands are always devising and doing something for their happiness. You must help me to deserve love; and let us work together."

"As a beginning, let us pray together, Edie, to fit us for our work."

If the mother of those two kneeling girls could have looked into their room that summer night she would have been filled with joy and praise, and would have thanked God for an answered prayer

From that time a new bond existed between the sisters. They were united by closer ties than that of kindred, being sisters in Christ.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

ST. BARBE.—1. Address a properly diplomaed medical man as "John Jones, Esq., M.D." 2. Dry the mud spots thoroughly, and gently rub them off with a very soft brush, and then try holding the crape over steam. But if the case be a bad one, send it to a professed cleaner.

DEAR LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—The final "e" in the name "Anne" is mute, as in the word you employ, "pronounce." We hope that you will be granted an early recovery, and are pleased that our recipes for baskets, &c., have proved so satisfactory.

CARLOTTA.—The most "durable" wool for knitting stockings is Scotch fingering, the nicest is Andalusian wool. To clean oil paintings, cut a raw potato in two, and gently rub the picture with the flat surface of the inside.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S namesake should endeavour to emulate her in writing, spelling, and more ladylike behaviour. Our correspondent's dress appears to be disgracefully short for a girl of thirteen, and the game of which she is "so fond" utterly unseemly for her. 2. Give your birds canary-seed, and some groundsel and plantain as soon as it can be gathered. They also like rape seed mixed with canary seed, and a scrap of sugar between the bars of the cage.

CHRIEMHILDA.—Trim and revive the serge dress with a good velveteen bodice, and the striped grey and black silk with black silk.

ANNE.—Get some more satin of the same colour as your dress to trim it with, and if the skirt be long and wide make it into a short dress, taking out some of the back widths. Lengthen the jacket-bodice with a wide band of the satin. Black cashmere is a nice material, or what is called *voile de nonne*—"nun's cloth."

DICKIE.—Tearing or cutting up paper for pillows, making charpie from old linen, or the manufacture of a large scrap screen, are all suitable occupations for an old lady who is nearly blind. Thank you for your pleasant little letter.

GERALDINE H.—We fear the paint would not adhere. Try rubbing the brown surface with turpentine first. We think *broderie perse* on satin would be very successful. Cut out the flowers and fasten them on with gum, then work round the edges with coloured silks in coarse button-hole stitch. Thank you for your kind letter.

UNCAS.—Your dress would dye a *grenat*, or wine colour, but, as we do not know what condition it is in you had better be guided by the dyer's opinion.

SUE.—Scrape a little French chalk upon the spots of grease on your dress.

ELLEN.—Those spots which appear on kid gloves, produced by damp, cannot be removed except by re-dyeing, as the colour has been taken out of the part so mildewed. See answer about special curing of bacon shortly forthcoming.

KATY, THEODOSIE, and MARTHA.—We have endeavoured to give advice on the subject of the management of allowances at page 133, vol. ii. We think all our querists would find it useful. One of £15 per annum needs, of course, more personal labour than £50, but the latter has, perhaps, more to do with her money in the way of extras.

JILL.—Work the under part in large stitches across each other, and where they cross put in one stitch to hold the two threads together. Muslin or lisse frills are considered in better taste.

GRETCHEN.—Cut the parrot out of the canvas very neatly and closely, and, having stretched your black satin in an embroidery frame, lay the parrot in position and fasten on with paste, so as to hold it firmly. Then proceed to work round it, sewing it to the satin with silk to match in colour. If done carefully they would not show at all.

ROSA DARTLE.—1. Rubbing warts with the inside of the shell of the broad bean has been advised. 2. Yes; bow to him, of course, if mutually acquainted.

EDUCATIONAL.

MILDRED.—Applicants for admission as students to the Royal Academy must have already attained some proficiency, and must deliver specimens of their work, with a printed form duly filled in, at the Academy, Burlington House, on or before the 28th December, or the 28th of June, to be submitted to the council. This printed form is obtained from the registrar at the Academy, through the written request of a member, or some artist or person of known respectability. The publisher of Mr. Ruskin's works is George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, who would send you a list of prices, &c., on application.

ETHEL O. K. and QUEENIE.—Full information on clerkships for the Post Office and the subjects for examination was given to "Annis," page 543, vol. i.

ANNIE, FADLADEEN, LOUISA, EUGENE ARAM, all write to us begging us to lay out a course of study to be pursued at home. We think they should commence with their own language, and here the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus, 5s., will help them. "The Handbook of English Literature," by the same author, 5s., will give them the names of English authors on every subject, from the Anglo-Saxon days to those of Queen Victoria, and a short notice of them and their works. "The Handbook of Specimens of English Literature," 5s. 6d., should be also read; "The History of England," by Milner, 5s., and the "History of Greece," by Arnold, 6s.; the "Universal Geography," by Milner, 7s.; and last, but not least, the "Bible Handbook," by Angus, 5s. All these will be found excellent books for the home student, who is preparing for examinations or studying by herself. The higher local examinations, either at Cambridge or Oxford, are the best for "Annie" and "Louisa"; and for all our correspondents we should advise a four months' course of instruction by correspondence, which would direct their efforts in the best and most recently devised methods. We have already given the address in this column. "Louisa" writes a pretty hand, "Annie" not so free, and the "t's" very ugly. "Fadladeen's" writing requires much improvement; it is ugly, and her letter untidy.

LITTLE BIRDIE.—Get a catalogue from the Religious Tract Society of their Sunday-school books, and select one suitable to the age of your scholars. "Line upon Line" and the "Peep of Day" are good books to read to them. If teaching them to read, do so on the new system. Take a book with one syllable words for the most part and large print, and tell them what each word is, but do not make them begin by learning spelling; this should follow the first attempts of reading, when the child has begun to take pleasure in it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RITA.—We must again request our correspondents not to ask the same questions over and over again, as we have not time or leisure to answer a question more than once, and it is wearisome to general readers. "*Noblesse oblige*" is a French proverb to signify that more is expected of those in high position and superior advantages than of their inferiors.

WATER WITCH.—It is impossible to say whether the planets are inhabited or not, but we believe the last opinion formed by scientific men is, that if they be, the people must be entirely different to ourselves.

T. D. H.—Acorns and chestnuts certainly do grow in water, and we can only imagine you have expected yours to sprout too soon. They are best grown in bottles.

MAGGIE SPRINGFIELD. — The 20th August, 1869, was a Friday, and the 9th July, 1868, a Thursday.

TOPSY.—The 9th July and the 13th March, 1867, fell on a Tuesday and a Wednesday. Your writing is not good enough for your age.

MANARGORE, ET MAUVAISE HERBE.—We should advise you to procure the "Bible Handbook," 5s., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., which will give you the information you need. 2. A little spirits of wine will perhaps take out the stain. 3. We should think you would do wisely in studying Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" before you try to argue again. Price 3s., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The kind of atheism produced by a revolt from a false belief is very difficult to combat.

M. F.—The "Onion Fair" at Birmingham takes place at about the end of August, or the early part of September, the time probably being that when the onions ripen, and are taken from the soil. We hope you will continue all your studies, as no little girl could be sufficiently educated at fourteen.

ENID.—You will find all information in our articles on "Terra-cotta and China Painting." The institute in question is called the "Gentlewoman's Self-help," 15, Baker-street.

TEMPERANCE.—We cannot speak of the power of the various patent medicines of which you speak to cure intemperance, but we know that a period of seclusion in one of the institutions for the cure of that miserable disease has been of use in some cases.

CRIXIE WEE.—The way of the pile will show itself when stroked either upwards or downwards. You cannot make a mistake about it. Strong black tea will restore the colour to black lace. See page 303, vol. ii.

B. M.—At any institution for the blind you could see the mechanical contrivances used. Dean Milman's "Fall of Jerusalem" is amongst his poetical works, and is a well-known poem. Your writing is very good and legible.

A. T.—The 6th April, 1853, was a Wednesday.

LITTLE NELL.—Six weeks or two months would be required in an ordinary way, but you do not say whether the letter would have to go far up the country, which circumstance would lengthen the time, as there are few railroads.

CLARICE.—Instructions can be given as to the usages of society in regard to some things, but no lessons can ensure "an attractive and pleasing manner." What is artificial and not habitual or natural cannot be attractive to those most worth pleasing. Habitual manner must be the expression of the mind and heart. It is not usual to leave the room in parting with a visitor, except it be a friend so intimate that you chat with her to the door, or a stranger whom it would be advisable to see out.

DROFFIG.—The lines are not worth printing. It is kindest to give a plain answer, as you can employ your time and good feeling in a better way.

VESPER.—Read THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER regularly. We have had papers on the formation of a small library.

MADCAP.—The same writing comes from "F. S. T. P." Love of admiration is natural, and is not wrong, except that it leads to vanity, envy, and other evil feelings. Some persons on account of their appearance, manner, character, or accomplishments, have many admirers. They cannot help this, and may justly be gratified by the good feeling shown towards them. The baseness begins when the feelings of rival admirers are encouraged, either with insincerity or with duplicity, similar attention being shown to different persons. Every sensible man can distinguish a flirt from a girl naturally pleasing and attractive.

SNOWDROP.—By order from a bookseller you can get any back number. Write on a slip of paper the numbers required. It would be a pity to have soiled or ragged numbers bound into your volume. If you cannot get them from a bookseller, write to the Publisher of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, enclosing stamps for cost and postage.

MEMBER OF CHRISTIAN UNION.—There are many associations for concerted reading of the Bible by arranged plan, and for prayer at the same time in remote places. The saintly Frances Ridley Havergal belonged to one of these unions. But this plan, which has its advantages, may tend in some cases to routine and formalism. You might as well expect everyone to eat at the same hour and to use the same diet. There may be a general consent as to time, but individual taste and appetite must be allowed some liberty whether as to body or soul. With regard to Sunday-school work, we again commend to every girl the series of International Lessons, by the Rev. Dr. Green, now appearing week by week in the *Sunday at Home*. Nothing so good and so compact has anywhere been published as a help to Bible reading and Bible study.

PEARLIE.—Clean cold water is sufficient for removing ordinary dirt from an oil painting. But if there is encrustation of dirt or any decomposition of the colour, a professed picture cleaner or restorer should be consulted, if the works are worth the cost.

ANXIOUS ONE.—If you really feel the shortcoming and the desire which you express, you are in the right way to get the peace you seek. The worst of all states of mind is indifference about spiritual and eternal things.

VIOLET.—Large sized hats are likely to be most worn, but you must study what suits you best, if not too far from "the fashion."

SNOWDROP'S KNIGHT.—"The doctrine of nationalities" refers to the feeling of people of one race or language or religion as contrasted with the arrangements made by kings or statesmen. This was, for instance, one of the causes of the last war between Russia and Turkey. Many of the inhabitants of Turkish provinces in Europe being of Slavic race had the sympathy and help of Russian Slavs in their rebellion. The Greek nationality also chafes under alien rule, and hence the new disturbances in those Turkish provinces where the people are mostly of Greek nationality.

A. B.—You are deficient in grammar, when you say that someone "wishes an introduction to my sister and I." Do not also be deficient in prudence.

CLEAR COURSE.—In the frontispiece of the monthly part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for April we showed one way how Christmas and other cards could be utilised. You can give others to poor children who will be delighted with them. But if the words on any of the cards are trashy, as many valentine cards are, you had better burn them, as paper rubbish is apt to accumulate.

LILIAN.—Silver and jet may do well together.

SPRING DAISY.—There is no strict definition of what is "classical" in music. The word usually denotes composition of a higher order than light music. Some great composers have written songs and other popular pieces as well as classical works.

A MAID IN TROUBLE.—It would be well if you were as troubled about the inside of your head as the outside; spelling and writing very poor. For the hair any stimulating spirit may be as effective as bay rum.

PEBBLES.—If the hands have a glow after washing with cold water it is more likely to be a sign of good health than anything to complain of. The handwriting is well-formed and will improve with years.

BEATRICE.—For rheumatism there is no cure that meets all cases. Many may have to be tried before the best remedy can be found, and none may succeed where the constitutional tendency is strong towards this troublesome complaint. If cold bathing has succeeded in the case you describe, it is through improvement of the general health. Others derive benefit from wearing woollen or chamois leather, and others by internal remedies, especially lemon juice

SELKIRK.—Rubbing with leather is the best way to clean old coins. Sandpaper or chemicals may injure them. Heat will sometimes bring out an inscription illegible when cold.

ELLA.—In Lowe's or Fry's "Charities of London," information will be found, but we will give a paper soon on charities for the blind.

LANCASHIRE LASS.—Bronze ornaments are best cleaned with pure oil (almond oil or common salad oil) and polished carefully with a soft duster. The white spots will disappear as the nail grows.

L. P. NORD.—Words are divided, in writing, so as to complete a syllable in a line, thus "understand-ing," not "underst-anding." The Lord Mayor is the chief magistrate of the Corporation of the City of London, corresponding somewhat to your Préfet. Each corporation has a mayor, only London, York, and Dublin have Lord Mayors. In Scotland the chief magistrate in cities and boroughs is called Provosts; two cities, Edinburgh and Glasgow, having Lord Provosts.

ALICE.—You might as well leave your hands unwashed till Monday morning as the plates from which you eat. This is not Christian but Jewish scrupulousness.

WILDGOOSE.—Your suggestion as to giving an occasional piece for those who play but do not sing will be attended to.

MIANDIA.—Someone must advise you who has heard your voice.

VIOLET B.—As you have been trained to book-keeping in your father's office, you should have no difficulty in earning your living in that work, for which there seems to be a demand, if we may judge by advertisements. To be a trained nurse requires very special qualities, and implies duties only pleasant under highest motives of self-devotion.

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

II.—DRAWING AND ILLUMINATING.

Examiners:

JOHN C. STAPLES and THE EDITOR.

THE result of this competition has been, on the whole, very disappointing. The greater proportion of the drawings sent in were of a very low order of merit, judged even by the standard of the most ordinary amateur performance, and if a few rose above the level of mediocrity, as a few undoubtedly did, yet the number of these was so small as not materially to affect the unfavourable impression created by the mass.

It was matter of surprise and regret, too, to find so few of those who competed on the last occasion included among the competitors this time. One young lady, indeed, who took the first prize in the "summer" competition, now comes to the front as winner of the first prize in "illumination"; but this is a solitary instance.

Let none of those, however, who have tried and have failed on this occasion be discouraged or deterred from trying again.

No prize worth winning can be won without effort. No capacity for any kind of work worth doing can be acquired without labour. We venture confidently to predict that most of those even whose drawings this time were judged least meritorious might, if they would devote an hour, or even half an hour, every day to honest and hearty efforts towards improving themselves, produce next time work equal to any except the very best which has passed under our hands in this competition.

It is pleasant before closing this report to be able to say a word or two of praise and encouragement to those who find themslves placed in the prize-list. Though the general standard of attainment was low, yet the few best drawings were good. That which takes the first prize was especially good, and possessed qualities which are very promising for the success of future efforts by the same hand. The best landscape was also good and promising, and the flower-pieces placed in the first and second divisions deserve a word in recognition of their merit.



ROUGH REPRODUCTION OF THE PAINTING WHICH OBTAINED THE FIRST PRIZE.

The illuminations as a class were in no way better than the drawings, and the faults which impaired their merit last year were again conspicuous. Here, also, the best—but these were not many—were praiseworthy, some few more attained to mediocrity, but the rest fell far below it.

We fear our "Girls" look on painting competitions too much as lotteries into which they enter for the *chance* of a prize. Let them look upon them as incitements to the attainment of proficiency in certain arts and employments, and then there will be no *blanks*, for the increased capacity and knowledge which each of them will acquire will far outweigh any prize which we can offer.

WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS.

FIRST PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS.

Didham, Beatrice, Middleton, Bideford (16).

SECOND PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Webb, Eva, 56, St. Stephen's-avenue, Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's Bush (18½).

SPECIAL PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA FOR GIRLS UNDER 15 YEARS.

Cook, May, 6, Canning-road, Addiscombe, Surrey (14).

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Calvert, Edith Laura, 15, North Villas, Camden-square, N.W. (17).
Dawson, Mabel, 64, Hereford-road, Bayswater, W. (20).
Hamilton, Alice H., Llan-Arthen, Castleton, Cardiff (16¾).
Stephens, Eliza M., Ashfield, Falmouth (20).
Wilmot, Florence Freeman, Lee Hall, Handsworth, near Birmingham (18).
Pye, Constance Mary, Camden Hall, Lewisham, Kent (17).

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Pease, Marion, Pierremont, Darlington (17).
Hamilton, Beatrice G., Llan-Arthen, Castleton, Cardiff (16¾).
Durrant, Ella, 76, Tugela-road, Falcon-lane, Battersea (13¾).
Burgess, Mary Hamilton, 78, Tyewhitt-road, St. John's, S.E. (16¼).
Offord, Gertrude Elizabeth, 21, St. Giles-street, Norwich, Norfolk (19).
Sutton, Maud, Benham Park, Newbury, Berks (16½).
Tilt, Blanche, The Cottage, Sutton, Surrey (19).
Draper, Edith C., 42a, Bloomsbury-square, W.C. (20).

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Thomas, Helena Susannah, 1, Saxon-road, St. Stephen-road, Bow, E. (14).
Brown, Helen, Trelawney-road, Falmouth (20).
Gibbs, Florence M., Clifton House, Datchet (20½).
Hiscox, Annie, Beaufort House, The Grove, Plough (19).
Sykes, Lizzie, Crosby-road, South Waterloo, Liverpool (19).
Wright, Emily, 3, Surbiton Park-terrace, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey (20).
Clephane, Bertha, Fairmont, Moffat, N. B. (20).
Taylor, Susie, Chastleton, Bickley, Kent (18).
Ward, Anna Mary, West Bergholt Hall, near Colchester, Essex (17).
Pierce, May, Frettons, Danbury, Essex (17).
Legg, Gwen. E., Ormaston-road, Derby (17).
Lockyer, Annie May, Boyne Lodge, Florence-road, Ealing (18).
Constable, Ethel M., Byanes, Marchwood, near Southampton (17).
Lacy, Adriana, Dapdune-crescent, Guildford, Surrey (17).
Sherriff, Nellie, Walnut's Bank, Lancaster (16).



VOL. II.—No. 77.] JUNE 18, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.





CHAPTER VII.

"THESE BURS ARE IN MY HEART."

DAISY GARNETT'S first evening in her uncle's house was the unhappiest time that her young life had yet known.

She had felt sorrow, but never before had she had any experience of enmity. Daisy's acquaintances had all been her friends; in her little world everybody, save her father, had made a pet of her.

In her quiet home, servants had loved her from her nursery days, and had thought it no trouble to wait on so gentle and grateful a child. At school, teachers had praised her progress, and schoolgirls had given her their hearts, and elected her the queen of their little community. Aunt Cecily had been always at hand with tender words of counsel; reproof was seldom

[*All rights reserved.*]

needed, for Daisy's duties were conscientiously performed, and hers was an easily-satisfied nature, seldom at war with its surroundings.

And so kind had life been that an enemy was a mere word to her—a word that described a something she had never encountered nor seen.

But Maud's look and tone had plainly told her that she had found an enemy at last. Maud's questions had been ill-bred, and the manner in which they were asked was insulting. Daisy could not forget the curl of those red lips, and the flash of the scornful eyes.

She bolted her chamber-door, and then sat down in a chair by the bedside to think.

How was she to face her future life in this house? How could she bear the daily and hourly contact with a girl who would lose no chance of wounding her feelings? These were questions that perplexed her soul, and oppressed her with the overwhelming gloom of despondency.

And then came a thought that answered the weary questioning, and set the troubled little spirit at rest. A Friend, closer than a brother, would be near her, even here; and a Divine guidance would lead her safely along this thorny path.

Daisy rose from her chair to kneel down by the bed, and pray with all the hope and confidence of her childish days. In this house was her appointed place; here was the home that had been provided for her in her need, and she must learn to live in it.

Her thoughts wandered away to the thousand homeless ones in mighty London that night; to starving children seeking rest in the doorways and under the arches; to ragged women wandering by the river's brink, and tempting death; to desperate men straying aimlessly along the streets, without a hope to brighten the coming morrow. Was her heart so full of bitterness that she could find no gratitude for simple bodily comfort? Were food, and shelter, and raiment worth nothing?

"I am growing wicked," mused Daisy, penitently. "And it is only the wicked who can have their lives spoiled; Maud cannot make me utterly miserable unless I help her to do it. If I remember my good things, and am thankful and prayerful, there will always be one part of my life that she can never touch."

There was sleep for Daisy when this comfort had once found its way into her mind. Her spirits rose; she even grew cheerful enough to notice the pretty cretonne curtains lined with pale yellow, and closed her eyes at last with the impression that flowers were growing round her bed.

She slept soundly, and awoke with the expectation of finding Cecily by her side. But no Cecily was there; and instead of the dingy lodging-house chamber, she was in a room which Rhoda's good taste had made pretty and bright. The incidents of last night crowded back into her mind and daunted her spirit for a moment; but she rose, rested and strengthened, resolved to face her life whatever it might be.

There was a letter from Cecily, written from the Langham Hotel, and containing a few lines full of hope and cheery counsel. It was a bright beginning to the day; Daisy read the note through twice, then washed and dressed as quickly as possible, and hastened downstairs.

There were no family prayers in Dr. Garnett's house, and Rhoda had just taken her seat at the head of the breakfast-table as Daisy entered.

"Good morning, Daisy," said the Doctor. "Glad to see you downstairs in good time. Maud is always late. Hope you slept well."

"Quite well, uncle, thank you," answered Daisy, cheerfully.

Miss Daughton gave her a swift glance. She half expected Daisy to be sulky after last night's cross-questioning.

"Do you begin studies to-day, Daisy?" asked Rhoda, handing her a cup of coffee.

"She is hardly settled enough to begin yet," said the governess, in an indulgent tone.

"I am quite ready," Daisy replied; "I think the studies will help me to feel settled."

Dr. Garnett looked at his niece with silent approval in his cold eyes. He saw that she would be wise enough to make the most of her advantages.

"It will be quite pleasant to have a second pupil again," said Miss Daughton. "Maud has found it slow work to study without her sister."

Breakfast was nearly finished when Maud made her appearance.

Her father gave her a critical look. She had a sleepy aspect; her dark hair was roughly dressed, and her gown carelessly put on.

"You won't improve your complexion, Maud, by lying long in bed," he said, with a sneer.

"I am always saying so," remarked Miss Daughton.

"The mornings are getting cold and dark," grumbled Maud, suppressing a yawn.

"They will be colder and darker yet," said Dr. Garnett; "and you are as well able to face cold and darkness as the rest of us."

He rose as he spoke, and went out to his brougham. It could not be said of the busy Doctor that he shirked any of the duties of life; but that life lacked the sweetness of Christianity. It was hard and cold, acknowledging no guiding power save that of a strong intellect and a sound judgment. And Dr. Garnett felt no need of any other guidance, and had never sought it in the whole course of his successful career.

"I suppose somebody has been complaining of me to father," said Maud, when he was gone.

"No one complained," Rhoda answered. "You know he dislikes your being late."

"And I dislike being early. What is there to get up for? I can't imagine why it should be considered a sin to lie in bed in the morning!"

"It is not a sin, dear Maud," Miss Daughton said, sweetly. "It is a little weakness that ought to be overcome."

"What is the difference between a weakness and a sin?" Maud demanded. "That sounds like a riddle, doesn't it? Can you tell me, Daisy?"

"A weakness is a sin in its early stage," Daisy replied. "I suppose it bears the same relation to a sin that the bud does to the flower."

"Good gracious, here's a philosopher in petticoats! Miss Daughton, you may regard my education as completed. I decline to pursue my studies with a person who can prove that my weaknesses are vices in embryo. It is quite too horrid."

Daisy laughed outright.

The laugh exasperated Maud, whose temper had been already upset by her father's rebuke.

"At any rate, *I* don't care to set up for being clever," she cried, in a rage. "It's enough for me to feel that I'm well connected and handsome, and not poor! Above all things, I should hate to be poor, and have to live on relations who didn't want to keep me."

Daisy's lily cheeks turned to red roses in a moment.

Miss Daughton and Rhoda exchanged glances, and there was a dead silence.

Maud went on savagely with her breakfast, and Daisy sat motionless as a statue, feeling as if she could never eat or drink in that house again.

She had left her room that morning with the determination to live her life cheerfully, and shake off Maud's disagreeable speeches as she would have shaken burs off her skirts. But now she felt herself too severely tried.

"Well," said Rhoda, breaking the pause, "I am not going to sit facing the coffee-pot all the morning. So, Maud, I will leave you to finish your breakfast without me."

Rhoda's rising was a signal of relief to Daisy and the governess. They followed her example, and quietly left the room.

"Will you come to me in the schoolroom, presently?" said Miss Daughton, in her pleasant tone, to Daisy.

"Yes; I will join you in a few minutes," Daisy answered, calmly. "Some of my school-books are upstairs, and I will unpack them. You may, perhaps, wish to see what I have been doing."

Miss Daughton watched the little figure flitting up the wide staircase, and wondered within herself at Daisy's self-possession.

But all Daisy's outward composure deserted her when she found herself alone in her room. She flung herself down on her knees with a bitter cry that was heard even outside the closed door.

It was Rhoda who heard it. Rhoda was on her way to one of the spare chambers where she kept a stock of crewels and patterns. The cry startled her, and brought her to a momentary standstill. But it was not repeated, and she passed on.

She was not disposed to like Daisy, and she resented her presence in the house. Her resentment was, however, of a quiet kind, kept in check by the conviction that it was useless to strive against her father's will.

When Dr. Garnett had said that he intended to adopt his niece, Rhoda had uttered her protest in a calm tone. She had been answered quite as calmly, but in a manner that showed her the hopelessness of any argument.

And then Rhoda, with cool commonsense, had made up her mind to accept the nuisance. She regarded Daisy with a cold dislike, but knew her duty too well to be discourteous to her father's niece.

As to Maud, Rhoda endured her sister's unpleasant ways with stoical calmness. Unless provoked too far, she rarely resented anything that Maud said or did. She had learnt, as a child, to bear the terrible outbreaks of her mother's temper with fortitude, and had grown up into girlhood, steeled against the stormy nature which Maud seemed to have inherited.

But that cry from Daisy awoke a question in her mind—how did Maud's conduct strike a stranger?

Rhoda had a full share of family pride. Her cheeks were burning as she went her way to the spare room, and she remembered the intolerable shame she had felt when her mother's passion had frightened everyone in the house. Poor Mrs. Garnett's outbursts had been partly the result of disease; but Rhoda felt that this excuse could not be made for Maud.

Just then she felt more anger to her sister than pity for Daisy. Maud had been rude and ridiculous; if that kind of thing were too often repeated, the servants would talk of it, and Daisy would be looked upon as an interesting martyr.

It was all too annoying and absurd.

Rhoda wondered what Miss Daughton thought about the matter. But Miss Daughton, although she had lived four years in the house, had never been known to betray her real thoughts upon any subject. Rhoda was shrewd enough to know that she had never yet caught a single glimpse of Miss Daughton's natural self.

"I don't believe she cares a straw about any of us," thought Miss Garnett, unlocking a cupboard, and absently taking out a bundle of crewels. "She stays here because she is well paid, that is all."

Meanwhile Daisy, in her room, was doing her utmost to keep back a flood of tears.

It was not in vain that she had knelt beside her bed and asked, with all her soul, for strength and patience. The very outpouring had relieved her; the fact of asking quickened her faith; and when she rose to her feet again she had won back all her self-control. The quivering nerves were quieted, the hot cheeks cool once more, and the troubled young heart at peace.

The schoolroom was at the back of the house, and its windows looked out upon a blank wall. It was not, and never had been, a cheerful apartment, although it had been used as a nursery when the Garnett girls were children. Mrs. Garnett, always very irritable, had declared herself quite unable to bear the noise of her own babies, and had put them as far away from her hearing as possible. The girls, as they grew older, had no liking for the room, and seldom entered it out of study-hours. They did not, perhaps, retain any pleasant recollections of childhood.

"This is many degrees worse," thought Daisy, "than my old room in Holly-street; and yet I daresay some people would prefer that blank wall to the garret windows of my former neighbours. For my part, I loved those garret windows, and I had a friendliness for the faces I saw there, although some of them wanted washing badly enough. Shall I ever get used to that dreadful wall—all dead, dark slate-colour, without the faintest touch of colour to brighten it?"

But these thoughts could not be read in Daisy's face, which was now as calm and fair as a white flower. She laid a pile of books upon the table, and then turned to Miss Daughton, as if quietly awaiting her directions.

"Take this chair," said the governess, with her ready sweetness; "it used to be Rhoda's favourite seat. One can study much better when one is in perfect comfort. It has always been a mystery to me how girls ever learnt anything in the hard bench-and-backboard days. Were you a boarder at your school?"

"Only a day-boarder; the house was very near to my home."

"Ah, then you have never experienced the full force of school discipline! It is very hard on girls sometimes; junior teachers are so apt to be tyrants. Mrs. Garnett would never send Rhoda and Maud to school; they have had home instruction always."

At that moment the door opened and Maud's face appeared. It vanished, however, in an instant, and the door was sharply shut again.

Miss Daughton took no notice of this apparition. She went on examining the books and asking questions; and Daisy heaved a sigh of relief. It was clear that Maud would not share her studies that morning.

A little later Maud sauntered into the drawing-room, where her sister was writing letters.

"What have you done with the last volume of 'Stolen Waters,' Rhoda?" she asked, sullenly.

"It is upstairs in my room," Rhoda answered, without raising her eyes.

"Why did you hide it away? It is very annoying to lose sight of books when one is reading them."

"My father told me not to leave it here, Maud. He says it is not a good book for girls to read, and he does not wish it to be seen on our table."

"Well, anyhow, I am going to finish it; and I want it at once."

"It will be better for you to go into the schoolroom," said Rhoda, laying down her pen. "You know that father has forbidden you to read novels in study hours."

"I don't mean to study any more. That conceited little thing may have Miss Daughton all to herself."

"Absurd, Maud! You will not have done with Miss Daughton till you are seventeen. And Daisy won't interfere with you; she seems quite inoffensive."

"Inoffensive!" repeated Maud, furiously. "The very sight of her is an offence—it is an intolerable nuisance to have her here. She is a pert, pretentious upstart, and wants to put herself on a level with us; but I won't have it. I'll find out ways of making the house unbearable, and she will be driven to leave it."

Rhoda looked with cold contempt at her sister's angry face.

"You are not mistress of the house," she said, in her coolest tone. "Your blustering only makes you ridiculous; if you go too far, my father will deal with you as if you were an unruly child. It would not be pleasant to be degraded in the eyes of Daisy and the servants."

"I won't be degraded," cried Maud, with a stamp.

"Now, listen, Maud," said Rhoda, rising. "It is seldom that I let your absurd temper ruffle me, but I must tell you plainly that I will not have you making scenes. Either behave decently and rationally, or be prepared to be shut up in your room. That is what will be done with you if I make complaints."

The girls faced each other for a few seconds in silence; the one stern and collected, the other hot and enraged.

"You are a mean creature, Rhoda," panted Maud. "If you would side with me we might turn Daisy out. But you are low enough to take it all calmly, and you want to trample on my spirit. I do think you are the most contemptible coward in the whole world."

"I do not mind being called names when no one is listening," said Rhoda, with quiet scorn. "I have done my duty, and warned you."

(*To be continued.*)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

BLIND HORSES FINDING THEIR OWN STALLS.—Amongst the horses belonging to a large omnibus company there are many blind ones. When these are loosed from the vehicles they require no guides, but go into the spacious yard to the drinking-trough, and thence to their own stalls; though there is accommodation for hundreds of others, these never take a wrong place. Horses do not soon forget old habits any more than do children. I was in a cab one day, and being anxious to reach my destination with as little loss of time as possible, I was annoyed by the frequent stopping of the horse and immediate application of the whip to make him go on. It is painful to me to see a horse constantly dragged about by the reins and beaten, so I stopped the cab and spoke to the driver about it. He was a good-humoured fellow, in spite of his apparent severity, and at once explained. "I'm as sorry as you to whip him, poor fellow, but I've got to cure him of stopping every minute. The fact is, he has been a 'bus horse, and used to stop and start at the sound of the bell. On this busy road we are nearly always within hearing of the omnibus bells, and, of course, my horse wants to stop when the 'bus horses do. We shall be off the main road directly, and once in the quieter streets he will give me no more trouble." Sure enough we were no sooner out of hearing of these warning bells than the horse trotted on quite cheerfully, and stopped no more until I arrived at my destination.

MY WORK BASKET.

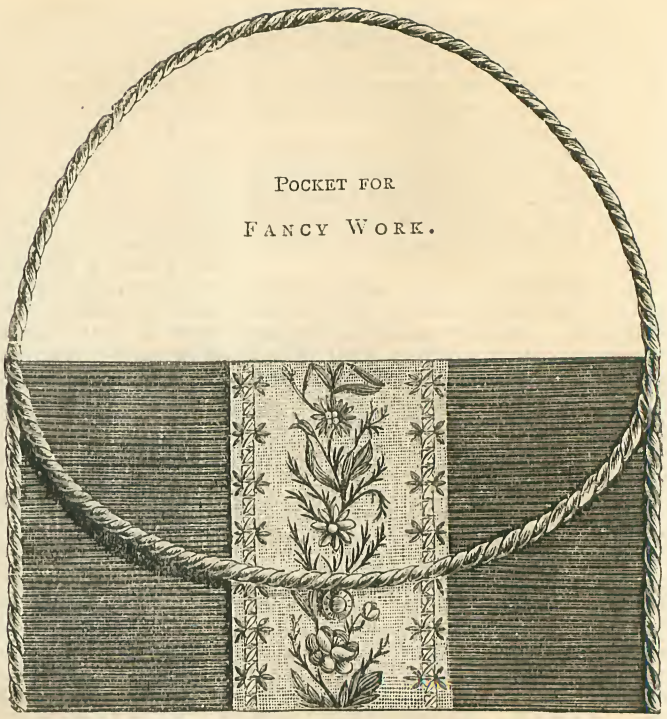
Pocket for Fancy Work.

The size of the pocket depends on the kind of work it is to hold. The foundation is of fancy bronze canvas, and our design is three times the width of the embroidered band, which is worked with Algerian silk in long stitches. The poppies are in four shades of bright red, with pale green centres and black stamens dotted with gold-coloured silk.

The daisies are worked with white wool brightened with dashes of white floss silk, and French knot stitches of yellow silk in the centre.



Detail of Pocket.



The corn flower is made with blue wool, shaded with pale blue silk; the centre of olive green and brown wool The wheat-ear with five shades of gold-coloured silk. The foliage is worked in several shades of green; the light branches in *point de russe* in moss greens, browns, and golden tinges. The outer edges of the band are worked in cross stitch over eight threads of the canvas in dull green wool and coarse yellow silk. The leaves are in *point lance* in silks, alternately blue and green.

The pocket is lined with quilted satin slightly wadded, and a small pocket is added inside at the square end to hold the scissors, needles, &c.

A shaded silk cord is sewn all round the edges, and forms the handle. One end of the canvas is rounded, and folds over to close the pocket, which is fastened with a button and loop.

Embroidered Music Case.

We think we shall meet the wishes of many of the readers of The Girl's Own Paper in giving them this week a design for a music cover to be worked in silk or crewels. There are few households which do not possess music, and a music case becomes an indispensable article if we wish to keep songs, &c., clean and tidy. To make this case beautiful with our own work is surely a laudable object, and one worthy of the attention of our readers.

Many already possess the usual cloth-covered music cases sold by music-sellers and others, and with this as a foundation it only remains to cover the sides and back with the embroidered material; but to those of our readers who do not possess such a case it is necessary to provide stout covers on which to stretch the work. Purchase at any good stationer's two pieces of millboard about an inch larger in width and breadth than a piece of music. See that the millboard is of good substance (the dark kind is preferable to the light straw-coloured millboard), as the strength of the case depends upon this. If the millboard be too thin, two pieces must be glued together to give greater strength. The next thing is to get the material to embroider. Silk or satin is the best for the purpose, as, being a comparatively small article, the whole thing should be good. Let the material be dark, deep blue-black or black, as embroidery looks so much better on a dark ground; though in the accompanying illustration we have reversed this in order not to confuse the design, it being essential that this should be followed accurately to insure the right effect. It is better to have the material in one piece, but as this may be too expensive it might be made in two pieces and joined at the back.* The material should be about an inch larger every way than the size of the case, and about an inch deep at back to allow of many pieces of music being kept in the case. When the material is worked—which, of course, must be done before the case is covered—spread it out on the table, and having marked where the centre of the back comes on the *wrong* side of the stuff, adjust the pieces of millboard on either side of the centre line, only about half an inch from it, in order to make a back on the principle of a book. Be careful to get this back deep enough, otherwise the case will hold scarcely

* This join should not be down the middle of the back but at the edge of one of the covers, as it will not be so conspicuous nor interfere with the pattern at the back.

any music. In order to strengthen the back the covering might be lined, or the two pieces of millboard might be joined together with a piece of strong material, and then the embroidered covering might be put over this. In order to make this perfectly intelligible, recollect that what you have to make is really the covers of a book without the inside.

Having marked on the back of the material where each piece of millboard comes, turn over the margins at the top and bottom and two sides, and with some glue nicely hot stick these edges down on the millboard. Allow this to dry thoroughly, which it will take about a day to do, and then paste some nice paper, or light silk if that be possible, and your covers are then complete.

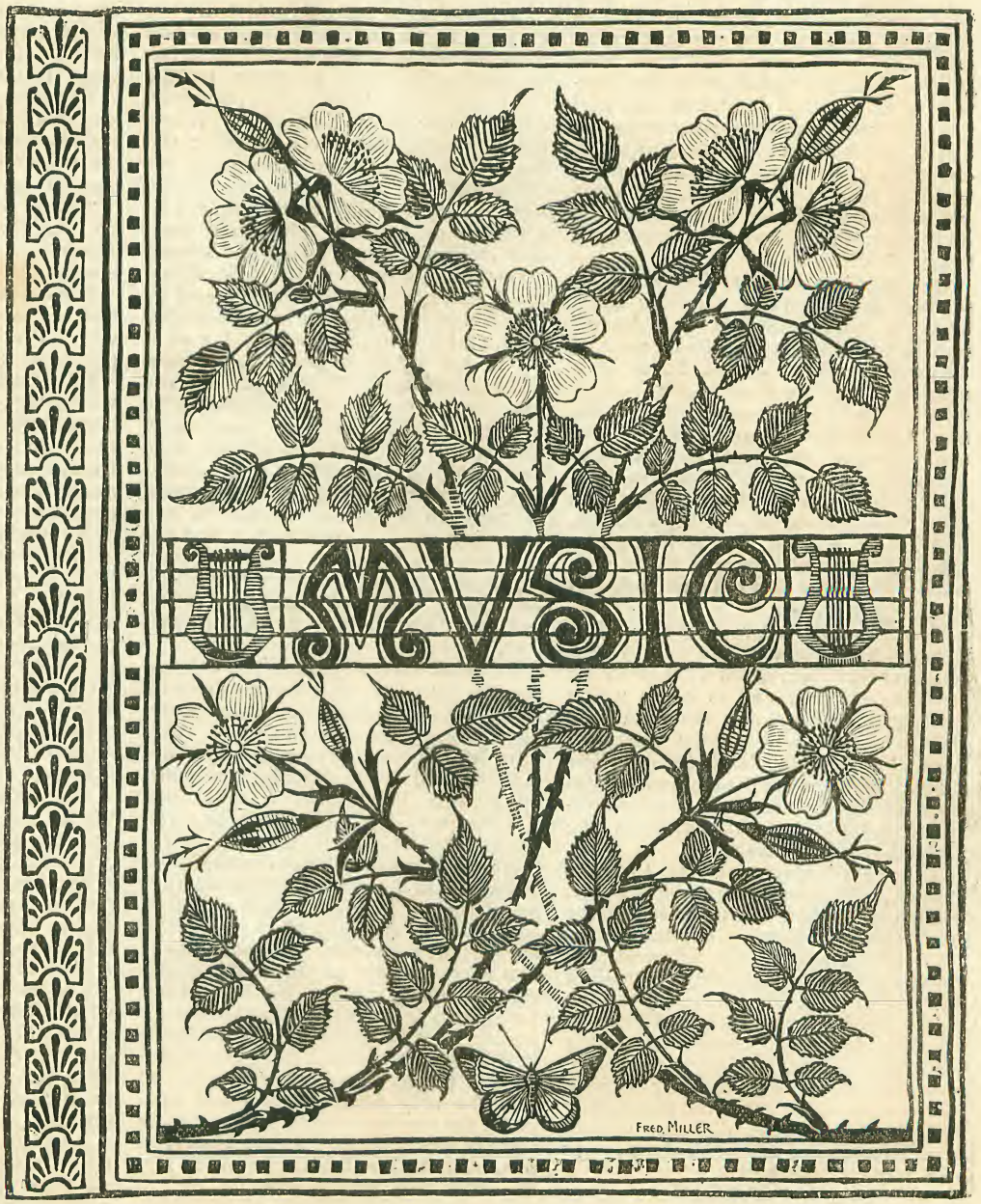
We spoke just now about strengthening the back with an additional piece of stuff, and this might be glued inside the covers instead of underneath the outer covering. A regular bookbinder would, perhaps, stick the material itself down upon the millboard, but unless this be done very carefully the glue is apt to soak through and spoil the embroidery, and it is therefore better left unattempted. We now come to the question of the embroidery itself, and the first thing of course to do is to enlarge the design to the requisite size. This can be done by means of the square system, as given in the Grammar of embroidery on page 108, vol. 2, of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Having drawn out the design on paper, trace it carefully on tracing-paper, making any improvements and alterations that may be necessary. The best way of transferring it upon the material is to have the design pricked on the wrong side, and then rub some powdered chalk over it, on the right side of the design, and an impression will be left in the stuff. To fix this, mark it over with Chinese white, and it is then ready for working. If you have chosen silk or satin as your material, the embroidery should be in silk, as the effect is more chaste and delicate. Let the flowers be a nice light pink, not too bright, with yellow stamens and a small green centre. The leaves in nice greens, yellow and olive rather than emerald in tone, as the effect will be spoilt if the colouring be too gaudy. The stems should be a warm reddish brown. The five lines through the word music, suggestive of the staves, should be in a golden brown, the word music in tones of blue, green, or golden yellow, and the harps lighter than the lettering. The lines running round might be in golden brown, and the small square dots in yellow. But, of course, the colouring can be altered to any *key* so long as the whole effect is harmonious; and to ensure this it is better not to introduce too many distinct colours, but to work with different tones of the same colour. In the colouring we have indicated the prevailing tone is yellow brown and olive green, with the turquoise blue in the centre as a contrast. We have indicated a simple pattern for the back, which can also be worked in browns or yellows. In doing this and the square dots running right round the outside of the cover, it is better to vary the colour rather than keep the same throughout, as it looks less mechanical to make a slight variety when repeating a certain form a number of times.

The other side of the cover might only just have the lines and dots round it, if it be thought too much to put the same amount of work on both sides.

A word or two as to the kind of design suitable for book-covers; for we may here remark that many ordinary books might have covers embroidered for them with advantage.

The space being limited, it is as well to choose plants of a scale corresponding to the size of the object to be worked. In the case of smaller books, plants like the jasmine, wild clematis, and honeysuckle are the most suitable, not only as to size but also as to growth, for climbing plants are, as a rule, more graceful than other shrubs. In the wild rose chosen for the music case the stems are arranged symmetrically, that is, both sides are alike. It will thus save trouble in enlarging the design to draw one half, and then by folding the paper in two and rubbing both together with a hard instrument, sufficient of the pencil marks will come off on the other side to go by in working. The symmetrical plan need not be adhered to, though it is perhaps safer to follow it, as it is not always easy to get the balance of forms in a free design. Let the design appear as though it were drawn for the space it fills and not as though it were a large design cut down to the requisite size. All work should have the appearance of completeness, of being made for the object for which it is used and none other.

F. MILLER.



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERED MUSIC CASE.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By Alice King.

CHAPTER XII.



RUBY did not strive any further to learn where that sweet, mysterious letter came from; she saw plainly, from Mr. Lindhurst's manner, that it had something to do with the secret which surrounded her young life, and which she was beginning to think of quite calmly, as we do of most things when we get used to them. She could not, by any amount of thought, form the slightest probable conjecture on the subject, so she wisely let her mind dwell upon it as little as possible. That letter was, however, what Matthew Lindhurst had said it was to be—her most precious treasure; she carried it about everywhere with her, and read it over and over, and laid it beneath her pillow at night, and often covered it with kisses; it seemed to her as if she had really spoken with her dead mother.

One evening, when spring was fully come, and was working a million silent spells in garden and field, hedgerow and woodland, Ella and Ruby went to spend the evening at the house of a neighbour who lived some three miles off. There were several girls in the family of about their own age, and this made them not unfrequent visitors there. The aunt of the young ladies, who kept their father's house (their mother was dead), was an old ally of Miss Nancy, and so she was graciously pleased to allow her own two charges to be seen oftener under her roof than any other in the neighbourhood.

The two girls drove alone in Miss Ringwood's pony-carriage. They had strict orders from Miss Nancy to be back in good time, and as it was a fine moonlight evening, and the road they had to go was a very quiet one, they were allowed, to Ruby's delight—for Ella always, partly from idleness, partly from good nature, let her act as coachman—to drive themselves without even the stable-boy in attendance.

They kept their promise to Miss Nancy, and started early to come home. Ruby was in high spirits as she drove along: the moonlight was so brilliant; the night breeze was so fresh and sweet; the woods, just waking into young green, slept so softly in the tender, silver glory; the pony trotted away so freely and merrily. Ella leant back in her comfortable seat in easy contentment, and laughed a little, now and then, at Ruby's lively sayings and fancies, either about the people they had just left, or the different objects they passed, and enjoyed herself in her own way very much too.

But very pleasant things sometimes come to an end before they are expected to do so, in sudden, unpleasant ways; and such was the case of this evening drive, and the happiness of the two girls. On going down rather a steep hill—there are plenty such in Devonshire—the pony thought fit to take sudden exception to a little pool of water at the roadside, which gleamed with especial brightness in the moonlight. Ruby strove by coaxing to make him get over his prejudice, but all in vain, he would do nothing but walk steadily backward instead of forward.

"Jump out and take him by the head, Ruby, and lead him by," cried Ella, who was not exactly comfortable with the existing state of things.

But Miss Ruby chose to consider this course as far beneath her dignity, and gave the pony a sharp cut with the whip—a proceeding which he resented by coolly running the wheel of the carriage up on to the bank, and overturning its inmates into the middle of the road.

Ruby fell as lightly as a rose-leaf; she was up again in a few seconds, half angry at the ignominious failure in her coachmanship, half laughing at the whole situation. Her laughter, however, was not of very long duration. It was soon changed into a cry of pain; she found that she could not stand on her right foot, her ankle had been badly sprained in the fall. By this time Ella also, was on her feet. She was a good deal inclined to make a long and solemn lamentation over her best silk dress, which had not been exactly improved by its late close acquaintance with the muddy road, and a little disposed, as far as it lay in her placid disposition, to scold Ruby for having brought about the catastrophe, but she was physically quite uninjured. The carriage was in a mournfully dilapidated condition, with one wheel off; the harness was broken; the pony was standing by very calmly, by turns eating out of the hedge, and surveying the unfortunate girls and the carriage with an air of cool, triumphant superiority, which, put into words, would have said, "You just see what you get by not letting me have at once my own way."

But what was to be done? That was now the question. If it had not been for Ruby's sprained ankle their course would have been plain enough; they would have left the disabled carriage, and have both walked home, leading the pony. They were only about a mile from Larcombe Priory. This was, however, quite impossible with Ruby's injured foot; so it was at length settled that Ruby should be enveloped in all the rugs and wraps, and should remain seated on the carriage cushions at the roadside, holding the pony, who now seemed to be in a most gracious and peaceable mood, while Ella should make the best of her way home, and send the big carriage for Ruby. Miss Nancy had an old barouche in which she sometimes made grand progresses to pay state morning calls. It was the only course they could take under the circumstances. There was no cottage much nearer than the Priory, so it was impossible for Ruby to sit in any house till the carriage came for her; it was, however, a very fine, warm night, so that, wrapped up as she was, there was not much hardship, after all, in the vigil which she would have to keep at the roadside.

Ella, indeed, was inclined to think that Ruby had the best of it. There was nothing that Miss Ringwood disliked so much as having to hurry along her little round person and superfluity of always-rich draperies in a quick walk; and very rapid this night walk of hers she knew must be, for poor Ruby's sake, whose ankle was beginning to swell and be very painful.

Her good nature, therefore, and her concern for her friend made her resolve to reach the Priory as speedily as possible, and to move briskly for once. She was quite strong, and as well able to walk as anyone if she chose.

"Oh, Ella, I am so sorry you have to go!" cried Ruby. "I know you don't like it."

"Never mind, dear; it's better, I suppose, than your sprained ankle. It will be very nice when we are both comfortably in bed, as I hope we shall be some time to-night."

The young lady gave a pathetic little groan at the thought that this happy consummation was as yet very far distant, gathered up carefully her well-loved train, and prepared to depart.

"Mind you take the short cut through the churchyard," cried Ruby after her, as she went. "It will save you ever so much."

Ella was not near as well acquainted with the walks round about as Ruby was. That was why she gave her this parting piece of advice.

On went Ella down the road, heartily wishing her walk was ending instead of beginning. She hated the bodily exertion, and she was more than half frightened at finding herself thus out at night alone. She was far more uncomfortable in such a situation than Ruby would have been, or, indeed, was at the roadside, for she hardly ever walked by herself, even in broad daylight.

She walked, however, well to-night, partly from this feeling of alarm, and partly from a real, kindly wish to keep Ruby waiting as little time as possible. The clump of elms was passed, which, before she came up to them, looked so uncomfortably like a group of tall human figures in the moonlight.

The creaking gate was left behind, which made a noise unpleasantly like a groan as the wind shook it; the narrow plank bridge was safely crossed, though not without a little shiver as she heard the cold waters flowing below. This bridge brought her into the lane that led to the short cut which Ruby had spoken of.

Ella had resolved to take it for quickness' sake, though she did not but half relish the idea of passing through the churchyard alone in the moonlight. Miss Ringwood was not quite free, if truth must be told, from superstitious terrors.

And now the little side wicket gate of the churchyard was reached. Ella gathered together her courage, and went boldly through it. How grey and

shadowy and mysterious the old grey church looked in the moonlight; and how much taller and grimmer the tombstones appeared to-night than they did in the daytime! And why was it that the figure on the old monument—the figure of the knight in armour—seemed to be pointing with his extended arm at her, and at nothing else?

Ella redoubled her speed, for most certainly none of these were comfortable, reassuring ideas and fancies.

Ella had gone about half way through the churchyard, when all at once she stopped; her heart began to beat so violently that she could not go on; her eyes wide open, and with a look of extreme terror in them, fixed themselves on a distant corner of the sacred enclosure, the corner where Bessie Bryant's grave was. Was there not a white object there, a something that glimmered pale and ghost-like in the moonshine? There were never any sheep, she knew, allowed in the neatly kept churchyard; what could it be? She had hardly had time to frame this question in her very uneasy mind, when the object began to move, and she saw, to her dismay, that it looked liked a tall form in human shape, and yet in no earthly garb. The apparition was clothed in loose, white robes, that waved in the night breeze, and shimmered dimly in the uncertain light. It glided across the grass until it reached the main walk through the churchyard, and passed out through the gate opposite to the one by which Ella had entered.

Ella's blood was literally chilled with horror as, in overpowering fear, that was too excessive to allow of her even giving vent to it with a cry, she watched it. She did not exactly believe in ghosts, but like many people she had a vague, unreasoning dread of the supernatural; and besides, her mental powers were never of the strongest, never resolute to overcome any sudden impression. When the spectre had passed out of sight, however, her spell-bound limbs resumed their faculties of movement, and with a desperate effort she hastened on; anything seemed better than remaining longer alone in that fearful, solitary place. She made her trembling way to the gate, and turned into the road beyond; but what was her terror when she saw the apparition moving on a little distance in front of her.

Again fear chained her feet to the ground where she stood; the whole moonlit landscape on each side seemed to be whirling round her; but still her eyes were fastened on that mysterious form. At length it reached the Bryants' cottage, where it passed through the door, and thus vanished from her sight.

A terrible notion now got possession of poor Ella: she must have seen Bessie's ghost: the drops of cold anguish stood on her forehead, the very power of thought forsook her; with feet, that now seemed to be winged, she flew down the road and up the avenue. Soon after that Mr. Lindhurst, Miss Nancy, Mrs. Tredwell, the housekeeper, and the whole bevy of servants were standing in the hall of the Priory, with faces of blank consternation, around Miss Ringwood, who lay there insensible. She had fainted with sheer terror the moment she entered the house, and before she could speak a word of explanation.

(*To be continued.*)

HELP FOR STUDY AT HOME.

A LADY, who is probably the best woman Greek scholar in England, when generously helping an effort now being made to raise a college for women in London, said to me, "I am so glad to help, and to try and make it easy for girls to study. I look back with pity on my own youth; I had a pining, a longing after knowledge, which it was then hard indeed to satisfy. I am very pleased girls have now such opportunities for self-improvement."

In London and our large towns facilities for higher education abound and increase. Still in small towns and villages and in remote country places there are many girls with the hunger for knowledge, and scant means for gratifying it: no living teacher; in these hard times, it may be, no money to pay for lessons, could they be had, and but little to spare for books. It is for such girls that the Christian Women's Education Union has begun this year a students' branch, to assist by means of correspondence those whose schoolroom days are over, and who are anxious to carry on their studies.

Members of the students' branch will be expected to work at least six hours a week, which may be divided into periods of not less than half an hour each of uninterrupted study. In addition to this, half an hour is to be given daily to the Scriptures. The only subject prescribed is this. Only those who have tried it know what a blessing a thorough and systematic study of the Bible is, not merely a desultory reading through a chapter every day, but an earnest, reverent endeavour to grasp its meaning. Books to elucidate the Scriptures are numerous and not costly.

Members will be encouraged to avail themselves of the help given by the various University examinations, now open to women, or they may select one or more of the following subjects:—

English Language.	French.	Mathematics.
English Literature.	German.	
Greek.	History.	
Latin.	Physical Geography.	

Once a quarter accounts of studies and lists of books read are to be sent in, and members will receive in return comments upon work done, and suggestions for continuing it. They are invited to mention all difficulties met with either then or as they arise. The student's year to consist of forty weeks, so that plenty of time will be left for holidays.

Members will be asked to pay 1s. a year towards the expenses of postage, &c. All communications to be addressed to Miss Petrie, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, London, W. The women who have undertaken this work are no fancy students; they have proved themselves fit to teach others by hard study and good success at the Universities. For instance, the one who overlooks the Latin and Greek has lately passed the classical tripos at Cambridge; the one who undertakes English language and literature is an undergraduate of University College, where she has won the first prizes for those subjects.

In conclusion, one word may be added as to the inestimable value of these early years of study, when the mind is full of vigour and enthusiasm, and there is little to oppress or distract. When middle life comes, with its manifold occupations and cares, one duty treads on another's heels, till the day is not nearly long enough for all. However great, then, the opportunities, time fails, and, like bees in winter, the mind must subsist on the stored treasures of life's spring and summer.

F. E. W.

A GOOD DAUGHTER

MR. CARLYLE, in his recollections of Mrs. Carlyle, daughter of the Haddington physician, says:—

"She always spoke of her mother with deep affection and great admiration. She said she was so noble and generous that no one ever came near her without being the better. She used to make beautiful presents by saving upon herself,—she economised upon herself to be generous to others; and no one ever served her in the least without experiencing her generosity. She was almost as charming and as much adored as her daughter.

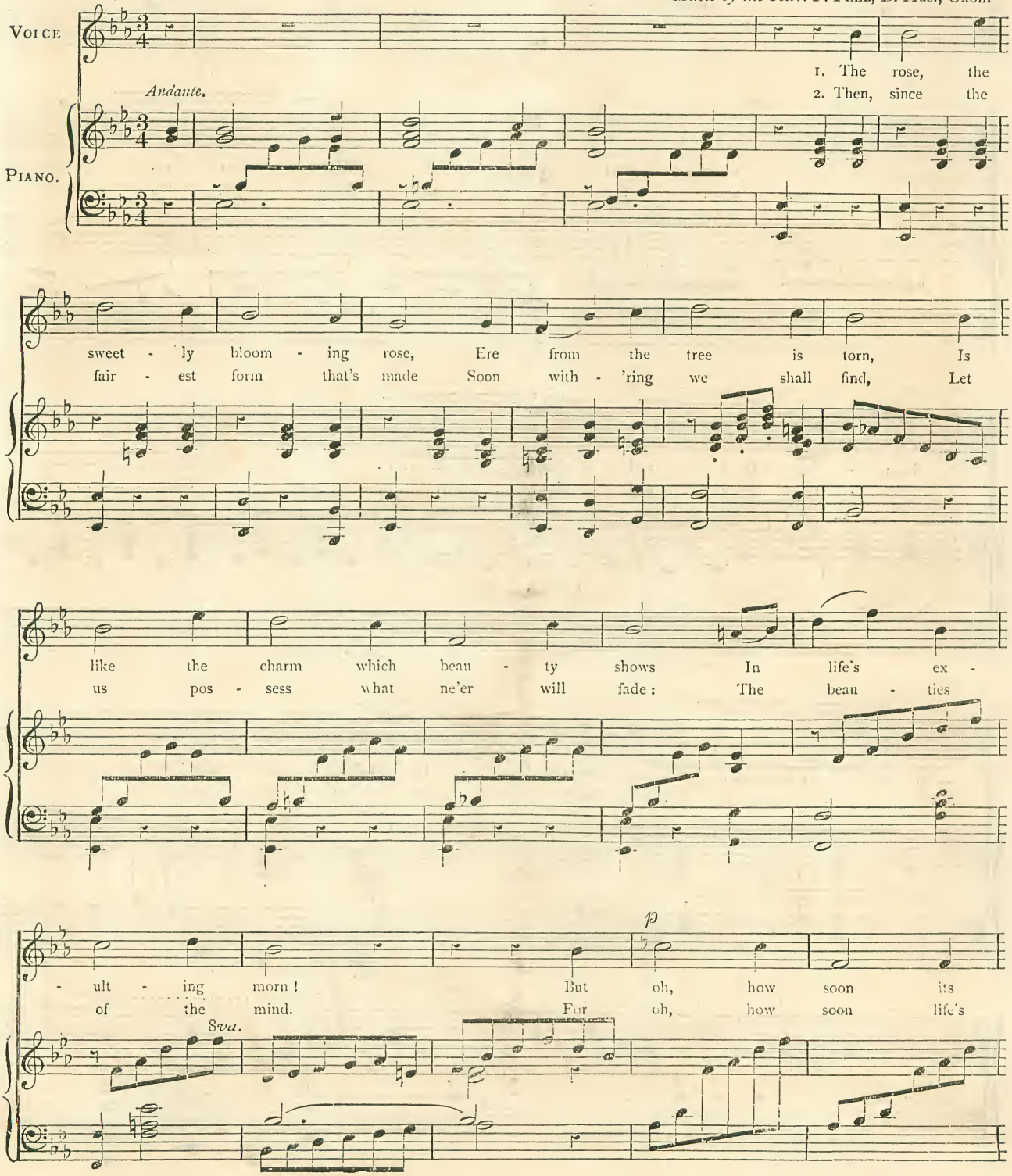
"Of her *father* she always spoke with reverence; he was the only person who had any real influence over her. But, however wilful or indulged she might be, *obedience* to her parents—unquestioning and absolute—lay at the foundation of her life. She was accustomed to say that this habit of obedience to her parents was her salvation through life—that she owed all that was of value in her character to this habit as the foundation. Her father, from what she told me, was a man of strong and noble character—very true, and hating all that was false. She always spoke of any praise he gave her as of a precious possession. She loved him with a deep reverence; and she never spoke of him except to friends whom she valued. It was the highest token of her regard when she told anyone about her father. She told me that once he was summoned to go a sudden journey to see a patient; and he took her with him. It was the greatest favour and pleasure she had ever had. They travelled at night, and were to start for their return by a very early hour in the morning. She used to speak of this journey as something that made her perfectly happy; and during that journey her father told her that her conduct and character satisfied him. It was not often he praised her, and this unreserved flow of communication was very precious to her. Whilst he went to the sick person, she was sent to bed until it should be time to return. She had his watch that she might know the time. When the chaise came round the landlady brought her some tea, but she was in such haste not to keep him waiting that she forgot the *watch;* and they had to return several miles to fetch it! This was the last time she was with her father; a few days afterwards he fell ill of typhus fever, and would not allow her to come into the room. She made her way once to him, and he sent her away. He died of this illness, and it was the very greatest sorrow she ever experienced."

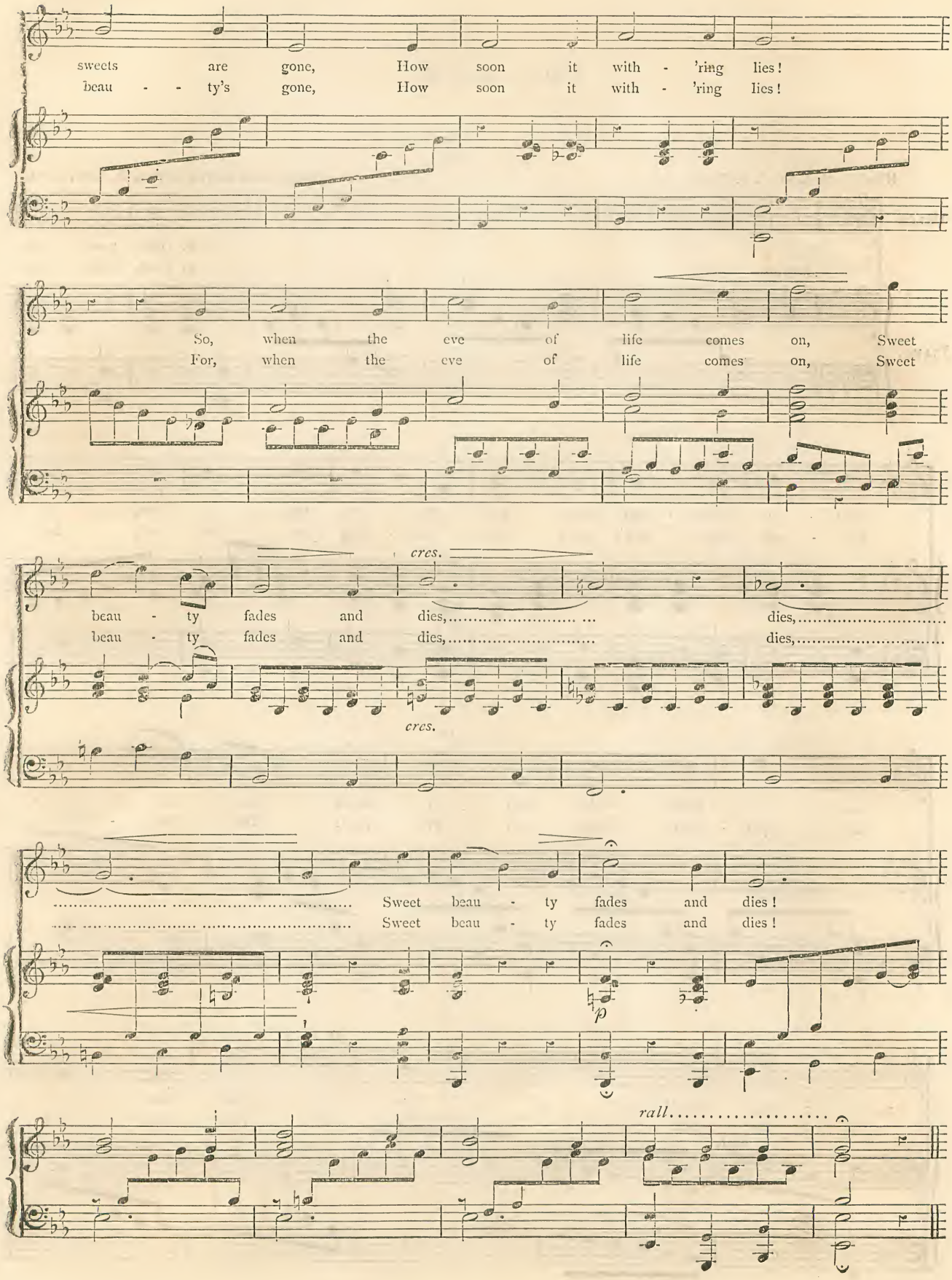


ROSES.

THE ROSE.

Words by the HON. C. F. FOX. *Music by the* REV. F. PEEL, B. Mus., Oxon.




sweets are gone, How soon it with - 'ring lies!
beau - - ty's gone, How soon it with - 'ring lies!
So, when the eve of life comes on, Sweet
For, when the eve of life comes on, Sweet
cres.
beau - ty fades and dies,..... dies,.....
beau - ty fades and dies,..... dies,.....
cres.
..... Sweet beau - ty fades and dies!
..... Sweet beau - ty fades and dies!
p
rall.....

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

III.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK (NIGHT SHIRTS).

Examiners :

MARY LAYBOURN and MARIE KARGER.



EACH successive exhibition shows a marked improvement in neatness, general sewing, and proportion. The word *proportion* here only alludes to the exactitude of each part, *i.e.*, that both sleeves, both shoulders, both wristbands, and even fells and hems should minutely correspond in width and length, points rather overlooked in previous competitions. To adhere to the old recognised proportions would be an idle matter in such a universal contest when no preliminary instructions have been given. Very different is an inspection for schools or societies, where all candidates have received the same training and are acquainted with but few shapes. In the competition of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER each member has been left entirely to herself, to afford her the pleasure of testing her own abilities, and also to give her examiners the opportunity of learning the real knowledge of needlework possessed by the readers. On the whole the trial has been a very favourable one, and, above all, proves two things, viz., the hearty good will of the girls and the superiority of the work of the younger ones, a tangible evidence that recent efforts for the revival of needlework have borne their fruit. Indeed, the three best shirts came from girls of twelve and thirteen, who had certainly undergone a thorough training. Others, on the contrary, had had to fight against even unlooked-for difficulties, such as not being able to obtain the proper material, from living in such a secluded part. One dear girl, who deserves the warmest praise, actually had the energy to set to work almost at the last minute, directly after her release from an hospital where she had been retained by a long illness.

Coming from every part of the world, each night-shirt had its own peculiarity, a diversity which rendered any classification of shape out of the question besides bringing great perplexity into the estimate of the amount of work. Some garments had two gussets, others eight; some had no binders, or only small-shaped ones, while in others the binders extended like a lining all round the body. The seams differed too, they were either sewn inside or outside, or they were run and felled. The hems were rounded or square, and varied in size from the tiny roll to a band an inch wide. Nor were the gathers alike; on one garment they appeared in profusion, and on the next were scarcely seen. The same with the buttonholes; their number varied from one to seven, nay, one shirt must have had about a hundred, for, intended as a real invalid garment, it was made to be detached in four distinct parts, connected by buttons and buttonholes. The worker deserves a special mention for her perseverance, and it is a pity that her buttonholes were rather too small, and her stitches too irregularly close, especially for the thin material employed. Pockets had been thoughtfully introduced into three or four of the shirts, an addition sure to be much valued by hospital people.

The undue closeness of the stitches, visible in the greater part of the stitching and sewing, showed that they had been made by painstaking though not experienced hands. However, the two most general faults were noticeable in the front slit: the buttons, when any, were either placed on a too narrow hem, or on the single material, one rather good worker having even taken the trouble to sew a neat supporting patch under each, instead of more quickly and neatly adding a false hem. The fastening, too, of the over-lapping side was in many cases defective; in some, it was executed by a single or double row of stitching; in others by a tab more or less cumbersome. Either way, the work was not well secured, as the thread was broken off, or else the otherwise nice stitching was not taken through all the folds of the stuff. Not a few prizes were lost for such mere trifles. As already stated, the shape was a point of taste and convenience to the wearer, and therefore had to be left aside together with other minor points open to opinion. But no allowance could be made for the careless fastening off of a thread!

It would be well for all future competitors never to have their garments washed before sending them for inspection, as this prevents a genuine appreciation of the work, and it in many instances shows only too palpably where the stuff has been overstretched.

Another remark: the ticket should be firmly sewn in the most conspicuous part of the garment, and on a single fold, for each article has to be spread open and turned about for a careful scrutiny. Attention to these particulars will confer a boon on the examiners in their bewildering task, and, maybe, save some disappointment through the loss of tickets.

FIRST PRIZE (TWO GUINEAS).

Honywill, Lillie Anne, Petitor-road, St. Mary's Church, South Devon (19).

SECOND PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Mickleson, Agnes E., Orphan Working School, Maitland Park, N.W. (13).

EXTRA PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Bartlett, Ellen E., Orphan Working School, Maitland Park, N.W. (12).

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Peters, Sarah J., 7, Waterloo-place, Clapham, S.W. (20).
Fortescue, Frances Blanche, Castle Hill, North Devon (15½).
Buckle, Florence E., Orphan Working School, Maitland Park, N.W. (12).
Blampied, Louisa Mary, Euterpa House, 3, Chevalier-road, St. Helier's, Jersey (14).
Shilitoe, Clara Maria, Cowton and Sons, 314, Oxford-street (17).
Mackenzie, Annie, Acock's Green, Birmingham (17½).
Clarke, Sarah Elizabeth, Market-place, Holt, Norfolk (18).
Davey, Laura, Westerfield, near Ipswich, Suffolk (15¾).
Bluett, Florence M., 1, Osberton-road, Lee, S.E. (18).
Johnson, Clara, 2, Clitheroe-street, Slade-lane, Longsight, Manchester (18).
Kirke Kathleen, Markham Hall, Tuxford, Newark (16).
Jordan, Alice, Welsh Charity School, Ashford (14).
Needham, Alice, Crown Point, Hassock's-gate, Sussex (15½).
Williams, Edith Mary, St. John's School, Ickham, Wingham, Kent (12).
Saunders, Elizabeth, 50, Crown-street, Oxford-street, W. (23).
Parsons, Harriet, 53, Belsize Park-gardens, South Hampstead, N.W. (18).
Hedderley, Caroline H., Penton Grange, Andover, Hants (17).
Douglas, Constance A., 9, Union-road, Tufnell-park, N. (19).
Plowright, Eliza, Clipsham, near Oakham, Rutland (15).
Flower, Florence, Charminster, Dorchester, Dorsetshire (19).
Plum, E., High-street, St. Neots, Hunts (17½).
Burt, Lilian Mary, 1, Melrose Park-road, Freemantle (16).
Jones, Sarah A., 24, Thurlow-road, Hampstead, N.W. (21).
Walker, Sophie, Church-square, Mountmellick, Queen's Co. (16).
Leakey, Agnes A., The Vicarage, Ravensthorpe, Northampton (19).
Cave, Ada, Victoria Villa, Sheppard-street, New Swindon, Wilts (20).
Brown, Katie Eliza, Summerhill, Dartford, Kent (14).
Biggsley, Sarah, 10, Hillmarton-road, Camden-road, W. (19).
Tuck, Sarah Bertha, 15, Milsom-street, Bath (16).
Headley, Gertrude Louisa, Hardenhuish Rectory, Chippenham, Wilts (21).
Welford, Annie, 77, Wharncliffe-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne (15).

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Darling, Sarah E., 3, Albert-terrace, Saltash, Cornwall (19).
Pedder, Margaret, 13, Somerset-place, Bath (17¾).
French, Ellen Blanche, Woolpit, Bury St. Edmunds (13).
Taunton, Minnie, Freeland, Oxford (22).
De Romestin, Alice, Freeland Parsonage, Oxford (17).
White, Annie M., 47, Lee Park, Blackheath, S.E. (20).
Adcock, Asenath, Syston School, near Leicester (10).
Williams, Katherine, 13, Princess-street, Shrewsbury (14)
Johnson, Alice Maude, Park Lodge, Bisbeck, Cambridgeshire (15).
Easte, Clarisse, care of Miss James, Ivy House, Stoke Ferry, Norfolk (19).
Knight, Fanny, 12, Eglantine-road, Wandsworth (19).
Bathgate, Rosina Annie, 190, Upper Thames-street (14).
Rossiter, Florence B., 20, Church-crescent, South Hackney, E. (17).
Jones, Christiana, Industrial Schools, Swinton, near Manchester (12).
Meadows, Alice M., Fern Cottage, St. Grove, St. James-street, Walthamstow, Essex (17).
Addiscott, Jeannette, 58, Idonia-street, Douglas-street, Deptford, Kent, S.E. (15).
Daws, Gertrude, 10, Chatham-street, Newark-on-Trent (15).
Forster, Charlotte J., 32, Bindfield-road, Clapham-road, S.W. (17½).
Coote, Louisa Mary, 28, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, W. (17).
Hall, Mary Ellen, Market-place, Bedale, Yorkshire (13).
Alcock, Eleanor, The Elms, Mansfield, Notts (18).
Dunham, Eliza, Werndee, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middlesex (19).
Gibant, Margaret Elizabeth, Oaklands Lodge, Trinity-road, Jersey (12).

Hicks, Lavinia, Greenwood Farm, Punnetts Town, Heathfield (19).
Elliott, Lilian Mabel, Basset Mount, Basset, Southampton (14).
Back, Alice Gater, Stratford St. Mary, Suffolk (20).
Hamon, Amelia Gertrude, Charlton House, near 1st Tower, St. Aubin's-road, Jersey (18).
Hall, Gertrude S., the Yews, Gretton, near Kettering (18).
Barham, Elizabeth, Bank Cottage, Brading, Isle of Wight (13).
Halliday, Alice, 1, Arrow Cottages, Clarence-road, East Cowes, Isle of Wight (17).
Reeves, Kate, High-street, Whitstable, Kent (11).
Knott, Minnie Helen, Holcombe, Newton Abbott (14).
Stuart, Effie P., Cambridge House, Stratford-on-Avon (16).
Tate, Annie R., Heckfield, near Winchfield, Hants (20).
White, Lucy Annie, 52, Fairfield-road, Bow, E. (20).
Fayle, Hannah, 5, St. Thomas's-terrace, Glasnevin, Dublin (13¼).
Heeley, Rosa A., Stechford, near Birmingham (16).
Roake, Alice M., Devonshire Terrace, Addlestone, Surrey (20).

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Clenshaw, Marianne, Chatham House, The Hill, Chatham (21).
Shipway, Ada B., Park-street, Wellington, Salop (14¾).
Hope, Sarah Priestlay, Trinity Cottage, Cirencester (23).
Peacock, Mildred Alice, Oakley, West Bromwich, Staffs. (15).
Stevenson, Frances, 284, Camberwell-road, S.E. (18).
Pyle, Lizzie, 66, Crowndale-road, Camden Town (21).
Collett, Rose, 70, Ladbroke Grove-road, Notting Hill (17).
Grierson, Jane Hope, 1, Athole Gardens, Kelvinside, Glasgow (18).
Bell, Carrie, Broomside, Pitlochry, Perthshire, N. B. (15).
Bradley, Ellen Beatrice, 146, Beresford-street, Camberwell (15).
Linnsden, Ada, 8, St. Peter's Green, Bedford (16¼).
Bushill, Marian, 5, Allesley New Road, Coventry (11).
Heron, Agnes Mabel, 162, High-street, Uxbridge, Middlesex (18).
Cox, Annie E., Ivy Cottage, Hall Green, near Birmingham (20).
Speed, Alice, 49, Brockley-road, Brockley, S.E.
Mutton, Lucy, Highfield-street, Market Harborough (15½).
Parkes, Fanny, Chilwell, near Nottingham (15¾).
Bourne, Catherine E., 124, St. Paul's-road, Canonbury, N.
Leslie, Mary W., The Parsonage, Folla Rule, Rothie Norman, N.B. (15½).
Barnett, Helen Stying, Broad Chalk, near Salisbury, Wilts. (18).
Hogg, Mary Maud, 22, Carrol-road, Highgate-road, N.W. (20½).
Ashworth, Katharine, 2, Hill Park-villas, Plymouth (18).
Plowman, Leonora L., Crowhurst, Kingsdown, near Farningham (20).
Morris, Agnes H., 136, High-street, Stourbridge (15).
Brown, Harriet Jane, Sussex-street, Bedale, Yorkshire (12).
Morris, Nellie, British School, Menai Bridge, Anglesea (18).
Bell, Jane E., 7, Mentone-terrace, Mayfield, Edinburgh (15½).
English, M. S., Antrim, Ireland (20).
Whitlock, Louisa, 41, Oakley-street, Chelsea, S.W. (15½).
Dorling, Ellen Beatrice, 2, Knighton Villas, Buckhurst Hill, Essex (20).
Irons, Emily Mary, Milton-road, Tower Hamlets, Walthamstow (17).
Charlton, Florence, 19, Lawton-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland (16).
Townsend, E. Adeline, Ballyhealy House, Kilmore, Co. Wexford, (12).
Parker, Frances E., 55, Elizabeth-street, Eaton-square, S.W. (18).
Braddon, B. G. S., Ty-Mawe, Brecon (14½).
Thring, Bertha, 8, Clifton-terrace, Winchester, Hants (20).
Gooddy, Lucy K., Park-villa, Kingston-on-Thames (20).
Bartlett, Elizabeth, Morchard Bishop, North Devon (18½).
Farley, Fanny C., Dovercourt, Thornton Heath, Croydon, Surrey (16).
Jones, Mary Catherine, National School, Llangefui, Anglesea (13).
Winn, Madeline Bridge, 6, Narrow-street, Peterboro' (12).
Morsden, Annie, William-street, Ryecroft, Ashton-under-Lyne (12).

A DOLL'S LETTERS TO HER MISTRESS.

By JAMES MASON.



"THE LITTLE BARONESS."

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT do you call your doll, Ellen?" said Tom.

"'Arabella,'" answered his sister, "but aunt Minnie calls her 'the little baroness.' Is she not a beauty?"

"And graceful," said Tom.

"And well dressed," said Ellen.

"And clever too, I daresay," said Tom. "Can she speak?"

"Yes, a little: she can say 'papa' and 'mamma.' You must squeeze her this way. No, no, you stupid Tom, you don't understand how. I'll show you."

Ellen took the doll and the little baroness cried "papa" and "mamma" almost as plainly as Ellen herself.

"I am sure she could say a great deal more if she only liked to try," suggested Tom. "Perhaps she can write too."

"Perhaps she can," thought Ellen, but she said nothing. The notion had often come into her head before that the little baroness knew a thing or two. "There are many wonders in the world," she said to herself. "If birds can learn to sing without a singing master, may not dolls learn to write without going to school?"

Tom, too, if he was not making fun of her, which was likely enough, seemed of her mind. Ellen, therefore, now determined on an experiment: she would write to her doll and see if she got any reply.

She wrote that evening, and this was the letter, "My dere littel Barronness. Rite Me a letter, i am sure u can if you only plese. Your *Very* loving Ellen."

She folded this up, addressed it on the outside, "To the littel Barronness Arabella," stuck a used postage stamp on the corner, and slipped it into the pocket of her doll's dress.

The letter was written before supper, and when supper was over Ellen went to bed and soon was fast asleep.

In the middle of the night the moon came to her side of the house and shone down past the yew tree and under the blind, for the blind had not been far enough pulled down. The doll's house stood in a corner, and a great patch of moonlight first lay on the carpet in front and then went slowly creeping up the walls. The doll's house, the home of the little baroness, looked just like a packing box on end. Indeed, it once had been a packing box, but Tom had made it into a very respectable mansion, with a red roof and glass windows, and a green door with a bright yellow knocker. Tom called it Castle Crazy, but its right name was Thunderthumps Castle.

The moonlight wakened the doll. "To sleep with one's face in the moonlight is bad for the complexion," she said, quite loud enough to frighten a little mouse that was nibbling a crumb on the hearth-rug.

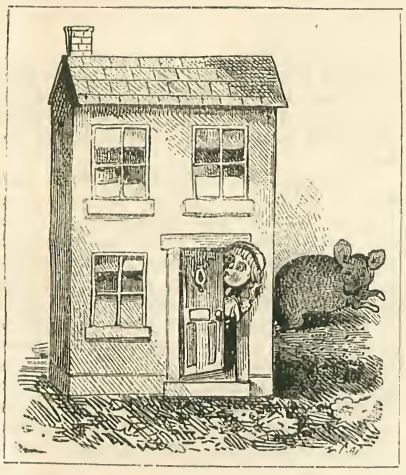
She got up and popped her head out at the door to see that all was still. There was not a sound except the wind rustling the leaves in the garden and the little mouse hurrying away to its hole.

"Nobody about," said the little baroness. "Now I shall have a good time of it," and she danced into the middle of the floor.

She was a smart doll, with a blue dress all covered with gold stars. Her hair was tied with crimson velvet ribbon, she wore a necklace of glass beads, and the nattiest little apron that ever was seen.

"Where has my mistress hidden that footstool?" said she, looking all about. "Ah! there it is. What a child she is, to be sure, for leaving things out of their places."

The little baroness got the footstool on its edge, and wheeled it before her to the window, and you could hear her bones creak the least thing as she went along. They usually did



"'NOBODY ABOUT,' SAID THE LITTLE BARONESS."

that in dry weather. The footstool enabled her to climb on a chair, and there she stood on tiptoe looking out into the garden, and past the garden to the meadow, and past the meadow over the whole weald of Surrey.

"What a beautiful great world it is!" she said to herself. "And there is the old Man in the Moon looking down on it all. But I don't think it can be so beautiful as it once was, for they say the fairies are gone. This is the hour when they used to be out and about. Perhaps one day dolls will have to go, too, and then what a dull great world it will be. I wonder what it was that frightened the fairies and made them take their flight to the stars? My grandmother thought it was because men began to cut up all their grassy ground with ploughs and harrows, and perhaps she was right. It is Board schools that will be the end of us dolls."

These thoughts made our little baroness slightly melancholy, and she stood a long while resting her wooden head on her wooden hand.

All at once she gave a start.

"Yes, I heard them," she exclaimed, with animation. "He said I could do a great deal more if I only liked to try. No doubt I can, and after all one should exert oneself, for, if we are to follow the fairies, we may as well show there is something in us before going away. But what is this in my pocket?"

The little baroness pulled out Ellen's letter, and held it in the moonlight; but all she could make out was that it was a letter addressed to somebody. Her curiosity was aroused, she got down off the chair, groped about for a box of matches that stood on Ellen's cooking stove, and struck a light. There was a taper in her doll's house, she fetched that, placed it when lighted on the floor, and set up a book on end on the side of the light nearest Ellen's bed so that the shadow might fall on Ellen's face.

Then she read the letter.

"My dear mistress," said she, when she had finished, "the spelling might be better, but not the sense, and sense before spelling any day. Little does she imagine," she continued, in a reflective tone, "that it was herself who taught me the alphabet. When she made me look on the same book with her and pointed out the letters I heard them all and learnt them all. Yes, I shall write her a letter—half a dozen of them if she likes. But I must look smart about it, for the night will soon be over."

She gently opened Ellen's desk which stood beside the wall, took out a sheet of paper, a pen, and a bottle of ink. Then she lay down full length on the carpet beside the paper, held the pen up between her and the light to see that it had a good point, gave her head a great shake to stir up her brains, and thus began:—

"MY DEAR ELLEN—or, MY DEAR 'MISSUS,' if you like that better, and think it more respectful—I have your letter. Of course, I can write, and do a lot of things besides.

"You, for one, believe in me, I know; but there are some people who think all stupid except themselves. As if a doll were a fool! Your Sarah calls me good-for-nothing, and says I am as mute as a fish and as grave as a Chinaman. What does she know about it?

"True, I don't giggle at everything out of the common as she does. But is that a fault? I wish she would laugh less and think more. Gravity becomes the like of me best. Besides, Ellen, it preserves the enamel, and a doll must look to her complexion.

"As for speaking, a doll is not made up like most human beings, of a little dust and a great deal of noise. But we have the gift of language for all that. When you hear a sound, and turn round and say 'What's that?' it is most often just I talking to myself—it's a bad habit I learned from you. How I wish, Ellen, you had no bad habits, for then I, who follow your example so much, would have a chance to be perfect.

"What language do I talk? Doll's language, to be sure. It is much the same as that spoken by the birds and beasts, but you would not understand it. Could you ever learn to? Oh! yes; but they say you must eat a live snake first.

"You would like to be told, I guess, who I really am, where I came from, and all that I have seen. Well, Ellen, you shall know everything in time. It is a pleasure to speak of oneself and of one's connections—when these are respectable.

"You call me sometimes 'the little baroness;' very good—you are not far wrong. I come of aristocratic folks—of very aristocratic folks indeed, and without any stretch of imagination, our family tree goes back a long, long way. We were Court people even as long



"HELD THE PEN UP BETWEEN HER AND THE LIGHT."

ago as 'when good King Arthur ruled the land.'

"But we are not anything like what we once were. Poverty has given us dolls many a pinch, and none of us are now even so well off as the witches who, you know, are three-halfpence richer every seven years. We have come down in the world like the owl, with her home in the wood, but who used to be a monarch's daughter and sit on a lady's knee.

"You must not think, however, we are poor in your sense. Dolls' riches are not like yours. I know of no end of what you human beings call treasures, but they are of no use to us.

"It is as well, however, to be contented, and I don't mind saying that, as your doll, I am very happy. One might have a worse mistress than you. Not but that you might be better. Why, for example, did you give me such a slap this morning? Surely there was neither rhyme nor reason for giving me such a slap. If you really want me to learn French, you might take a gentler way than that.

"There is not so much difference between us as you suppose. What are girls but grown-up dolls, just as women are grown-up girls——



"'WHAT A GREAT WORLD IT IS!' SHE SAID."

"Holloa! there goes a little mouse scampering across the floor. But I am not afraid; I was made before nerves came into fashion.

"How stiff my fingers are now! for I am not used to this scratch, scratch, scribble, scribble. But let something be done every day and it soon becomes easy and pleasant; so my pen may in time move as nimbly as your tongue, and that goes for all the world like the clapper of a bell.

"I shall write you again, so be sure to leave me another bit of candle. One might almost have written to-night by moonlight, but the moon won't stop in her journey through the sky, and the nights will soon be dark enough.

"By-the-bye, that was not a very good *carte* you had taken of me. I know I am much handsomer. And why was I not taken with my best things on? It is a shame. I have not had justice done me. A doll, too, of an aristocratic family! Think of that!

"Now I hear the first early blackbird up catching the first early worm. And there, too, is the lark singing for joy to see the first ray of the sun. All good wishes for you, Ellen.

'If thou dost love me as well as I love thee,
How well shall we love one another.'

—I am, your faithful doll,

(Signed) "THE LITTLE BARONESS."

The doll now folded up what she had written, got on her feet, and laid the letter on the top of the chimney of Thunderthumps Castle. Then she put away the paper and laid the book in its place. Just at that minute the cat came from under the table. "Good morning, pussy," said the little baroness, and kissed the cat. Then she went into her house and shut the door.

(*To be continued.*)

A TALE OF A PENNY.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER IV.

"I SUPPOSE," said Flossie, when the story was resumed on the third afternoon, "that the two lives influenced through the want of a penny were those of Edith and Lizzie. I did not like Edith in the least when she left her sister in such a way, but I do like her now."

Mamma smiled at her daughter's earnestness and replied, "Those two lives *were* lastingly influenced; but there is something more to be told. You must not want to know the end of the story until it comes to you in due course. There is no peeping at the last page or two when you are listening to a tale-teller, as some impatient readers do when they are professing to read a story, just to know how it ends. To continue mine:—

The girls had a few more happy days with their relatives, during which everyone noticed the increased unity between the sisters. Probably the effect produced on Edith would have passed away, but for that closer bond of which I spoke to you. The habit of united prayer and of seeking counsel from God's word together was not given up by the girls, consequently there was spiritual growth, and each influenced the other for good.

Edith had refined tastes and persevering industry. Lizzie, with all her warm-heartedness and self-devoting disposition, was often too impulsive, besides being far less orderly and methodical than her elder sister. So each benefited the other, and was herself improved by communion of work and interests.

Lizzie showed her sister the envelope which she had found amongst her parcels, and the two after due deliberation decided on addressing a few grateful lines to Percival Long, Esq., nothing doubting that he was the fatherly gentleman who had been so kind. The letter did not come back, and, on the other hand, there was no reply; so the sisters were left in doubt as to whether it had reached the right person or had been received by a stranger, to whom its contents would prove enigmatical.

Two or three days before the girls were to have returned to their country home they received an unexpected summons which caused their immediate departure.

Mrs. Northcote was again laid on a bed of sickness and needed the presence of her daughters.

Perhaps Edith's filial affection had never before been so severely tested. Her "young groomsman," as Lizzie named Mr. Henry Martin, had accompanied his sister-in-law when she called upon the Northcote girls at "Cousin Helen's." Nothing loth, they had accepted the hearty invitation to stay the evening, and during the remainder of the time that Edith and Lizzie remained in London, scarcely a day passed without their seeing each other. Nora, the young wife, had as yet few household cares, and could devote much of her time to the country sisters. She was delighted to have the company of her own school friend, and charmed with her bright unaffected younger sister. Mr. Henry Martin managed, probably through the sympathetic consideration of his elder brother and partner, to be much less occupied than usual. So pleasant little parties were formed for sight-seeing and little excursions in and about London, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all the individual members thereof.

And in the midst of all this enjoyment came the sorrowful summons to call Edith and Lizzie home. There had been some talk of Lizzie's returning alone before the news arrived telling of Mrs. Northcote's illness. Nora was anxious for both the girls to spend a few days with her at the termination of their visit to Cousin Helen. That Edith wished to accept the invitation there could be no doubt; but Lizzie, while equally anxious for her sister to enjoy a longer stay, had herself decided to return home.

"I do not think we ought both to stay away from mamma," she said; "but if she has one of us, that will suffice for the time, Edie. I will go. You shall stay. The visit to Nora is more to you than it could possibly be to me."

The rising flush on Edith's cheek told that she felt the truth of her sister's words. She made no reply in words; but she bent lovingly towards Lizzie and kissed the bright kind face, the expression of which was one of the most hearty sympathy. The silent caress, the pressure of hands, said more than words. It was in the evening of that day, when Edith had decided, with her mother's consent, to accept Nora's invitation, that the girls received the sorrowful news from home.

There was no doubt that Mr. Henry Martin had been greatly struck with Edith from the time of his brother's marriage, when she officiated as first bridesmaid, and he as groomsman. Her remarkable beauty, her refined manners, her taste, combined with perfect neatness in dress, had all struck him as far beyond what he had ever seen in combination. But while these outside attractions were admirable in their way, he felt they were not all that would be needed to ensure domestic happiness. He feared that Edith prided herself too much on her beauty, and was apt not only to expect homage on account of it, but to undervalue others who did not possess it in the same degree.

"I could not endure a vain, selfish, and self-asserting woman," thought he to himself; "one who would only value a man's honest affection in accordance with the doses of flattery he might administer, or the means which he might place at her disposal for the indulgence of taste in dress or love of display. I want a helpmeet, such as God intended woman to be when he gave her to the man whom he had formed. If only Edith Northcote's inner qualities corresponded to her beautiful person I would endeavour to win her affections. But, whatever else I have in a partner for life, I must try to choose one who will help and not hinder me on the heavenward road."

Probably few persons knew the depth and earnestness of Henry Martin's character, or guessed that what they did see and admire was only the fruit of lessons learned at the feet of Jesus. In society everyone said of him that he was a finished gentleman; so kind, so unselfish, so modest, thinking for the comfort of all whilst regardless of his own. As a lawyer, the clients who consulted the firm could never speak too highly of the unflinching uprightness of the younger brother, though one plain-spoken old gentleman, with a sad lack of the courtesy which distinguished Henry Martin, told him to his face, "Sir, you are as obstinate as a mule. You are not fit for a lawyer. Your business is to win my case for me by using every weapon the law will allow, whether I am right or wrong, provided I pay the bill."

"Then," replied Henry, "I fear I am not fit to be a lawyer, for I cannot fight feeling that I ought to lose the battle, and that if it were won it would be because your purse is long enough to carry the case from court to court, whilst your antagonist, a poor man, would be ruined at the end of the first stage. I could and did fight on your side once, but then you were in the right."

The irascible old gentleman was won over by these words to reconsider his intended action, and to see its injustice. More than that, his really generous nature was stirred to seek a reconciliation with the opponent, who had once been his friend, and a lasting reunion was the result.

He still told Henry Martin in jest that he was not fit to be a lawyer, but he never failed to throw business in the way of the firm, and, in the young man's ear a voice seemed to whisper the sweet words, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

"Child of God." Yes, that was the title to which Henry Martin aspired, and the fellow Christian who saw his daily life felt that such fruit could only spring from the good seed which had taken root in an honest and good heart.

There were poor homes, too, in which Henry was a well-known visitor; whose presence brought sunshine and comfort, both to soul and body. He strove to live, not to himself, but for the good of others, and to the glory of the Master whom he professed to serve. Many wondered that at thirty years of age he was still unmarried, but this peep into his inner life will sufficiently explain the reason. He sought one who would be at least like-minded with himself, and at the same time his habits and tastes were too refined to admit of companionship with a partner who lacked these characteristics, however excellent in other respects. In Edith Northcote he found every external charm, and he was now watching closely to discover if the still more important qualities were also to be found in her. He was also watchful over his own conduct, and, whilst kindness itself towards both the Northcotes, he was most careful to conceal the deeper interest with which Edith had inspired him.

Nora, with feminine quick-sightedness, guessed something of what was in his mind, and joked him about her fair friend.

"You must not be an old bachelor, Henry," she said. "And where would you find a handsomer wife than Edith?"

"If beauty were all," said he, laughing.

"Beauty is not all with Edith," she replied, warming in defence of her friend. "She comes of a good stock; her father has abundant means, if that mattered to you, and the whole family are deservedly respected. And then how tasteful she is! Her appearance would adorn any home, even with a master as fastidious as yourself. She has charming taste, and would be as ornamental as any man could desire, provided his means were sufficiently large to gratify her wishes in the way of dress, and Edith is one of the least extravagant people I know. She combines economy with taste. I only wish I looked half as well dressed by spending twice the money. Both she and Lizzie are splendid housekeepers, too. They have given me many a hint since they came to London, which I hope to profit by. What else could a man want?"

"There is still one thing needful, Nora, and I hope to find that in the girl I ask to be my wife, or I must be an old bachelor."

"I know what you mean, Henry, and if you had asked me whether Edith possessed it, I should have said, 'She is very dear to me; but I do not think she is all you mean in that respect.' Lately, I have noticed a great difference. Not that her *words* have told much; but there is a softened manner, an increased thoughtfulness for others. I can hardly express all I mean; but it seems to me that where Edith would once have put herself before others, she now puts others before herself. She used rather to snub Lizzie, too; now she loves to speak of her sister's good qualities, and of all she, 'stately Edith,' owes to her influence and example. Lizzie is a good girl all through; but for all that, Henry, I should love to have Edith in the family."

"Because you like her better; but then you

see, to me, it is of consequence that *I* should like her better."

Henry left his sister-in-law still in the dark about his feelings towards her friend; but he was looking forward to seeing Edith when she should be Nora's guest. The letter from home, however, deranged his plan. He saw the faces of the sisters pale at the news, and heard Lizzie's prompt words, as she rose from her seat,—

"I must prepare at once. Would it be possible to travel to-night?"

"*We* must prepare, dear," said Edith. "I do not think we can go to-night. Indeed, Harold's letter expressly states that there is no danger, and that papa does not wish us to leave London before the 9.15 train, which is express, and will arrive as soon as the one that starts earlier. This is an attack similar to others which have tried mamma so sadly for years, and we must be with her as soon as possible."

"Could I not go, Edie, and leave you to finish your visit to Nora, as we had arranged? If there were the least sign of danger you should be sent for."

"That is like you, Lizzie, to take the watching and anxiety, and wish to leave me the pleasure. Of course, I had reckoned on my visit to Nora; but it must not be thought of now. We must go together, dear; though," she added, "Lizzie is worth twice as much in a sick room as I am."

The words were simply said, but they touched Henry Martin deeply; and his sister replied to them: "We shall be very sorry to lose you both, and are specially sorry for the cause of your going. But I trust Mrs. Northcote may soon recover her strength, and then we shall look forward to a still longer visit, and from Lizzie as well as yourself, Edith."

Henry himself added, "You are right to go with your sister, Miss Northcote. Now, would you like to send a telegram to your brother?"

"I should, indeed."

"Tell me the exact address and the message you wish conveyed, and I will take it myself."

Edith did so, and Henry put it into few words, read it aloud, and then took it to the office.

The girls lost no time in making their preparations, and on the following morning were speeding on their homeward way. Early as it was, Henry Martin was at the Great Northern station to see them start, and to bring another farewell from Nora and a request for immediate intelligence of their arrival and frequent news of Mrs. Northcote.

It had cost Edith something to give up the visit to Mrs. Martin, on which she had reckoned so much; for old habits, particularly selfish ones, are not to be rooted out all at once. Only a very short time before she would have hesitated and considered if it were possible for her to send Lizzie home alone and for herself to follow a little later.

Happily Lizzie's prompt example and the voice of conscience pointed out the proper course; and the strength to do right for which she had asked on her knees was given her. And now, as the train was carrying her rapidly homeward, Edith felt happy, apart from the anxiety on account of her mother; for conscience spoke approvingly, and the words of one whose approbation she had learned to value, "You are right to go with your sister," still seemed to make a noise in her ear.

Mamma paused, then added, "I shall finish my story to-morrow, children; but I must leave you now."

"We can guess the ending," interposed Madge, and the others nodded, in a confident fashion, as if they, too, knew all about it.

"And we know what two lives were influenced as regarded their future by that penny."

Mamma only laughed, and saying, "Do not be too sure," retreated without further comment

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES

Beyond Life and Behind the Sun.—Truly life is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun; but sweeter is the life beyond life, and more pleasant it is to behold the Sun behind the sun.—*Joseph Cook.*

On the Teacher's Path.—Many of you girls are studying that you may become teachers; some are instructors of the young already. Hear, then, what Niebuhr, the famous German historian and archæologist, says of the calling which you have chosen: "The office of a teacher is one of the most honourable, and, despite of all the evils which now and then disturb its ideal purity, it is for a truly noble heart the happiest path in life."

The Language of the Hand.—With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish; exclaim, indicate silence, and what not; with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the tongue.—*Montaigne.*

Double Acrostic.

Two very diff'rent four-legg'd creatures,
Antagonistic in their natures:
That rarely quits the stream for land,
Yet leaves its eggs along the sand:
This, long in back and short in legs,
Will break the shells and suck those eggs.

The prosy old Philosopher, yet very faithful friend,
Who led the Prince and Princess through their journey without end.

The Cape which transatlantic voy'gers most desire to see;
For then they know their destination cannot distant be.

Among the Channel Islands is a cry for justice heard,
And 'twas Hrolf the Ganger's even-handed justice made the word.

Which are the Alps which form Carinthia's utmost northern bound,
And shut in Salsburg, on the south, with rocky girdle round?

This river rises 'mid Iberian hills, and, rushing down,
Laves the foundations of Augustus Cæsar's famous town.

The German poet, whose acute and philosophic mind
A pleasure in the grim old Scandinavian myths could find.

A little town in Greece, obscure, and only known to fame
By being blended with a dying poet's noble name.

A fertile province, not far hence, that frugal Dutchmen hold,
And change their butter, cheese, flax, hemp, and corn for English gold.

Oh! mournful mother! lost in grief as each fair child departs,
Struck by the fierce, revengeful foe's unerring, mortal darts!

Answers to Buried Heathen Deities (p. 579).—Minerva, Saturn, Venus, Pan, Diana, Mars.

Answers to Buried Shell-fish (p. 579).—Periwinkle, clam, mussel, limpet, cockle, oyster, crab.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Elyoc and Bluestocking.—For "Instruction by Correspondence" address Miss Shore, Fir Grove, Sunninghill, from whom you may obtain a list of subjects, and all other information.

Emmeline.—Green's "History of the English People" would be best read with some other history, such as "Milner's History of England," 5s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Areopagitica.—We feel much obliged to you for taking such pains to copy the famous antiquarian hoax of 1750 for our benefit. Did you intend to hoax us at this late date? If you really wish to know the explanation, you will find it at Dec. 13th of the "Book of Days."

Rosalind.—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is a quotation from "Tristram Shandy." It is probably translated from Henri Estienne, and Herbert has much the same idea in his "Jacula Prudentum." Your pen is far too coarse in the nib.

Marguerite Marie.—Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England" would perhaps suit you, and also Milner's "History of England," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 5s.

H. F.—Write on one side of the paper, and, if in chapters, fasten each chapter or section together with a clip. Write a note, or go to the publishers, and send the manuscript by parcel delivery, or leave it yourself.

Shamrock.—You could only obtain a quiet hour by rising earlier in the morning, and as the days are growing lighter, it will not be so difficult to get up early.

Perplexity.—Apply to Miss Shore, Fir Grove, Sunninghill, for information. Teachers' fees are half price. We wish you all success, and thank you for your kind letter.

Marianne.—We should prefer quality to quantity, and a few lines well done to a page written by a tired child.

Queen Mab.—The St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., trains nurses and gentlewomen for one year or fifteen months. If required by the matron, they serve as assistant nurses, and are paid at the rate of £10 per annum and uniform. Write to the matron.

Gayel.—So far as our experience goes, "Medicus" is quite justified in saying that you must rise early in order to be healthy. All the long-lived and healthy people we know are all early risers; whether they rose at 4 a.m. or at 6 a.m. makes little difference. We think 6 a.m. quite early enough, and please remember Robert Holl's pithy remark, "It matters not what time you get up, but what you do when you are up." We should think early rising, good food, and exercise would be beneficial, and you will probably grow as you get older.

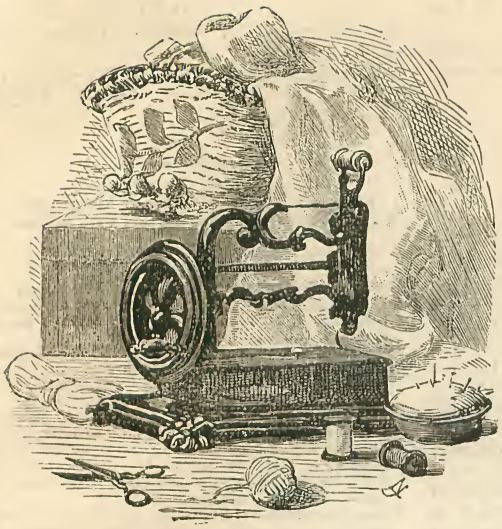
Anglaise.—Write to the "Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Foreign Languages," 96, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, W., for their courses for learning the French language. Hossfeld's method is considered a good one. Inquire there about it.

Wood Anemone.—Scripture history may be studied on Sundays, as well as any other part of the Holy Scriptures. We consider that "ten hours' study a day" would be too much brain work for any one, much more for so young a girl. Time should be allowed for meals, out-door exercise, rest after meals, religious devotions, and the toilet; as well as eight hours of sleep.

Emma Smith.—We regret to say that you cannot have a chance of success in going in for the Senior Scholars' Local Examination on the 25th instant, because your writing, spelling, and grammar have been so sadly neglected. "I never seen your face, yet I regard you as a friend" . . . . "You never gave me no answer," are specimen sentences. When you can write and express yourself better, the study—which you can in the meantime carry on—of the "Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.) will supply you with all the instruction necessary for your examination in the Holy Scriptures.

Katsy.—You will find the "Elements of English History," 1s., by Curtis, exactly what you require. Take one reign at a time for study, and endeavour to make your children understand the connection of historical events.

Mutterchen.—Read our answer to "Annie Falladen" on the books to be read, and see how far a couple of pounds will go in the purchase of books. We think that if you spend £5 per annum out of your income judiciously, it would be enough.



WORK.

JANIE.—Finding that you and one or two other readers have not been able to work the "Fly pattern tricot stripe," described on page 332 of our March number, we gladly re-write it, making some slight alterations, by which means we hope all difficulty will be removed. Commence by making a chain of twelve stitches. 1st Row.—Miss two, tricot one to end of row, you will then have five loops on the needle; make four chain into the last loop in chain. 2nd Row.—Take off first loop on needle, make one chain, take off *two* together, continue making one and taking off two to end of row. 3rd Row.—Make three chain, * draw a loop through the first open space, a second through the perpendicular stitch, and a third through the second opening, take off *three* together, make one chain, and repeat from *, commencing in the same space as last worked into. Make four chain in the third chain stitch at the end of row. These *two* last rows are to be worked until the stripe is the length required. The number and colour of the stripes must depend upon the size and purpose for which the couvrette is intended.

MISCELLANEOUS.

B.—Parodies on familiar poems may sometimes amuse, but we do not admire the taste which could suggest a ludicrous parody on so touching a poem as "The Children's Home."

M. A. I.—We must decline to answer questions as to what days of the week past dates fell upon. If they refer to birthdays the inquiry is probably from foolish notions as to the "luck" of certain days, and the answer is of no importance to other readers of our paper. Our answers are chiefly intended to give advice or useful information.

VIOLET.—A poor girl, if she be wise, will wear a dress at a wedding which will be serviceable on many other occasions. "Five shillings how best expended in a present, not anything of dress, yet useful? Try to learn what the young man needs." If he has a good Bible and prayer-book, get something suitable to his position and age. A good knife, with various blades and tools in it, can be got for a crown.

ÆSTHETIC.—*It is* usual not to proclaim the intention to get up a testimonial, and therefore it is not usual to ask a minister's relatives for subscriptions, except they live at a distance, and even then it is better not to apply to them.

BOOK STAINS.—The brown disfigurements of pictures and pages cannot be removed. They arise from decomposition of the paper.

EUNOIA.—An apology and a confession must be made. In reply to an inquiry about Barbuda it was said that the Editor did not know such a place, and suggested that Bermuda and Barbadoes had been muddled up together. He ought not to have trusted to memory, but to have consulted one of his table books of reference, "Miluer's Geography," published at 56, Paternoster-row. Barbuda is one of the Carribean or the Windward islands in the West Indies. Its area is about seventy-five square miles: about fifteen miles long, and eight broad. It lies twenty-seven miles north of Antigua. Corn, cotton, spices, and tobacco are grown there, but not sugar. The island is fertile and well wooded, the forests abounding with game and deer. We thank correspondents who have kindly pointed out the error.

AZILI.—Tell your brother to watch the host. A girl must take the arm offered. The left arm is right usually, but there may be architectural reasons for varying the usage. It might be awkward on a companion ladder or a cork-screw staircase.

GLADYS.—The letter ascribed to the Saviour is apocryphal. Nor is any authentic likeness known. All these objects are intended for sale, and to gratify vain curiosity.

PERPLEXED.—Good colours do not need artificial bringing up. The tipping of some part with gum may help to bring up nature, as in the shiny petals of the buttercup.

ELLA.—Think of Him who was meek and lowly, and never angry except at sin and wrong-doing. One with so great love of flowers should not have so unruly a temper.

OLD PICTURE.—Leave the eyelashes alone. They will improve with the improving health. Read our papers on handwriting in previous volumes.

TOM CAT.—There is no likelihood of your making money by copying law documents. Too many are thus engaged, in London at least. In the country you can make inquiry. Read the story in the first part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, entitled "A Sister's Love."

CHOCOLATE.—Damp moss will keep flowers fresh for a time.

JUPITER.—Inquire at a postal telegraph office. Civil inquiry will probably evoke useful information.

GUINEVERE.—The mould or jam may be due to various causes. The fruit may have been bad; the proportion of sugar wrong; the boiling insufficient, or the air not properly excluded.

VESUVIUS.—Trained artists make these floral cards. Your specimens have no money value.

J. H. R.—Try turpentine for removing the tar stains.

S. E. E.—The members of various trades or guilds were the original freemen of London and other cities. The members are not now necessarily usually engaged in trade. In the *Leisure Hour* for November, 1880, there were papers upon "The City: its Corporation and Guilds." Conferring the Freedom of the City is an honour bestowed on notable and distinguished persons by vote of the Court of Common Council, and is usually a ceremony of an imposing kind in the Guild-hall.

ROBERTA.—Afternoon tea is usually served upon a small table, with cut bread and butter, biscuits, or cake. Your home must be in a very secluded place if this is new to you.

LOVER OF THE G. O. P.—Consciousness of fault is the first step towards improvement. Your temper will improve. Many unpleasant occupations have to be borne under sense of duty. Your thoughts of home should be cherished as pleasures of memory and pleasures of hope, and not nursed as painful longings.

FAITHFUL.—Scrofulous complaints were called the King's Evil, because it was formerly a superstitious belief that the touch of a royal hand could cure them.

RUTH.—Bridesmaids supply their own dresses. It must be a very special case where it is necessary to supply a dress.

SNOWDROP.—Marriage at a Registrar's office is equally legal with marriage at a church. In fact, the registration in the vestry, before witnesses, is the only legal part of the wedding. It is the same in Catholic churches, and abroad, as with us in England.

A. G. C.—Jewellers always use silk in threading coral beads.

KATE B. G.—A paper on valentines will be found in our first volume, for February. March 21, 1861, was a Saturday.

I. G.—Ask some local shopkeeper. In London the only place we know is the office for sale of ladies' work in Sloane-street. There are others, but only for subscribers.

MARY ANNE.—The letters "M. E. E." at the corner of many of our illustrations are the initials of the artist.

CHILD.—Follow the doctor's advice. We give general advice, but he may have special reasons for ordering wine. Starch powder is harmless.

DAFFODILLY.—Lord Beaconsfield in his last illness said that he was born in the Adelphi, London, where his father then had rooms. Even the bedroom was half-filled with books, so that the novelist was literally born in a library.

MOUSE.—A courtesy without words is a stiff way of expressing thankfulness. Say what you feel. And if the lady is so kind, take an opportunity of asking her advice about your musical sister.

SENGA.—May-day probably arose from the Roman custom of holding a festival in honour of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers. It has long been a gala day with sweeps.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—To preserve eggs the chief principles are exclusion of air, keeping the small end downwards, and a cool place. Smearing the shell with oil or with gum arabic is the method which some adopt for excluding the air, or a solution of quicklime and salt, of consistence just to cause an egg to swim with its top at the surface of the liquid.

EGGS AND BACON.—Your writing is almost illegible. See our articles on handwriting.

TWO HAZELS.—As you confess to dislike music very much, your wish to buy a violin and teach yourself to play would certainly cause disappointment to yourself and annoyance to others. You may employ your time better.

MATTIE.—We get showers of "poetry," especially in spring. The sentiments are good, but the verses scarcely up to the mark for publication. "Cares lay deep in every heart," you mean lie, not lay, the latter being an active verb, as when you say, "a hen lay an egg."

ANXIOUS DAPHNE.—You have the qualification for a governess to young pupils, but we cannot help you by advice as to finding a situation. Recommendation of friends and advertising are the only ways known to us.

WITTER.—Get fresh moulds for the pots. It is difficult to destroy the small worms without injuring the plants. Consult a gardener.

CORBETT.—Wear the ring on any finger that you like. It shows more sense in a girl of seventeen to wear none. Marmalade can be bought in every town and village so cheap, and from good houses, that we advise you not to take the trouble to make it at home. It will cost more and probably be inferior to what you can buy. Keiller's Dundee marmalade is sure to be sold in the Scottish town from which you write.

A. B. C. D.—You complain of letters left in your pocket being looked at. Why then leave them there?

RACHEL GREY.—The lines are translated from the Latin of Horace. A little book, "The New Companion to the Bible," may help you, or a smaller book, "The Bible Reader's Help," both published at 56, Paternoster-row, and can be ordered through a bookseller.

TALMAGH.—*Pro tem.* is contracted from *pro tempore*, for the time. *Ex off.*, means by virtue of office, as when a chairman of a company presides at a meeting as the principal person present, or by rule if so provided.

PEACE.—We have told what to do with cold meat in our lessons on cookery.

E. LOWE.—The volumes can be purchased at Sydney or Melbourne, and many foreign places, very soon after they are sold in England. Thousands of volumes are sold abroad.

WINNIE.—Cheap gloves are dearest in the end. One good pair outlasts four or five bad ones. Always blow into the gloves and pull them straight when laying them aside. If you throw them down anywhere they will soon look shabby.

SONGER.—Pronounce suite (of rooms or furniture) as if written sweet. Someone within sound of your voice must advise as to its capability for being trained.

NANCY.—There is no rule. We lately witnessed an elegant marriage, when the bride was dressed in a travelling costume, with hat and short veil.

F. A.—The deal tables with black and gilt legs are common in London. They cost little, and are capable of being adorned with crewel work or other tasteful cover. Write to Whiteley, Westbourne-grove, who would tell price and carriage.

EUDOIA.—You cannot well stain glass at home, but there are many other ways of covering and ornamenting windows, where light is not needed, or disagreeable views to be concealed.

SHAMROCK.—*Sic itur ad astra* literally is, "thus it goes up to the stars," meaning this is the way of rising to heaven from earth, a motto applied to earthly ambition, but applicable to higher aims.

E. M. H.—Some of the cheap editions of Chaucer have a glossary. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" can be understood in its general drift by knowing the origin of the poem, but many of the finest passages are expressions of the author's deeper thoughts on Divine Providence and human life.

URSULA.—"Selah" in the Psalter is understood to denote a musical pause other direction to the singers in the Temple services of the Jews.

CATHERINE.—Turpentine takes paint off most textures. Try cautiously.

MOTTA.—You have to be trained in order to become a hospital nurse. If to be sent out privately, advertisements will give information. Ask a clergyman or physician.

A. M. C.—You could borrow in Glasgow a Bible in any language, from which the illuminated texts could be copied

JEANIE DEANS.—Too many ask this question—how to find remunerative work? In Edinburgh we should think this very difficult in any branch of tuition, education being there so abundant and cheap. Inquire at the School of Art about art work.

DULCAMARA.—The use of the past "learnt" instead of "learned" is becoming general. It has the advantage of distinguishing from the adjective learned. Ouseley's and Macfarren's books are both very good.

L. K.—Look at advertisement columns of papers if you have access to any, or speak to tradesmen. The majority of registry offices are mere traps for getting money. If you put down your name at one of these let them give a written engagement, "no place found, no fee paid."

TIMIDA.—We cannot use one in fifty of the poetical offerings sent to us. The space is more usefully occupied.



VOL. II.—NO. 78. JUNE 25, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOU ARE NOT ONE TO BE DESIRED."

MISS DAUGHTON found Daisy a most tractable pupil, already far better informed on many subjects than Rhoda or Maud. As for Maud, she profited by her sister's counsel so far as to appear in the schoolroom and make a feint of studying. Miss Daughton met her insolent laziness with inexhaustible patience, while Daisy seemed outwardly unmoved by the disagreeable speeches that her cousin chose to make. On the whole, things went on more quietly than could have been expected, and Daisy had glided naturally into her place in the house.

But she was not intimate with anyone. When Miss Daughton, prompted as much, perhaps, by curiosity as by real interest, tried to gain a glimpse into her pupil's inner life, she found the doors quietly closed against her. Daisy was not communicative; questions were answered with the utmost gentleness and courtesy, but the answers told as little as possible. Simple as she seemed, this girl of sixteen was more than a match for the accomplished woman of the world.

Autumn passed into winter, and in the Doctor's house there were busy preparations for Christmas.

"Everybody is coming," said Maud one morning at the breakfast-table. "Here is a note



[*All rights reserved.*]

"HE WALKED STRAIGHT TO DAISY'S SOFA."

from Gertrude Sandon; she promises to arrive on Saturday."

A little later in the day Daisy gathered that Miss Sandon was Maud's bosom friend—the only person of whom Maud was ever known to speak with unqualified praise. Other guests were expected, too; the spare chambers were swept and garnished, and Rhoda, whose housewifely duties were always thoroughly performed, was fully occupied in arranging and directing the servants. Studies were postponed till after Christmas, and Daisy had a great deal of time on her hands.

Miss Sandon was the first to arrive. Saturday afternoon came, and brought a slim little lady, no taller than Daisy, who was muffled up to her nose in costly furs. Maud rushed out to meet her in the hall, and there were rapturous embraces and exclamations. Gertrude was *so* cold, *so* hungry, *so* delighted to see darling Maud again.

All these remarks were uttered in a silvery little voice that might have belonged to a fairy—a voice that, young as it was, was toned by the training of society.

"Miss Sandon is a charming girl," said Miss Daughton to Daisy. "She has perfect style; you will be delighted with her—everybody is."

"She dresses exquisitely," observed Rhoda; "we shall have Maud wanting to copy her costumes."

"I suppose her people are well off," said the governess.

"Not very," Rhoda replied. "In fact, Gertrude Sandon is rather a mystery to me. Her father is dead, and Gertrude and her mother live with General Wade, the mother's brother. Their means are limited, I think; yet Gertrude is always dressed like a princess."

"When she was here last she found out some little nobody of a dressmaker, and employed her," said Miss Daughton.

"Yes, I remember. But the little nobody was clever; I saw some of the things she made. Gertrude has such skill in directing and combining that I believe she gets some of her best costumes very cheaply done."

Maud had gone to Gertrude's room, and the pair did not appear again till half an hour before dinner. Then they entered the drawing-room together, and Daisy had her first full view of Miss Sandon.

Gertrude Sandon was nineteen, and was one of those girls who are old in girlhood, and young in womanhood. She had a very small face with faulty features; but a bright complexion, and large lustrous eyes, dazzled the gazer at once. The rose-flush on her cheek was vivid, and the eyes were magnificent—a clear hazel with long dark lashes. Light brown hair was frizzed and brought low upon the forehead, and the great eyes flashed their quick glances under a mass of tiny curls. Her gown, a wonderful combination of black and gold satin and creamy lace, fitted her to perfection, and gown and wearer seemed expressly made for show and society.

Altogether she was an interesting study for quiet Daisy. The grace with which she managed that spoon-shaped train of hers; the glimpses that one caught of Cinderella-feet encased in fairy shoes; the exquisite art of movement and manner quite fascinated an observer to whom all these charms were new. And yet, as Daisy said to herself, she seemed almost too finished and polished and woman-of-the-worldish for a mere girl of nineteen.

What becomes of all our young girls? This is a question that is often asked now-a-days when the pinafored pet seems to start all at once into the belle, without passing through any intermediate stage. Are the nursery and the drawing-room too near together? And are the world's lessons learned too early, and put into practice too soon?

There is some truth perhaps, after all, in the murmurs of the old folks when they extol the sampler-working damsels of long ago, with their ready blushes and simple ways. We are going back to antique furniture and old-fashioned needlework; is it possibe that there may also be, in some minds, a growing desire to revive the old-fashioned girls? There is something that touches and charms us in Sir Peter Teazle's first impression of his young wife, "Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I first saw you sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working." A picture simple enough, and yet it sets one longing for a glimpse of the maiden of other days, the girl who went to bed soon after the sun, and rose—

"When winking May-buds begin to ope
their golden eyes."

A world of half-forgotten sweets returns with her image; the breath of lavender and cabbage-roses, the scent of home-made conserves and cowslip-wine, and the faint fragrance of *pot pourri*. And we feel that, in some subtle way, those old perfumes symbolise a certain freshness and innocence that are lacking in these enlightened times. We have got the "pretty figured linen gown" again, but not the artless wearer.

Gertrude was civil to Daisy, but honoured her with little notice after their introduction; one or two gentlemen had been invited to dine: a witty young barrister, a retired military man, a rising doctor, and a successful author, and when they made their appearance Miss Sandon's eyes and tongue were busy indeed.

Her liveliness did not flag while dinner was going on. It would have been hard to find out what Dr. Garnett thought of this gay young guest, with her flashing eyes and silvery chatter; he was now, as ever, the cool, courteous host, whose face never revealed the faintest shade of feeling. Rhoda and Maud were both looking their best in black velvet gowns, relieved by scarlet camellias from the greenhouse. Daisy, too, had been allowed to cut a camellia, but hers was pure white, and rested like a snowflake on the bosom of her mourning dress.

The dinner came to an end, but not before Miss Daughton had discovered that Daisy had attracted notice.

Gertrude Sandon was seated with the author at her side, and she certainly exerted herself to the uttermost to secure his whole attention. This young lady always made a point of expending a great deal of force upon lions; and Mr. Alderstone, a popular writer, was really a great lion.

At last Rhoda gave the signal for rising, and the ladies betook themselves to the drawing-room again. It then became evident to Daisy that Miss Sandon was glad to rest and be quiet for a little while; she was either really tired or it was not worth while to be agreeable. She suppressed a yawn, leaned back wearily in a low chair, and half closed those brilliant eyes that had dazzled everybody a few minutes ago.

"You are feeling used up, Gerty," said Maud, with more kindliness than was usual with her. "Some coffee will do you good."

"I have been going out a good deal lately," Gertrude admitted, languidly.

"You always do go out a good deal," Rhoda remarked. "Don't you ever give yourself time for rest?"

"Well—no. I haven't had much rest since I was sixteen. I have been staying at various houses, meeting crowds of people; and what with dancing, lawn-tennis, riding, skating, and making myself generally agreeable, I am rather a wreck, you know."

"Don't make her talk," said Maud. "Why should she exert herself for nothing? Just be quiet, Gerty, till Mr. Alderstone comes in. He is worth talking to, and he will want to engross you."

"Why should you think he will want to engross me?" Gertrude asked, with a little smile.

"Because you are always queen of every circle," Maud answered, admiringly. "No one is noticed when you are in a room."

Miss Daughton, too, smiled. Daisy, in a corner as usual, was regarding Gertrude with the deepest interest, observing every movement of the little figure, and feeling half fascinated and half repelled.

It was not long before the gentlemen came in. At the first sound of their footsteps Gertrude changed her position slightly, arranged the folds of her gown with a deft hand, and was ready to receive attention.

But the lion of the evening did not make for that low chair in which Miss Sandon was so gracefully seated. He walked straight to Daisy's sofa in the corner, and deliberately placed himself by her side.

Four pairs of eyes followed Mr. Alderstone. Miss Daughton's glance was curious and amused; Rhoda's was astonished; Maud's look was first blank surprise and then open anger; and Miss Sandon's face betrayed for an instant decided annoyance.

But Daisy was altogether unconscious

of the looks bestowed upon herself and her companion. Mr. Alderstone began to talk to her, and, quite naturally and easily, she found herself carrying on a conversation. He seemed to choose the very topics that interested her most; sorrow, and shyness, and loneliness were all forgotten for the time, and she followed him into the realms of thought and fancy.

It was the happiest evening that she had ever spent in her uncle's house. But the pleasure soon came to an end, and Mr. Alderstone rose to depart.

"Good night," he said, with genuine kindness; "I shall send you that little book of mine, and hope to meet you again."

As he turned away, she suddenly encountered Maud's angry face, and came out of her dream.

"That girl is not fit for society," she heard Maud mutter to Gertrude; and Rhoda's "Good night" was a degree colder than usual. Poor Daisy went upstairs to her room, conscious that they had spoiled her recollection of past enjoyment. She could not recall her evening with pleasure now; they had cast a cloud upon the brightness, and made her feel like an ill-behaved child.

"I suppose they never will like me," she thought, when her door was closed. "I seem to offend them unawares; it is all very hard and disagreeable. Evidently they don't wish to see me happy!"

And just for five minutes Daisy almost believed herself to be a miserable girl, who had no business to be in the world at all. But she soon began to think more sensibly, and to remember that she had a place in that world which must be filled. It depended upon herself whether it was filled worthily or unworthily; and some of Aunt Cecily's sayings found their way back into her mind. "Don't let the spirit take all the strength out of the body," she used to say. "I know that heart-ache generally does turn to head-ache; but we should give the head as much rest as we can."

To sit up late in a cold room, and nurse one's wrongs, is a great unkindness to one's physical frame. Daisy found herself getting chilly and faint, and sharp pains began to dart through her temples. Common sense prevailed over depression; she went to bed with all speed, and sleep soon came to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care," and undo all the ill that an unquiet mind had wrought.

But if she could have looked inside a certain room that was not far from her own, she would have seen that there were crosses far heavier to bear than hers.

After darkness and slumber had settled down on all the other chambers in Dr. Garnett's house, Gertrude Sandon lay pondering and planning, her busy head resting on her hand.

There was a fire in Gertrude's room; a luxury that had never been granted to Daisy, although Rhoda and Maud always went to bed by a cheerful blaze in cold weather. The young guest had fixed her gaze upon the glowing embers, and the mask that she had worn all day was now quite laid aside. You would hardly have recognised the girl's face, as she lay and watched the red light and the falling ashes; her expression was utterly changed; all the sparkling vivacity was gone.

Once or twice her lips moved, and sighs and broken sentences escaped them. Despite her worldliness, Gertrude was a mere girl in years, over-young to bear the full weight of the burdens that she had made for her own shoulders.

"What shall I do?" she muttered; "how shall I get out of all these dreadful difficulties? There's Maud—no, no; all the Garnetts cling to their money. And I can't go to the old quarters any more; I—yes, I am ashamed sometimes. I wish——"

Her head moved restlessly, and her eyes glittered in the firelight. By-and-bye the muttering began again; and then both her voice and face grew softer. A certain plaintiveness crept into her tone, and her lips quivered, although she shed no tears.

"It might have been all different if my father had lived. Poor father, dying far away in India—how sad it was! And my mother is so fragile and weakly that she never has been, nor can be, a guide. But some girls would have acted differently; I think that little pale-faced Daisy would. Is she really good and simple, or merely an actress? I believe she is real; the shams generally expose themselves somehow. That Mr. Alderstone is a shrewd man, and he liked her. Nobody would ever like me if all were known; and if things go on——"

The bright, restless eyes closed at last just as the fire was dying out. Without a prayer, without a thought of One who is a very present help in trouble, Gertrude Sandon laid down her tired head, and slept soundly till late in the morning.

There are girls who murmur at the peaceful routine of home, and cry out that the romance of life is long delayed. Gertrude Sandon had seen a great deal of so-called romance, and had known many forms of excitement; yet few of her simple-minded sisters would, I think, have envied her dreams that night.

It is a perilous thing to complain when our path lies through green pastures, and beside the waters of comfort. We know not what we ask when we desire change, and plead for a break in the monotony of our course. We may be praying for the tempest that shall sweep away all that we hold dearest and best; or for the blinding mist that shall hide the old way-marks from our sight.

After all, there can be little that is tedious in an unselfish life. The question that the bold yeoman asked of Lady Clara Vere de Vere may be answered with a ready yea by every girl in England.

"Are there no beggars at your gates,
Nor any poor about your lands?"

The very quietest nook in the civilised world contains ample materials for work—work that may win the Master's smile, and bring contentment to the worker's heart.

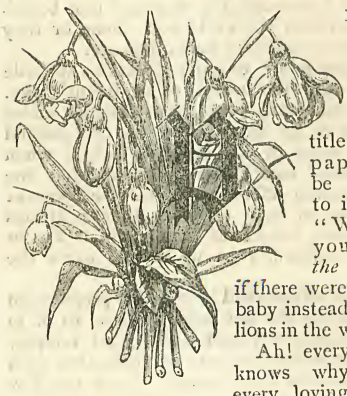
(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO WASH AND DRESS THE BABY.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER II.

LITTLE MOTHERS AT WORK.



PERHAPS someone who reads the title of this paper may be inclined to inquire, "Why do you write *the baby*, as if there were but one baby instead of millions in the world?"

Ah! every mother knows why; and every loving-hearted young nurse knows why. "My baby," says the young mother, "is *the baby* of all the world." And "our baby" is the same to the members of the household, if they are of the right sort.

Knowing, as I do, how many mothers of all ages, as well as their daughters, come to the pages of The Girl's Own Paper, or apply to its editor, for information on all sorts of domestic subjects, I am most anxious to be of use both to them and their young folk. I feel especial sympathy for those who, until they became mothers, never had anything to do with the practical management of little children. Members of large families pick up their experience quite naturally amongst the little brothers and sisters, and the children of the elder ones furnish in turn a baby school for girl aunts. But where a girl is placed as I was (the latest-born and only survivor of a small family, whose only opportunity of nursing was with a borrowed baby, if there happened to be one in a neighbour's house) she is not likely to be very skilful in the manage- of a first arrival, at any rate, when she becomes a wife and mother.

Shall I ever forget my own awkwardness under such circumstances; my utter ignorance of the thousand little ways of making a baby comfortable; my yearning love towards the pink-faced girlie, and matronly pride in the possession of this living treasure, which an empire's wealth would not have sufficed to purchase?

Mingled with such thoughts was a lamentable sense of my own insufficiency and inability to discharge fitly the sacred trust which the possession of the helpless babe entailed upon me. And, as I lay in weakness, and saw skilful hands occupied about my little one and knew my deficiencies, even as regarded the care of its tender frame, other solemn thoughts crossed my mind about the living immortal soul of which that was only the covering.

"Lo! children are an heritage of the Lord," says the inspired Psalmist, and this baby girl was, then, the first instalment which He had given to me. How comforting was the sweet thought that followed: "He who has bestowed will also teach me to treasure His gift and to nurse this child for Him!" I felt then, as I do still after many years, that if there is one human being who, more than another, needs to be instant in prayer, it is surely the mother to whom such a sacred charge is entrusted.

I smile sometimes when I look at the tall

girls who call me mother, and who now, in the way of stature, look down on me, yet who run with willing *feet in my* service, and to save mine a needless step. I smile because I think of the time when I was their willing slave by night and by day, and far more frightened of the first, in her baby years, than all my children put together have ever been of me. But love is a good teacher—especially maternal love—and it is often said that babies bring *that* into the world with them, or they would never be cared for as they are.

I am not going to write directions suitable for the first few weeks of an infant's life. During that early period it is usually under the care of an experienced or professional nurse. Even in the poorest of homes, when the parents' means are so small that the mother cannot afford to pay for the constant attendance of such a person, there is always some kindly neighbour who, without fee or reward, undertakes to wash and dress the baby.

My first advice shall be as to the preparation of the nurse for her work. Take to it in yourself a cleanly person and a good temper, which latter finds its outward reflection in a bright, cheerful countenance. Even the few weeks' old baby shows a marvellous susceptibility to externals, and it would be difficult to say how soon it begins to imitate, or to manifest pleasure at what it sees, if that be pleasant.

On the contrary, who has not noticed the shock which a baby receives from the sound of a harsh voice, or the sight of a sullen, angry face? I have seen a little creature gaze searchingly at its mother's countenance and, if there were no answering smile, the dear eyes have seemed to lose their dancing light, the pretty mouth has formed itself into a sorrowful "pet lip," and perhaps a burst of crying has followed. The more intelligent the infant the more sensitive is it to what some would call trifles.

So, dear nurses, go to your care of the baby as to a real labour of love, and let the love shine in your faces, be heard in the ring of your voices, and be manifested by the absence of all impatience or hastiness of temper, even if you should have a *very cross* baby to deal with. Poor wee things! they cannot tell their troubles, and depend on it, if the baby is "fractious" it has some good reason for it, though you may not be able to find it out. So let your bright face, your endearing words, your cheery song, coax away the puckers from the face of your little charge if all these will do it. But in no case let its cross face be a reflection of your own.

Have nothing about you that can possibly hurt the little one. Rings, brooches, watch-chains, floating ribbons, and ornaments of all kinds are needless and out of place when you are busy with baby Let your hair be smooth and tidy. Examine your dress to see that no stray pin has been stuck on the belt or waist, and that your sleeves are tucked up and fastened so that you neither get them wet nor have them loose and flapping about in baby's face.

Put on a wide flannel apron, of which every nurse should have two—"one to wash the other"—then you will always have a clean one for present use.

Be calm and patient about your work, neither hurrying nor occupying too much time over the washing and dressing business. Handle the little one very tenderly. Even if your work be one of necessity rather than of inclination, let the infant's helplessness plead with you; for remember, a little impatience, a sudden jerk of those delicate limbs, might cause injury to your charge, and to yourself life-long repentance.

Inexperienced nurses are apt to become frightened and flurried if a baby cries, kicks, and screams. But, if the little one is in a passion, there is all the more need for the nurse to be calm, and to oppose patience and firmness to its struggles and clamour. Keep thoroughly master of yourself, dear young nurse, and you will manage baby all the more easily.

Have every requisite ready to your hands before you begin, and let each article of clothing be so placed as to come in its proper turn; so that there may be no rummaging amongst garments, or running about to seek something that ought to be close at your side when wanted. Such neglect tries baby's patience, exposes him to the risk of cold, and you to blame for your want of system and forethought.

Mind that baby, when undressed or in the bath, is not exposed to a draught of cold air. You may guard against this by extemporising a screen in the shape of a clothes'-horse with a sheet or quilt thrown over it.

Here I would say a few words about the clothing of infants. It, as well as the bedding, should combine lightness with warmth. It is of far more importance that it should be plentiful in quantity, and good in quality, so as to secure cleanliness by frequent changes and comfort in the use, than very elaborate in workmanship or much ornamented.

If much trimming is used, by all means let it be in the shape of soft cambric frills or narrow torchon lace.

Muslin work—especially if a laundress is so ill-advised as to stiffen it in order to *make it set well*—is a great cause of irritation to an infant's tender neck and arms.

A good nurse will pass her finger round the bands and along the seams of all clothing that is likely to come in contact with the child's skin. If she finds any roughness or sharp points, she rubs them before putting on the garment.

This is not the place to enumerate the articles which compose an infant's wardrobe; but I should like to mention one. The little lawn or cambric shirts worn during the first few weeks are usually made open in the front, from top to bottom. I have always used and recommended a shirt made of one width of the linen, with a single seam at the side, but open on the shoulders, on each of which it fastens with a small linen button and loop. It is slipped over the head so easily; there is no twisting of arms to get them into sleeves; it is quickly fastened, and, when on, it keeps its place and looks pretty, which is more than can be said of the old-fashioned open article, with its useless laps and generally untidy effect.

As a baby should not only be washed, but have a bath every morning, the vessel used should be large enough to hold it comfortably, but rather shallow. The temperature of the water should be about 90 deg.; but, as young nurses have not always a thermometer at hand, they should try it with the back of the hand, or, as I have seen some old nurses do, with the tip of the tongue. The whole hand is not a safe test, especially if it be one accustomed to work, as the skin becomes hardened and can bear much greater heat or cold than it would be safe to use for an infant's bath.

I have read some terrible cases of suffering, and even loss of life, which have been caused by the carelessness of young nurses in not ascertaining that the water was of a proper temperature before putting in the child.

Soap of a non-irritating quality and a soft sponge must be used. If the infant is quite young, the left hand must be placed below its neck, so as to support the head above water. The whole body, including the head, should be well soaped and then gently sponged, care being taken to rinse well all the little folds and creases, so that nothing impure or irritating may be retained there. Soft, half-worn towels of nursery diaper are the best to dry with, and this should be tenderly done with due consideration for the delicate skin. The moisture should be absorbed from all bends and creases by gentle pressure—never by rubbing; though the back and limbs will be all the better for a little friction with the hand. Baby likes this when he is first undressed and after washing, and enjoys stretching his round limbs on his nurse's knee whilst she gives them a gentle chafing within reach of the warmth of a fire.

All the creases below the arms, knees, in the dimpled neck, behind the ears, between the thighs and body should be well powdered to prevent the chafing of the skin, and this ought to be done after every change of clothing or sponging, by night or day. A very able and experienced medical man, who has written a valuable work, within a very small compass, on sick and other nursing, advises the use of powdered starch for what we call *puffing* the baby.

Considering how much we have heard of the introduction of deleterious ingredients into what are called "violet powders," we must recognise the wisdom of this advice. It is of no consequence whether the powder is perfumed or not, but it is of the greatest importance that it should be pure and harmless. The powdering must never be neglected if baby's skin has been damped, so whenever sponging is requisite, the puff is also absolutely necessary.

One occasionally sees the scalp of an infant covered or patched with an unsightly crust. This is usually the result of insufficient or careless washing. At the first sign of it, the spot should be anointed with a bit of pure lard or a little olive oil. This will soften the crust, and it will generally come off during washing; but great care must be taken not to use any degree of violence to remove it. The simple application named and persistent cleanliness are the proper remedies both to take it away and prevent its recurrence.

A quite young baby needs, as I have already said, the supporting hand of the nurse to keep the head above water. An older infant that can sit up strongly and has learned to kick about in and enjoy the water, equally needs the watchful eye of the nurse, and should never be *left* in the bath for a moment.

A very little water and a very short time have proved sufficient to drown an infant before now, during the momentary absence of the nurse.

In fastening the clothes, use as few pins as possible, and let the pins be well-made safety pins. Wherever strings, buttons, and loops, or a stitch can be used instead, by all means substitute one of these. Always have a needle and thread beside you during the dressing process.

A second bath at night is not necessary, only light sponging on the nurse's knee. The head should not be wetted in the evening, and after the morning bath the hair should be gently but thoroughly dried, and brushed with a very soft brush. Warm or tepid water is necessary during the first two or three years of a child's life, perhaps even longer in the cases of delicate children.

It is astonishing how very soon infants may be taught habits of cleanliness and regularity in taking food and rest. These things depend, almost wholly, on the care and attention bestowed by those who have the charge of them. Remember, dear mothers and young nurses, that it is from *you*, who are always about it, that the little one receives its first and most durable impressions, whether for good or evil, and as regards both mind and body. Can you, then, be too careful with respect to what you do for it; or too prayerful and watchful over yourself in order that

from you it may receive nothing but what is good?

After the bath a baby is generally ready for its food, and the meal is pretty certain to be followed by its morning sleep. If the mother nurses her infant herself and a young helper has washed and dressed it, the latter should put away the articles that are done with, empty and dry the bath, and expose night clothes and towels, if possible to the open air. Never be in a hurry to wrap up clothing or cover up beds. Let them have plenty of fresh air, or at least as much as you can possibly give them. I ought to have said the moment baby is taken out of his cot, the bed should be shaken up and all the bedding spread out and thus exposed. It is an excellent plan to have two sets of sheets in use, one for nights and the other for days; then this airing can be well carried out.

Often, when travelling in Switzerland, I have been struck with the carefulness of the people in airing their beds. As you pass through a village in the early morning, if you look from the windows of the diligence, you will see the beds, which are small, light, and much more portable than ours, hanging from every casement. They are turned over and exposed for hours to the fresh air and light, a process which must tend greatly to their purification and to the health of those who use them.

By all means imitate as far as possible this excellent example, and, though our cumbrous beds cannot be hung out in like manner, we may give them the benefit of frequent exposure to air and light.

Baby's little bed or mattress, from its small size, has a better chance than any other, so let him have the full advantage of this.

In my next chapter I shall try to give simple instructions on "How to Nurse the Baby."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.

"So your friend is to arrive to-day, is she, Madge?" said Mr. Colville, one morning in June, as they sat at breakfast. "Miss—Miss Dolabella—let me see, *what* is her name?"

"Dorothy, papa; Dorothy Snow."

"Sweet thing in names, certainly," remarked Tom. "I say, Madge, what is she like?"

"Well, I have not seen her for more than two years, as, being my senior, she left school before I did, and we have never met since. But I used to admire her immensely; she was very tall and very dark and handsome, and I thought her very clever, but then I think schoolgirls always exaggerate the good qualities of their friends."

"H'm, glad she's nice-looking," said Tom, complacently, with a glance at the pier-glass, as he fingered his collar and tie delicately with his finger tips, to make sure they were arranged as they should be. Tom was at that age when, though exceedingly boyish in many ways, he still felt himself very much grown up and manly. He began to feel an interest in the cut of his coat, and displayed even anxiety about the shape of his hats.

"Oh, my dear boy, she will very soon *crush* you if you evince any admiration, I'm quite sure," cried Margaret, laughing. "Do is so splendidly strong and tall, she could pick you up in her finger and thumb, almost."

"May we call her Do, too, Madge?" asked Dick.

"No; of course, you must say Miss Snow,' unless she tells you you need not. She used to be so teased about her name at school, they always used to call her 'Do Snow,' but I beg you won't do that."

The meeting between the friends was hearty and warm, for, though a correspondence had been kept up, they had not seen one another since the old days at school, and there would be large arrears of talk to make up during Dorothy's fortnight's visit.

Margaret knew quite well that her friend's home was a more luxurious one than her own. With plenty of servants it was not likely that she would take any part in household matters herself, and Margaret could not help wondering what she would think of the innumerable duties which devolved upon the mistress of the Colville household.

The morning after Dorothy's arrival, Margaret, with some little hesitation, asked if she would excuse her for half an hour, and having no idea of attempting to hide anything of the sort, explained that she usually made the pastry herself instead of trusting it to a not very efficient maid.

To her surprise, Dorothy begged to be allowed to come and help, or at any rate look on, for her mother had lately taken up the idea of her learning all about cooking and cleaning, and so, having been "learning hard" lately, she would be delighted to continue her education.

Of course Margaret was only too pleased, and so it happened that some of their merriest times were spent by the two girls in the kitchen.

One morning, as Margaret was tying on her large apron and rolling up her sleeves preparatory to a plunge in the flour tub, Dorothy bethought her of certain items of cookery in which she considered herself proficient.

"Did you not say, Margery, that the Trents are coming to supper to-night?" asked she.

"Yes, they are," replied Margaret, "I want you to see Mrs. Trent, she is such a good friend to me."

"Oh, then, do let me make some delicacies for supper," cried Dorothy. "You need not look so alarmed, I can make a select few dishes *beautifully*. Now, if you will consent, you shall have the loveliest jelly you ever tasted, which will cost a mere nothing. Do you happen to have any very cheap claret in the house? That at 10d. a bottle will do."

"No, I fear we have not, but Betsy shall go and get a bottle; or stay, perhaps, as she is a teetotaler, she might not like the errand, so we will go ourselves as my pastry will not be required."

"But we must provide something else for supper besides. One jelly is hardly enough."

"No, hardly. Let me see, there will be the cold lamb and mint sauce——"

"Will you not have a salad with mayonnaise sauce also? I feel competent for that; even mamma praises my mayonnaise sauce!"

"That will do very nicely, and, with a dish of gooseberry fool, I think there will be enough. We do not usually make much difference for the Trents."

After their purchases were made the girls set to work at their cooking, Dorothy having borrowed one of Margaret's aprons and pairs of sleeves.

"Now, look here, Margery, you ought to learn how to make this jelly; it is so nice and cheap withal," said Dorothy, as she uncorked the bottle of wine. "See now, I simply put into my earthenware pot 1 oz. of gelatine, a fourpenny jar of red currant jelly, the rind and juice of one lemon, ¾ lb. of loaf sugar, and the claret. They are to simmer gently till the gelatine is melted, and then boil for five minutes. That is the whole process. Now I strain it into this mould, which has been standing in cold water meanwhile, and there you are."

"That is an easily-made jelly, certainly," said Margaret, admiringly; "and I must say it looks nice, too."

"I should think it was nice indeed!" Dorothy exclaimed. "At home, when we want it specially good, we put in a small cupful of brandy also. And when the jelly is turned out we pour round it some cream, sweetened and flavoured with almond or anything we choose. But it is quite good enough for ordinary occasions without these expensive adjuncts."

"Now for the mayonnaise sauce, Do. But would it not be better to leave the making of that till nearer the time?"

"Oh, no, it will not matter; of course, we will not pour it over the salad till just before supper. You have to put the yolk of an egg into a basin, *so* (oh dear, how difficult it is to separate the yolk and white!) also a little white pepper and salt, and a quarter teaspoonful of mustard. Then you mix them well together."

"How much salad oil shall you allow?" asked Margaret, looking on with much interest.

"I believe tastes differ about that, but I have been instructed that ¼ pint is about right. It must not be put in all at once, you observe, but just very slowly, drop by drop, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon, until about half of it is used. Next, I put in the least little drop of vinegar, Tarragon and the ordinary kind mixed, and then go on very slowly adding the remainder of the oil. There, this is turning out very well, as smooth as cream, and yet not oily-looking. Now it ought to have a teaspoonful of whipped cream added, but perhaps town milk does not yield cream?"

"Yes, it does, more or less," answered Margaret, fetching a basin from the pantry. "Betsy always puts it to stand when it comes in, and though the cream is not as thick as it might be, still we should not fancy our tea and coffee without it. Why, how clever you are, Do; and you pretended to be *such* an ignoramus."

"So I am; I have very nearly come to the end of my cooking capabilities already, and I know simply nothing of the management of a house. Now we must put this sauce in the very coolest place you have till it is wanted, and then, please, let me watch you make the gooseberry fool."

Margaret began by putting the green gooseberries into a jar with a little water, and a good deal of sugar.

This was set in a saucepan of boiling water, which was let boil till the fruit was soft enough to mash. After being reduced to a pulp, it was worked through a colander into a basin. Next some cold milk and cream should have been added, but, as the latter was not plentiful, Margaret used a little corn flour instead. Allowing a pint of milk to the same measure of pulp, she put it on to boil, then mixed the corn flour (in the proportion of one teaspoonful to each pint of milk) in a cup of cold milk, and added it to the rest in the saucepan. After boiling, it was slowly stirred into the fruit. Margaret then tasted it, and made a wry face at the sourness.

"What, sour after all that sugar?" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Yes, it does take such a quantity," Margaret replied, as she added more, "and it is simply uneatable if you stint the sugar. Now you have seen the whole mystery of gooseberry fool, so, when I have told Betsy to be sure and put plenty of sugar to the mint sauce,

suppose we have a run round the garden before dinner?"

Mr. Colville unexpectedly joined them at that meal. As this was a very rare occurrence, he said he would be treated as a guest, and refused to take the head of the table, which post Margaret was anxious to vacate, declaring she would be too nervous to carve properly with her father looking on.

"But you carve splendidly, Madge; I have often noticed and admired your skill," said Dorothy.

"I do better than some girls, I think, because it is not usually considered necessary for them to know how. I was determined to learn, because I have to do it so often."

"And it is certainly a very useful accomplishment," said Dorothy; "one feels so utterly stupid at having to refuse if asked."

"It is still worse to make the attempt and fail," remarked Mr. Colville. "You know, Miss Snow, many people, ladies particularly, think it quite enough if they are able to cut a joint to pieces; anything beyond that they consider gluttonous epicureanism. Of course, one undoubtedly enjoys one's dinner more if it be well cut, but the chief thing is that a joint goes twice as far, so it is most economical. And, as old Dr. Kitchener says, 'A dexterous carver will help half-a-dozen people in half the time one of your would-be-thought polite folks wastes in making civil faces to a single guest.'"

"What delightfully plain speaking," laughed Dorothy.

"Then, every carver ought to know which is considered the best part of whatever he may be serving," continued Mr. Colville, "for some people would be quite offended if, when dining out, they were not helped to, for instance, some of the thin part of salmon as well as the thick, or the fins of turbot, or if they had any other part than the wing of a fowl, the back of a hare, or the breast of turkey. However, I must defer the rest of my discourse on the merits of good carving till a more favourable opportunity, for I see it is time I was off."

The next day the two girls had betaken themselves to a pretty summer-house in the garden for a chat after dinner, when Betsy brought some letters to them which the postman had just left.

The summer-house was a rustic and, it must be added, an unsteady-looking erection. It had been built, at great pains and labour, by Tom and Dick, as a pleasant surprise for their father on his return from a recent short absence from home. They intended the family to have tea in it on the evening of Mr. Colville's arrival; but Margaret thought she detected a slightly slanting tendency about the walls, and trembled for the safety of her pretty tea-set, and likewise of their own heads. So she suggested tea on the lawn, from whence they could *look* at the summer-house, and, as she pointed out, see it much better than if they were inside. And a happy thing it was that her idea was carried out, for during their merry meal Dick stepped into the edifice, and, to prove its strength, rashly shook one of the uprights with both hands. The whole affair tottered for an instant, and then entirely collapsed, burying the young architect in its ruins. The hapless youth, when extricated, was found to be unhurt (save in his mind, which was considerably wounded), and with the aid of a carpenter the summer-house once more reared its head in beauty and strength, surpassing its original state.

In fact, it could now be pronounced safe, and here it was that Margaret and Dorothy sat to read their letters that fine June day.

"Do you know, I think Betsy must have had a letter from her dear baker, she looked so beaming," said Dorothy. "I have heard from home, and mamma says she hopes I shall one day blossom forth into another such a model young housekeeper as you are. But she does not seem very sanguine about it, I must confess."

"Now, Do, don't you flatter me so; pray, what have you been saying to Mrs. Snow about me? I must write and tell her the truth. My letter is from Joanna, and I think I will read it out loud to you, because, whether you like it or not, it will be very useful for your education. I asked a number of questions the last time I wrote, and she says, in answer to one *àpropos* of my bill file, 'By all means keep your paid and receipted bills, all of them, excepting those for very trifling sums. Put them on the file till the end of the quarter, then take them off, and having labelled and stitched them together, put them away in some safe place.

"'For cool summer drinks nothing is better than different sorts of "ades." The nicest possible lemonade is made thus:—Remove the peel and every scrap of white, and also the pips, from three lemons. Slice them and lay them, with the peel of one, in a quart jug. Add half-a-pound or more of loaf-sugar, and fill the jug with boiling water. When cold, this is just as good as some of the complicated lemonades. Another pleasant drink is made by substituting for the lemon slices of apples, peeled and cored. This does not require so much sugar, and a squeeze of lemon improves it. Again, raspberry vinegar and water with lemon juice is very agreeable. All these are immensely improved by the addition of a lump of ice.

"'Then you asked me, I think, about preserving——'

"Yes, I did," put in Margaret, "but I changed my mind, and am now going to be content with the fruit I bottled."

"I should like to hear about it, though, please," said Dorothy. "It may come in useful some day."

"Well, here are Joanna's sentiments on the subject:—'Let the fruit be perfectly dry when you gather it—that is to say, no rain ought to have fallen for at least twenty-four hours previously. If it should chance to be showery weather, so that you cannot keep to this rule, boil the fruit an extra long time, or it will soon be mouldy. The fruit should be preserved as soon as possible after gathering. Use good sugar; it is economy in the end, as it requires less skimming, and hence there is less waste. As a rule, allow 1lb. of sugar to one quart of fruit. Very economical people do not add the sugar till the fruit has boiled some time, and all the skimming is done; but I do not think the preserve would be thoroughly sweet, nor would it, I fancy, keep equally well. If you use a brass pan, be sure it is perfectly clean and dry; the least dirt or moisture left in it after the last time of using will have produced verdigris, which, as doubtless you know, is deadly poison.'"

"If you ever have to preserve, Do, take my advice and use an earthenware pan—then there is no danger of verdigris, and it would be much easier to clean,' remarked Margaret. "But Joanna mentions the brass one because she knows we have one. Let me see—where was I? Oh, here is the place:—'Have a good red fire—not a blazing one. Let the preserve boil as fast as possible, but be careful it does not boil over. Stir all the time with a wooden spoon, removing the scum as it rises. When it thoroughly boils, do not stir violently, or you will mash the fruit, and the beauty of preserve is to keep it whole and distinct. If you leave off stirring, the fruit will stick to the bottom of the pan in a mass, and the whole will be spoilt. When it has boiled fast about twenty minutes, try a little on a plate; if it sets in five minutes or so, it is done enough. Pour it into pots, and when cold, cover it down. The best and simplest way of covering is to take a piece of paper the right size, brush it well over with white of egg slightly beaten, and press it over the pot. It will adhere firmly, and is quite air-tight. An improvement to strawberry jam is to add red currant juice. Stew the currants in a jar in a cool oven till the juice is thoroughly out; strain it, and pour it into the strawberries, allowing the same proportion of sugar as for other fruit.'"

"Are you tired of this instructive letter, Do?" asked Margaret, laying down the third sheet. "Please say if you are. You see I ask so many questions, that Joanna's letters are necessarily rather long."

"No, indeed, I am not tired; pray go on if there is any more of the same nature."

"'Beans are in season now,' continued Margaret. 'Gather them before they are quite full grown and throw them at once, after shelling, into boiling salt and water, with a bunch of summer savory, which is boiled with them, as mint is with peas. When done serve them in a vegetable-dish, with a piece of butter stirred amongst them, or else make a tureen of melted butter, in which is chopped the cooked savory.

"'Arthur tells me that beans and bacon are quite an aristocratic dish now! I always considered it a very homely one. The two should be cooked separately, as the bacon spoils the colour of the beans. Put the former into *cold*, and the latter into *boiling* water, when cooking them.

"Now I come to "lastly," which is the rather unpleasant subject of the dust-bin. You must be most particular that no greens, cabbage leaves, and such like are thrown in, neither should there be scraps of meat or bone. In fact, try to keep it free from everything from which a disagreeable odour could arise. Then it must be cleared *regularly* once a week during the summer; do not on any account let it go longer, and now and then have the inside whitewashed. You might occasionally also throw in a little chloride of lime.'

"There, Do, I hope you feel a great deal the better for hearing all that?"

"Oh, Madge, I think it is well to be you to have such a sister. What would you do without her?"

"Indeed, I do not know," answered Margaret, folding up her letter. "But, you know, I feel dreadfully dependent on my friends, for in the least difficulty I always go, at least, write, to Joanna. Then Mrs. Melrose, the 'lady with ideas,' as you call her, is very kind in giving me hints; and then as to Mr. Trent——"

"And as to Mr. Trent?" interrogated Dorothy, mimicking her friend's tone.

"Well," said Margaret, stiffly, "I don't know that Mr. Trent's acquaintance is of vital importance to my housekeeping."

"Oh, Madge, why, you *are* ungrateful after the cunning way in which he extricated the stopper from the decanter last night."

"Did he do so? It must have been whilst I was upstairs with Mrs. Trent."

"Yes, it was most firmly fixed; we all tried in vain, when Wilfrid, with charming modesty, said he thought he could get it out. I fetched, at his direction, a basin of hot water, in which he plunged the neck of the decanter, tapping it gently on each side. Still it would not come out, so the ingenious thing asked for some oil, of which he put the least drop round the stopper, just where it enters the bottle, held it before the fire for a minute, and out it came in a twinkling!"

"Oh, it was rather sharp, perhaps," replied Margaret; "but it was a pity to spoil the sherry by mixing it with oil."

"Now, Madge, you are in a very contrary frame of mind. There was not much wine in the decanter, and it was not spoilt, because I very quickly wiped the inside of the neck with

a clean serviette from the sideboard drawer. And even if it did taste oily, it could be used perfectly well for cookery. So you may just as well admit that Wilfrid Trent is a very clever, ingenious, handsome, good, and altogether nice fellow; certainly he would admit the same and a good deal more of you."

"Particularly the 'fellow' part of it!" retorted Margaret. "No, Do; the first time he saw me I was most shamefully untidy and floury, being in the midst of pastry-making, and that filled him with a repulsion for me that he has never conquered."

But a merry look in the girl's eyes either belied her words, or else proved that the fact in no way affected her peace of mind.

(*To be continued.*)

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

SOWING SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live."



HOUGH there was nothing Eleanor liked better than an evening at the Rectory, she did not, on this particular evening, recover either her spirits or her self-satisfaction. When she reached home the sight of Catharine's happy face made her feel more woe-begone by its contrast with her mood. James Lovell was there. He stayed to supper, and took more notice of Eleanor than he usually did.

Mrs. Townsly asked her if she had heard any more particulars of Anna Fitton's illness.

"Only that as the important day drew nearer she worked all the harder, and scarcely allowed herself any sleep," said Eleanor in a low voice.

"Mind that you don't follow suit," said Mr. Lovell, in an undertone. "I feel now as if I had a brotherly right to dictate to you. I hope you won't resent it."

"No. If my angles are not rubbed off by incessant friction they ought to be," she said, with a poor attempt at playfulness.

But soon an animated discussion was going on *pro* and *con.* the higher education of women.

Eleanor took no part in it. To her great disgust, Frederic, who had done much, years ago, to form her mind, and for long had given her great encouragement in her endeavours to improve, declared that women who were omnivorous readers, and who cultivated a speciality or two, without carrying it to the pitch of boredom, were charming; but these young girl graduates were the reverse of sweet, in spite of their golden hair.

Eleanor was annoyed; yet she knew how Frederic had been embittered against girl-graduates, and that the views he now expressed were due to the revolution she had wrought in his former opinions on the subject.

Everything combined to irritate her. She was glad when James Lovell took his leave, and the hour came for retiring. Then, in the solitude of her own room, she thought that this had been no white-letter day.

Fuel had been added to the painful excitement of the morning. She had gone to the Bible-class for relief, hoping that, by some kind of magic, she might be made to feel more amiable—for there is sometimes more superstition mixed with our religious faith than we are aware of; and, even under the cover of a subject so foreign to the events of her day as the wedding at Cana, the Rector had managed to convict her of fresh faults. She had a strong impression that he had been talking *at* her. Then, though the conversation at home rose naturally out of poor Anna Fitton's illness, it was most painfully personal, and perhaps not quite unconsciously so.

As Eleanor brooded over it she grew more and more resistant, but she took up her little text-book, as was her wont, and this text met her eye,—

"Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time."

Her eye softened as it dwelt on the inspired words. Was it God who was humbling her, and making her so dissatisfied with herself? Then she must be willing to be humbled; she must not contend with Him.

All she could do was to pray, "What I see not teach Thou me"; and above all others she must commend to God's love and care her suffering friend. As she lay awake she wondered how Anna would view the circumstances of her illness if she recovered. Would she own to having made a god of intellect? Would life, when consciousness returned, seem to be given her for any deeper purpose, any loftier aim than she, for all her noble aspirations, had as yet recognised?

What was meant by finding life in losing it, losing it in finding it? Eleanor had some intuition as to what those words might mean. She knew what finding life would consist in to her, but such a finding God might call "losing," inasmuch as it included no spiritual gain or ministry of love to others."

In a maze of confused impressions she fell asleep, but there was a "kindly Light" waiting to lead her through the tangle, and none who follow that Light can fail to find the way wherein they should walk, lost as it may seem to them.

Now it so happened that Eleanor, with all her troubles, had gone to sleep more easily than Catharine. Catharine was awake, not to build castles in the air; not to think of James Lovell; she was thinking of Eleanor.

Naturally kind, her new happiness had made her kinder, and the look on her sister's face when she walked out of the conservatory, her expression when she thought she was not noticed in the Bible-class, and again when she came home, affected her deeply. Eleanor was unhappy, and they were all teasing her; no one was saying a kind word to her.

It was true that lately they had been shut out of her confidence so that no one could tell what the workings of her mind might be, but if she were in want of a helping hand how hard it was not to reach it out to her. As Catharine thought of her younger sister she perceived that she had not always been so forbearing and so kind as she ought to have been. She had been impatient with her faults, had spoken sharply now and then, and had sometimes joined others in the laugh which her absence of mind and want of *savoir faire* occasioned. And Eleanor, too proud to show that she was wounded, had perhaps been secretly stung.

"She is running on wrong lines," said Catharine, "but I do wish I could help her to get off them. She used to be such a fine girl, and no one knows what she might be yet, if she would not turn her brain into a magazine of miscellaneous knowledge that she will never have any use for."

And Catharine wondered if she could be induced to retire from the list of competitors and submit to a year's steady house-drill, so that when she married she might take her place and not feel at a loss. Catharine thought that to train Eleanor to the performance of her duties would be the very best thing she could do both for her and for her family. But since neither mind of man nor woman can admit of two absorptions at the same time, she wisely resolved that it should be conditional on the abandonment of her present enterprise.

She did not know how Eleanor might regard such a proposal. She might be very indignant. So she would not urge it too much upon her lest she might after all be in the right and might live to regret being turned aside from her own steadfastness of purpose.

Both the sisters wore an air of deep thoughtfulness next morning at breakfast, but neither knew what was passing in the other's mind.

Harry had had earache all night, and his cheeks were white and his eyes swollen. His mamma told him that he ought to have laid in bed. She had been to him two or three times and had put a little cotton-wool dipped in laudanum in his ear; but though it had benumbed the pain it had not taken it away. Of course there was a dispensation from school, but what would he do with himself?

"I know what would be jolly," he said. "The pain mightn't come on bad again if I could forget that I had any ears. I'd like to lie down on the sofa and press the bad one hard against a cushion, and have such a stunning good story read to me as Eleanor once read when I was a little chap and had the toothache."

"How long was that ago? I mean, how long is it since you were a little boy?" asked Catharine, laughing.

"Oh, it's an age: quite two years since I had the toothache and Eleanor read, oh, such a jolly tale she wrote out from the German. Do you remember, Eleanor? It was called 'Aslanga's Knight,' and it had no long words in it?"

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRL'S OWN EXHIBITION.

THOSE of our numerous girls who were unable to attend the exhibition of needlework and paintings will be interested in seeing the accompanying picture, copied from a photograph taken on the spot.

The girls have much to be proud of in having, by their own energies effected good to themselves and to the pitiable sufferers in the hospitals, and having formed one of the very best exhibitions of needlework ever held in London.

The following are a few notices of the press:—

The Queen, May 14, 1881.

THE GIRL'S OWN EXHIBITION.

Under this name a novel and remarkable collection of articles was displayed at 65, St. Paul's Churchyard, last week, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The exhibits were the results of arrangements published in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for a prize competition, including English essays, drawing and illuminating, plain needlework (night shirts), crochet shawls, and sailors' bags embroidered in crewels. The objects sought were to encourage girls and young women to try their skill in the respective departments, and to supply articles that would be valuable for hospital patients, &c. Under the head of essays, which rose to the number of 620, and were of course not exhibited, four prizes were awarded, and numerous first, second, and third class certificates. The drawing and illuminating was less satisfactory, and, although we saw some fairly good specimens of lettering and ornament, very few drawings were above mediocrity; more were below it. The division of plain needlework was much better represented, and the judges reported quite favourably on the works as a whole, awarding three prizes, and certificates of three classes. The crochet shawl competition was also pronounced a success, and the judges awarded four prizes and certificates in all classes. The display of sailors' bags was interesting, but was not characterised by striking and novel designs, while the crewel work had a certain sameness about it. It struck us that in this and in other departments the workers were more intent upon the benevolent object in view than upon putting forth their intellectual strength. Still, they aimed in each case at good and useful work, and, as will appear from the notes given below, they were not unsuccessful. The youth of the competitors might of itself lead us to expect that the qualities exemplified would be those insisted upon by teachers, and therefore be more of the mechanical than of the original. And yet the show altogether was wonderful under the circumstances; it was contributed to by girls in all parts of the world, and it included work of different kinds. We may regard it as representative of the attainments of our young lady friends in the respective branches, representative at least in this sense, that we might gather from it the average standard attained by girls of all ages up to twenty-six. The projectors have abundant reason to be satisfied, and if, as is likely, it becomes an annual affair, we hope it will tend to promote excellence in several sorts of work, and confer other benefits besides accumulating useful gifts for deserving objects. We were greatly gratified by what we saw, and congratulate the promoters at once on the success of their scheme and on their securing the services of competent examiners for the ladies' work sent by the young competitors.

We now come to some more special observations.

Embroidery was represented by crewel work satchels, very thoughtfully made, for sailors, as snug stowaways for their Testaments, tracts, magazines, &c. The same charitable impulse prompted the addition of some fortifying text, so that the little receptacle, apart from its homely utility, will also be a heaven-winged messenger among the perils of the deep. Much care had been bestowed by the workers on the selection of appropriate texts, such as, "Fear not: when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee;" "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters." Each verse, wrought in cross or fancy stitches, was so distinctly lettered as to be intelligible to the most uneducated. No doubt all our tars will heartily appreciate the prettiness, even if not the Scripture, of these gifts so lovingly prepared by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Only those who have lived among the seafaring race can realise the value most mariners set upon even the small bags given them to hold their New Testaments, so often tucked away under their jackets.

Every one of the satchels showed a great deal of painstaking, though pattern and colouring were both open to improvement. The design naturally most conspicuous was the bouquet. However, a few happy deviations from this stereotyped idea appeared in the shape of cross-stitch arabesques, crossed flags, seaweeds, and shells. In the latter one nicely shaded specimen deservedly obtained the second prize; one large pinkish shell rested amongst other shells and light feathery seaweed. Other attempts of this kind were not so successful, from an injudicious mingling of heavy marine plants with more delicate ones. The satchel commanding the first prize displayed a large slanting cross, wholly executed in French knots, and resting on red lilies.

Among the numerous crochet shawls, straight wraps predominated, all being worked in lines, and with simple stitches; whilst a few others were squares shaped from the centre, or triangular, in real shawl fashion. The first prize was awarded for a substantial practical shawl, in the square style we believe, whilst the second fell to a coquettish red cape in tricot, beautifully shaped and finished off with lily fringe; indeed, its deviation from the rules alone precluded it from a higher award. It is gratifying to know that an extra prize was granted to a little girl of ten years, who had been industrious and tidy enough to work a white shawl without mistake or blemish.

The imposing array of nightshirts, nearly four hundred in number, must have delighted the most inveterate grumbler on the frivolity of our girls' education. Of course, not one garment could be held up as perfect; still, the sewing on the whole was assiduous and neat, in spite of the occasional want of judgment in the material used. At a general glance the defects of the work principally appeared to be badly sewn and misplaced buttons, small buttonholes, and carelessly-finished front slits.

It must be remembered that exhibitions of this kind cannot be judged by the same standard as that of trained schools, and much praise must be given to the generous-hearted response with which the benevolent scheme has been met. Some of the competitors added to the utility of their work by affixing side pockets, invaluable to invalids, whilst one actually made each part of the nightshirt movable by means of countless buttons and buttonholes. In this competition, also, an extra prize was assigned for the neat and careful work of a little girl aged twelve.

Ladies' Gazette of Fashion for June.

The exhibition of work executed by the young competitors for the prizes and certificates given by the editor and proprietors of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER proved an agreeable surprise to the crowds that visited the large rooms devoted to it at the office of the Religious Tract Society. The display was not only beautiful but remarkable likewise, inasmuch as the competitors had not been trained in any particular schools, but were scattered over the United Kingdom, France, and our adjacent islands. This time the needlework consisted of shawls in crochet, night shirts, and sailors' bags embroidered in crewels, all the work being designed for charitable purposes; drawings, illuminations, and water-colour paintings. There were also essays on the lives of famous English women of the seventeenth century. Of the 620 essays sent in it was pronounced by the judges that the majority "exhibited originality of thought, clearness of expression, and truthfulness of fact." As to the work department, some of the proprietors of large City houses were so much pleased with it that they offered to take all the work that any young ladies might feel disposed to execute for them; and thus a new and valuable opening has been acquired for the profitable employment of many of these young girls through the institution of this competition by the editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Lady's Pictorial, May 14.

The exhibition of painting and needlework promoted by the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, who invited his young readers to compete for prizes in those fields of art and industry, achieved a very great success, as far as needlework was concerned. And we are satisfied to find that our girls ply the needle deftly, though they use the brush only indifferently well. Painting is a very elegant accomplishment, no doubt, and Miss Beatrice Didham, who obtained the first prize, is a clever little artist. That the girls have not failed to profit by the editorial lessons was shown in the several specimens of needlework of every description exhibited, but no traces of such influence were to be observed in the works of art submitted to the judges. The needlework competitions were divided into three classes: the first, plain needlework, in which the accepted pattern was a night-shirt; the second was a crochet shawl competition, and the third a competition in sailors' bags embroidered in crewels. In the plain needlework competition the first prize fell to Miss Lillie Anne Honywill, a young lady of nineteen. The second prize was well won by Miss Agnes E. Nickelson, of the Orphan Working School, Maitland Park, a sempstress of thirteen years of age; and an extra prize was awarded to Miss Ellen E. Bartlett, aged twelve, a pupil of the same institution. The work was of great variety in pattern, and uniformly neat. Some garments had two gussets, others eight; some had no binders, or only small-shaped ones, while in others the binders extended like a lining all round the body. The seams differed, too; they were sewn either inside or outside, or they were run and felled. The hems were rounded or square, and varied in size from the tiny roll to a band an inch wide. Nor were the gathers alike; on one nightshirt they were in profusion, and on the rest were scarcely seen. The same with the button-holes: their number varied from one to seven. The second competition was remarkable for the general excellence of the work and the number of young children among the three hundred and fifteen competitors. The prize shawl was the work of Miss Violet Barnard (16), and Miss Florence Railton (18) carried off the second prize. Other prizes were awarded to Miss Harriette Waddington, and to Miss Nora Barker, aged respectively ten years and seven and three-quarters. The competition in sailors' bags was not so satisfactory. Our girls have a good friend in the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



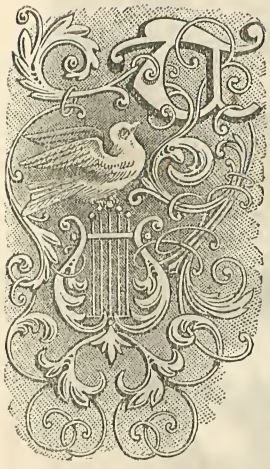
THE GIRL'S OWN EXHIBITION. *(From a photograph taken on the spot.)*

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

CROCHET SHAWL COMPETITION.

Examiners:

L. J. WILLS and DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



THE shawl competition has been one of the most successful of the year. The number of articles sent was 313, and the judging and division required no small amount of labour, having been necessarily much complicated by the wide range comprised in the several ages of the competitors, commencing from eight years old, and extending upwards to nineteen. It must be confessed that the little ones ran their elders very hard, and divided the extra prize between them, which we considered as equivalent to making three first prizes. We could not sufficiently admire nor praise the work of some of the younger girls, which was even, clean, and beautifully neat.

Much good work was disqualified on account of the carelessness shown in the fastening off, or the knots in the joining of the wool. Many of the shawls sent in were also unsuited to the purpose, both in shape and size.

We consider that the work of the prize shawls is not only the best in the present competition, but that they are the best examples of crochet which we have yet seen.

FIRST PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS.

Barnard, Violet M. W., 23, Portland-place, W. (16).

SECOND PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Railton, Florence Adelaide, Jersay House, Withington, near Manchester (18).

FIRST SPECIAL PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA (TO GIRL UNDER FIFTEEN).

Waddington, Harriette H., Heywood House, Waterhead, Oldham (10).

SECOND SPECIAL PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA (TO GIRL UNDER FIFTEEN).

Barker, Nora Eveline, Appleby N. School, Brigg, Lincolnshire (7¾).

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Barnard, Maud E. W., 23, Portland-place, W. (15).
Watson, Louisa, 179, New North-road, Islington (15).
Vowles, Ellen Eliza, 14, Wheeler-gate, Nottingham (15½).
Austin, Nellie, Coppice-hill, Bishop's Waltham, Hants (17½).
Fisher, Ada, 368, Camden-road (11½).
Tomlinson, T. Emily, 2, Balmoral-terrace, Stretford, near Manchester (17).
Burton, Violet Mina (14½).
Schwaar, Emma, Ashfield, Ellesmere-park, Eccles (20).
Delcomyn, Agnes L., Enfield House, South Dulwich, S.E. (19.)
Unsworth, Emily, Miss Fletcher, Hope House, Bucklow-hill, near Knutsford, Cheshire (14½).
Mollet, Edith, 6, St. John-street, New Town, Guernsey (8).
Fennell, Lily, 11, High-street, Newport, Monmouthshire (16).
Orme, Clara, Longnor-terrace, Belle Vue, Shrewsbury (18).
Birt, Fannie Elizabeth, Glenmoor, Stanstead-road, Forest-hill, S.E. (16½).
Gillett, Catherine M., Fern Hill, Knutsford, Cheshire (16).
Vincent, Ida Florence, Silver-street, Yeovil (18½).
Mackenzie, Annie, Avenue, Acock's Green, Birmingham (17½).
Haig-Brown, Florence Amelia, Charterhouse, Godalming (19).
Morgan, Edith Annie, Chesterville, Hornsey-lane (11½).
Harcourt, E. Alice A., Newport Pagnel, Bucks (20).
Richardson, Grace S., St. Benet's Vicarage, Mile End-road, E. (18).
Thompson, Eleanor M., 93, Elswick-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne (14).
Harding, Ethel Mary, The Grove, Fishponds, near Bristol (11 11-12).
Simpson, Annie, Maw Carse, Milnathort, Kinross-shire, Scotland (14½).
Varley, Fanny, North Devon House, Upper Clapton, E. (17½).
Lloyd, Ethel, Manor House, Heston, Cheshire (12).
Hart, Sarah Jane, Callow Hill, Virginia Water, near Staines (16).
Brooke, Mabel Alice, Mansfield, near Uxbridge, Middlesex (14).
Lines, May, Fore-street, Hertford, Herts (12).
Long, Eliza, Audit Office, Cromer Hall, Norfolk (11¼).

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Norman, Florence, 147, Hemingford-road, Barnsbury, N. (18).
Weatherly, Janetta G., 51, Gordon-square, W.C. (14½).
Gayner, M. A., 37, Apsley-road, Clifton, Bristol (19).
Buttanshaw, Edith Margaret, Blackheath Park, Blackheath, S.E. (11).
Skeen, Sarah Ellinor, The Rectory, Castle Ellis, Gorey, Co. Wexford (13).
Harding, Agnes, 2, Wallbridge, Frome (10).
Rhodes, Agnes, Bank Top, Kendal (19).
Jennings, Nellie, Hill House, Royston, Herts (19).
Baynes, Ethel F., Braganza, Torquay (17½).
Gill, Emma Maud, Exe View, Tiverton, Devonshire (15).
Smith, Annie, Trinity, Collumpton, Devon (16½).
Church, Adela L., Chacewater Vicarage, Cornwall (16½).
Donn, Eva Minnie, Ivy House, Balham-hill, S.W. (13).
Hayter, Rhoda, 32, High-street, Winchester (13).
Day, Mary Anne Phillips, Endowed Schools, Baschurch, Salop (15).
Lowe, Lucy C., Mayfield, Southgate, N. (15½).
Hunt, Theodora Louisa, Algoa House, Ashley-hill, Bristol (14).
Miles, Rachel, 8, William-street, Margaret-street, Clerkenwell (16).
Fitt, Annie, Nutfield Lodge, Boxmoor, Herts (18).
Martin, Ellen Maud, 107, Wrotham-road, Gravesend, Kent (18¼).
Clements, Kate, Cream Hall, Highbury-park, N. (19).
Maunsell, Louisa A., Tan-y-Garreg, Bettws Garmon, near Carnarvon, North Wales (14½).
Ridgway, Laura Annie, Bourton Grounds, near Buckingham (17).
Travers, Mabel, Kragga-Kama, St. Martin's, Guernsey (14½).
Moore, Lillie, Grove Hill House, Caversham, Reading (19).
Beedle, K. A., The Elms, Arundel-road, Weston-super-Mare (19).
Charnley, Elizabeth Hannah, Chester-place, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire (16).
Carryer, Jessie Octavia, The Mount, Stone, Staffordshire (18).
Longland, Mary Ellen, The Manor House, Grendon, Northampton (17).
Owston, Bertha, The Vicarage, Pirbright, Guildford (16½).
Wheelwright, Edith G., 16, Vernon-place, Canterbury (12¾).
Barnard, Kate Rachel, 35, Milner-square, N. (17).
Musson, Mary E., 16, Upper Charles-street, Leicester (14).
Hatton, Minnie Caroline, 8, Northampton Park, Canonbury, N. (16).
Turner, Lucy M., 26, Union-street, Birmingham (16).
Whitaker, Muriel, Elleray, Portinscale-road, Putney, Surrey (17).
Royston, Minnie C., 18, Barnsbury Park, Islington, N. (16).

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Lyon, Marion Louisa, Blagdon Rectory, near Bristol (10).
Gillett, Maud Ethel, The Manor House, Borrowash, near Derby (12).
Dunderdale, Edith, Redland-villa, Victoria Park, Manchester (13).
Clayton, Isabel Margaret, 18, Clissold-road, Stoke Newington, N. (12).
Partridge, Edith, 124, White Ladies'-road, Clifton, Bristol (15).
Webster, Maud, Maison Bellevue, St. Jean de Luz, Basses Pyrénées, France (11 8-12).
Elliot, Annie Walker Scott, Woodslee, Canonbie, N.B. (11).
Heaviside, K., The Hollies, Stoke, near Coventry (17).
Archer, Elizabeth A. No address given (17).
Cox, Gertrude Mary, 86, Manor-road, Brockley, S.E. (18).
Butler, Alice Charlotte, Murree House, New Hampton, Middlesex, S.W. (15).
Kittinger, Caroline, 7, Cornelia-terrace, Seaham Harbour, Durham (14).
Carstans, Jenny R., Balwearie, Kirkcaldy (10).
Tullock, Alice M., Ashleigh, Hampton Wick, S.W. (16¼).
Crane, Emily, London House, Swadlincote, near Burton-on-Trent (13).
Dailey, Ethel, 3, Marlborough-place, St. John's Wood (9 5-12).
Coultas, Bertha E., 78, High-street, Bridlington (15).
Thompson, Violet Gwendolen, Dedford Vicarage, Weedon (10).
Whelpton, Mary, 21, Grafton-square, Clapham, S.W. (13).
Barrett, Mary Elizabeth, Salford, Chipping Norton, Oxon. (9).
The Hon. Albinia Brodrick, 89, Eaton-square, S.W. (19).
Copp, Lilly Madalena, Watchet, near Bridgewater, Somerset (11).
Howe, Alice Emma, 6, De Montfort-street, Leicester (11).
Ketchen, Bessie, Pullar (9⅜).
Clark, Annie J., 23, Oxford-road, Finsbury-park (10).
Stockings, Dora, Stony Stratford, Bucks (12½).

Carter, Lilly, 44, Corn Market, Oxford (8 7-12).
Anderson, Mable Grace, Roseneath, Argyle-road, Castle Hill, Ealing (13).
Biggsley, Sarah, 10, Hillmarton-road, Camden-road, W. (19).
Hepper, Emily Clara, Clareville, Headingley, Leeds (20).
Wright, Laura Edith, 37, Tavern-street, Ipswich (14).
Carpenter, Elizabeth, 43, Eastlake-road, Cold Harbour-lane, Camberwell, S.E. (16½.)
Talbot, Emily, 5, Forest-lane, Stratford, E. (19).
Haig-Brown, Alice Mary, Charterhouse, Godalming (17¾).

V.—SAILORS' BAGS EMBROIDERED IN CREWELS.

Examiner:—DORA HOPE.

THE fancy work sent in for competition shows considerable improvement on former occasions in both the embroidery and the making up. While in previous competitions many otherwise good specimens were discarded on account of the untidy and careless style of putting together, the workmanship of the majority sent in now is all that could be desired in this respect. A considerable number of girls have stitched the sides of the bags together with crewel wool or silk to match the colours used in the embroidery; the effect of this is sometimes very good, but strength has in many cases been sacrificed for beauty; and only a few were thoughtful enough to secure the edges with strong cotton first before working over with the wool.

The designs are, generally speaking, excellent; many which in this respect deserved reward failed through simple carelessness, the embroidery being crooked, or at one side, instead of in the middle.

Other competitors were too ambitious, and made most elaborate designs which they were unable to carry out properly, and so failed to give at all the effect they had intended; others attempted to work a fine and intricate pattern on extremely coarse material.

Perhaps the chief fault, however, lies in want of harmony in the blending of the colours. Many bags, thoroughly well worked throughout, were entirely spoilt, and lost all chance of a certificate, through the tasteless and unnatural mixture of tints, so that the general effect, instead of being charming as the neat stitches deserved, was absolutely disagreeable. Girls who are wanting in a sense of colour should work only from good patterns, or copy from paintings till they can choose harmonious shades from force of habit, if they cannot acquire the refined taste which makes vulgar colouring a source of positive discomfort.

The texts of Scripture were well worked, and very legible; and most of the girls have evidently bestowed considerable thought in the selection of verses likely to be a help and comfort to sailors when far away from home, and in danger on the sea.

Though there are a few points on which the work is faulty, taken as a whole, the bags are well and carefully designed and worked, and the girls who have given so much thought to them are deserving of all praise. A little more attention to details on the next occasion will ensure much larger success.

FIRST PRIZE (TWO GUINEAS).

Fawcus, Alice Mary, 3, Prior's-terrace, Tynemouth, Northumberland (19).

SECOND PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Tate, Alice W., Heckfield, near Winchfield, Hants (17).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Dashwood, Isabel, 3, Norfolk-street, Park-lane (17).
Hobson, Marion, 9, Sefton-street, Southport, Lancashire (17).
Down, Mabel F., Tawslock, Barnstaple (18).
Hewson, Elizabeth, care of Mrs. Crawford, 1, Northumberland-place, North Shields (21).
Roberts, Annie, Rosenberg, Beckenham, Kent (18).
Ashdown, Mary G. F., Broadfield, Arnison-road, East Molesey (19).
Warner, Constance Emma Cromwell, Snilterby Rectory, Kirkton Lindsay, Lincolnshire (15½).
Goddard, Edith Agnes, Trevanion, Newton Abbott (22).
Crawford, Sarah, 1, Northumberland-place, North Shields (19).
Carnie, Caroline, Bellevue, Preswick, N.B. (23.)
Fairholme, Alice, 16, Charleville-road, West Kensington (17).
Wright, Ella Gertrude, Stafford Lodge, Anerley Park, S.E. No age given.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Cobbold, Georgiana, Dry Hill Park, Tonbridge (20).
Blackwell, Maude A., Mattingley Rectory, near Winchfield, Hants (18).
Priestley, Sarah Helen, Abbey House School, Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire (23).
Beaumont, Nellie J., Langley, Loddon, Norfolk (17).
Tunbridge, Edith L., 40, Southwater-road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Sussex (20).
Noddall, Frances Mary, care of Miss T. *Pollard*, 5, *Belgrave*-terrace, Torquay (22).
Balderson, Ada, Corner Hall, Hemel Hempstead, Herts (17).
Mackay, Maude Helen, Langton Vicarage, Wragby, Lincolnshire (21).
Hoggan, Laura, Camphill, Glasgow (18).
Pickin, Katherine Annie, Cromwell, Newark, Notts (15¾).
Watton, Alice Maud, Murivance, Shrewsbury (18).
Rendell, Lilian, 1, West Cliff, Dawlish (16½).

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Phillips, Emma M. M., Douglas Villas, Stoneygate, Leicester (20).
Lees, Annie Frances, Egmont-terrace, Hough Hill, Stalybridge (20).
Wheatley, Francis, Warwick House School, Roade, Northamptonshire (19).
Bailie, Hannah M., Inchberry House, Lentran, by Inverness, N.B. (21).
Jones, Louie J., 24, Thurlow-road, Hampstead, N.W. (19).
Haughton, Nellie, Ucheldre, Holyhead (16).
Davey, Caroline Ann, Station-road, Anerley, S.E. (18).
Carryer, Evelyn, The Mount, Stone, Staffordshire (19).
Bentley, Mary Eden, 51, Clifton-gardens, Maida-hill (19).
Whalley, Sarah Alice, Stanley House, Stanley-street, Chester (19½).
Todd, Laura Isabelle, Park Cottage, The Mount, York (19).
Crawford, Mary, 1, Northumberland-place, North Shields (15).
Leigh, Mabel, Hartford House, Northwich, Cheshire (15).
Stewart, Jennie Mary, 24, Walpole-street, King's-road, Chelsea (18).
Strong, Ada E., Helstonleigh, Champion Park, Denmark-hill, S.E. (19).
Hogg, Mary Maud, 22, Carrol-road, Highgate-road, N.W. (20½).
Barlow, Ethel, 1, Blackheath Park-terrace, Blackheath, S.E. (18).
Samuels, Gertrude, Hopefield, Victoria Park, Manchester (16).
Langshaw, Helen E., West Grinstead Rectory, Horsham (19½).
Wilson, Emily Alice, 28 James-street, Gateshead-on-Tyne (16½).
Ballard, Susan, 4, Kidbrooke Villas, Blackheath (17).
Smith, Lizzie A., The Parade, Edmonton (20).
Cadell, G. R., 60, Burlington-road, Westbourne Park, W. (25).
Burton, Laura Maria, Belmont-lodge, Bognor, Sussex (13).



SEASONABLE DRESS, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

LAST month we mentioned that the pretty old-fashioned ginghams had returned to fashion under the name of "Zephirs," and that they fully retained their former qualities of excellent wear and washing. Since then we have seen some charming dresses of pink, both plain, striped, and checked, which we must mention in the first instance. We always think how pleasant it is to be young, and to be able to wear a pink dress; they seem so becoming and suitable to the brightness of the fresh spring-time of youth, that one feels glad when they are in fashion; and we like to clothe our human flowers with some of the lovely hues that our Maker uses for His "flowers of the field." Flowers and young girls should ever resemble innocence, purity, and beauty.



CLOAK.

These pretty dresses should be simply made. Both last month and this we have given suitable sketches for them—and the gatherings at the neck, sleeves, and front form a very pretty style. Nottingham lace is a good trimming for them, or Swiss embroidery; but they are quite as often made-up with plaitings of the same, or bias bands turned up as a border, and sewn down on the outside with the sewing-machine. The bodices are made full, and gathered at the waist and neck, like the small figure in the June number.

The present seems to be an excellent time for purchasing black silks at moderate prices, and as a good black silk is unquestionably one of the best and most serviceable of dresses that any woman or girl can have, much care should be exercised in its selection. As far as we can see, about 5s. per yard should purchase silk of good quality and wear, and there are several of the very best London drapers who both sell and recommend black silks at this price. We advise, when it is possible, that everyone who requires one should go to some well-known shop, and be guided by the advice there given in choosing. Very thick, ribbed, heavy silks should be avoided, and one of lighter texture be selected, as bright-looking on the surface as can be found. An old lady of our acquaintance used to choose black silk by holding it up to the light. If it looked of a greenish hue the silk was a good one, and she knew it would wear well. Another friend of ours takes up a fold of the silk between her finger and thumb, and, pressing it, makes a crease. If the crease should come out easily the silk is a good one; but if it remain, or should make a whitish mark, beware of purchasing it. We have ourselves found, however, that at a good draper's they will usually recommend a good article. Of course we make-up our black and other silk dresses just now under great advantages, false or foundation skirts being used, generally made of alpaca, on which the silk may be suitably mounted as trimmings, kiltings, scarves and draperies; so we save the silk to the extent of four or five yards. Ten or twelve yards are now generally sold for an ordinary short costume, so if we manage to make it at home, it will be seen that a black silk gown is within the reach of a very modest purse.

From an American source we glean a very clever and economical idea—*i.e.*, that of having several *plastrons* or fronts to our "one black silk," which completely change its appearance, and give us walking, dinner, and evening dresses in one gown. The dress must, of course, be made *en princesse* in front, or the plastrons cannot be buttoned on. It forms the front of the bodice, and the apron or front breadth of the skirt, and is edged with button-holes if the buttons be on the dress, or hooks and eyes if preferred. One plastron may be of black velvet, edged with lace, or plain; high in the neck, and finished by a black lace frill. Another, for evening wear, might be of red, old gold, or violet satin, covered or trimmed with black or white lace, opening square or heart-shaped at the neck. A third might be of puffings or gathers, in *damassé* silk, brocade, or satin, to make it into a simple yet stylish walking-dress. A cuff or trimming for the sleeves may also be arranged to match each plastron, such as a pair of long velvet cuffs to button on over the sleeves, with the black velvet one; or a pair of puffed sleeves to be sewn in with the coloured evening dress. The buttons may be of jet, and if they be attached to the bodice and skirt they will do for every plastron.

Amongst the great boons to our clever readers, who are able to help themselves in trimming and altering dress, the fashionable Madras muslin must be named, a material which can be made useful in so many ways and over so many styles of dresses. The last time we saw an old black silk "done up," Madras muslin was the material used, and several of the pretty self-coloured sateens of last year have been remodelled this season with the aid of a few yards of this moderately-priced stuff. For an old half-worn coloured silk it is the very thing, and with a scarf tunic and draperies, gathered and puffed sleeves, and front, it becomes quite a new dress.

The fashion of coat bodices of different materials is a very useful and convenient one. They are made of velvet, velveteen, velvet *broché*, striped and chessboard velvet and satin. These last are all cheap now, as they are gone out of fashion, and the present stock is all reduced. Steel or silver buttons, or jet ones, are pretty, and no other trimming is requisite with them. We have recently seen some young ladies in the park in coat-bodices of red, or dull crimson cloth, with tiny gold buttons. These are worn with black silk, satin, velveteen, or well-trimmed cashmere skirts. Also with cream-coloured and any fancy sateens which have red in the pattern. Perhaps this idea may be considered a happy one for a tennis club uniform, or a dress for the frequent lawn-tennis garden meetings, which constitute the chief amusement of the summer.

The Alsatian bows seem very great favourites with young girls, as well as older ones; and we have seen several very pretty turn-down hats decorated with one of these graceful bows on the top of the crown. They also form the great ornament of the favourite "Granny" and "Under the window" bonnets, which seem to be worn everywhere excepting in London.

Our illustration gives a lively party of girls enjoying themselves in a shrubbery. The dresses are all useful and pretty summer ones, which nearly any girl could arrange for herself. The figure standing by the table, with her hand upon it, wears a gingham, or zephir costume, of pale blue, the trimmings being of Swiss embroidery. The bodice is gathered in front at the waist and on the shoulders; the sleeves are in rows of fine puffs all the way down; the over-skirt consists of two pointed shawl-shaped corners.

The second figure is made of cashmere and satin, the polonaise being of cashmere and the skirt of the same, trimmed with longitudinal plaitings of satin. The cape is of closely gathered satin, and is edged with a beaded fringe. The hat is a very small straw one with undulating wavy edges, and a spray of fern leaves, roses, and black velvet at the back.

The third figure wears a Mother Hubbard cloak of cashmere to match her dress, while the dress of number four is a brown *beige*, made up with a plaided or "shepherdess checked" *beige* of a darker colour. The hat is of white straw, trimmed with brown velvet, and brown ostrich tips shaded to yellow.

The young lady who holds a branch, and faces the reader, is the wearer of one of the pretty old-fashioned gowns which have been revived from the fashions of our grandmothers. Any light-washing material may be chosen for it. Each of the four flounces are headed by a puffing of the same, with a very small amount of fulness. The bodice is full, and has a band at the waist, while the pretty *fichu* is crossed over it, which fastens at the back. The small leather satchel which hangs at the side represents one of the newest and most fashionable shapes in which they are worn. It is made of yellow leather, and has a leathern girdle, to hang round the waist.

In the second illustration, we find an old lady and a very little girl; both are intended as suggestions; for, in spite of ours being a girls' paper, there is no doubt but that our readers include many who are no longer girls, and a considerable number of mammas who are glad of a small bit of advice. The cloak of the elderly lady is of silk or cashmere, and that of the little girl a "Mother Hubbard" of grey *beige*, with trimmings of blue.

However foolish-looking we may think them as garments, there is no doubt that little



No. 2.

girls do wear them, and look very well in them, too, but they are only suited to the promenade and the park, and for very best Sunday habiliments.

The illustration given of a cloak is one suitable to any age, and which is worn by quite young girls. They sometimes match the dress material, or are of black cashmere and satin, or of satin only. A thin material like grenadine will probably be used as the summer advances, if it should prove pleasant and warm.

The shaded or *ombré* satins and aerophane crapes are much used for the tops of *toque* hats, and they are very pretty indeed, as well as becoming. The gathered edges of the hats are made of black velvet.

A TALE OF A PENNY.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER V.

When the sisters arrived at home they were doubly thankful that they had lost no time in setting out. They found Mrs. Northcote's illness was of a much more serious character than the letter had led them to anticipate. The filial love and self-devotion of both the girls would be tested to the utmost, and it must be owned that Mr. Northcote and his sons doubted much whether these qualities in Edith's case would stand the strain.

But soon all who were in the house, and none more than the invalid mother, became sensible of the change that had begun in the elder daughter. Perhaps nothing tries the metal that the young are made of more than sickness in a house. When not actually engaged in attendance on the sufferer, there is the unnatural quiet in the home, the necessity for excluding visitors, abstaining from outdoor social intercourse, and the impossibility of indulging in the usual merry games. The burst of song which springs to the young lips must be hushed, the piano remain closed, for fear of disturbing the invalid. Even the innocent jest, which might provoke a laugh, is suppressed; because laughter has a heartless sound when pain shuts out those we love from sharing in it.

At first Edith found all these things hard to bear with perfect submission. But she loved her mother, and love is all-constraining. Lizzie and she acted in a delightful concert which none had ever seen to exist between them before, and it astonished all to find how willing the elder was to learn from the younger. When, at length, the crisis had passed and the minds of the watchers were relieved by the invalid's gradual approach towards convalescence, Edith found how great a blessing to herself had been the needful discipline of those sorrowful weeks. How sweet it was to feel her mother's arm around her neck and to hear her say, "I can thank God for every day of pain and sickness, my darling; for this illness has shown me that in you I have a treasure of which I never before saw all the value."

"It was not there, dear mamma," was the girl's answer. "I have been dreadfully selfish and careless of other people nearly all my life — even of you—but lately I have been led to see myself in a new light. I do long to be all that you think me, dear mamma; and if I *am* better, Lizzie has been the instrument, in God's hands, of helping me."

What a precious confession was this, and when the mother knew yet more of her child's inward struggles against evil, and the united daily prayers of the sisters for blessing and strength from above, her cup of happiness was filled to overflowing.

It must not be supposed that the girls had forgotten their promise to keep Nora fully informed of all that passed during their mother's illness. It is hardly needful to say that, through Mrs. Martin, her brother-in-law shared in the correspondence. Generous-hearted Lizzie did not know how to say enough of Edith's devotion to her mother, and Edith let her friend into the secret of the change, and told what her young sister's example had done for herself. The letters between the friends had always been unrestrained, and now the correspondence was not without its influence on the young wife in London, for through it she was led to realise her responsibilities as she had never done before. So true is it that "no man"—that is, no one of the human race—"liveth to himself alone."

Nora often wondered whether, after all, anything would come of the acquaintance between her brother-in-law and Edith; but during all Mrs. Northcote's illness he made no sign. When the better tidings came he received them with manifest pleasure, and, that same evening, he spent an unusual time at his writing-table in the library. When he joined Nora he held a single letter in his hand, and she jokingly told him, if that were the extent of his correspondence, he must have been asleep, or the letter of vast importance.

"It is of vast importance. I have been writing to Edith. A love-letter—my first, Nora, and a very sober one; but I hope it will bring much happiness."

Truly, the letter which, on the morrow, was placed in the hands of Miss Northcote, The Manor House, Haltham, Lincolnshire, was, in one sense, a sober one. Believing that he could do so with the certainty of sympathy, he told Edith of the deep feelings of his heart, his desire to find in the woman he loved one who would share his higher aspirations, and join in his work for God's glory, and the good of those around them. He acknow-

ledged the feeling of admiration which she had from the first inspired, and the reason why he had hesitated to let this be seen. There was much more in the letter than can be related at length.

Enough to say that, as Edith read it, a glad flush spread on her cheeks—paler than usual through much watching—and, as happy tears coursed down them, she murmured, "If I were only good enough to deserve the affection of one like Henry Martin!"

The Northcote family generally were quite satisfied to believe that Edith would now be a treasure to any good man. Henry Martin's character, age, and position were all suitable, and the girl's blushing face told the loving mother that his many excellences had won her daughter's affection and respect. The answer to that "sober letter" was evidently all that its writer desired, for he said to his sister, "Congratulate me, Nora. I hope soon to call Edith my wife."

"And congratulate me," said lively Mrs. Martin, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry to show her sympathy; "for my brother-in-law is giving me my dearest friend as a sister."

There was, of course, further correspondence between Mr. Northcote and his son-in-law elect, but all of a pleasant character. Henry was to spend Christmas and New Year at the Manor House, for that season was close at hand. Nora and her husband could not join the happy gathering, for on Christmas Eve their first baby opened her blue eyes to the light, and they were rejoicing in their tiny treasure.

No person who looked at Henry and Edith could help saying how well they matched each other. They were naturally almost inseparable during that happy holiday time, for, as Henry said, "their actual love-making was terribly in arrears. In fact, it had all to be done. Did you ever think I cared so much for you when we used to meet last summer, Edith?" he asked.

"You did not show special regard for me, and you were so kind to everybody. Sometimes I thought you liked me better than others, and then, when I felt how little there really was in me for anyone to love, I was just as certain that I was mistaken. Still, seeing you what you were, Henry, made me wish to deserve a higher, better affection than any external attractions could win or keep."

"Ah, dearest, you will find me just as much in need of improvement as you deem yourself! But we will be learners together from the same Divine Teacher. Do you remember the night when you received news of your mother's illness?"

"Can I ever forget it?" said Edith, with deep feeling. "It was a turning-point in my life."

"More than you knew. And in mine, also; for, dear Edith, had you then selfishly hesitated, or decided on sending your sister home to undertake alone the work which it was alike your duty and privilege to share, I should never have sought you as my wife. And," he added, "neither should I have sought another; but my sister-in-law's oft-repeated prophecy would have been fulfilled by my remaining a hopeless bachelor."

Time went happily on, and the sisters, accompanied by their mother and brother, were again in London, making preparations for Edith's wedding. By the girl's own wish, the arrangements were to be simple, but tasteful, as all to which she put her hand was sure to be. Still, a great many purchases had to be made; and, above all, a home had to be selected for the young couple within a few miles of London.

House-hunting is a most fatiguing business, and occupies a great deal of time, especially near the great metropolis. Before starting on a tour of inspection, Lizzie was running over the advertisements in the paper.

"Here is one that sounds likely," she said, and she ran through the particulars. "And at Belford Regis, too. How singular! Mamma, do let us go and look at the place."

"Belford Regis," said Henry. "A delightful neighbourhood. Have you been there, Lizzie?"

"No, but I have a particular wish to go." She looked at Edith, and the intelligent glance she received in return showed Mrs. Northcote that there must be some mental association with Belford Regis. Amid a good deal of laughing, the story was told, and, as Mrs. Northcote said, she for the first time became aware that one of her daughters had once begged for the gift of a penny at a railway station.

"Let us go to Belford Regis by all means," echoed Henry and Harold Northcote. "Perhaps we shall have a sequel to Lizzie's adventure, or find out whether Mr. Percival Long was her unknown friend."

The proposition was carried unanimously, and the party set out. Arrived at their journey's end, they first inquired the way to the house they had come to examine. This one of the railway porters told them, and then Lizzie eagerly asked, "Is there a Mr. Long living in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes, ma'am, and no better-known or better-liked gentleman anywhere," was the reply.

"What age is he, do you suppose? I want to find out if he is an acquaintance of mine."

"About fifty-five, I should think. He has only one child living—a daughter; such a one for age and height as you, miss, I should think, and a sweet young lady. You will pass his place—Elm Crag, they call it—on your way to the house you have been asking about. You are likely enough to meet him on the way, as he is often out walking with his daughter. You see, she has no ma living, and that makes them so much together."

Lizzie popped a gratuity into the hand of her informant, which made the man wonder what he had done to deserve it, and then hurried off at such a speed that her mother was fain to plead her inability to follow within any reasonable distance.

"I beg your pardon, mamma. I felt quite excited. We shall see that dear, kind face, for I am sure this is *my* Mr. Long."

Harold begged that she would not be in such a hurry to appropriate the elderly widower, and received a hint to be silent in the shape of a little fist shaken threateningly. But, sure enough, they did meet the porter's Mr. Long, who turned out to be also Lizzie's "Percival Long, Esq.," with his daughter hanging on his arm. He opened his eyes very wide as he caught sight of Lizzie, then saying, "Mildred, this is my young friend, Miss Lizzie Northcote, whose acquaintance I made under peculiar circumstances," he extended his hand to Lizzie, and shook it heartily.

"Can you forgive me, my dear, for not answering your little letter? It came when this child, my Milly, was at death's door, and it got thrown aside somehow, for when, after the danger was past, I sought for it everywhere, it was nowhere to be found."

After this there was a grand introducing, hand-shaking, and laughing. Mr. Long insisted on turning back with the party, and, taking Mrs. Northcote on his arm, went with them to look at the house, which he knew all about, and advised them to take.

They did so, and then they all went to Elm Crag to luncheon, where they were hospitably entertained, Miss Milly presiding, while her father called Lizzie's attention to the fact that his dear child's cheeks were now as rosy as her own.

There is not so very much more to be told, except that Milly officiated as a bridesmaid at Edith's wedding, and that the young couple became the neighbours of Mr. Long, at Belford Regis. Also, that the union proved, as might be expected, a very happy one.

Harold, like a dutiful brother, soon paid a visit to Edith, and did not fail also to pay his respects at Elm Crag, having, he said, "been greatly attracted by the character of Mr. Long." It turned out that there was another attraction under the same roof, for the following spring Lizzie had again to officiate as bridesmaid to Mildred Long, who became the wife of her favourite brother, Harold.

* * * * * * * *

"Well, I declare," shouted Jack, as his mother paused for a moment, "I call this story of yours a sort of swindle. Whoever suspected such a finish? And you have told us all about Lizzie's troubles and Edith's courtship, and crammed Milly and Harold into a few words."

"Well, dear, you could not expect me to give such details twice over in one story. But you shall have a little more."

"About Lizzie. I should like to know who she married, and all particulars, for she is still my favourite."

"Perhaps I may tell you Lizzie's special story some other time. But I will just say that Mr. Northcote, having other sons, had to spare Harold to his father-in-law, and that when they married, he and Milly took up their abode at Belford Regis, at Elm Crag itself. Also that they lived very happy ever after, that is to this present time of telling. Also, and here mamma's eyes sparkled with fun, that I have altered names of persons and places to make my story a little more mysterious. The truth is Milly's name was not Milly at all; but Florence, like yours, Flossie, and Harold's was John, and that two of their children are called after them."

Mamma was here interrupted by a perfect shout. "Then you and papa were the Harold and Mildred of the story."

"Yes, darlings, and you can testify to the truth of the statement that *they* too lived happily ever after. It was most especially of your dear father and myself I was thinking when I spoke of the two lives whose future was influenced by a penny."

And mamma having thus finished her story, vanished by the open door in order to greet *her hero*, who had just entered, and was rubbing his shoes in the hall, and left her youngsters to digest as best they might her "Tale of a Penny."

NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co., Berners-street.

The Wishing Stone. Cantata for female voices. The words written by EDWARD OXENFORD. The music composed by FRANZ ABT.

NOT long ago, if one wished to find even a good trio for female voices, beyond "The flower greeting" (Curselemann), "Lift thine eyes" (Mendelssohn), or "Era Stella" (Mercadante), the search would have been attended with some difficulty, and as for a cantata for the same voices, the thing was comparatively unknown. In these later days of advancement we are delighted to have the want so ably supplied by good authors and musicians. The cantata before us opens with a short introduction for the piano alone, leading into a bold chorus (No. 1), "O'er the flow'r bejewell'd meadows," capitally laid

out for the voices, if we except the harmonies of the first two bars in the key of D major, which appear to us a little forced at the words, "Fow'rets are their petals closing."

No. 3, "I'm a little peasant maiden," is a nice flowing melody in waltz time.

No. 4, "The silv'ry moon," contains some very artistic writing for soprano and contralto.

No. 6, "Hand in hand we hasten," although what may be termed a pretty chorus, is built upon a somewhat slight foundation, and seems to come to us like an old friend. The same may be said of No. 8 (ballad), "Sweet fairy who for countless years."

The cantata closes with No. 10, trio and chorus, "The rosy morn is breaking," the commencing phrase reminding us vividly of Spohr's "As pants the hart," but the succeeding chorus is undoubtedly Franz Abt, and brings the work to a conclusion in a masterly and happy way.

The Water Fairies. Cantata for female voices. Words by EDWARD OXENFORD; music by FRANZ ABT.

THE introduction is somewhat incomprehensible, but is soon followed by No. 1, "The day is softly breaking," a chorus bright and sparkling, of no great difficulty, and exceedingly pretty, ending with the chord of the dominant seventh on D, which, curious to say, is not resolved, the chord of E ♭ in the recitative (No. 2) coming immediately after.



This progression must surely be an oversight.

No. 3, Air, "This day is sweet," runs trippingly along, fresh in character, leading off in 6-8 time, cleverly relieved in the last verse by a change into common time, the flowing melody being still retained; the accompaniment written in arpeggios.

No. 4, "Yonder lies the shining bower," is a charming duet for two sopranos.

No. 6, "'Neath the shining waters." A light and fairy-like chorus.

No. 8, "A queen in days long pass'd away." Ballad with chorus. The only number in a minor key, in its way very effective, if not strikingly original.

No. 10, "The day is o'er" (trio). This number throughout evinces a restlessness to which we cannot award unqualified praise; it is weak at starting, and gains but little strength even towards the close of the cantata.

The Silver Cloud. Cantata for female voices. Words by EDWARD OXENFORD; music by FRANZ ABT.

THIS work opens (like the preceding one) with a somewhat chaotic introduction for the piano, and the treatment of No. 1, "Waken, sisters, waken," is rather like a pianoforte exercise with voice accompaniment.

No. 3, Air, "Who would not a fairy be?" sadly lacks originality, and it is with a feeling of relief that we turn to No. 4, Duet, "Where the blue forget-me-nots," which shows how well and originally Abt can write for voices.

No. 6, "Onward we are winging." A really fresh and delightful chorus in 6-8 time, undoubtedly the best number in the work; it has the recommendation of keeping throughout close to its initial key, being for this reason comparatively easy for voices.

No. 8, Chorus, "O welcome, queen, who art to reign." Pretty, but with a very awkward pianoforte accompaniment.

No. 9, Air, "I know not why this honour great." The composer must surely have had Bennett's "May Queen" in his mind when he wrote this.

No. 11, "This joyous day is ended," which brings the work to a conclusion, is decidedly commonplace.

No one can question the ability of Franz Abt, but the writing in this cantata is so unequal that we feel he has failed to do himself anything like justice. As regards Edward Oxenford's words for the three cantatas, we have nothing but praise. Whatever this gentleman puts his pen to, he invariably shows a thorough acquaintance with the requirements of the art for which he is writing.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER:—

Slumber Song. — Words by George Weatherly; music by Tito Mattei. A lovely song, dedicated to Madame Trebelli. The accompaniment, as well as the air, so thoroughly refined and smooth as to leave a delightful sense of repose. "Sinking to sleep under the stars 'mid the wealth of roses." Forgetting all cares and sorrows, the sleeper finds the soothing and refreshing influence of gently falling asleep. The *finale* is most expressive, gradually slackening in time, and ending at last in a soft, low sigh. We can very highly recommend this song to all who love what is good and beautiful.

METZLER AND CO.:—

A Bunch of Cowslips.—Music by A. M. Wakefield; words by the Rev. F. Langbridge. A song that speaks to the heart. Both the writer of the words and composer of the music have caught the same inspiration. Commencing in the minor key, it sounds like the chastened sorrow of a true and loyal heart, which craves only a bunch of cowslips to lay on the grave of "Polly," yet, without repining, remembers the "sunbeam" and "sweetheart of twenty years ago." The tale is told in the major as well as minor key by the brave man who can feel and acknowledge from whence his strength comes. This must be "a thing of pleasure," feeling, more than elaborate singing or playing, being required for the perfect rendering.

ENOCH AND SONS:—

A Sunset Dream. By Joseph L. Roekel; words by M. Mark-Lemon. Arranged in two keys. No. 1 in C, No. 2 in D. The sound of a sweet voice once heard in the quiet evening hour, now "drifted away from earth, drifted away to heaven." "A treasure lent, not given." An easily-acquired song in a moderate compass.

On Dreamland's Shore. Music by E. Waldteufel; words by Mary Mark-Lemon. The burden of the song is a maiden's sad dream changed from sorrow to gladness. We are reminded of more than one well-known song, yet there is no unpleasant sameness nor want of novelty.

Two other songs from the same publishers, of a different character, are entitled, *Was It?* By Ethel Harraden; words by Herbert Harraden. A merry little song, needing only to be sung with lightness and archness to make it become a favourite at our musical evenings. And *Tit for Tat.* Words by Nemo; music by Henry Poutet. A saucy little song, requiring a playful and lively style of singing. "Tit for Tat" has nothing spiteful or objectionable in it. The music is characteristic.

EVERARD AND CO.:—

Meeting Branches. Music by Leonard Barnes; words by Edward Oxenford. In the keys of F, G, and B ♭. The accompaniment of this song is so pretty, and the symphony so simple and unhackneyed, that it would arrest the attention and satisfy the hearer even if the air and words were less pleasing, and will be found a worthy addition to the legion of songs to be chosen from.

At Sunset. Music by H. A. Muscat; words by C. Glenister. A quiet evening song. The nightingale's clear notes rising towards heaven, recalling sweet voices of cherished ones now gone above. This song is written in the key of three flats, and by no means difficult.

Our Village. Music by the same; words by Edward Oxenford. Subject of words and style of music sure to please our young friends whose modesty or inexperience precludes a more pretentious effort.

GODDARD AND CO.:—

I Fain would Have Thee Near Me.—Song in the key of C. Music and words by Percy G. Mocatta. This song is adapted for a mezzo-soprano voice. A smooth and pleasing air with a very easy accompaniment.

LAMBOURN COCKS:—

Pianoforte Solos. The Unfinished Song. Transcribed for the pianoforte by Ciro Pinsuti. A most faithful and effective rendering of the well-known song. Singing the very words themselves, yet in so easy a style that merely a moderate performer can give and receive satisfaction over the playing of it. It is only to be heard to make it most popular.

Sowing and Reaping. Another transcription by the same composer of a favourite song equally well arranged and telling, but perhaps a trifle easier of execution than the "Unfinished Song." Our readers will be glad that we bring these to their notice.

Dorothy. A rustic dance. By Charles E. Tinney. The composer has written a nice little piece worth learning by our younger friends. There are no frightening passages in it, nor is it long enough to weary the patience of the learner.

METZLER AND CO.

Have published a funeral march in memoriam of the Earl of Beaconsfield, composed by William Sparks. Solemn, grand, and well-sustained; quite within the scope of our moderately-advanced pianoforte players. It is dedicated to Mrs. Blagden, of the Vicarage, Hughenden.

Dr. Sparks has also arranged the march in his Book I. of "New and Original Compositions for the Organ or American Organ." These are fully marked for both instruments, and will be found useful also for the harmonium.

HOWARD AND CO.:—

Albert Dufare has been mindful of the juvenile performers, and arranged seven pretty pieces on well-known airs so lightly and easily that even without the very pretty pictures they would ensure a warm reception. The titles are:—

1. *The Water Mill.*
2. *The Little Neapolitan.*
3. *Little Pet's Grand March.*
4. *The Little Student.*
5. *The Highland Maiden.*
6. *The Old Church.*
7. *On the Steamboat.*

Quite a little library of pleasant music.

GODDARD AND CO.:—

Richelieu.—A grand march. Composed by Percy G. Mocatta. This is also an easy piece for the pianoforte; requiring, however, a more advanced performer than the seven pieces we have noticed above.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ALLIE, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND GROUSE.—The address of the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study, secretary, Miss A. C. Moore, is Oakfield, Eltham. Young ladies over school age may become members, receiving papers of questions, and are eligible for

prizes; fee, one guinea. We cannot explain the control acquired by Napoleon over the French people, further than to say that such conquerors and characters as his are born to occupy their place in the world. Flattery was one of the means by which he ruled his army, and the pride of France was gratified by his victorious career.

ROSA LAMBINET.—Your English letter does you credit. Judging from our own experience, we do not think that English girls are more ignorant than the French. Perhaps national pride a little blinds you.

ART.

T. C. M.—Beat up the white of an egg slightly and paint it over the silk with a flat brush, then stretch it on a drawing board with pins as you would paper.

CONSTANCE MURIEL.—We should think it quite as good as the coloured, but requiring more care and cleanliness.

JUDITH JONES.—Copies can be hired at any of the best artists' colourmen's shops for painting from; the terms are various.

LESLIE.—You might obtain orders from shops or find a place in some studio, if you are accustomed to china-painting and decoration. All such openings are found by personal exertion, and if quite in earnest we think you will succeed.

E. K. W.—If anxious to earn a living by art pursuits, you had better go and visit the Lambeth District School of Art, Miller's-lane, Upper Kennington-lane. Extra classes have been established there by the City Guilds for modelling in plaster, pottery, and silver, casting in bronze, fine art sculpture, cameo cutting, and wood carving. At some of these pursuits you might, after thorough training, earn a living, especially if, as you say, you have a talent for drawing and designing. Beware, however, that you do not mistake a "taste" for a "talent," as many do.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CATO.—"Canon Smith," "Mr. Canon" when addressed personally. "My Lord" is the legal title in England.

MYRA S.—We decline to inform anybody "the size their waist ought to be." "A Ward in Chancery" is an infant under the protection of the Court of Chancery.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Our year commences in October. The back numbers can be obtained through any bookseller.

GIPSY QUEEN.—Music, reading aloud, bright surroundings, and pleasant home company are the only allurements you can practise to keep your truant at home. Games, such as chess, are also useful. Your writing is good and clear.

MAY.—Cover the canary's cage by all means at night if the room be cold or draughty. Dogs' biscuits are the best food.

SNOWSTORM.—Very finely-powdered burnt alum to use, and alum-water as a gargle, are often useful in *such enlargements*. For your decanters try a little lemon-juice and fine salt mixed, which may remove the mildew. A bottle rack is used for drying bottles.

CLUMSY.—The gift of "finding favour" in other people's eyes seems to be from God Himself. See Gen. xxxix. 21, Dan. i. 9, Acts vii. 10. We gain all our best gifts by prayer, and so you may lay this simple petition before Him, "Lord, grant that I may find favour in their eyes." It will make you happier, at any rate, to know you have laid the matter in His hands.

SIGNORA MASANTE.—Your letter is one of those which give us encouragement in our work. You would obtain a few lessons in hairdressing easily, but you would have to begin as young ladies' or second maid, as it is difficult to get a situation of the sort without previous experience. You will obtain it through an advertisement in a good paper. Your writing and composition do you credit, the only drawback to the former being the flourishes with which it is graced.

DISAPPOINTED.—Your best way is to consult a surgeon, who will advise a bandage, or some method of keeping the bone in its place.

SNOWDROP.—First-class recommendations are needed to obtain the situation of ship's stewardess. Apply at the office of one of the steamship companies, and state your qualifications and testimonials.

PETITE VITESSE.—A copy of the French Marriage Code may be obtained by addressing the secretary of the Association for the Protection of English Women and Children in Paris, 9, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, E.C.; price, post free, 2d. Your writing is neat.

G. A. P.—Kid reviver is generally used, but the best lady's-maids clean the *kid with milk* after being used, and keep it in order by no other means.

BESY BEE.—Consult a doctor, who will probably prescribe something to assist your evidently weak digestion.

KATHLEEN B.—Rinse the black and white cotton in salt and water to set the colour, and wash in tepid water. Iron on the wrong side. It is not the custom for the bride to give her bridesmaids their dress, but they are very generally made at the same dressmaker's, where perfect uniformity is desired.

LORNA.—You send us five or six questions, which is more than your share. Do not plait your hair too tight, its sudden falling out was probably more due to your health than to your having plaited it. Put your dried ferns into a book, and fasten strips of paper across their stalks to keep them in their place.

A MOTHER.—The quotation you send will be found in Rogers's "Italy." Thank you very much for your appreciative and grateful letter. We are, indeed, thankful to "do good in our day and generation."

A YOUNG DISCIPLE.—There are so many editions of Scotch songs that you have only to inquire at a second-hand music shop to find several. We cannot say you will find the verse you quote, as if we remember right it formed part of a masque or play enacted on the occasion of the marriage of the first of the "Maries." Gold paint can be obtained at any artists' colourman's.

A DARK ROSE.—Try soap containing little alkali. Make your jays' feathers into hand screens,



AT THE GIRL'S OWN EXHIBITION.

"Dear me, what excellent stitching!"

sewing them on a circular mount, and edging them with some longer feathers.

M. V. V.—Avoid sugar and sweet things, and never take beer. Biscuits would also be better than bread. You might improve your writing by writing copies of running hand, so as to acquire more freedom with your pen.

INEZ CAMERON.—The baptismal name and register is the right one, which you would have to produce by law if required for any legal purpose. The 3rd November, 1816, was Tuesday.

M. D. C.—Send to a publisher of sacred music and hymnals; we know of no other way, except perhaps getting them introduced by a well-known organist.

PERSEVERANCE.—Get some of the pretty straw seated chairs of various shapes and sizes, two little tables, and a bookcase, all in ebonised wood. Get some cheap cretonne for curtains, and cover a screen to hide the safe with the same.

RUBY.—Read "Occupations for Invalids," and take the unset pearls to a lapidary or jeweller. It would not be possible for us to value them.

ELISE.—The failure of your hair and its premature greyness seem to show great constitutional weakness, so we advise your consulting your family doctor and letting him know all about it. With the improvement of bodily health your hair will improve too.

E. K.—Yes, we believe there is a life of the gentleman in question; any bookseller would order and procure it for you. The name of the composer of the National Anthem is a much disputed subject; Dr. Henry Carey is said to have composed it in 1740, and Dr. John Bull on the occasion of the Gunpowder Plot, to which the words, "Frustrate their knavish tricks," especially allude.

MARIANNE.—The prices of coins may refer to patterns or proofs; if current coins of late date they must be in matchless preservation. We do not give addresses of the kind; they may be ascertained from a London Directory.

AGNES.—Your friend being a lady should make the introduction if desirable.

M. S. M. M.—Read "Occupations for Invalids."

ZULEIKA.—The prolongation of such relationship much depends on the nature of the feeling the parties have for each other when the tie has been broken by death. Both are right; "lighted" is in some cases more elegant.

A DROWSY SUBSCRIBER.—So many call themselves "subscribers" that we have to supply some distinguishing appellation. The extreme nervousness of which you complain, combined with an equally distressing degree of drowsiness, sleeping for three hours in the day, in addition to sleeping heavily through the night, shows you to need a personal interview with some good doctor. We could not venture to prescribe for you. You appear to be suffering from malaria.

A PECULIAR SCOTCH LASSIE.—We confess that we are unable to give a satisfactory solution of such a phenomenon as that described. The writer's case might have deserved record in the book of "wonderful people," for "her eyes make a noise when she blinks," and like some mechanical toy she produces a rattling all over! A peculiar "grating noise in her chest when coughing," and another "in her throat when swallowing." We sympathise with her, but can only recommend the visit of a doctor who can judge of these noises, and their probable cause.

AN IGNORANT GIRL.—See answer to "Lady Clarice," page 336, vol. ii. The disease you name is one about which the less said the better, except to a doctor. We advise you to consult one. Young girls make themselves ridiculous by giving way to it. Early hours, good food, plenty of air and exercise, and as much stirring, active, and useful employment as possible is our prescription.

LITTLE BIRD AND MAGGIE.—If so unaccountably "nervous in reading to sick people," the sooner you overcome it the better. As some additional occupation of a useful kind, why not knit or crochet something for them? 2. The inscription you quote is in Spanish, and means "with fear and patience."

INCOGNITO.—Gold and silver articles are taken to the Assay Office to be stamped according to their purity, and are compared with a given standard. That of gold is divided into twenty-four parts called "carats," which constitute "standard gold." When sent to be "Hall-marked," and so certified to be equal in purity to the value set upon it, it is stamped with the device on the arms of the city to which it was sent. It also receives the "standard mark," for England a "lion passant," for Edinburgh a "thistle," for Glasgow a "lion rampant," and for Ireland a "crowned harp"; and when the gold is alloyed above the standard coin of the realm (which, like wedding rings, has twenty-two carats of pure gold, to two only of alloy), the number of carats of pure gold the article contains is stamped upon it. Besides these three marks, there is a letter which is called the "date mark," and by reference to an explanatory table employed by gold and silversmiths the year of the marking may be identified. The fourth stamp which appears upon articles in these metals is the head of the reigning sovereign.

VIETCHEN.—Your case is a very extraordinary one. We cannot give a recommendation of any particular doctor, but may tell you that the climate of the island of Sark (Channel Islands) is said to be most beneficial to sufferers from asthma. Your handwriting is good.

SUSAN K. asks how it is that the lists of prizes of certificate winners were not published in the paper earlier. The reason is that owing to the enormous sale of the magazine, and the large quantities to be printed, we have to prepare each number some weeks before it is actually published. The lists were inserted at the very first opportunity.

A SCOTCH GIRL.—We thank you for your letter, and for the information it contains.

FLORENCE C.—You do not describe the sixpenny piece, the device upon it, whether "milled," "hammered," Irish, of fine silver, or base, a Colonial "Portcullis sixpence," or a pewter "Portcullis," pattern or proof. Likewise the state of preservation of a coin must affect its value.

CLARIBEL.—All difficulty will be obviated by your procuring an ordinary "clothes-horse" of the height the nearest to what would suit you. Nothing would be easier than to cover it with any material you please. American cloth would do, fastened on with tacks; or canvas or calico, on which you might paste some pretty paper, if not pictures, which latter would occupy a good deal of time.



VOL. II.—NO. 79. JULY 2, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SUNBEAM OF THE FACTORY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

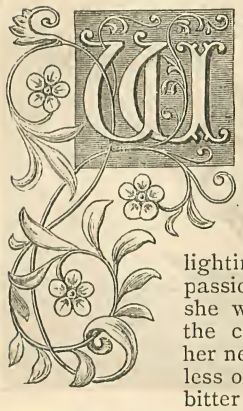


[*All rights reserved.*]

"'AND WHO SHOULD IT BE IF IT ISN'T MYSELF?'"

CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHT SCHOOL.



"WHAT'S the good of living, I should like to know; there's not a creature now to care for me," and the young girl, not twenty years of age, turned from the little fire she was lighting and burst into passionate tears. Long she wept, heedless of the cold, heedless of her need of food, heedless of all save her own bitter feelings. Her heart was very sore that evening. Just a year ago that day her father had died, and the memory of his sick bed and parting words was as fresh now as then.

Sitting alone in the darkness, she recalled them all—his sudden illness, the doctor's visits, his grave answers to her eager inquiries, and then the last words of her dying parent. "Kitty," he had said, in a faint, low tone, "Kitty, you've been a good girl to me, and now I'm going you must try to stay on still in the old place. I know it will be hard when I'm not here to keep the place, but it will be best for you."

A fit of coughing interrupted his words, and he never spoke again.

Never could she forget that night, nor the dull, gloomy afternoon, when, a week later, she followed the coffin to its last resting-place. She saw it lowered into the grave; she heard the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and then she fell fainting to the ground, and remembered no more until she found herself lying on the tiny sofa in her step-mother's home.

They were miserable weeks and months that followed. During the day Katie worked as usual in a neighbouring factory. Once the gayest of the gay, she now felt wearied and depressed by the light laughter of her companions, and she grew irritable and cross. On her return home at night she missed her father from his accustomed seat, and her step-mother became harsher and worse-tempered than before. Poor Kate! Remembering her father's dying wishes, she tried to be patient and not to answer back; but when nine months had passed away, and matters grew worse instead of better, she left the old home where she had lived from a child, and rented a small back attic. Katie was a good workwoman, her wages were high, and she could pay her way. But work that day was slack; she had returned home before five o'clock, and then it was that the memory of the past had overcome her, and she had covered her face with her hands and wept.

Presently Katie grew calmer; she rose from her seat, stirred the tiny fire into a bright, warm blaze, and prepared for tea. Whilst waiting for the kettle to boil she opened a small old-fashioned work-box and took out a square glass frame. It was the portrait of her father. How well she remembered it being taken! She was only ten years old at the time; it was her birthday, and in the afternoon he took her to Greenwich Park, and gave her swings and donkey rides to her heart's content. Finally, she coaxed him to have his likeness taken and put in a small gilt frame, and when it was done she carried it home in high childish glee, and for nights lay with it wrapped up beneath her pillow.

Now that all was past and gone; never again should she hear her father's voice, nor see his pleasant smile, and with a deep-drawn sigh Katie replaced the photograph in the work-box and sat down to tea.

Half-an-hour later there came a loud knocking at the door, and an impatient voice exclaimed, "Kitty, Kitty, you live here, don't you? I've had such a bother to find you out." Kate opened the door, and saw the face of a light-hearted merry girl, who worked in the same factory as herself.

"Why, Bridget," she exclaimed, "is that you?"

"And who should it be, if it isn't myself?" was the laughing reply. "Don't stare as if you saw a donkey standing on its hind legs. You never told me where you lived, but you see I've found you out."

No wonder Katie was surprised. Never before had she received a visitor in her little room; but her companion was quite equal to the occasion. "If you haven't the manners to give me a chair, why I'll help myself," and so saying she drew up close to the fire and sat down.

Katie said something about being glad to see her.

"Don't tell fibs," was the reply; "you know you are saying to yourself all the time, 'What in all the world has the girl come for?' Well, I'll tell you. You know, or perhaps you don't know, that I go to night-school, and we have such a jolly teacher now in our class. Last week she told us all to bring someone fresh, so I've come for you. Now it's of no use your saying 'No,' for I shall stick to you like a leach till you do go. Come, Kitty," she added in a gentler tone, "you know you've been moping again, you can't deny that, so just put on your things and come with me. Hurry up, there's a good girl."

Katie hesitated but a minute; she had a great dread of strangers, but anything would be better, said she to herself, than to remain in that little room and nurse her gloomy thoughts. Besides, she was fond of Bridget; the girl was a universal favourite, and more than once she had gone out of her way to say a kind word to the lonely orphan. Soon she was ready and walking with her companion quickly along the street, Bridget laughing and talking merrily meanwhile.

In a short time they reached a warm, well-lighted room, arranged in classes, and with bright coloured pictures on the wall.

Bridget was hurrying up to the other end, when, turning round, she saw Katie still standing near the door, looking shy and nervous.

"Wanted, a policeman," she exclaimed in a laughing voice, as she seized her by the hand and dragged her forward.

"What for?" asked a girl that knew her.

"To run her in, to be sure," was the quick reply.

"Miss Johnson," she added, coming up to her teacher, and speaking in a more respectful tone, "I've brought you a friend of mine, Kitty Morton; she works in our factory. Perhaps you'll be able to do something with her as you can't with me."

The lady smiled; she liked the warm-hearted, lively girl, and soon made Katie feel at home by her kindly greeting.

The two girls were almost late. No sooner had they taken their seats than the bell rang for silence, and a hymn was given out. Katie was not prepared for this. Her father, though so good-natured and kind, was not a religious man, and for years she had scarcely heard the name of God. Churches and chapels, she thought, were not meant for working girls, and the one Bible she possessed — her mother's Bible — was hidden away at the bottom of a box. But she was fond of singing, and, soon catching up the tune, joined heartily in the hymn.

Then followed a prayer—the Lord's prayer. Katie knew it well. When a child, she had unthinkingly repeated it morning by morning in day-school. But how the words came home to her heart that evening! "Our Father, who art in Heaven." "Our Father"; she knew that God was meant. Was He then a Father, a *real* Father, such as hers had been? Did He care for His children? Could He really hear them speak? And who were His children, and who might call Him "Our Father"? Such questions as these passed quickly through her mind, and made her long yet more for him on whose knees she had so often sat when a child, and who had been both father and mother in one.

Soon the business of the evening began. Books were handed round, and the reading-lesson commenced. Even Bridget was quiet, "bottling up," as she expressed it. Miss Johnson would allow of no talking, but she made the lesson pleasant and interesting to the girls, and they one and all enjoyed it. Writing followed reading, and more than an hour passed rapidly away. Then once again the bell was rung, books were gathered up and put in their places, and another hymn was given out.

"She's going to speak to-night," whispered Bridget, nodding in the direction of Miss Johnson; "the teachers take it by turn every month, and she began last week." Katie was silent, but she looked at her teacher more carefully than before. She had a grave, but sweet and motherly face, that looked as though it had known sorrow of its own. It was a face that might be trusted, and Katie took to it at once.

When all was silent in the room, Miss Johnson rose from her seat, and, standing on a low platform, commenced to speak:—

"Girls," she said, "I want to remind you to-night of something that happened

long ago. It is the story of a servant who was unkindly treated by her mistress. Poor woman! She was a slave; she was not free to leave her situation; she was the property of her mistress. Harsh words were spoken, all the pleasure went out of her life, and, maybe, she wished that she might die. Days and weeks succeeded each other, and she could stand the ill-treatment no longer; she would run away. Seizing the first opportunity, she left her mistress's home. She dared not venture into a city; there she might be found out and sent back. She fled into the wilderness, a lonely place, far from any human being, far from any human eye. There she sat down by a fountain. Perhaps she was thirsty, and tasted first of its waters. But how desolate she must have felt that day! No one to speak to, no one to see her, quite alone and very miserable! But was she quite alone—did no one see her? Suddenly breaking the stillness, she heard a voice, and she saw the form of an angel, a messenger from God. How he came there she did not know, nor does it concern us now what he said to her. But when she rose up and left that place she called it by a name that meant 'Thou, God, seest me.' Those four words, dear girls, I want you to remember, for it is about the eye of God that I wish to speak to you. The poor servant-maid thought no one saw her as she ran away from her mistress; but one eye watched every step of her path. 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' Think of that! You and I are never alone; God sees all—sees the evil too. Have you never done anything of which you have felt ashamed, that you would not like your friends to know? God knew that.

"Once there was a large army of men, and one single man among them all did wrong. Commandment was given that certain things should not be touched, but when this man—Achan—saw them, he longed to have them for his own. One day, when quite alone, he went stealthily to the place where they were, and took away a handsome garment, and much silver and gold. No doubt he looked around in all directions to make sure that no one was near. But one thing he quite forgot—to look up! The eye of God was gazing down and saw it all. But Achan's only thought was how to hide what he had done. He hurried home, and buried his treasures in the earth, and no one knew! But the next time the soldiers went to fight they were beaten. Very much ashamed, the captain asked the reason, and God told him it was because one man had sinned, and He caused it to be found out that Achan was the man; and there, before his family, before his friends, before all that large number of people, Achan had to confess to his sin.

"Now, dear girls, will you try and remember this next time you are tempted to do wrong, 'The eye of God is upon me; how then can I sin against Him?' Not that I want you to feel afraid of His eye; it is the eye of a Father who cares for you, who will help you, who has given to you every good thing you possess. But I will speak more of that another time. Now will you repeat with me the four words, 'Thou, God, seest me'?"

The girls said the words together and knelt for the closing prayer. Not one word of that did Katie lose, and as she rose from her knees, she said to herself, "I suppose Miss Johnson must be one of His children; she speaks as if He were just here, listening to her."

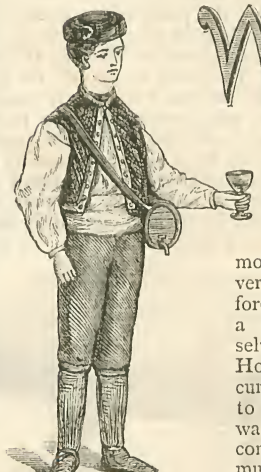
Her thoughts were interrupted by a laughing voice. "Why, Kitty, you look as solemn as our forewoman when I ask her for a holiday. But, I say," Bridget added in a lower tone, "isn't she just nice! I knew you would like her." Katie nodded for reply, and just at that moment Miss Johnson came down from the platform to say "Good-bye" to her class. She gave Katie an affectionate invitation to come again, and, as the girl moved away to find her hat, took the opportunity of asking Bridget if her friend were in trouble, she looked so unhappy.

"Oh," replied the girl, "she has been like that for a long time. You see, she lives alone by herself, and that's not very lively company. I'm only a bit of tough leather, I know," she added, with a laugh, "and can stand some knocking about; but as for her, I wonder she wasn't sent into the world ticketed, 'Glass, with care.'"

The two girls parted at the doorway, Bridget mischievously calling out after she had gone a few steps, "I say, Kitty, I told Miss Johnson you were as soft as putty, but if you'll stay out all night, I'll warrant you'll be hard enough by the morning."

(*To be continued.*)

OUR BAZAAR.



WHEN my sisters and I were asked to provide a stall at a forthcoming bazaar the proposition was received with considerable perturbation. We had never done more than help in a very small way before, and the idea of a stall all to ourselves was alarming. How should we procure enough things to stock it? Where was the money to come from? For it must be said we were by no means rich people, and we girls had quite as much as we could manage to make our dress allowance suffice, without such a stupendous extra outlay as this would involve.

The bazaar was to be held to procure funds for the orphanage of our town. The children were in want of new winter dresses, and the treasurer was in despair, when the committee, as a last resort, decided on holding a bazaar without loss of time. Thus it happened that my sisters and I, being regular visitors and helpers at the orphanage, were called upon in so agitating a manner. We could hardly refuse, however, under the circumstances, so there was nothing for it but to put our shoulders to the wheel and do the best we could.

The other stalls were to be held by ladies considerably better off than ourselves; therefore knowing how futile would be an attempt to rival their splendour, we decided that our stall should be stocked with articles distinguished for usefulness and, if possible, originality.

Nothing is easier than to make up one's mind to be clever and original. Carrying out the plan is a rather different matter. When we came to begin we found that striking ideas and novelties did not suggest themselves with the readiness that might have been expected. We began by asking a few friends to attend a Sewing Bee at our house, and each was requested to come provided with an original idea, and also materials for the carrying out of the same. One girl, who was on a visit in the country, wrote to say she would be home for the meeting, but would not have time to provide any work. She was therefore asked to collect and bring a quantity of fir cones, dry mosses, acorns, lichens, and so on, the uses of which will be presently explained.

The time fixed for the Bee came, and with it the girls and their work, but, alas! not very many practicable ideas. Several offered suggestions of great ingenuity, but which had to be declined as of no use, and we were determined to have nothing that was not really useful or ornamental. The first to arrive declared she had not one spark of originality in her composition, and was obliged to give up the attempt to get anything striking. She had brought some good long cloth, to be converted into those very practical articles—shirts for boys varying in age from ten to seventeen. These, she assured us, would be sold before any one had even looked at our grand ideas. Her words, though not literally fulfilled, were not far wrong, as the shirts were all gone, and as many more had been asked for before the first day was over. No. 2 was mysterious. She arrived with a large bag, and refused to tell anyone what she was going to do until she could show the result. She requested that she might be allowed to work in a small room, which was separated only by a curtain from the sitting-room, where she would be screened from view, and could still join in the conversation. A mischievous little sister had meanwhile peeped unobserved into the bag, and called out that it was full of old empty bottles.

No. 2 snatched it from her, and glanced disdainfully at our mirth. "Let those laugh who win," said she, and disappeared behind the curtain.

No. 3 came, followed by a boy with a large roll of common blankets, brown and grey. One of these she spread upon the floor, informing us that she was the representative of high art. She was going to transform the domestic blanket into an æsthetic rug for the centre of a polished floor. All round it, about a foot from the edge, was traced a border of simple arabesque design, whilst in each corner inside the border was a sunflower or two, conventionally treated. The border was to be outlined in different shades of peacock-blue Scotch yarn, the straight lines being a dark shade, whilst a paler one was employed for the curves and zigzags. The sunflowers were worked in their natural rich yellow, and the leaves in very subdued and *un*natural greens, so, at least, some of the unæsthetic company present thought.

When finished this rug was the envy and admiration of us all, particularly as the total cost was not more than 5s. or 6s. Some of the other blankets were cut up into hearth-rugs, piano and door mats, and embroidered in designs of the same class. They made an

excellent show on the stall, and sold quickly for a good price.

No. 4 brought some remnants of cotton sateen, of different colours, and several pairs of the smallest-sized cork socks. The larger pieces of material were made up into the charming little "granny" sun-bonnets that children wear now-a-days, whilst the scraps and cuttings she dextrously cut out and fashioned into strap slippers for very little children. The sateen and lining were first cut to the required shape. A tiny design was next drawn and worked on the toe of each. Material and lining were then joined up the back separately, so as to hide the raw edges of both. The two were carefully tacked together and bound round, top and bottom, with narrow ribbon. The cork socks had to be cut down to the size required for the soles, as they are not procurable sufficiently small. These were also bound round with the narrow ribbon, and then stitched on to the uppers; the straps, fastening with a button and button-hole, were made and sewn on separately. These dainty little slippers cost only about tenpence per pair, and they sold easily for three shillings, so the profit was considerable.



FROM AN OLD BOTTLE.

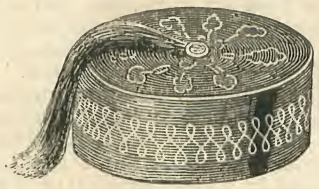
Next came No. 5, with her promised basket of cones, looking hopelessly mystified as to what she was to do with them. We had provided for her a piece of looking-glass in a plain deal frame, about fourteen inches long by ten wide, with a ring at the back to hang it up by. Likewise a glue-pot and brush.

I showed her how to pull off some of the larger scales from the fir cones and glue them on as a border round the frame. She then added row within row of nutshells, acorns, and all her other treasures, filling in the gaps and interstices with sprigs of lichen and moss. These frames are sometimes finished off by varnishing, but we all agreed that the effect was so much better unvarnished, that we would let well alone and trust to the good-keeping qualities of all the varieties that had been employed.

The mirror was so highly approved of that it was thought we might safely make several more things decorated with the same class of natural objects. A fresh supply was sent for from the country, which served to ornament a variety of brackets, picture-frames, and so on, the foundations of which were cut out of strong mill-board. One or two of our helpers, whose imaginations could not soar above plain needlework, followed the lead of No. 1, and made sets of underclothing for ladies and children. The result of our experience is that nothing sells better than these under-garments, as they are always useful, and no one will mind paying a good price for them, if they be well and neatly made, particularly when the money goes to help a good object.

We had been much exercised in our minds to discover the use to which a number of old chimney-pot hats were to be put. They had been sent to our house in readiness for the Bee by a friend, who had begged them from her different acquaintances. The bag of implements she brought with her contained nothing more marvellous than a penknife, a few skeins of gold braid, a piece of gold satin, and two or three silk tassels of the same hue. Here was originality indeed, for not any one amongst us could give a clue as to her idea.

It proved that she meant to strike out something new in the fashion of smoking caps,



MADE FROM A GENTLEMAN'S HIGH HAT.

without a supply of which I imagine no bazaar ever was or ever will be considered complete. This enterprising individual cut off the tops of the hats, three or four inches down, removed the lining and stiffening, and set to work to embroider an elaborate design in gold braid on the soft beaver, which I must say made excellent caps, both in shape and appearance. They were lined with satin in the usual way, and when finished off with a tassel at the top, looked both handsome and uncommon.

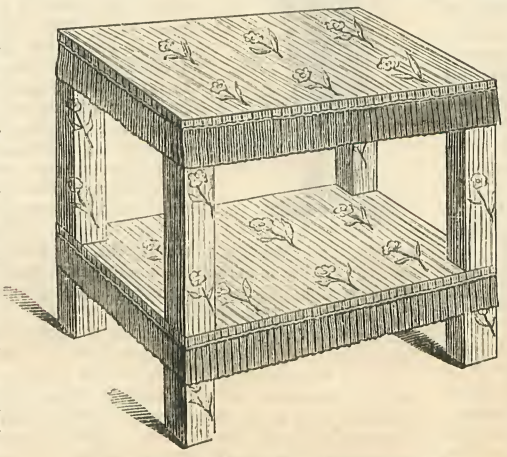
Before the rest of our visitors arrived, No. 2 appeared from her hiding-place, carrying a tray on which were four most artistic looking vases. Two were quite straight to the top, and of an olive green colour; the other two, which were deep blue, were shorter and narrowed at the neck. We gazed in astonishment, and begged to be told to whom we owed this valuable addition to our stock. For some time No. 2 was obdurate, and refused to enlighten us, as a punishment for our laughter, when she arrived. At last, touched by our humble apologies, she took us behind the curtain, and then we saw the whole mysterious process.

The two straight vases were truly nothing more than "old bottles" with the neck and shoulders cut off; the others were empty preserved-ginger jars; she had covered them with two or three coats of oil paint, laid on very smoothly, diluting the paint when absolutely necessary, with a drop of oil, but using it as thick as possible to ensure its adhering to the glazed surface. They had to be left on the tray till perfectly dry, as, if moved, it would be impossible to avoid smearing. The paint took several days to dry, but were quite ready for the next process by our second meeting a week later. This finishing touch consisted of embellishing each with a flower or spray of flowers, the paint being laid on thickly and with as unstudied a look as possible. A tea rose and a bunch of yellowish chrysanthemums were very successful, and when they were finished the vases had all the appearance of the Barbotine ware which is so much in vogue just now. Another happy venture of one of the party was the making of peacock-feather fire-grate ornaments, in a very simple and economical way. She purchased several Japanese paper umbrellas, getting them at half price, being soiled and faded in colour; also four or five bundles of the feathers at 1s. per bundle. The stalks of the latter she cut off to within a few inches of the eyes, which were then stitched on in rows round the umbrella, beginning at the outer edge, each row overlapping the other till the centre was reached, which was finished off by a tuft of small feathers. The umbrellas had to be fixed permanently *open*, as an accidental shutting would be disastrous to the feathers.



MADE FROM AN EMPTY PRESERVED-GINGER JAR.

It would take too long to describe all the things we made, but there were one or two more which deserve a passing mention. There happened to be a packing-case, of which both top and bottom were unbroken; this, it was suggested, would serve for the foundation of a fashionable Queen Anne table. We gave a carpenter a trifle to make four straight square legs of common deal, which we then covered with good artistic crétonne. This had to be very neatly and carefully done with small upholsterer's tacks. The top of the packing-case was next prepared, small squares were cut out at each corner, in such a shape and size as that the legs would just fit in. It was very strongly nailed in this position, about half way down the legs so as to form a shelf, whilst the other piece of the packing-case was used for the top of the table. The corners of this latter piece were of course not cut out, but were allowed to rest on the legs to which it was nailed. The shelf and top were covered first with brown paper, the wood being coarse and rough, and next with crétonne, of which a margin of two inches was left hanging down all round. This flounce hid all joins and untidiness. The only thing now needed was a few yards of worsted fringe to match the crétonne; it was stitched round the edge of both shelves, and our table was complete. I may mention that the materials cost 5s., but the table sold for 25s.



A QUEEN ANNE TABLE, MADE FROM A PACKING-CASE.

Another successful venture was the making of pretty bathing-dresses. One of our party had spent some weeks of the summer at a French watering place, and had bought there an elegant costume, which served for a pattern. It was made of thick Bolton sheeting, and knickerbockers and tunic were both elaborately trimmed with bands and frills of Turkey red twill, and at the waist a cord and tassels of red worsted. The red twill will stand salt water without losing or changing colour, and looks bright and pretty enough to quite eclipse our ordinary clumsy serge dress.



"RHODA AND MAUD WERE WALKING WITH THEIR GUEST."

Bathing shoes, to complete the costume, we made of coarse canvas, the soles were crocheted of thick twine or cord, and on the toe was roughly embroidered an anchor or some such nautical device in worsted of the colour of the dress.

To several of these bathing costumes was added a loose dressing-gown—of which French ladies know the comfort so well—to slip on directly the bath is over. The shape is either like a long sleeveless cloak, or else simply a large edition of an ordinary dressing-gown. The material is bath-towelling, bound with coloured twill to match the bathing-dress.

It is a great mistake not to provide things suitable for gentlemen at bazaars, as they are usually quite willing to buy, but very naturally object to having a number of things forced upon them for which they can have no possible use, except to give to their lady friends.

I had often heard complaints on this point, and was determined that our stall should not be wanting in articles dear to the masculine heart, or useful to masculine necessity. But such things are certainly difficult to provide when one wishes to go beyond the limits of cigar-cases, worked slippers, and smoking-caps. We found bicycling stockings, knitted in fingering and ribbed, a very happy idea; likewise socks knitted in silk or alliance yarn for ordinary wear were much appreciated. Beyond these, ornaments of all sorts, waste-paper baskets, prettily trimmed with the all-useful Turkey twill and fringes, newspaper racks, bought in their plainest form and decorated elaborately in the same manner, and such like were readily bought. Another novelty on our stall were little china jars of pot-pourri, of which a friend, happy in the possession of a large garden, had made a quantity during the summer. Her recipe is very simple, but the result is quite as pleasing as a more elaborate one. She keeps a jar, containing a lump of bay salt, and a tangerine orange dotted over with cloves; into this jar she throws her roses, and now and then a carnation, verbena, or any other sweet scented flower or leaf, without any preparation whatever, not even drying them unless they are really wet. She gives the whole a good stir up frequently, and renews the bay salt if necessary. This deliciously scented combination met with a ready sale, particularly as it was contained in dainty little Japanese jars, looking as though they were worth considerably more than their price.

As a sort of appendage to our stall we employed one of my young brothers, whom we attired as a Spanish water-seller, substituting very good lemonade for the water, however. He wore a white shirt and over it a little black velvet jacket without sleeves, and unbuttoned; black knee-breeches, and high wash-leather leggings or gaiters. A red scarf was wound several times round his waist, and the ends tucked in. He wore on his head, first, a red handkerchief knotted in the nape of the neck, and above that a small round black hat, with a rosette at one side, and the brim turned up all round. We made the hat of cardboard covered with glazed lining and the rest of the costume was easily arranged.

The water-cask was at first a difficulty, but we surmounted it by the purchase of a little empty barrel. This was procured at an oil shop for the sum of 6d., and with a tap fitted in it made a capital cask for our purpose. It was secured on the Spaniard's left shoulder by a strap passing under the right arm, and three or four silver cups borrowed from friends for the occasion, were suspended by strings from the front of the barrel. Our young Gallego was a great success, and such was the demand for his refreshing beverage that he had several times to retire and have his cask replenished.

We had also one of the now fashionable "Fairy Pools," in which, on payment of 3d., the company were permitted to fish. The angler, on pulling in his line, finds that he has caught a small present, which had been hooked on by an assistant hidden behind a screen.

Our stall was decorated with wreaths of ivy and dried moss, which showed up the brightly-coloured wares beautifully, and the results exceeded our most sanguine expectations, for everything was sold. We raised enough money between us to pay off all our debt on the Orphanage.

DORA HOPE.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER IX.

SUNDAY.

DAISY went downstairs to breakfast with a firm conviction that something unpleasant was awaiting her. Rhoda, the Doctor, and Miss Daughton were in their usual places at the table; Gertrude Sandon was still in her room, but Maud, unusually brisk, made her appearance soon after her cousin.

"It's a great mistake," Maud began, "for people to go into society when they are not used to its ways. They are sure to do something ill-bred, and make others uncomfortable. That was Gerty's remark to me last night.'

"Will Gertrude breakfast upstairs?" Rhoda asked.

"Yes; she was knocked up by yesterday's journey, poor darling."

"She seemed bright enough," said the governess.

"Oh, Gerty is so unselfish that she will never let anyone suspect how tired she really is Even when she is thoroughly worn out, she tries to be pleasant; that's why she is such a general favourite."

"She is just the kind of girl who is sure to attract attention," remarked Miss Daughton.

"Of course she is. I could see that Mr. Alderstone was longing to talk to her in the drawing-room last night," cried Maud, with a spiteful glance at Daisy. "He was trying to make his escape from the sofa in the corner, and get to her side. I really pitied him."

As usual, Daisy grew rosy-red, and did not speak.

Rhoda looked at her, but did not attempt to stay the torrent of her sister's eloquence.

"Nothing could have been in worse taste than Daisy's behaviour," continued Maud, waxing hotter and bolder. "It was a painful exhibition of ill-breeding. I don't know what our guests can think of our newly-arrived relation; they must see, of course, that she has never been in good society before."

Rhoda's instincts told her in a moment that Maud had gone too far. Daisy drew in a long breath, and her lips parted. But before she could utter a word, Dr. Garnett lifted his face from his book.

"You, at any rate, have not profited much by being in good society, Maud," he said, in his clearest, coldest voice. "There was no ill-breeding in my drawing-room last night, but there has been, indeed, 'a painful exhibition' at my breakfast-table this morning."

"But, father,——" Maud began, excitedly.

"Silence; we do not want any more idiotic remarks. You are clearly incapable of stating facts as they really are. Mr. Alderstone is a man of the world; he had probably had quite enough of your sparkling, frothy friend at dinner. He sought Daisy of his own free will, and she made no effort to detain him by her side."

"Girls who have led a quiet life are easily elated by a little notice," said Rhoda, sedately.

"Your cousin was animated, not elated," rejoined the Doctor, icily. "You should study words and their meanings, Rhoda; it would do you good, and help you to express yourself more happily."

That was Rhoda's rebuke for attempting to side with Maud against Daisy; a rebuke that stung her like a bitter frost wind.

And then the Doctor laid aside his book, got up from the table without glancing at anybody, and went out to his carriage without another word.

Daisy was left mistress of the field, and she would have been scarcely human if she had not secretly rejoiced in the discomfiture of her enemies. On their part, they were fully aware of the crushing defeat they had sustained; Rhoda's face had flushed a dark red, and her lips were tightly compressed; Maud was actually shedding tears of mortification; and Miss Daughton was, perhaps, privately enjoying the whole scene. Maud had inflicted too many stabs on her governess to receive any sympathy from that quarter.

Not a sign of triumph was made by Daisy. She quietly emptied her coffee-cup, and avoided looking at her cousins. Miss Daughton was the first to break the silence.

"Have you consulted Miss Sandon about the charades?" she asked, addressing Maud. "Your friend is quite an authority on matters of that kind, I daresay."

"There hasn't been time to talk to her about them yet," Maud muttered. "But I expect they will be a failure; we shall be compelled to ask those to act who haven't the least notion of acting!"

Once more Daisy's lips opened and closed again.

"Have you ever taken part in a charade, Daisy?" inquired the governess, just as they were all rising from the table.

"No," Daisy answered very calmly and distinctly. "I do not know anything about acting, and I should not like to attempt it."

With that she left the room, and the three ladies exchanged expressive glances.

"Your charades are quite safe, you see," said Miss Daughton, smiling. "Your cousin evidently doesn't wish to distinguish herself in that way."

"I suppose she feels that she has done enough to annoy us just for the present," cried Maud. "She has managed to make strife in the household."

"You shouldn't have attacked her so savagely," said Rhoda. "My father would not have spoken if you had said less. You always go too far."

"I think the Doctor's family pride was touched," the governess remarked. "We must remember that, after all, Daisy is his own brother's child; and the Garnetts have reason to be proud of their descent."

"But her mother was a nobody—a horrid, low farmer's daughter!" Maud said, furiously.

"She became the wife of a gentleman, dear Maud, and shared his name and social standing. And it appears that she was connected with——"

"The people who lived in the hall! O, you believe that romantic story, do you? I did not fancy you were quite so credulous."

"Really," said Rhoda, demurely, "I think that aunt of Daisy's must have invented the tale. No doubt she gave the drawing to Daisy, and told her to relate the history when an opportunity came. Mamma used to say that people of low origin often did that sort of thing."

"Of course," sneered Maud; "it's their way. And it would be quite too nice for them if everyone were like Miss Daughton, and overflowed with faith!"

The governess seemed as unmoved as usual by this impertinence; but she was silent, and soon quitted the room.

"The perfidious Daughton has gone over to the enemy," said Maud to her sister.

"You will make enemies right and left if you affront people so outrageously," replied Rhoda, with annoyance. "Miss Daughton is a gentlewoman, and she is very useful and agreeable in this house."

"Well, she is paid for being useful and agreeable."

"Other governesses were paid too, but they never answered our purpose as she does."

"Hundreds of ladies would be ready to jump into her situation, Rhoda, if she were to leave us."

"But my father would not like her to go. He says she is always well-bred and discreet, and never intrusive. And she does not do anything to provoke you?"

"She doesn't care for me a bit," cried Maud.

"Do you expect her to care for you?" asked Rhoda, with more feeling than she generally showed. "I wonder, sometimes, Maud, whether you ever realise the unnecessary pain you inflict upon people. Only the commonest courtesy is required of you, and yet you fling insults right and left."

"Oh, I don't think Miss Daughton is easily wounded! And, on the whole, I fancy she has as much affection for me as for you. I know you do not insult people, Rhoda, but no one seems to care for you. You have no friends at all."

Rhoda's dark face flushed.

"It is true," she said, "that I have little power of winning affection; but I don't make people hate me, as you do."

"Gerty doesn't hate me," Maud said, gaily, as Miss Sandon entered the room. "How are you now, darling? Rested, I hope."

"Quite rested," Gertrude answered, with her brightest manner. "And quite ready, dear Maud, to go into the charade business."

"Oh, it is sure to be a success if you take it in hand!" said Maud, rapturously. "To my great delight, the family incumbrance declines to have anything to do with acting; so we shall have it all to ourselves. And you must choose your parts, my Gerty, and arrange everything."

"You think too highly of my powers, dearest," replied Miss Sandon, with her prettiest affectation of humility.

Rhoda looked on, silent and cynical; and yet, although she had an instinctive disbelief in Gertrude, she almost envied Maud this semblance of a friend.

One who would have been a real friend was near at hand; but Rhoda's heart was obstinately closed against her. Alas, if our hearts are so often found closed against our brethren, is it wonderful that our Saviour knocks in vain? We know not what we do when we shut out our brother; we think, perhaps, it is only a human voice that is pleading; but it is our Lord Himself who

is saying "Behold I stand at the door and knock." And thus we bar ourselves in with our selfishness and hardness and ignorance, and keep out our Master and His blessing.

"We have engaged Miss Leeson to make some of the dresses," said Maud. "You said she was very clever, Gerty, didn't you?"

No one noticed that Gertrude's face underwent a sudden change at those words. She grew a shade or two paler, but answered with perfect self-possession,—

"She can only work under direction, Maudie; hers isn't by any means an original mind. How did you manage to find out her address?"

"It was written on an envelope; I picked it up in your room after your last visit here. I thought you said she had a great deal of talent, Gerty."

"You might have found someone who would have answered your purpose better, dear Maud."

"Well, it is too late now," said Maud, rather impatiently. "We have engaged her to come and work to-morrow. And I am sure you praised her immensely when you were here last. The costumes she made were perfectly lovely."

"It is time to get ready for church," said Rhoda, unconsciously coming to Gertrude's relief.

"Are you going to church, Gerty?" Maud asked.

"Yes, dear, I think I will go," replied Gertrude, knowing that if she stayed at home Maud would be her companion.

"But aren't you too tired, darling?"

"Oh, no; I am quite well and strong this morning. There are the bells!" and she tripped away to her room to dress, feeling that anything, just then, would be better than a *tête-à-tête* with her dearest friend.

"Man judgeth from the outward appearance," and the external aspect of the ladies who came out of Doctor Garnett's house was calm and pleasant enough.

Church bells were ringing; a clear December sun was shining over Portland-place, and a thin coating of frost glistened on window-sills and iron railings. The day was fresh and bright, and church-goers, young and old, were taking their way along the broad pavement.

Rhoda and Maud were walking with their guest, little realising the disgust of Gertrude at finding herself between two tall women. "They quite swallowed me up, dear," she wrote afterwards to another dearest friend. "There was not a morsel of me to be seen, and I might have been dressed in *anything*. It was quite too exasperating. I wore my black velvet paletôt, trimmed with deep borders of otter, and a gown to match; and a little gipsy bonnet lined with palest blue. On my right marched Rhoda, as stiff and straight as Lot's wife after her transformation; on my left was Maud, with all her clothes badly put on, looking a handsome dowdy, as she always does. Behind us came the governess and that little orphan cousin who is so hated by the Garnett girls. Between ourselves, this despised Daisy is not ill-looking, and is as Mignon-like as myself. She is fairly well-dressed, although her wardrobe is scanty; and she really knows how to move, and how to speak. Still, she is decidedly a nuisance; and her presence in the house is, for many reasons, most undesirable."

Daisy, walking quietly by Miss Daughton's side, was thinking very little about the trio in front of her. Her thoughts had drifted back to old Sundays, when she had gone to church with her schoolfellows in Bridleton.

The bell of All Souls was still keeping up its sonorous clang when the Doctor's family went to their pew in the middle aisle. Gertrude hated the bell; it made her head ache, she thought, as she bowed her face reverently over the book-board; but her head would have ached just as badly if she had stayed in her room.

Nobody guessed what a rugged path those daintily-shod feet were treading; none suspected that a restless heart was beating under the silk velvet. Not far from Gertrude sat a woman, still young, who had struggled with poverty for many a year, and was now thanking God that she could earn her own living, and pay her own way in the world. To that woman, in her plain woollen garments, the bell's loud voice was sweet music; it made an accompaniment to the psalm that she was singing in her soul. The great Father was so good to His poor child; He had given her back health and strength, so that she could work from morning till night. And then, too, He had given her this Day of Rest when she might come and join in the dear old prayers, and lift up her grateful spirit to Him.

"God is so good;"—ah me, it is the cry of those only whose earthly needs are few, and whose treasures are laid up for them in heaven!

"The secret this of Rest below."

(*To be continued.*)

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

NOT AT HOME.

ONE of the most celebrated of mathematicians was also one of the most absent-minded of men.

On going out one forenoon he wrote in chalk on his door:—"*I am not at home.*"

Some time after he returned, and just as he was about to open his door he was struck by the inscription which he had himself written. He read it as if for the first time, turned to the right about, and redescended the stairs, repeating:—"I am not at home."

WHICH CAN SEE BEST?

THERE were two short-sighted men in China, and their names were Ching and Chang. They were always quarrelling as to which of them could see best. One day they heard that there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighbouring temple, and they agreed to visit it together and put their visual powers to the test.

Each, however, wished to take advantage of the other, so Ching went at once to the temple, and looking quite close at the tablet saw an inscription with the words—"To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also went, but he advanced still closer, and in addition to the inscription "To the great man of the past and the future" read in smaller letters "This tablet is raised by the family of Ling in honour of the great man."

On the day which they had agreed on, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed, "The inscription is 'To the great man of the past and the future.'"

"True," said Chang; "but you have left out a part of the inscription which I can read but you cannot, and which is written in small letters 'Erected by the family of Ling in honour of the great man.'"

"There is no such inscription," said Ching.

"There is," said Chang.

So they both grew angry, and after abusing one another, agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple. He heard the story and then quietly said, "Gentlemen, you are both wrong. There is no tablet to read: it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."

ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

WHEN Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier, dying,
To his brother bade adieu.

"And take," he said, "*this token*—
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath."

Sore mourned the brother's heart
When the youth beside him fell;
But the trumpet warned to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to love him
For that gallant soldier sighed;
But the maiden of his bosom,
Wept when all their tears were dried.—

Thomas Campbell.

THE GENIUS OF THE FAMILY.

IN the good old times of King Arthur a cowherd once came to the King to request that he would make his son a knight.

"It is a great thing thou askest," said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from him or his son.

The old man's answer is remarkable. "From my son, not from me; for I have thirteen sons, and twelve of them will fall to that labour to which I put them; but this child will not labour for me, for anything that I and my wife will do; but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad to see battles, and always, day after day, he desireth of me to be made a knight."

The King commanded the cowherd to fetch all his sons. Twelve of them were shaped much like the old man; but the thirteenth was not like one of them, either in shape or in countenance, for he was much more noble looking than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him.

This simple story is the history of genius whether in the care of boys or girls. Twelve of the cowherd's sons were like himself, but the unhappy genius in the family who perplexed and plagued the cowherd and his wife was the youth averse to the common labour, and dreaming of chivalry amidst a herd of cows.



ART.

BEAUTY is round us set
  In most ungrudging measure—
See how we spread a net
  To make our own the treasure;
To catch the colouring
  That lies in summer flowers,
And make the joys of spring
  Outlive her fleeting hours.

S. E. G.

HOW TO MAKE CLEAR SOUP.

By PHILLIS BROWNE.



AVING prepared our stock, strained it over-night, and left it in an uncovered vessel in a cool larder, the next question we have to ask ourselves is, "What shall we do with it?"

There is no room for doubt here, no matter how we may proceed afterwards. The first thing to be done is to clear away the fat, which will have settled in a cake on the top of the stock. If the stock is a jelly, we may take this off more easily if we use a metal spoon which has first been dipped into hot water, and after we have taken off as much fat as we can in this way, we must wipe the jelly and the basin with the corner of a napkin which has been wrung out of hot water.

It is said that people learned in cookery know of five hundred different kinds of soup. If this be true, it is probable that a large proportion of these soups are so much like each other that ordinary people could not discover the points of difference between them. It is also probable that a goodly number are made of clear soup. Besides, cooks who can make good clear soup can make all kinds of soup; and therefore we will begin our lesson now by describing the process of clarification.

Soup is sometimes made clear with white of egg, and sometimes with raw lean meat, beef, or veal, the medium in each case being the same—albumen.

I daresay you remember that when we were talking about boiling meat we said that we put meat which was to be eaten into boiling water for two or three minutes, in order that the albumen might harden on the outside and form a sort of shield to keep in the goodness of the meat. When we boil the raw meat in the stock the albumen hardens as before, but being mixed with the liquid it takes the impurities contained there with it, and all are collected in a mass together, and can be strained away.

We must not suppose, however, that it makes no difference whether we use white of eggs or lean meat in clarifying soup. Lean meat enriches soup, white of egg impoverishes it; and it is more profitable to clarify weak stock with lean meat than it is to clarify strong stock with white of egg.

As to the quantity of meat to be used for clarification, that must depend on the weight of meat employed in making the stock, not upon the measure of liquor which we have at our disposal. The proportion of meat needed for clarification is half a pound of lean meat for every two and a half pounds of meat used in making the stock, and the quantity of lean meat needed would be no less if in making stock we had used half a pint only of water to the pound of meat. Indeed, if the liquid were very strong we should find it an advantage to mix about a teaspoonful of white of egg with the raw meat, because strong liquids are more difficult to clarify than thin ones.

We will, therefore, suppose that we have stock made with two pounds and a half of meat, and that we are going to clarify it with half a pound of lean meat freed entirely from fat and skin. How should we proceed?

We must first cut the meat into very small pieces (if we have such a thing we may pass it through the sausage machine instead), and put with it a carrot, a turnip, and the white part of a good-sized leek, or, wanting this, an onion, but a leek is much the more delicate in flavour of the two. Of course, we must wash the vegetables, scrape the carrot, and cut the turnip and the leek into small pieces. We may add also a stick of celery, half a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and parsley, and half a dozen peppercorns.

We now pour the stock, already freed from fat, very steadily into a perfectly clean saucepan, being careful always not to disturb and also to leave behind any sediment there may be at the bottom of the vessel. We put the saucepan on a quick fire, stir the chopped meat and the flavouring ingredients into it, and keep stirring until a froth begins to form on the liquor. We then stop stirring at once, wait until the liquor rises high, draw the pan back instantly, and let it stand at the side of the fire for a quarter of an hour or so.

If we now take a little of the liquid in a silver spoon we shall find that part of it is bright and clear, and we can see the silver through it; the other is a sort of curd, mixed with vegetables and meat. This curd is the albumen which has hardened and gathered the impurities which were in the soup with it, and this it is which must be removed by straining.

Whilst the liquor is standing by the side of the fire we may prepare the strainer. A jelly bag is not the best thing we can take, because we want to pour the liquid in gently, and it is awkward to do this with a deep jelly bag. Better to take the thick flannel of which the jelly bag would have been made, wring it out of boiling water, and tie it to the four legs of a chair which has been turned upside down on a table. The vessel for the soup can be placed underneath the flannel, and the liquor can be poured on slowly and gently so as not to disturb the scum, which will serve as a filter for the soup. Now, if my directions have been followed exactly I am quite sure that a beautifully bright, clear soup will be obtained, and one that will taste pleasantly also when it has been boiled up again with salt and a small piece of sugar.

Perhaps girls feel inclined to ask, Must the flavouring ingredients be put into stock which has already been flavoured when it was made? Yes, they must. The quantities here given are for flavoured stock. If the stock were not flavoured at all, a larger proportion of vegetables would be needed. One secret of having well-tasting soup is to let it be freshly flavoured. The vegetables are put in here to revive the flavour, and the flavour needs reviving after the stock has been all night in the larder. Otherwise the soup will have a stale taste, which will be anything but agreeable.

I may say in passing that it is this necessity for reviving the flavours which makes the difficulty with tinned soups. People often say that tinned soups taste of the tin, or, in other words, the flavour is stale. If they would take the trouble to boil a few fresh flavourers with a small quantity of fresh stock, and add this either strained, or in the case of *purées* rubbed through a sieve, to the soup which is in the tin, they would find that the tinned taste was scarcely perceptible.

One point must be carefully noted in clearing soup, and that is—the cook must stop whisking *instantly* when the scum begins to rise; also, the pan must be drawn back as soon as the liquor bubbles. If the liquor is whisked too long, or boiled too long, the scum may sink down again, and the soup will be spoiled.

Another point to be noted is that the soup must not be clarified the day before it is wanted, or it will become cloudy with standing.

It is astonishing what a number of soups may be made of this clear soup. Sago, rice, macaroni, *vermicelli nouilles*, pearl barley, tapioca, and semolina may all be boiled separately, then dropped into it, and the soup will then be called after the name of the distinctive ingredient. When spring vegetables, young turnips, carrots, or leeks are put into clear soup it becomes *printanière*, or spring soup. When these same vegetables are softly stewed in butter and cut into shreds it is *julienne*. When savoury custard (cut into diamonds or stars) is put into it, it is *soup royale*. If Brussels sprouts are introduced it is Flemish soup; if crusts of bread, it is *croûte a pot*; if homely vegetables, it is *soup à la paysanne;* if poached eggs, it is Colbert's soup. And so we might go on. *jadinière*, *brunoise*, *chiffonade*, *macédoine*, *nivernaise*, and others are all clear soup, with very slight differences.

If there are any girls belonging to this class who try to follow my instructions and make some clear soup in the way I have described, I know quite well what the result will be. The soup will be excellent, bright, clear, and good, but they will feel that it has been a great trouble to make. I should not be surprised if their state of mind were similar to that of the charity-boy mentioned in "Pickwick," who, when he got to the end of the alphabet, said, "Whether it is worth while going through so much to learn so little is a matter of taste. *I* think it isn't." After all, important as cookery may be, there are other things to be done in the world, and though we might be willing to make the best clear soup for high days and holidays, it is more than probable that few would be able to give the time to it very often. Therefore, it will be an advantage to learn an easier and cheaper way of preparing it, so as to achieve very nearly, though not quite, as satisfactory a result.

The easier method is to use stock made of Liebig's Extract of Meat, instead of stock from fresh meat. A small quantity of this extract dissolved in a little boiling water will supply a clear straw-coloured liquor, which tastes quite sufficiently of meat, and which may easily be converted into excellent soup. Of course the difficulty here is the flavouring. We must so flavour this extract of meat stock that no one shall know what it was, but shall, if they think anything at all about the matter, regard it as a matter of course that the stock for the soup was made in the usual way, "with trouble and charges," to use an expression of Izaak Walton's.

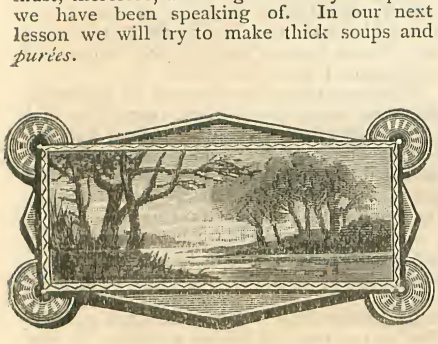
Whatever vegetables are used in flavouring this soup must be cleansed thoroughly and boiled separately. A little soaked gelatine may be boiled in the liquid, which must be skimmed thoroughly; and as soon as it tastes pleasantly, and before the vegetables are soft, the liquid must be strained off for use.

As to what flavourers we are to use in making the stock, the question must be answered by another—What flavourers can we get at the time? We need not always make our soup exactly alike. When we once get the idea we can vary the flavour according to the ingredients at our command. Supposing we

want a small quantity of soup for a small family, let us flavour a pint of water pleasantly and rather strongly by boiling in it the white part of a leek, six or eight fresh pepper-corns, and a stick of celery, or a small pinch of celery seed tied in muslin; a turnip, a small carrot, and a little parsley can be added, if liked, or an onion with one or two cloves may be used instead of the leek.

We must cleanse and prepare the vegetables before using. Also we must remove the scum from the liquid as it rises, and boil in it about a teaspoonful of good gelatine which has been soaked in water for awhile; then we dissolve a small quantity of extract of meat in fresh boiling water (I cannot say exactly how much, because extract of meat varies in quality—about a teaspoonful), strain the stock in which the vegetables were boiled, mix the two together, and add salt until the liquid is coloured sufficiently and tastes well. It should not be over brown, and it should not taste specially of the dissolved extract, but rather of a combination of meat and vegetables. When wanted make it hot, and the soup is ready. When they are to be had, a handful of green peas or a little carrot and turnip finely shred and boiled separately are a great addition to this soup. A tablespoonful of crushed tapioca may be simmered in it till clear to make a change, or it may be thickened with arrowroot. Perhaps girls feel inclined to say, "What a small quantity you have made; there will not be enough!" Quite enough for a small family—that is, for four or five people. One reason why English people do not like soup is, that when they make it at all they make it in such large quantities that they get tired of it before it is finished. They have an idea that if they make soup at all they must make a gallon. A gallon of soup! why, it would be enough for twenty people. If four persons were compelled to drink it day after day until it was finished, they would ever afterwards say they did not like soup. Let me advise girls to make a quart of soup to begin with, and if it is liked they can make a quart of another kind another day.

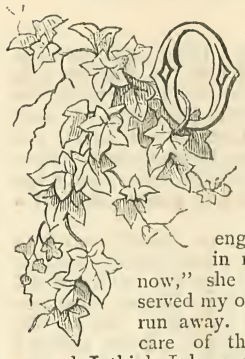
Fresh herbs are excellent for flavouring soup; tarragon leaves especially impart a delicious and quite unique flavour, although it is with tarragon as with celery seed—a very little goes a long way. Shalots and leeks are always to be preferred to onions when they can be obtained; they are more delicate in flavour. A ham bone is a perfect treasure for flavouring, but if we use it we must clarify the soup with a little lean meat or a teaspoonful of white of egg. Mushroom ketchup and prepared sauces, too, are valuable helps for flavouring soups when used very sparingly, but a soup ought not to taste of mushroom ketchup above everything. There is still another way of making clear soup, and that is by boiling broth to a glaze, adding water, and simmering gently. I fear, however, that space will not allow me to describe this now, besides which it is a little difficult for amateurs. I must, therefore, advise girls to try the plans we have been speaking of. In our next lesson we will try to make thick soups and *purées*.



MY TREASURES.

A BALLAD STORY.

Words by NELLA. Music by HENRY PARKER.



H yes, I have quite enough now. We shall be sure to find something suitable among these," exclaims a gay young voice, whose owner has been for the last hour busily turning over the engravings and sketches in my portfolio; "and now," she continues, "having served my own purpose, I must run away. I will take great care of those you have lent me, and I think I have arranged the others just as I found them—but, dear me, where did this old book come from, and what is it? Oh, some collection of the children's, I suppose," this after a hasty glance. "Well, that will do here," and so after placing the well-worn volume on the top of the other books, my light-hearted visitor departs, leaving me to spend the rest of the evening with my silent companions, my books and my work.

But, some way, I do not seem quite in the mood to settle down to any regular occupation. The sketches we have been turning over, copies of pictures seen, or places visited in days gone by, the endless questions and girlish comments of my visitor, have brought back to my memory so vividly the pains and pleasures of the time of which we learn vaguely to speak as "long ago," that I find it impossible to argue myself into the same calm, self-indulgent mood in which my girl-friend had found me.

There lies my book, a new work by a favourite author, to whose perusal I have looked forward as a pleasant ending to a busy day. There stands my desk and the open letters I really ought to answer, but, I feel ready for neither one or the other, and yet an hour ago I was so interested in both.

Ah me! it is very difficult always to let the "dead past bury its dead," and the sight of the old book, for which in the opinion of others, any odd corner will do, has banished the present, and my memory and I have gone back to old scenes and old friends.

Not quite willingly, for life is too rapid nowadays to leave us much time for retrospection, I yield to temptation; and, taking up the little volume with the worn binding and frayed edges, I begin softly turning over its pages. Yet there is little need to look, for I know its contents so thoroughly that I often find myself, in the winter evenings, half unconsciously repeating some lines, or smiling at the remembrance of some quaint drawing my book contains; but sometimes we may spare an hour for what "has been," or (saddest of all words that human lips can utter) "what might have been."

Slowly I turn over a few pages, each one bringing back in vivid colours the recollection of some pleasure or some sorrow that Time has long effaced or healed, as Time has power to do when hearts are young; and then for a few moments I pause, for the book falls open as it has often done before, and my eyes rest on a bold but imperfectly-drawn sketch of a wild-looking landscape, with a stunted tree and an old tumble-down hut in the foreground. That is a memento of one of my childish troubles, when, impatient of control, and with a firm belief in each other's knowledge of the locality, the young artist and myself started off to "make a picture" of that solitary hut, concerning which we had many wild fancies. As our elders would have predicted, the expedition ended in a severe fright, some hours of hunger, and (though we never confessed to these) a good many tears; but, sleepy and half-starved as I was brought home, I kept the little sketch, with the gift of which my companion had tried to console me. The boy artist has done good work since then, and every year I see his pictures "on the line" at the Academy, but never has pencil or brush of his produced anything that is more valued than is his little sketch in my old book. Next in order comes a card on which are written a few words in imitation of print, whilst in the middle is something that no one could guess to be what it really is, a scrap of hair; real golden hair such as the old masters loved to paint. It was cut off and gummed on that card by the chubbiest fingers belonging to the rosiest, roundest little maiden that ever gladdened mortal sight. Well, that was many years ago, and now the same fingers, chubby no longer, write fierce diatribes concerning most things and most people, and the rosy lips are drawn into a frown, but the golden hair will be golden, and will curl in spite of the system of repression to which it is subjected, so perhaps the heart out of whose bitterness the mouth speaketh may be softened in time; at least, those who like myself know something of the trials that lie between childhood and womanhood can afford to be pitiful and wait. Then covering the whole of the next page is a sheet of paper with an edge gilt once, almost black now, on which are written some verses in which years ago I and the dear ones who formed the "we" of my childish days, saw rare promise of great things to be done in the future. Well that future has come, the young poet of the past is a man now, with cares and responsibilities like other men, but his great poem is unwritten, his fame unwon. Sometimes I wonder if the old ambition has quite died out, but I never ask. I am content to know that the poet's simple faith, the poet's unaltering love for all things good and true, still exist, though the rest be but a dream.

So with gentle fingers I turn over, one by one, the leaves of my old book, sometimes smiling a little as its pictured or written pages bring back to my mind some half-forgotten jest, though the next moment the smile may die out, as I look with dim eyes on some word or sketch my tears have long ago marked. Thus I go on until I come to two or three pages, covered with cards, remarkable for the profusion of forget-me-nots and true lovers' knots with which they are adorned, and the extravagant verses written upon them—verses which even now I should not like anyone else to read; they are so wild in their flattery, so faulty in their construction, so doubtful in rhyme and metre, though there was a time when I regarded them with respect akin to admiration.

Poor Charlie! and to think that all this boy and girl love ended in nothing. To think that we have been parted so long, we *might* pass each other as strangers, though I know wherever you are you will have a kindly thought for me, as I have for you.

Then there is a very different card. One with a delicate border, over which an artist might love to linger, but

"It speaks of a vanished friendship,
That can never be mine again,"

and as I look upon it some of the old pain comes back. Perhaps there were faults on both sides; I think there were. Perhaps had the one possessed more faith, the other more patience, it might have been different, but now it is too late to alter here. Elsewhere the wrong may one day be made right; I hope—I know it will.

And then this piece of coarse grey paper, on which are written a few lines in pencil. Just a good wish for my birthday, that, whether glad or sorry, whether busy or idle, the writer never forgets. How proud I was when the news of that victory came! How little I knew of what I read, except that one name was specially marked for praise. How I treasured that piece of paper when it reached me later on, and with what reverent fingers, some months later, I turned over the coveted cross with which England rewards her bravest sons, to read its simple inscription, "For Valour." Had I not reason to be proud of the friendship that could remember even on the dawn of a great battle?

Once more I turn over a few pages, each one speaking to me in a silent language that goes directly to my heart, though to anyone else my poor old book might seem very unlikely to conjure up such visions of the past.

At last I pause, and a smile comes to my lips, as it always does at the thought of my careless, merry, danger-loving sailor brother, the boldest, blithest laddie that ever faced a storm or an enemy. No one but Dick could have bought that card. No one but Dick, having been deluded into doing so, would have had the courage to send it. Of course the *idea* is good. "Quite in keeping with your poetical proclivities," as Dick triumphantly assured me, "hearts for fidelity, an anchor for hope." But then the hearts need not have been so large and so red, or the anchor so small and so intensely blue. Ah! my sailor laddie, if you live till your hair turns white and your step grows slow, you will never be anything but a great simple-minded child. And so your card finds a fitting place beside this one all bright with crimson and edged with gold, that was brought to me early one morning by a little white-robed figure, with bare feet, whose eagerness quite banished the carefully learnt little speech. So I know it was, what my card still tells me, "for dear mother with baby's love." I had to guess the rest. Years have gone by since then, so my baby is a baby no longer; but for her and for me the crimson and the gold, and the love they betoken, are as bright as they were in the days gone by.

Then in its turn that vision fades away, and my eyes grow dim, as I look on a card that came to me "bent and broken," with its long, long journey from that far-off tropical land where the flowers boast such gorgeous colours, though to Europeans life amongst them is one long misery. The blossoms and the leaves pressed by careful fingers on that sheet of thick paper still keep some of their bright hues, but, even before my eyes rested on them, others like them were growing in their wild luxuriance over the grave where the brave heart and the busy hands were at rest for ever.

And so in my little book, with its record of pleasure and pain, the story of my life is written. Not to others, perhaps, would "My Treasures" speak. They are mine—mine only, and for me they bring back the memories, half sorrowful, half sweet, that may come to others with the faint scent of the lime blossoms, the sight of an old picture, the sound of a half-forgotten song, or even the jingle of a nursery rhyme, and if "My Treasures" cannot in reality bring back to me the time when my hopes and my heart were young, I can at least live those days over again in my waking dreams,

"As I tenderly turn the pages
Of the volume wherein they lie."

NELLA PARKER.



FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER XIII.



SEVERAL days had passed since the night of the accident with the pony-carriage. Ruby was able to limp about in the garden and shrubbery, feeding a young family of chickens in whom she took fond interest, and tending her pet flowers. As for Ella, she looked remarkably well for a young lady who had seen a ghost so lately, as she sat in the girls' morning-room, helping herself liberally from a box of French chocolate which stood at her side.

Both girls had come out of their misfortunes on that memorable evening much better than might have been expected. In the first place, Ruby had been picked up by some neighbours, who had been returning home from a dinner-party, soon after Ella left her, and had been carried in much ease and comfort in a brougham and pair to the very door of the Priory, which her kind friends, acquaintances of Mr. and Miss Lindhurst, had to pass on their way. The pony, the author of all the mischief, was led home in grand state by a liveried servant belonging to the above-mentioned brougham, a proceeding which was no doubt very soothing to his injured pride.

When Ella had recovered from her fainting-fit, she had exercised greatly the minds of Miss Nancy and Mrs. Tredwell, who were hanging over her, by strange words about the churchyard and a white figure. Miss Nancy had evinced a decided inclination to follow Miss Ringwood's example and go off into an attack of severe hysterics. Mrs. Tredwell had shaken her head and observed, with a deep sigh—

"Ah! poor dear; my sister was took exactly so one morning, quite unexpected, twenty years ago; and she was dead in three hours and forty minutes. I mind it well, and I had such a nice black frock for her funeral."

But as soon as Ruby came and seated herself beside the patient, and took her hand and laid her head upon her shoulder, she began to gather from Ella's words something of what had really happened.

By degrees Ella, her fear growing gradually less and less as she looked up into Ruby's face, from which she was learning to draw, with but a glance, health and strength, told her story; while they all listened in extreme wonder. Mrs. Tredwell and the whole chorus of maid-servants were disposed to take the matter comfortably in at once as an incident of the supernatural, which they should always be able, to their great joy and satisfaction, to narrate to their awe-struck friends in solemn dignity; and they all felt it to be a real, personal injury when Mr. Lindhurst, coming forward, declared his intention of sending to the Bryants' cottage immediately to find out the real solution of the mystery. The maids all expressed loudly their utter inability to perform such a behest of their master, each stating that she should die of the cold shudders or drop right away if she went outside the doors this evening; but the stable-boy, who had been called up to fetch the doctor for Miss Ringwood should he be needed, consented to go on the dangerous errand for sixpence, provided he could get his faithful comrade, the gardener's son, to accompany him. That doughty champion agreed to the proposal on the promise of half the sixpence being delivered over to him to spend in sweets, and so the pair went together.

When they reached the Bryants' cottage the appearance of the ghost was soon cleared up. Ben Bryant was given to walking in his sleep, and this tendency had increased since the trouble of mind and extreme sorrow caused by his sister's death. On the night in question he had risen from his bed, and gone in his sleep to visit Bessie's grave, for he had been dreaming of her funeral. The result of the boy thus leaving his warm bed for the cold night air was a severe illness, but he ultimately completely recovered. Such was the end of Ella's ghost story.

"Don't you think you would have been frightened, Ruby, if you had been in my place in the churchyard that night?" asked Ella, as they were sitting together this morning.

"I should have been startled, no doubt," answered Ruby, her bright earnest face looking up from her book as she spoke. "It was enough to give anyone a turn, as Mrs. Tredwell would say, but I should not have thought it could be Bessie; she is with One who loves her too well to let her come back again to this world of sin and sadness."

"I did not think of it in that light before," said Ella, a graver and sweeter look than usual coming into her eyes; "ideas like those would keep us always from being afraid of ghosts, or from any alarm of that sort."

"It is not an idea, Ella dearest, it is a truth," replied Ruby, simply.

Ella did not make any answer to those last words; she sat still with her eyes cast down, and with that same unusual, serious expression in them, and Ruby was returning to her book, when Mr. Lindhurst appeared at the door of the room.

"Ruby," he said, "I want you for a minute."

She rose, and followed him into his study.

"The time is come, Ruby," began the old gentleman as soon as they were alone together, "for you to receive your salary as Ella's companion; I am going to pay you the first half-year to-day."

Ruby's first feeling on hearing these words was a thrill of girlish pride and

pleasure at the thought of being the possessor of some money actually earned by herself; though, as has been before said, she was a sort of governess in the family of the relations she had been living with before she came to the Priory, she had never received any remuneration for her services. Her next thought was, however, something much better than this. It was, "How much good I will try to do with this money, which will be all entirely my own."

Mr. Lindhurst now proceeded to lay a little heap of gold on the table at Ruby's side. She put her hand on it with an eager, sunny smile, but when she came to look closer at it she exclaimed,

"Oh! Mr. Lindhurst, you must have made a great mistake. Just see what you have given me."

"No, it is no mistake," he answered quietly. "When you first came, I know Nancy told you you were to have only so much; but, Ruby, you are so much to Ella that I have doubled what was promised you."

"But, really, guardian, I am not worth so much," she cried earnestly. "Oh! do please take some of it back; I feel that I ought not to have it."

"Don't be foolish, Ruby, child," said the old gentleman, with a half smile, yet speaking rather sharply, "whatever I give you it is quite right you should have, be sure of that. Take your money, and try to learn to spend it well."

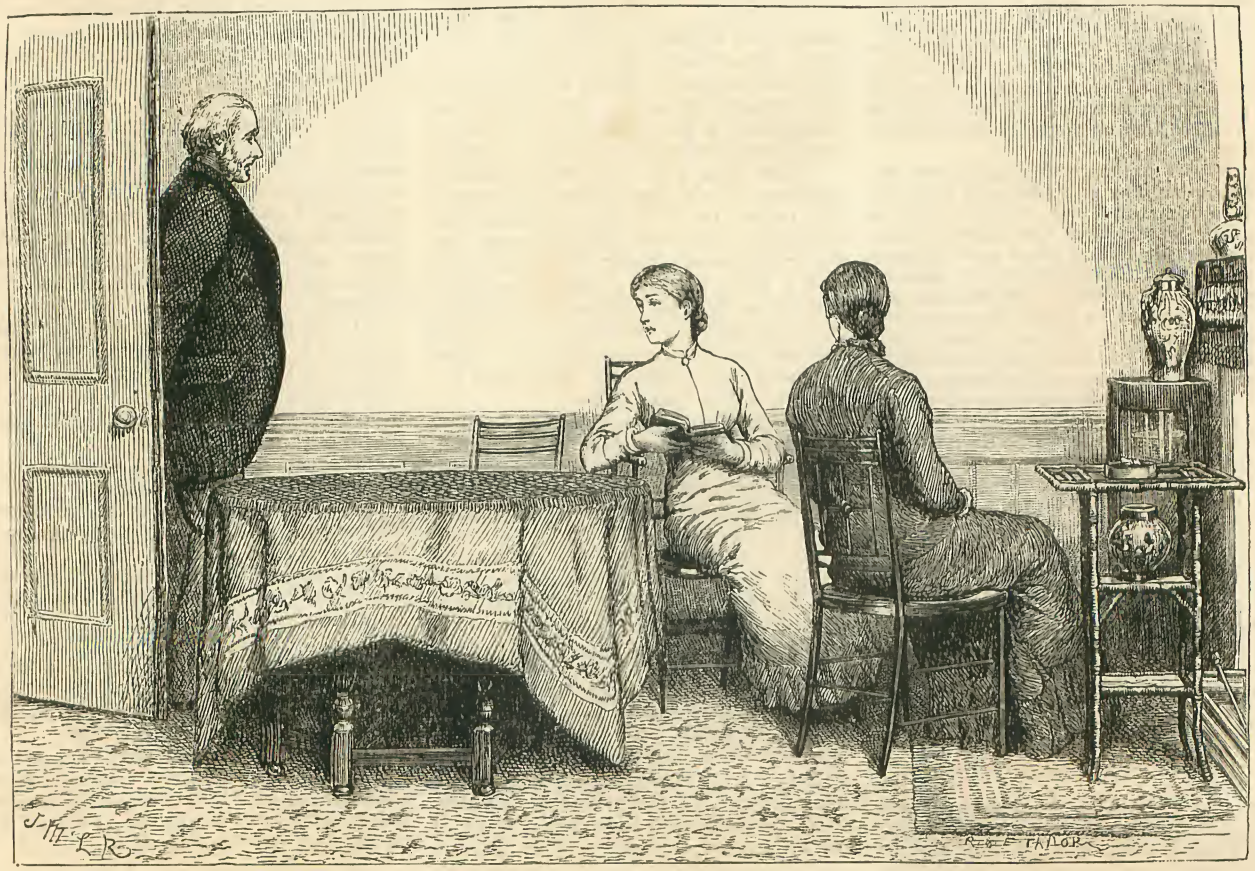
Ruby did not know what more to say after words like these; so she thanked him and left the room.

Throughout the long golden summer which followed that first spring of the two girls at the Priory, Ruby was going through a sort of new educational experience which it was hard for her to bear. Her whole position was not exactly one calculated to make a young girl's character develop easily and beautifully; she held, in a measure, the situation of a dependent, and yet the ample funds with which Mr. Lindhurst from time to time supplied her, as her due salary, were suited to the daughter of a gentleman, who could leave his child a good independent fortune. The money which Ruby now possessed and the mystery which, in a certain way she always felt to be hanging about her, made her, as was but natural, a little forward and self-reliant for her age, and these were just the faults that Miss Nancy visited with the most flaming wrath in young people. She did not in the least know, as many kindly, sensible women would have done, how to make music in the young girl's nature. Far from that, whenever the two had anything to do with each other the result was always discord.

Ruby's money also brought her many troubles and disappointments at this period. She began, in her youth and inexperience, to be very wide and indiscriminate in her charities; she believed every tale of sorrow that she heard, and fancied that all poor people must be more or less good and noble, simply because they were poor. The result of this was that she was often taken in by false stories of distress, and when she found this out she was proportionately angry and cast down. She had no one to teach her prudence and long-sufferance in this sort of work for God, and so she was discouraged and daunted by the failure of her efforts in God's cause in this direction.

Thus she came to form all sorts of harsh judgments about human nature. She would take an old woman a present of tea, and would hear afterwards that the dame had calmly thrown her gift, after she was gone, out of window, because she had much better in the house. She began to teach a class at the village school, fully believing, at first, that every child around her was a little wonder of goodness; but when she found out that one of her pupils had told her an untruth, she quite changed her opinion, and came to the conclusion that all children were deceitful. And yet it was very foreign to little Ruby's sweet nature to cherish this kind of thoughts and feelings, and she would cry when she was alone, and long for some one to show her where her mistake was in all she did, and try to please her Master in heaven; for she was certain there must be a mistake somewhere; she did not know whether it was in herself or in those around her.

Unluckily, none of her companions at the Priory was formed to be a kind,



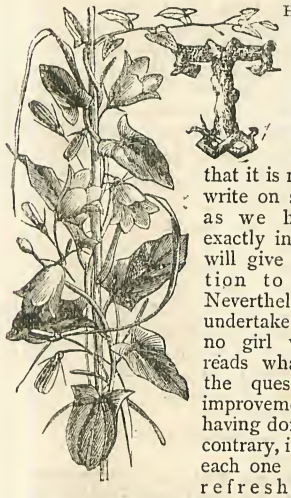
'"RUBY," SAID HE, "I WANT YOU FOR A MINUTE."'

guiding friend to her. Miss Nancy, as has just been said, was always antagonistic to her; Ella, though she was very fond of her, had no breadth of brain and heart, no high religious principle which could make her able to give light to Ruby, for she had none herself, or at least only a little dawning glimmer, which had come entirely from Ruby. As for Mr. Lindhurst, with all his real affection for his second ward, as he now always called Ruby, he was not the person to be a judicious friend to her at this time. He had begun, thus late in life, to see all the errors of his own past career, and to do his best to remedy them; but he had no faculty for leading others into the right path. Many of his old failings were still hanging about him, and he would sometimes make unkind, cynical remarks that did Ruby no good.

But still Ruby clung to, and read over and over again, her mother's letter, and still she felt a vague, yet confident assurance that, were that mother now upon earth, she would make everything plain and bright for her. Daily the girl prayed for more light, and daily, amid her errors and failings, she groped after the hand of her Father above; and that hand, though she could not yet see it, was shaping her path for her, leading her onward to fields of fruit and sunshine.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO IMPROVE ONE'S EDUCATION.



THE numerous readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER must vary so much in age, position, and education, that it is not possible to write on such a subject as we have chosen exactly in the way that will give most satisfaction to everyone. Nevertheless we will undertake to say that no girl who carefully reads what follows on the question of self-improvement will regret having done so; on the contrary, it is hoped that each one will be either refreshed, or encouraged, or stimulated to adopt at once one of the methods here suggested for increasing her own usefulness.

The subject of "Finishing Schools" will be a familiar one to many. In all probability some who read this will already have left such an establishment, with a "finished" education; it is hoped to attract and rouse these to the reality, that as long as we live we shall find something to learn, and that our life and our education must terminate at the same time.

There are also probably many among our readers who regret that they have not been able to enjoy the privileges that a dear friend has enjoyed, so far as early teaching is concerned. More than this, that circumstances have arisen to cause a gap in educational work just at a time when the mind is most ripe to receive instruction. Perhaps, too, during this unfortunate period much with which one was once familiar has been lost, hopelessly lost, it seems. Let these remember that it is never too late to learn, and that much can be done in the way of making up deficiencies in early education by patient and persevering study. One's own desire and strength of purpose are large factors in such work: we hope to guide the way and encourage those who are patiently plodding on.

Another class of readers, possibly not a very small one, if one could hear the silent assent which follows the reading of the remark, may include those who, having been provided with the best means of obtaining instruction, have not felt a sufficiently strong desire to learn much. They have done what was absolutely necessary to be done at school, but were glad when the time came to leave school. Let us hope that at least these also fall within the number of those who are really desirous to do something for self-improvement.

Though it would be possible to select other classes of readers, we will rest satisfied for the present with asking (1) all those who think they know all that it is necessary for them to know; (2) all those, who from a variety of circumstances apart from themselves, have been unable to receive a good education; and (3) all those who, having had the opportunity of good teaching, have not been able to appreciate it, and so have lost much from their own want of wisdom, to spend a quiet half hour with us.

The question now occurs, What is a good education? Opinions vary very much as to what standard should be acknowledged as the test of a good education, but no one will dispute the point, that position in life must always be an element in determining this. For instance the education which one would call goods for the upper classes in a Board school, would not be entitled to the same epithets in the upper classes of our middle class and high schools; and what would be a good education for the housemaid could not be considered in the same light when speaking of the ladies of the house. In every grade and rank of life however, the intelligence which is given to us has to be cultivated, and it behoves each one to do the best that is possible to improve and elevate the mind. It has been said that "the best part of one's education is that which one gives to one's self." If this be realised, then there can be no stronger inducement necessary to urge forward those who have hitherto thought it impossible to teach one's self.

Begin to study *at once*. As soon as the effort is made, much pleasure and a good deal of knowledge will be sure to follow. We shall not now expect to be met with the remark, "Yes, some people are clever, and can work alone;" only believe that *all* people can work alone, and do very much real good to themselves, if they will not be faint-hearted, and give up in despair at the first difficulty which presents itself.

But we have not yet fixed our standard of what we ought to know. Let us adopt then as our motto the well known words of a well-educated man who decided that we ought to know "*something of everything, and everything of something.*" Let us also remember with this the French proverb, "Les demi-connaissances sont plus dangereuses que l'ignorance."

The field is wide when we feel that we must know something of everything, but then we have made up our minds, and we shall not readily be turned aside by difficulties. We already, too, have a foundation of general education to work upon, and the whole of our life may be devoted to the perfecting of our mind. The question now is, *How* are we to work?

Well, one has to find out what one already knows, and this may be done by testing one's self by getting copies of questions given at a general examination, say the College of Preceptors, for instance, and answering these questions. Of course one must be very strict with one's self with regard to keeping the rules and correcting the papers when done: no fault must be allowed to pass unnoticed, and one must answer the questions *at once*—that is, *at sight;* no looking up of little points must be allowed when once the questions have been read, and everything must be done in *the given time*.

It would be well, if not very advanced, or not in the habit of working examination questions, to test one's self first with the third class papers, then with the second, and so on. When finished the answers may be compared with a book on the subject and all mistakes marked. Something is now accomplished. The difference between real and fancied knowledge has been made plain, and knowing now what you do not know helps to fix for you what you want to know. Now take a schedule of some examination, or form a definite plan of work, fixing the subject, or subjects of study, and the time to be devoted to it, taking care to keep most steadily to the plan laid down. Make it a *duty* and remember that "England expects that every man will do his duty," and every girl too!

Before saying more on the details of study we will consider a few points of general interest. They will not be exhaustive, neither will they be new to all our readers, but they will, it is to be hoped, open out some new veins of thought to many minds. To those who are very anxious to work we say—

1. Do not attempt too many subjects of study at once if you are much occupied with household duties or engaged in teaching. Remember that regular and systematic study spread over a period of time, even though the time be in half-hours, will enable one to store up a good deal of knowledge in the course of of a few years. To those who think differently let me say very earnestly *try it*.

2. Make an effort to surround yourself with useful books. Many girls find in their homes wonderful stores of books; they know the book-cases, but are often astounded when an occasional visitor tells them that the information they seek is in such and such a book, on such and such a shelf in a particular book-case in their own home! Besides having books, know what is inside them, examine and criticise them as you do your acquaintances, and be able to give the good and bad points in them. Make them your friends and companions. You will seldom have time to feel dull. With many, however, the case is different, and it is not easy always to get books. One good plan to adopt is to keep a list of books by you that you really want, and when asked by friends what you would like for a birthday present, Christmas present, &c., &c., to name one or two of your long-desired friends.

3. Cultivate the friendship of those who are better informed than yourself; take every opportunity, without of course being tedious, of talking with well-read people, listening with the utmost attention, and asking for explanations when you do not understand. Much help and guidance in the choice of books may be obtained from these people.

4. Read carefully and thoughtfully. The habit of reading many story books and missing over the "dry" parts is very unhealthy, and is by no means a good preparation for study. Nothing can make up for the want of regular and careful reading. "Reading," as Bacon tells us, "maketh a full man;" he also gives us a very good piece of advice on reading, "Read not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider," preparing us for the fact that much that we read must be questioned and

tested before we are to accept it as fact, and this throws us back on the judgment of those who are wiser than ourselves and who best know what books we should read. The same great writer tells us further that "some books are to be tasted, and then to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

5. In order to be quite sure of the real benefit derived from reading it is necessary to examine one's self from time to time and recapitulate and summarise what has been done. Another good plan is to keep a book for extracts.

The following is a good introduction to such a book:—

"In reading authors, when you find
Bright passages that strike your mind,
And which perhaps you may have reason
To think of at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white;
Such a respect is wisely shown,
It makes another's sense one's own."

6. It is also a good plan to write short essays on subjects that have been read. This will help wonderfully in giving readiness and precision in expressing one's thoughts, and it is also a guarantee that one knows a subject. It is not possible to write clearly upon a subject of which one is altogether ignorant.

7. Where possible it is also a good plan to discuss certain points in reading. It is an advantage to acquire the habit of good speaking. Many people speak indistinctly, or incoherently, who are of necessity obliged to speak in public. This would not happen if the art of speaking or debating were more usually adopted. A few girls, sisters and their friends, might have weekly, fortnightly, or monthly meetings, choose a president or umpire, and speak on a given subject, say for five or ten minutes each, with very great advantage. Of course it is hardly necessary here to suggest that the subject should be prepared, and that there should be no gossip and no temper admitted into these little societies. An afternoon tea would be a genial close.

8. Another very interesting mode of self-improvement, known and practised possibly by many readers of this paper, is that of forming a kind of literary society, or club, the members of which write papers on given or self-chosen subjects, to be read and remarked on in writing, by each member of the club. The prize schemes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are a public form of this method; an appreciated one also.

9. Among girls, too, it is very customary to have Dorcas meetings. It is a good plan here for one to read aloud. A lighter kind of literature, or poetry, will form a pleasant and healthy recreation here, as well as at the evening needlework, where fathers and brothers join the circle, and sometimes become the reader.

Many more points occur as showing their advantages, but doubtless our readers have already framed some additional ones of their own; if so, our object in this respect is already gained.

In gathering up in conclusion the thoughts put forward here, our readers will readily agree that our centre of observation is on the *choice*, *accumulation*, and *use* of books. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has already shown "how to form a small library." Of books not to be found in this library, and not included in the list of gift books spoken of, and yet needed, the *lending libraries*, of which nothing has been said, will supply the place. There are students' lending libraries, as well as circulating libraries, which contain little but novels. Books then are within reach, and we hope also that every girl has some one to guide her in the choice of books; may she use them well when she has them! She will not regret the work when she has acquired the knowledge which gives pleasure in its search, enjoyment in the possession and satisfaction in its distribution; which makes her a happier, more intelligent, and more useful member of society, and a help-meet for the best of men.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

BEHEADED WORDS.

I'm seen upon the queen's highway,
Sometimes at night, mostly by day,
And in the garden I appear
On working days thoughout the year.
I am not always on the ground—
In fireworks I'm often found;
Ladies once used me with much grace;
On decks of ships I have a place.

When you have twisted off my head
I'm that on which most people tread—
A thing of flesh, a thing of leather,
The two are often found together.
To pauper, peasant, king, or queen,
I am of pricelesss worth, I ween;
In lowly cot and lordly court
To all I give a firm support.

Next, strange as it may sound or look,
Outdoing Maskelyne and Cooke,
You may cut off a *second* head,
And go, like them, unpunished;
Nay, more, I promise you a treat,
If you first dress me and then—eat,
No matter whether large or small,
I am most wholesome food for all.

K. F. W.

A NEW BALL GAME AS PLAYED IN JAPAN.—There is a Japanese ball game which is very popular in its native land and which might well receive some attention in this country. It is known as "Temari." The "Temari" is a ball about two inches in diameter and made generally of cotton, wound round with thread, so that it keeps its roundness and is elastic. Its outside is often ornamented with different figures made of threads of different colours. A number of girls stand in a circle and one of them—say, for example, our friend Jessie—takes the ball and throws it perpendicularly on the ground, and when it rebounds she strikes it back towards the ground with her open hand. If it rebounds again towards her she continues doing just as before. But if it flies away the one towards whom the ball flies, or who is nearest to the direction of the flying ball, strikes it towards the ground as Jessie has done, and the game continues until one of the players misses her stroke or fails to make the ball rebound. She is then cast out of the company and the others play again in the same way as before, until another girl fails and is cast out. The same process continues until there is only one girl left to whom belongs the honour of victory.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER.

"Actions, looks, words, steps," says Lavater, the famous writer on Physiognomy, "form the alphabet by which you may spell characters," and the following are some of his aphorisms on this most interesting subject:—

Who turns up her nose is unfit for friendship.

Who interrupts often is inconstant and insincere.

Keep her at least three paces distant who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child.

Slovenliness and indelicacy of character commonly go hand in hand.

The rapid who can bear the slow with patience can bear all injuries.

Who has a daring eye tells downright truth or downright lies.

Who writes an illegible hand is commonly rapid, often impetuous, in her judgments.

Fly her who from mere curiosity asks three questions running about a thing that cannot interest her.

Who can listen without restraint whilst an important thing is telling can keep a secret when told.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself. There is a princely manner of giving and a royal manner of accepting.

As a girl's salutation, so is the sum total of her character: in nothing do we lay ourselves more open than in our manner of meeting and salutation.

The more uniform a girl's voice, step, manner of conversation, handwriting—the more quiet, uniform, settled her actions, her character.

As a girl's Yes and No, so all her character. A downright Yes and No mark the firm, a quick the rapid, and a slow the cautious or timid character.

BUYING LIFE WITH MONEY.—It is often said, and no doubt with some well-intentioned idea of consolation, that, after all, money cannot buy life. We remember having met with a curious instance to the contrary. In the old days of sailing packets a gentleman embarked for Ireland, and when a few miles from land broke a blood-vessel through seasickness. A doctor on board pronounced that he would certainly die before the completion of the voyage if it was continued, whereupon the sick man's friends consulted with the captain, who convoked the passengers and persuaded them to accept compensation in proportion to their needs for allowing the vessel to be put back, which was accordingly done.

THE SWORD OF THE TONGUE.—Speaking one's mind is all very good in its way, but before opening your mouth just read what Francis Quarles, who wrote the "Emblems," says on the subject, "Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if uttered, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue."

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 607).

I M L A C*
C L E A R
H A R O
N O R I C
E B R O
U H L A N D
MISSOLONGHI
O V E R Y S S E L
N I O B E

* Rasselas.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

EDWYNA.—Procure Professor Randegger's "Singing Primer," Novello & Co., as recommended at page 55, vol. i. We fear the tales and stories of amateurs are of little value as a means of money making. Get some sensible friend to read yours. Our staff of contributors is quite filled up. Your mother and yourself appear to be both wise and brave in your efforts, and we wish you all success.

A. B.—You will obtain what you require amongst the "Primers" published by Messrs. Novello & Co. You do not tell us what the marks were caused by. Have you tried ammonia or benzine.

WILD ROSE.—From half an hour to an hour at a time, according to the amount of attention you can give. When the attention flags, give up your practice at once. Read our articles by Miss Arabella Goddard, and Lady Benedict, page 164, vol. i., and page 2, vol. ii.

A FANCIFUL FIDDLER.—Use rosin. You appear from your questions to need either a master or an instruction book for the violin. Procure one or the other, as you will make no progress without.

PENELOPE.—Apply to the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W, for information on the examinations held by their examiners in the country, training, &c.

FATIMORE.—We have heard that it does so, but we know many people who play both the organ and pianoforte well. Begin singing at fifteen or sixteen.

NESSIE.—Practise singing about half an hour, so that the voice may not be fatigued. You had better purchase vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

BETH.—"I shall be very happy," or "With pleasure," are both suitable answers. Leave the music in the cloak-room, and send for it when needed.

MINNIE.—1. We think you would find it difficult to discover an answer to your first question, as the very early history of music is full of obscurity. 2. If there is any doubt about the right to sing any particular song, write to the publishers before singing it, but do not call it an "amature" concert to them, or they might think you did not know how to spell.

WORK.

MAIDA.—See "My Work Basket" for all kinds of patterns of the kind.

OLIVE.—The set of mats usually numbers seven; the night-dress sachel and brush bag do not form part of the set, but may do so if you please; they look well all alike. Consult "My Work Basket" for ideas.

M. C.—Our certificates for plain needlework would be received as valuable anywhere; they are most carefully awarded, and the names of the examiners affixed are those of thoroughly competent persons.

SILVER BIRCH.—Back stitch the collar in two rows. Thank you for all your good wishes.

MARION.—Transfer patterns for braiding may be purchased at every good fancy shop. Braided jackets will be as much worn as usual this year.

COUSIN HEBE.—The snake's head is made either of cork or of cardboard, covered with black velvet. We never saw two alike, and we think you can make yours without a pattern by covering two pointed pieces of cardboard above and below, and working eyes on the top part, with a red tongue between them. Blue will dye claret, dark brown, purple, crimson, and black.

DEIGH.—The needlework of the Old Testament Scriptures is considered by good authority to be the same as that done by the Greek and Turkish women of to-day. Cross and open stitch on linen.

L. M.—You will destroy your cloak if you attempt to wash the fur lining. Better clean the white fur by rubbing it with flour. We cannot recommend instruction books in music. Write on one side of your letter to us.

INCOGNITO.—1. Short dresses may be worn with perfect propriety on the occasion to which you refer. 2. We have just explained what you wish to know respecting "Hall marks" to another correspondent.

TAM O' SHANTER.—Single and double Berlin wools and also fleecy wool are all suitable for the caps after which you name yourself. There is really no difficulty about making them, and if you made the crown too full after our pattern it was quite your own fault for not keeping it flat. Use an ivory crochet hook.

EVANGELINE.—Read the article on "Bookbinding" in this magazine, which will help you to bind your magazines for yourself. Washing the head is said to make the hair grow, but you should not try it unless quite certain not to take cold.

TOPSY.—Pour water over the white coral, and stand it in water till clean. No soap is needed. Afterwards put it in the sun, wetting it all the time. Your writing is very neat indeed, and your letter most kind.

LADY ALICE.—Send the beaver hats to a cleaner's; if of good quality, they require re-blocking, which, unless you had the blocks, you could not do at home.

WAVERLEY.—We should advise cleaning, not dyeing, for your grey dress, if not in very bad condition. When done mix it with a pompadour or broché material, or else with a little darker shade of cashmere.

MARIE.—Have the black cloth jacket re-dyed just as it is; with the addition of new buttons it will probably be as good as new.

LESLIE.—The little satin shoes for babies are quilted on flannel and evenly wadded throughout. We have found it the best plan to do quilting beforehand, purchasing half a yard of satin for the purpose, and cutting out as many pairs as we could from it. Our model has always been a purchased shoe, which we unpicked when worn out, and enlarged it if needed. The shoes are neatly bound with ribbon, and should button, not tie, as they wear much better. Try a little lemon-juice for your freckles, and read "Bright Eyes and Teeth Like Pearls," page 300, vol. i.

MAROON.—To clean gloves see page 96, vol. i. Do not make them wet, as the soiled part is merely the surface, and the white soap lather will take it off.

ART.

ENDYMION.—Water-colour paintings can be hired for copying at any good artist colourman's, such as George Rowney & Co., but we should advise you to read our articles by Mr. Staples, and copy from nature.

CHILDIE.—Your best method of disposing of your terra-cotta plates is by private sale. There are such numbers of them at present, as everyone appears to paint a little, that their sale would be very slow through any society or institution. Your writing is quite spoilt by your bad habit of making long strokes and useless tails everywhere. Be more economical with your ink and pen.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—1. For flesh-colour use pink madder, raw sienna, and Naples yellow. 2. A thin wash of gum-water is sometimes used.

HELEN EDISON.—Clean the brushes in turpentine, steeping for a little time if very dirty.

MIGNON.—You might obtain art employment through the fancy shops, but you must go and look for it yourself. Try black velvet as well as white.

VIOLET.—The School of Art recipe for setting chalk drawings is two ounces methylated spirit, and half a drachm of gum-mastic, mixed. Apply with an odorator.

THU-THU.—Your question covers so large a space that we cannot give you an answer in our limited space. Purchase a shilling manual, an oil painting, and buy what you need with economy and care. A few lessons are a great advantage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. M. H.—We thank you very heartily for the lovely flowers. Your writing is clear, but it needs style, and we should recommend you to copy one of the specimens printed in a previous number.

C. P.—We do not criticise amateur contributions. The essays you enclose are too slight to be of any value or interest. How can you say, "Sunshine everywhere, pervading the whole surface of the earth"?

ANNIE Y. H.—Livadia is a province or department in Russia.

C. J. S.—Avoid writing to other people's husbands, beyond a note on business, of course; and on all occasions let it be openly done, and to be read freely by the wife. Of course, the father of the bride should, in the case you name, take his aunt out of church.

KINDER-GARTNERIN.—We feel much obliged for your kind letter, and assure you of the interest which we feel in the method of teaching in which you are engaged.

PEARL.—We are glad to hear of the service which our paper has rendered you. Beware of trifling with the use of cold baths. Perhaps they have given you an attack of lumbago. Consult a doctor. The *Lancet* says: "When the water sinks below a temperature of 60 degrees, let it be heated to that point, and then used; and we shall still have our 'cold' bath, though of heated water." Let all our readers take careful note of this. Those who find "cold baths" to agree with them should have a bath thermometer, so as to heat the water to the sixty degrees prescribed on such authority.

RUSPINI.—Playing the violin might tend to make you round-shouldered, and more especially to make you stoop, but by no means necessarily so. After all, even if you played for as much as four hours a day, the proportion of time is trifling compared to the twenty hours of holding yourself erect and of a recumbent position. The shoulders should not be rounded even while playing; the stooping of the head can be avoided at other times.

ANNA MARIA.—We think that a recipe which a correspondent has supplied us will suit you. She calls it "a French recipe for dyeing black cloth clothes." Try it first on some waste piece of cloth or old jacket. She says, "I have found it all that could be desired." Two ounces of logwood chips, ½ oz. of sal ammoniac, ½ oz. of glue. In one quart of water. Boil for twenty minutes; rub on with a *soft* brush.

ADELINE HARBORD is warmly thanked for her most gratifying testimony to the usefulness of our paper, and the satisfactory character of our recipes tested by herself. Also we thank her for the French recipe for dyeing cloth.

MAG MUCKBACK.—The old story attached to the haddock is only of a superstitious character. The mark of which you speak of course pre-existed the miracle, though said to have been originally caused by St. Peter's thumb, and cannot be better accounted for than the spots on a leopard.

SHORT INTELLECT.—Why should you "cultivate a bad memory"? Better to cultivate a good one. This may be done by daily learning by heart some pieces of poetry or prose.

GOLDEN APPLE.—1. When the United States formed a portion of the British Empire there was no President. The colony had a governor when it revolted from its allegiance to us. Washington became "General of the Republic," and then "President." 2. You have only to order THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and it will be sent out to Demerara. Post-office orders to be made payable to Mr. Joseph Tarn.

TIBBIE.—1. The monogram to which you refer means "In the peace of Christ," and was found in the catacombs at Rome. 2. "Once in Royal David's City" is the first line of a hymn in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

ANXIETY.—You must first be sure that your affianced husband, your marriage with whom is approved of by your family, is really one of the "unbelievers" to whom the Apostle refers. Of course if he be a Freethinker, Atheist, or denier of the Divinity of our Blessed Lord, you certainly ought not to marry him. But then you were wrong in the first instance to engage yourself to any man without ascertaining his religious belief or infidelity. Make your intended husband fully acquainted with your own faith and wishes connected with it.

ELISE.—Write "Care of" in full. Your writing is very good.

ANTIGONE.—A stranger cannot give advice in ignorance of all the circumstances, although your letter gives a long enough narrative. The first incident exhibited a temper in one from whom you ought to feel thankful to have escaped. A good girl will find truer and more lasting pleasure in a life of duty than in a dream of sentiment.

E. C. R. D.—An article on Sunday School Teaching appeared in last year's volume (No. 18, May 1).

PERNICKITY.—If you have seen the phrase with a capital M, no wonder that you are puzzled to know the meaning of "A Miss is as good as a mile." But to miss a thing is easily understood, as when you miss a train by being a minute late just as surely as if you were a mile off.

A NORFOLK GIRL.—We doubt whether turquoises can ever regain lost colour. The change is probably owing to some chemical decomposition. A soft brush is the only thing we know to take dust off velvet.

MARGERITE.—Thank you for the exquisite flowers. It is very kind of you to send them after all our inattention to your enraged sister's letters. We are sorry to hear that, notwithstanding all we say in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, you find nothing to do that "nobody wants you," and that "everything is a dreary monotony." We cannot believe that you are anxious to be of service and to do your duty aright, for if you were you would soon find plenty of employment for your hands, head, and heart.

LAUREL.—We do not give addresses. Let the lotion dry on the face.

EVANGELINE.—Take pains to stand very straightly on both feet. Rub the weaker side thoroughly well with unsalted lard once a day, and use sea salt baths. You are so young you will probably grow out of it. Say "With pleasure."

ONE PERPLEXED.—Live the annoyance down, and learn patience by those things you suffer. The passive courage that never is beaten is the best of all.

LILIAS.—The case is a sad one. Perhaps the Ladies' Sanitary Association, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, might give advice on the course to take to mitigate such sufferings.

JO.—If it be true that "Dreams go by contraries," yours would signify a wedding, we suppose. Be happy, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Fear not, where no fear is; "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night."

IRENE.—Write an honest, straightforward letter, and say you have changed your mind, and were also too young and ignorant to know it at the age of fourteen. Judging by your letter, your education has been much neglected.

ZAZEL.—A coloured cashmere frock, embroidered with crewels or silks, would be a useful and pretty gift.

TRUDIE.—It is not usual to call on "total strangers," even though, as longer resident in the locality, you have the option of taking the initiative, excepting where the strangers have rank higher than your own. It would be very imprudent to form an acquaintance without an introduction through mutual friends, or else through your clergyman or minister, should he, from an official acquaintance with them, deem it a desirable one for you.

QUIDNUNC.—The Treaty of Winchester was made between the Bishop of Winchester, acting for his brother Stephen, and Matilda, ex-Empress of Germany. It took place March 2nd, 1141.

STELLA.—Read "What to do on Holiday Afternoons," pages 214, 204, and 450, vol. i.

TWENTY-ONE.—We keep the best and most charming of our personal friends' letters, either parts, or the whole letter in a large book for the purpose, and *always* retain the last letter received, marked with a cross, till it is answered. We do not approve, however, of the plan of keeping packets of old letters, if for one reason only, that life is short and uncertain, and we do not know into whose hands our friends' confidences—only intended for us at the time, perhaps—may fall. Minds and thoughts both alter, and the opinions of ten years ago may not be those of to-day. We may make unkind remarks of someone to-day, who, ten years hence, may be to us the dearest and best of friends. The letters of parents and brothers and sisters seldom come under this category, and become, as a rule, precious relics in after years. At the same time, we think personal private letters should be

burned, as they may, at a future time, grieve and hurt some tender heart.

H. W.—Purchase some cards with "Thanks for kind inquiries' engraved on them. Add your name, and send by post to all who inquired or left cards.

MADGE MUFF.—The coin is only a penny sewn up in a black ribbon bandage. Consult a surgeon, however, as a lotion might be of use.

CHLOE.—Wash the socks in tepid soft water, rinse in salt and water, and wring very dry indeed, folding them in a clean towel.

TOUJOURS, ET ENCORE.—1. It is your place to call on the bride if you wish to keep up the acquaintance. 2. We think shoulder straps afford assistance sometimes.

TWO SISTERS.—"Coming events cast their shadows before," is from "Lochiel's Warning," by Thomas Campbell. Wash your silver ornaments with borax and water.

MARIE T.—Dip the flannel in salt and water, and let it drip dry. It may set the colour.

CARRIE.—We never wash brushes. They are most effectually cleaned with two tablespoonfuls of white flour. Rub two brushes together.

THE ELDEST OF TWELVE.—Clean your down muff with flour.

IMPERIAL LILY.—1. At fifteen years of age you are far too young to become a hospital nurse. You should be learning your lessons in the schoolroom. Eighteen would be quite early enough for such a vocation. On the efficiency of a nurse the life of a patient mainly depends, under God's providence. 2. Do not send your dove on a long journey till mild weather has returned, and then cover the cage well. We should not imagine that the other would die from the loss of the other hen's companionship. If you have reason to think that their friendship was exceptionally romantic, get a mate for her without delay to fill the "aching void," before any sad catastrophe should occur.

ECKENECHEPENN.—1. In the word "sepulchre" the accent falls on the first syllable, as if divided and spelt thus—"sep-ulkur. In "sepulchral" on the second syllable, and as if spelt "see-pul-kral." To clean *jet, rub it with a soft oiled rag*, and then with chamois leather.

OBEDIENCE.—We sympathise sincerely with you, and approve of your desire to do your duty at whatever sacrifice to yourself. But before giving you any advice we should require to know the new grounds of the objection which your parents entertain towards your so-long-affianced husband. They may, possibly, have discovered something of a grave character, the nature of which they have kept from you. There are cases in which "a breach of promise" may be justified. If you have no idea of what has given rise to the recent objection entertained, then at your age you might reasonably ask your mother to confide the secret to you. To jilt a man on any but very serious accounts would be wrong, and might prove his ruin after a betrothal of two years' standing, approved of by your parents, and formed at a mature age. The law of the land, if appealed to, would punish you for it.

KATHLEEN.—"Minster" means the church of a monastery, or one to which a monastery has been attached at some former period.

HELP.—We should advise you to apply for information to the Reformatory and Refuge Union, 435, West Strand, W.C., A. J. S. Maddison, Esq., Secretary. This union has 422 institutions affiliated with it, and amongst them we think you would find something to suit the poor little boy you are anxious to help.

NELLIE O'CONNOR.—We do not give addresses. Any chemist should be able to advise you on such a simple question.

LOUIE B.—Rub the stains on the ivory with powdered pumice-stone and water, and, if possible, expose the ivory when wet under glass to the sun's rays. The rubbings may be repeated several times, as well as the exposure.

AN AUSTRALIAN BIRDIE.—Accept our best thanks for your kind letter. Your writing is fairly good, but the long lines ending your terminal letters might be shortened with advantage.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—So you think that our correspondents are "imaginary people?" If so, you must be "an imaginary person" yourself, being one of them. Taking your view of the matter, it would be unnecessary to answer the query from a sham "English Girl"; but granting her "the benefit of a doubt," we answer this impatient little lady forthwith, to relieve her extreme anxiety on the question of "whether a leather belt may be worn over a jacket bodice"? Under a sense of deep responsibility, we venture to say that it is a matter of no consequence whatever where little girl's are concerned. Grown up persons do not wear them at present. Judging from her writing, "English Girl" must be about nine or ten years old, and she writes badly even for that.

JESSIE HAIG.—1. The origin of the name "Cockney" is a disputed question. According to Camden, the Thames was once called the "Cockney," and Chambers derives the term from a French poem of the 13th century, entitled "The Land of Cockaigne," the French at a very early date calling the English "Cockaigne men," that is, *bon-vivants* (beef and pudding men). 2. "When people write books," you inquire, "how do they get them printed?" Apply to some suitable publisher, according to the nature of the book, and inquire on what terms, if any, he will bring it out; whether he will take it on his own risk and share the profits with you, or buy the copyright, or require you to pay half the expenses, or all.

LITTLE JIM.—The pronunciation of the words you give us is as follows:—Zo-e-done, Wells-lee, Sudo-neem, Du-cane (the first syllable according to the French mode), chick. We thank you for the enclosure and your good wishes. We should think that you were under sixteen.

TOBY.—Many people consider that keeping cut flowers in wet sand is good, and a very cool room is always advantageous. Velvet is worn in mourning, but not in the early stages, when it is quite inadmissible.

JESSIKA M.—The younger person, or the person inferior in rank, should be introduced to the elder, or superior, and their name first mentioned. A woman's nearest of kin (after her children) is her father, supposing him to be her survivor. As many suppositions may be made, it would be wise in such cases to consult a lawyer.

S. E. H.—We regret to say that employment as a copyist is exceedingly difficult to obtain.

JULIETTE.—We could not venture to prescribe for your eyes. "Aching" sometimes shows a need of assistance from the use of spectacles, and the strength of these must be regulated by an oculist on personal examination. Perhaps you use your eyes too much, or read small print, or work at fine embroidery, or have injured them by exposure to a strong light, or by employment with an insufficiency of light. Consult a good oculist.

THE LADY CECILIA G.—It is impossible to judge of your cleverness by your letter. Your writing is very irregular; for instance, you sometimes make an "n" for an "h," and, if really a peer's daughter, it is strange that you should express yourself as you do. For instance, you say, "I am a *Lord's* daughter," and "is there the slightest use for *me* doing so? I will *go in* for it," &c. We are glad, at any rate, to hear that, noble or otherwise, you wish and strive to be "good and holy," and if you do so prayerfully, relying on the help of the Holy Spirit, be sure that God will bless and prosper those efforts to please Him.

LELLIE.—"Dado" is a Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese word, signifying a cube or a pedestal, and is used to denote the square part in the middle of the pedestal of a column, and that part of a wall between the plinth and the impost moulding.

JOSEPHINE R.—As we do not give addresses of the kind you require, we can only advise you to advertise for the very inexpensive board in a private house which your friend requires, and to write for all particulars direct to the address of the Convalescent Home which you have given us. We thank you for so encouraging an expression of opinion respecting this paper.

CRU-ADZR.—The word "mull" means a promontory. In Welsh it is "moel," a mound, hill, eminence, or heap of earth. In Irish and Gaelic "meall." The Mull of Cantyre, Argyllshire, is a raised promontory, on which a lighthouse stands, as also another on the Mull of Galloway, in Wigtonshire. Your writing is exceedingly good. We differ entirely from you in regarding a young unmarried woman as "no longer a girl at 23." We are glad that you so much appreciate our answers to correspondents, and feel much gratified at hearing that it has proved of spiritual benefit to you and others.

MILDRED.—1. We are not acquainted with any published collection of parodies. 2. The brushes you name are approved of by many. 3. The term "Fenian" means a hunter, derived from the Gaelic *Fianna*, from *Feadhach* (pronounced *Fee-agh* a hunt. Both Ossian and Sir Walter Scott refer to the ancient "Fenians." The name has been quite misapplied in modern times.

KONIGIN MARIAN.—We advise you to continue the good practice of giving bread in charity, instead of money. If those who ask for relief should tell you in reply to your inquiry that they do not want it, keep it for the next applicant. But do not give it on any occasion without first asking whether they would like to have it. Beggars have been known to throw bread away.

PEASE.—You appear to require a recipe for cold hands, not warm ones, as you complain that their warmth injures your work. Should your hands perspire, you might dip them occasionally in some alum and water to harden the skin. You write very well.

KIDDIE.—You write so politely and gratefully that although we have answered the same question already, we will do so again. The word "nowell" is ancient Norman French, from which the modern French word *Noël* is derived, for *Natel*, the Latin of which is *Natalis*, a birthday. It denotes a shout of joy, properly that at Christmas for the birth of the Redeemer. You write a good bold hand, which is spoilt by the use of a pen like a broomstick.

W. G.—1. We prefer our own explanation of the initials "M or N" in the Marriage Service, which had no reference to the "N or M" occurring in the "Church Catechism." We were quite aware of that which you have suggested in reference to the latter. 2. Our address is given with every number.

DUMPS.—We truly commiserate poor "Dumps." Your powers of attraction do not depend on mere personal beauty, but on a good and pleasing expression, gracious and gentle manners. Do not anticipate the possibility of a single life with dread. You need not suffer from loneliness on that account; but even that would be far preferable to married life under many circumstances that we might name. Ask God to provide for you as shall be for your best interests, in this life, and in that which is to come.

PRUSSIAN SNOWDROP.—1. "That Aggravating School Girl" began in the number for November, page 9, vol. ii. 2. Thomas à Kempis, otherwise believed to be Jean de Gerson, died, it is thought, at about 66 years of age, July 25th, 1471, according to one authority, and in 1429 according to another. His surname was Charlier, Gerson being his birthplace. Your writing is much superior to your friend's.

A. F.—The two poems certainly appear much alike, but the English version is not put down as a translation, though our copy has no author's name attached to it.

AQUARIUS.—We think there is no selection, as the copyright has not expired. Inquire at a bookseller's.

F. ELLIS.—Unless on formal occasions, you do not add his academical degrees, at least not when merely M.A.

ANGLESEA.—Plates and all articles of china are secured by a slight framework of wire (sold to fit all sizes and shapes ready made) by which they can be safely suspended. If you buy a piece of wire and get a pair of pliers you can make them yourself. You might get a friend to send a pattern from one of the old fancy china shops in town. Your writing is large and awkward-looking.

M. A. W.—1. The name is pronounced as if spelt "Cherny." 2. The cloth might be stamped for you at any embroidery shop where fancy work and materials are sold.

CURLEW.—We are amused by our youthful reader's anxiety to know what chance there is of her being afflicted with lunacy, "on account of the high pressure of the age." This pressure, she says, "is without doubt felt by every single person in however remote a place he may be living." Our anxious little friend excludes from consideration (she adds) "those who become insane from over-taxing the mind." Be calm, dear reader, we do not live, even here, in such a terrible steam-engine for grinding out our brains as you imagine, working them as we do. As many become dull and even imbecile from extreme low "pressure" idleness, and lack of wholesome interest in the family and home business of their lives. Take note of that.

LITTLE RIGGLE.—Thank you for the pretty and nicely made penwiper. Your writing is too stiff.

CLARA, NINA, and E. M.—Your questions on the profession of teaching deaf mutes is best answered by reading the enclosed letter just sent to us:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.'

"SIR,—In consequence of a kind notice in your columns some months back which gave my address, I have received so many applications from your readers desiring information about the education of the deaf, that I hope you will permit me to give it here. My time is too fully occupied to reply personally to such numerous letters.

"Will you also allow me to correct an error which has misled some of your correspondents. Persons who are deaf themselves cannot become teachers of the deaf. Acute hearing is necessary to distinguish and correctly train the varieties of sound uttered by a deaf child.

"For those who possess this hearing, however, there is now open a deeply-interesting and unquestionably remunerative source of employment. At the International Congress of Teachers of the Deaf, held at Milan in September, 1880, an almost unanimous resolution was passed declaring the incontestable superiority of speech over signs, and 'that the oral or German system ought to be preferred to that of signs for the education and instruction of the deaf.'

"At a conference of the governing bodies of the institutions of Great Britain, held in London during March, this resolution with others was adopted, and another was passed recommending that in future 'a certificate from a training college be required of every applicant for the position of a teacher in the institutions for the deaf.'

"The students already in training at the College (The Elms, Castlebar-hill, Ealing) are almost all engaged, although their course has not yet been completed, and there is every reason to look for an increase in the demand for ladies to undertake this work.

"As students are only received at the commencement of the September term, applications should be sent in as soon as possible, and not later than August. The secretary will be happy to give any information required. The office address is now 298, Regent-street, Portland-place, W.

"Hoping that I have not trespassed too much on your kindness,—I remain, sir,

"Yours truly,

"SUSANNA E. HULL."



VOL. II.—No. 80.] JULY 9, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER X.

"THOU HAST NOR EAR, NOR SOUL."

IT was the week before Christmas, and, what with preparations for Christmas Day and the charade-party that was to take place afterwards, the Doctor's house was full of bustle and business.

As to Dr. Garnett himself, he thought very little about the coming festivities, and was as fully engrossed as ever in his profession. He read and thought and studied deeply in his spare hours, and was engaged in writing a medical work which, men said, was destined to be one of the most valuable books of the day.

Daisy cherished a most profound reverence for her uncle's great abilities, and was secretly prouder of his fame than his own children had ever been. They simply accepted the fact of his greatness, while Daisy gloried in it.

Pre-occupied though he was, it did occasionally occur to Dr. Garnett that his brother's child was a being of a higher order than his own daughters. Rhoda, although she did not lack good qualities, was unattractive, and her perceptions were not keen. Maud's nature was coarse, and her intellectual capacities were small; between her and her father there never had been and never could be any sympathy.

When Daisy and Mr. Alderstone had talked together, the Doctor had seen his niece in a new light. He saw that she possessed the power of interesting and attracting a clever man, who had been simply wearied by Miss Sandon's gay chatter. Her fresh simplicity alone was pleasant to one who was tired of falsities; but it was her bright intelligence that had made Mr. Alderstone exert himself to please her and stay so long by her side.

Dr. Garnett smiled his rare smile when he found, on the breakfast-table, a neat packet addressed to Daisy. Mr. Alderstone had fulfilled his promise and sent his book; and the Doctor was secretly diverted while that parcel was opened. He was sufficiently amused even to spend a moment in watching the faces of his daughters and Gertrude.

Maud made a grimace, to which her dear friend responded by a little *moue*, which did not disarrange her features, and Rhoda sighed.



[*All rights reserved*]

"'YOU ARE TOO KIND,' MISS LEESON SOBBED."

It was not a sigh of envy, although the Doctor, perhaps, thought it was. Rhoda was beginning to realise the bareness and grimness of her life, and to wish that people would like her.

But what effort had she ever made to turn acquaintances into friends? Many had approached her in the hope of finding something agreeable and lovable, and had gone away unsatisfied. We do not seek pleasant fruits on boughs that have never borne any; and Rhoda's boughs had never even put forth a blossom. She had just let her life-tree alone, and it was a barren tree indeed.

Daisy took possession of her gift very quietly. The faintest flush of pleasure dawned in her cheeks; but she said nothing, and scarcely opened the little volume. No one made a remark about the matter, and breakfast that morning was an unusually silent meal.

Rhoda had suggested that the schoolroom should be used as a work-room by the dressmaker; books were put out of the way, and the table was soon covered with stuffs and ribbons of all descriptions. At the end of the apartment was a little room, hardly larger than a cupboard, lighted by a narrow slit of a window and furnished with a small table and a chair. In this tiny room Daisy had received permission to keep her drawing materials, and it was daily used by her as a sort of studio.

On her way to this sanctum, after breakfast, she passed the dressmaker, already seated at her work. Daisy wished her a kindly "Good morning," and was struck by her pale and sorrowful face.

She would, perhaps, have said a few words to the young woman, in the hope of winning her confidence, but Maud's step was heard outside the door, and she hastened to shut herself in the little room.

As she bent over her pencil, she could hear distinctly the loud voice of Maud, laying down the law in her usual fashion, and the submissive tone of Miss Leeson's replies. There was intense sadness in that tone; it seemed to tell Daisy of a spirit crushed by the long pressure of heavy burdens; and she could scarcely bear to listen to it.

The short December day was drawing to a close; but there was no quiet to be had in the house. The running up and down stairs, the opening and shutting of doors, and the ringing of bells went on with hardly any cessation. Maud, full of gaiety and excitement, added not a little to the general state of bustle.

"Your brain isn't so fertile as usual, Gerty," she said, banteringly, to her friend. "You have no suggestions to make about the costumes."

"I am feeling rather stupid to-day," admitted Miss Sandon.

"How funny you are, sometimes, Gerty!" Maud continued. "When we were in the work-room, just now, you gave Miss Leeson such an odd look that you quite startled me."

"You are really getting quite too imaginative, dearest Maud," drawled Gertrude.

"Nonsense! Nobody ever accuses me of imagination," cried Maud, laughing. "Miss Leeson was going to speak to you, and you opened your big eyes and gave her such a flash that she looked frightened. Is there any terrible secret between you and the dressmaker?"

Gertrude shrugged her shoulders.

"You must have been reading sensation novels very hard, lately," she said. "I wouldn't be bored with a secret for the world."

The foregoing conversation took place in the drawing-room, but no one overheard it save Daisy.

Afternoon tea was going on; Rhoda and Miss Daughton were talking to two elderly ladies who had dropped in; and Maud and Gertrude were seated on a couch near the fire. Daisy's eyes and ears were quick, and she was so near the pair that her observations were made with ease.

She fancied that Gertrude's manner was more constrained than usual. Although she drawled very much, and lounged languidly on the cushions, there was a touch of acting in her whole behaviour. The drawl and the languor were a trifle overdone.

"I believe you have lots of secrets, you mysterious little darling!" declared Maud. "I shall find them all out one day."

Daisy did not linger to hear more. The chatter that Maud habitually indulged in was not interesting; and Mr. Alderstone's book was only half read. So anxious was Daisy to be alone that she emptied her cup in haste, and stole unnoticed out of the drawing-room.

The schoolroom was empty. Gas and fire were burning brightly; the sewing-machine was surrounded with a many-coloured litter of gay calico; but Miss Leeson was not there.

Daisy's sanctum contained a tiny grate, in which an atom of fire was burning. Quite contented, she closed the door, lighted a solitary candle, and sat down to enjoy her book in peace.

Presently the loud whirr of the sewing-machine told her that the dressmaker had returned to her post. She read on, although the sound a little distracted her attention from the pages. There was an hour and a half of delightful solitude before dinner-time, and no one ever intruded into her nook.

By-and-bye the noise on the machine ceased, and there was a sound of talking in the next room. Daisy recognised Gertrude Sandon's voice at once, but she was not speaking in her usual manner. Her words came out sharply and hurriedly, as if anger, and fear, too, were prompting her to speak.

"You were going to say something when I came into the room with Miss Garnett. How dared you?" said Gertrude.

"I did not mean to offend you, Miss Sandon." The dressmaker's tone was sad, but clear. "You don't know how badly I want the money you owe me. I have waited and waited in the hope that you would remember me; I did not even know your address."

"I have had no settled home lately," Gertrude answered, with impatience. "I should have paid you if I could—you might have known that."

"Let me have part of the money, Miss Sandon—pray do! The amount is fifteen pounds. I had to pay for all the materials out of my own purse—satin, and fringe, and silk velvet. Oh, Miss Sandon, I was *obliged* to pay! Let me have five pounds—just five!"

The girl did not raise her voice to a scream, as some excited women would have done. But her intense earnestness lent a force to the low tones and made them distinctly heard.

Daisy was sitting by her fire, with the book lying unheeded on her knee. She was listening attentively to the speakers. She could not help it; she had no power, just then, to rise and let them know that she was near.

"Impossible," replied Gertrude. "I am sorry—I am, indeed. But you don't realise my difficulties."

"Difficulties! When I rise to-morrow, Miss Sandon, I shall have nothing to eat; but I care little about myself. It is for my mother's sake that I want money. She is ill. She cannot eat coarse food, and we have been brought so low—so very low. I have been ill, too."

"I can't help it," said Gertrude, desperately. "I am very sorry—of course. But I am so worried and perplexed myself that I don't know what to do."

"You will let me have a little—just a little?"

"I cannot; it is quite impossible. When you have finished your work here, you will be paid."

"Yes; but they will not pay me till I have quite finished. And I am so weak, Miss Sandon, that I may be compelled to give up. Then what will become of my mother? Fifteen pounds, and you have never paid me a shilling! It is cruel—heartless!"

"Don't make a scene," said Gertrude, in a harder voice. "You will do no good to yourself; be quiet now. I must go; I shall be missed."

"But, oh, Miss Sandon——"

"Be quiet, I say. If you don't want to make an enemy, be silent."

The threat had its effect. In the next moment Daisy heard the schoolroom door open and shut, and knew that Gertrude was gone.

For a few seconds there was utter silence; and then came the sound of a long, low moan, as of one in terrible bodily pain. Quick as thought Daisy sprang up from her seat and opened the door of her room.

The dressmaker had sunk into an arm-chair, and was leaning back with closed eyes and lips so white that Daisy almost feared that life had fled. She drew near the young woman, and laid a soft little hand on hers.

"I am afraid you are ill, Miss Leeson," said her gentle voice.

Miss Leeson's eyes unclosed, and she looked up, half bewildered, into Daisy's face.

"I was a little faint," she answered, feebly. "Don't trouble about me, please, madam."

"Just be still a moment," Daisy said, with infinite tenderness. "I will go to my room and get some eau-de-Cologne."

"Oh, madam, you are too good; but——"

"Hush," Daisy entreated. "Leave everything to me. They have gone to dress for dinner, and you will not be disturbed."

Something in that soft, yet decided manner inspired the poor girl with confidence. The colour began to steal back into her lips, and she drew a long breath.

As Daisy surmised, all the ladies of the household had repaired to their rooms, and she encountered no one on her way to her chamber.

It was the work of a few moments to unlock a little desk, and take out one golden sovereign. Sovereigns were not too plentiful with Daisy, but she did not pause to ask herself whether ten shillings would not do as well? Nor did she even stop to think it hard that she should be relieving one whom Gertrude Sandon had helped to make poor. Her mind was fixed upon immediate relief, and nothing else.

When she returned to the schoolroom the dressmaker was trying to set about her work again. Daisy poured some eau-de-Cologne on a handkerchief, and insisted that Miss Leeson should hold it to her face, and get refreshed.

"I have only a little while before dinner," said Daisy, speaking quickly, "but I must tell you that I overheard all that passed between you and Miss Sandon. Take this money now, and get what is necessary for your mother and yourself."

"You are too kind," Miss Leeson sobbed. "We have suffered terribly; I wish I could tell you——"

"Another time," Daisy answered. "You will be here to-morrow. My cousins have engaged you for several days?"

"Yes; there is a great deal to be done. I can never thank you enough, madam. May I ask your name?"

"I am Daisy Garnett, the Doctor's niece," replied Daisy, simply. "And now I must run away to dress; so good-night, and God bless you."

Aunt Cecily would have said that day that Michaelmas Daisy was worthy of her name. She had cheered and lifted a weary heart in its distress; and her parting blessing seemed to Anne Leeson like an answered prayer.

At dinner Gertrude Sandon looked as radiant as usual; Daisy thought that her cheeks and eyes were even brighter than ever, and she appeared to have an unceasing flow of spirits. When they returned to the drawing-room, however, her liveliness seemed to flag; she shivered a little, crept into a seat near the fire, and was evidently anxious to be let alone.

"Darling, you have caught cold," said Maud.

"No, no," Gertrude answered; "I'm only tired. Do go and sing a duet with Rhoda, dearest. I am longing for music."

Maud flew to the piano, Rhoda rose, and Miss Daughton instantly offered to play the accompaniment. When all three were thoroughly occupied, Gertrude allowed herself to be natural once more.

She quite forgot Daisy's presence; her head sank wearily on the sofa cushion, and all the sparkle died out of her face. At that moment a stranger might have taken her for a woman of thirty instead of a girl of nineteen.

"Please read this, Miss Sandon," whispered Daisy, stealing to her side, and slipping a little note into the listless hand.

Gertrude started, and flashed a haughty look at the speaker. But Daisy went back to her seat without another word.

The duet was fortunately a lengthy affair; and, after a furtive glance towards the piano, Miss Sandon unfolded and read the note. It was written in a firm hand, and ran thus:—

"I was an involuntary listener while you were talking to Miss Leeson this afternoon. Forgive me if I seem rude and meddlesome; but pray tell me when and where I may speak to you."

Miss Sandon reflected for a second or two, and Daisy saw her tiny foot beating an angry tattoo upon the carpet. Then, feeling that there was no time to be lost, she produced a gold pencil, and scribbled a reply.

A little crumpled ball of paper fell at Daisy's feet. She picked it up hastily, and managed to decipher these words:—

"To-night, in my room, at half-past ten."

(To be continued.)

TAKE CARE OF BROKEN BREAD.

By Ruth Lamb.



It is a terrible thing to want bread, a sinful thing to waste it. I am often sorry when I see good bread thrown away by little children whose wants are almost too readily supplied, and who, when the immediate need is satisfied, will throw the greater portion of the slice away, perhaps from the cottage door into the street.

I was one day passing along a little street in Manchester when, just before me, I saw a turbaned Oriental gentleman stoop and, with a gesture of positive reverence, lift a cast-away crust from the pavement and place it inside some garden railings, that it might not be trodden under foot. This action might have taught a lesson to any observer.

I learned one, when a girl, from my mother and grandmother, who told me a great deal about the state of things in this country in the early years of this century, owing to a succession of bad harvests.

Bread was not only extremely scarce and dear, but the corn was sprouted, and consequently the loaf was, in almost every case, like a mere shell of crust with a mass like a dumpling in the middle, sticky to touch and almost as heavy as lead. My mother told how my grandfather refused fabulous prices for some sound old barley which he possessed in order to have wholesome bread, if brown, for his family, and how the bread used to be baked in night-ovens, in order that by being left in a long time the loaves might be gradually dried and more digestible.

The greatest nobles in the land banished bread from their dinner tables, so that by every means in their power the consumption might be lessened and scarcity relieved. It is said that Nelson, coming home for a brief respite after some of his great victories, and knowing nothing of this rule, asked for bread at a grand dinner, but was told by a servant why it was absent. He laughingly replied that, after fighting his country's battles, it was hard she would not find him bread—soft bread being always a special treat to seamen who have long been confined to hard biscuits.

My mother told me also that she should never forget the pains taken in her father's fields to get a few sheaves of corn dry enough to thrash and grind, or the delight and joy with which they partook of the first cakes made from good sound flour as they thanked the "Lord of the Harvest" for a renewal of His good gifts in the shape of sound bread.

CAMBRIDGE SYSTEM OF INSTRUCTION BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The Cambridge system of instruction by correspondence has been affiliated to Newnham College, and the appointment of the lecturers is now subject to the approval of the Educational Committee of the College. This step has been taken to ensure the stability of the scheme apart from all accidental conditions. The correspondence classes have been in existence for ten years, and during that time the total number of entries has been 1,773. Though the majority of the students have been preparing for the higher local examination, in which the amount of success obtained has been very satisfactory, yet the greater number of the classes are also open to students not preparing for any examination, but desirous of pursuing a definite course of study. These classes provide instruction in the subjects of all the groups of the higher local examinations, and are especially useful in preparing for Group A, which the authorities of Newnham College require students to have passed before they come into residence. The fee is three guineas for one year's course in each subject of Group A. For each of the other classes the fee is four guineas. An entrance fee of five shillings is charged to each student when she first sends in her name as a member of any class or classes. This fee will not be charged at any subsequent entry. Application for admission to the classes should be made between October 1st and 14th to the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge. There is a lending library at Cambridge in connection with the classes. The rules and lists of books can be obtained from Miss Julia Kennedy, The Elms, Cambridge.

There is no reduction of fees to teachers, but the Teachers' Education Loan Committee will make grants of money, on loan without interest, to correspondence students, provided that they fulfil the conditions of the committee. Application for a loan should be made as soon as possible after October 1st to Mrs. Peile, when further information may be obtained.



AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

A VISIT TO OUR EXHIBITION.

ANYONE entering our town on the afternoon of April 20th would have noticed that something unusual was going on. Flags were flying from, and numbers of persons were flocking to, the Castle Hotel, Richmond. It was the first day of the Industrial and Fine Art Loan Exhibition, which was held in the spacious Assembly Rooms of the above hotel, and at the appointed hour of three our Majesty's most gracious cousin, the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, arrived. She was conducted to a raised daïs in the room devoted to the loan exhibits. There the Vicar offered up a prayer, during which the celebrated "trumpeting clock," kindly lent by the Duke of Cambridge, began to publish aloud its trumpeting powers. This, of course, occasioned some laughter. The Princess having formally declared the exhibition to be open, the visitors dispersed into the several rooms, where 3,000 articles of interest and value were to be seen. The Princess Mary spent nearly two hours in examining these, and then departed, amongst the hearty cheers of the people outside. Since then we have been honoured by the Prince Leopold, who paid a short visit to our exhibition.

The Loan Section contained some very valuable pictures, amongst them being Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself, a painting of Hogarth's, and many others. There were, besides, many interesting things, one being a lock of hair for years believed to be Shakespeare's, but now known to be a forgery, and a pair of shoes and a pair of garden clogs worn by Her Majesty when a little girl. There were some very ancient Bibles and illuminated missals, and much antique needlework, china, and coins. The South Kensington Museum sent a case of china, Japanese and Persian pottery, and another of Venetian and German glass and enamels.

The Industrial Section possessed more interest for the majority of the visitors, as so many of the exhibits were the work of their friends or residents of Richmond and the neighbourhood. There were no restrictions of distance, however, and many of the counties of England have supplied competitors for the prizes. Space will not permit me to mention many of the articles which specially attracted my attention in this division. Foremost among them was a splendid model of a locomotive engine with all newest improvements for working, which has taken the exhibitor (an amateur) three years spare time to construct. This deservedly gained a silver-gilt medal.

I need scarcely say that in the division devoted to fancy needlework crewel work was an important feature. There were some very pretty silk d'oyleys, painted with sprays of flowers, and some uncommon ones made of jean, ornamented with pen and ink sketches. The most handsome patchwork quilt was that made by a soldier, embroidered with the flags of all nations in Indian silks. Another patchwork tablecover contained 5,000 pieces.

One young lady sent a model of the royal crown of England, all needlework. There were some pretty ornaments made from painted eggshells, mounted in silver. One curious thing was a model of a field battery, made from the beef-bones of soldiers' rations; another was a jewel coffer, made from a cigar-box; others, a wager-boat in silver and a nightingale's cage made from a drum; also a very beautiful bird-cage, carved out of chestnut wood.

There were several cases of handsome stuffed birds and animals, notably one containing a gorgeous peacock, and another a splendid cat. There were a great many paintings in oils, water-colours, on satin, on china, ivory, and anything that could be painted on. There was a great quantity of plain needlework, and many drawings sent by children from schools. I must not forget to mention that there was a splendid organ erected in one of the rooms, where there were also pianos, and recitals twice daily on these greatly increased our enjoyment.

I am conscious that this is but a very poor account, and that I have passed over many, very many, things worthy of notice; but it is difficult to select from such a lengthy catalogue just a very few articles to mention specially. If I say that during the first ten days over 12,000 persons passed through the gates surely that will prove its popularity.

This exhibition has certainly shown us that many of our inhabitants are talented and skilful in the various branches of art and needlework.

M. L. (aged 19).

Richmond, May 3rd, 1881.

"UNTIL THE EVENING."

A GLORIOUS hour of sunshine's glimmer here,
Then comes the rain;
Ever the sweetest draughts we drink are those
Followed by pain.

Through the deceits of silvery sky we hear
The thunder loud;
The bluest sky is always nearest to
The blackest cloud.

And the fair dawn that casts her roseate hues
On all around,
Makes mockery of faith by that sweet show
Our eyes had found.

Storm follows storm, and the fair opened day,
That seemed so bright,
Ends in an afternoon dark, dreary, and
A starless night!

Ah! here life's picture open and unveiled,
Too sadly plain!
Who, for a cloudless morn, would end his day
In dark and rain?

Choose for thine own, O God, whate'er the toil,
Show Thou the way,
Whate'er the sorrows that befall us here
In Life's brief day!

Guide them—Thy falt'ring ones—through all earth's storms,
Present and past,
For e'en in sunshine shadows from past clouds
Oft hold them fast.

Only—whate'er the darkness of the day—
When comes the night,
Grant with their setting sun "at evening time
It shall be light."

Then in the cloudless splendour of that land—
Eternity—
Serene, secure from storms and tempests shall
Thy servants be.

PSYCHE (17).

THE CAMBRIDGE EXAM.

SHE crammed herself up with battles and dates,
She made her head ache with profit and loss;
She worked so hard that she nearly got ill—
What did it matter? She did not pass.

She learned all the French irregular verbs,
Pronouns and nouns in each separate class;
She knew the rivers and towns in each map—
What did it matter? She did not pass.

Horæ Paulinæ she knew off by heart,
Scripture she'd studied full well; but, alas!
Spite of her studying, cramming, and work—
What did they matter? She did not pass.

When first she came she was rosy and bright,
And her large dark eyes were as clear as glass;
But her eyes grew dim and her cheeks grew pale,
And all for nothing—she did not pass.

When the news first came, she turned white as death;
She tried to keep calm, but the tears fell fast,
As the thoughts came crowding into her mind,
"It is over now, and I have not passed.

"I never can write and tell them at home
I have wasted money and time in vain:
It is too late now; my last chance is gone,
For I am too old to go in again."

When evening came she was flushed and hot,
Her eyes were glittering strangely bright,
Her head was aching with maddening pain,
And she raved and wandered in bed that night.

Brain fever came on, she grew worse and worse,
She had injured her mind and body and brain;
She passed from this world to the land of rest,
Where she would not have to work hard again.

Oh! Cambridge exams., you may do much good,
But you break some hearts in that numerous throng;
And it's sad to think that one mark too few
May soften the brain that was never strong.

So, readers, take warning, especially girls;
Work thoroughly well, but don't labour and cram,
And if you do fail, then don't fret yourselves ill,
For life is worth more than a Cambridge exam.

C. M. GENT (aged 19).

THE SUNBEAM OF THE FACTORY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER II.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

KATIE walked quickly towards her home. The wind was bitterly cold against her face, and she drew her wrap more closely round her. Meanwhile, strange new thoughts stirred within her. "Was God looking at her as she walked along?" As she passed a public-house the door opened, and a drunken woman staggered out, her babe still in her arms. "Does God see that?" she asked herself. "I wonder what He thinks of it." A minute later she reached a station; outside it stood a little fellow, not more than nine years old, his face pinched and pale, and in his hands a few newspapers, which even at that late hour he was trying to sell. Katie knew him well by sight, but now for the first time she noticed his thin, wasted face and short, hacking cough. "Does God see him too?" again she questioned, and she paused in her rapid walk, and watched the child as he stamped his feet on the pavement, and chafed his blue, chapped fingers, to keep out the biting cold. After a minute he caught sight of her, and eagerly offered a paper for sale. She shook her head and slipped a penny into the palm of his hand.

"Where do you live, my little man?" she asked, "and what's your name?"

"My name's James," he replied, in a thin, weak voice, "but they always call me Jimmie, and I live at No. 5, Sweet Apple-court."

"Well, then, what makes you work so late at night?"

"Father gets drunk, and don't bring home no money," was the sad explanation, "and mother's ill. I'm not often out so late as this, but the papers wouldn't sell this evening; there ain't much in 'em. My chum over there has got rid of all of his. I heard him call out, 'Great battle in Zululand! Not one man left!' but I dursn't do that."

"Why not?" asked Katie.

"Mother said I mustn't tell a lie," was the simple reply.

The young girl's heart was still more touched, and, slipping another copper into the boy's hand, she passed on her way, glad to think that perhaps the eye of God, looking down, would see that brave effort to do the right and to speak the truth.

When Katie reached home, her room seemed colder and more cheerless than before, but she was not tired, her heart was too full of what she had heard. Soon she rekindled the fire, and sat down to think. A solemn feeling came over her. Was the eye of God even then resting upon that little room and its solitary inmate? Almost afraid, she glanced up through the small window in the roof, and saw the stars shining above in the clear, frosty sky. Presently she searched for the Bible that so long had remained untouched. Katie found it hidden away beneath back numbers of an unwholesome magazine. Not knowing what to read, she opened it at random, and her eye lighted on the words:—

"O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me.

"Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off.

". . . . And art acquainted with all my ways.

"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

"If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there."

She paused then and shuddered; into her young life had lately entered a fearful thought. More than once in her misery and loneliness she had stood by the dark river that tells no tales, and imagined that beneath its waters she might escape from her unhappy lot. "Suppose I had died and found Him there," said she to herself, and again and again she read the words until she knew them by heart.

Time passed away unheeded. The church bells chimed the hours, but she heard them not. Memory was busy with the past, with all that had been wrong and evil in her life. Things that until then appeared quite right, now stood out in their true colours. When at last her candle went out, and she was recalled to the present by the sudden darkness of the room, her thoughts still ran on what she had read, "Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee." Even in her sleep she murmured the words now become so familiar.

With the morning light Katie arose as usual, but nothing seemed the same. As she tidied the room she no longer felt alone. The thought of that all-seeing eye made her move more softly

as in the presence of One who could read her inmost thoughts. She wished at times she could escape from it, and she remembered a story that once she had read of a prisoner, in the wall of whose cell was a small hole so contrived that the eye of his gaoler could always rest upon him. The prisoner, unable to move hand or foot without being closely watched, at last went mad! Katie longed to get away from the eye of God; to her, as yet, it brought no sense of pleasure, but rather a feeling of dread. How many times she had sinned, and God had known it all!

The week that followed passed much as usual, but Katie did her work more carefully than before. Once, just as the dinner-bell was ringing, she upset her can of oil. It ran over the sewing-machine, and, unfortunately, spoilt the greater part of her work. Bridget caught sight of her woful face.

"What's up now?" she asked. "Down in the dumps again?"

Katie pointed to her work. Bridget looked serious for a minute.

"Never mind," then she said. "Just fold it up on the outside, and Old Frumps will never see. She always says you do your work so well, there's no need to look at it. Wish she'd say as much for me!"

Katie hesitated. The temptation was great; if she told the forewoman she would have to pay for the garment, and that would take half her wages for the week. But the remembrance of what she had so lately learnt came over her.

"I can't, Bridget," she replied.

"And why in all the world can't you?" asked her friend.

Slowly Katie repeated the words: "Thou, God, seest me."

Bridget stared. "Might have known you'd turn parson if I took you to that place," she muttered. "You'll be a rare goose if you let her know; and what's the odds to the governor if he does lose a shilling or two?"

Katie shook her head, and at once went up to the forewoman, and, holding out the injured article, simply said, "I am sorry, Miss Waters, but just now I upset some oil, and I am afraid this is quite spoilt."

"Then you must pay for it, that's all," was the quick reply.

"Will you tell me how much?" Katie asked.

The woman looked keenly at her. "Well, I never did know you make a mistake before. If you like to do some extra work at home this week, you can make up for it that way."

Katie thanked her, much relieved, and, by working hard, finished her task within the week. Meanwhile, she found time to read her Bible. Sometimes she gathered comfort from its pages, but more often felt afraid and alarmed. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil," she read, and an accusing conscience made her fear the future. She found herself looking forward to the Friday, when night-school would again be held; perhaps Miss Johnson might say something that would help her.

The days seemed longer than usual; Katie's companions found her more quiet, if more gentle than before, and once Bridget whispered in an anxious voice, "I say, Kitty, you aren't going to turn good, are you? Why, you'll get no end of teazing; they'll call you Saint and Methodist, and all sorts of horrid names."

Katie smiled. "I don't think I'm in danger of turning good," she said, "I've just been finding out how bad I am."

(*To be continued.*)

THE DUTIES OF SERVANTS.

PART II.

WHILE the world lasts there will be the rich and the poor, the rulers and the ruled, the employer and the employed; each class enjoying its own rights, privileges, and responsibilities. Those employing your labour, be assured, are fellow-workers, even if not for hire, and have to bear the cares and anxieties which belong to their position, many of which are far heavier than your own, and with which you have little or no acquaintance. Do not wish to exchange your lot for theirs. You can elevate your position and gain the respect of your employers as well as your fellows by your propriety of conduct, manners, and dress. Common, cheap finery is as little becoming as it is unsuitable, and those who wear it are not those who obtain first-class situations and become elevated to confidential positions amongst their employers. The common-looking, vulgar style of wearing what a low class of servant-girls in lodging-houses call a "flag" at the back of the head stamps them at once as belonging to the lowest grade of untrained and cheap servants. A real cap is pretty and becoming, and is suitable to those whose work must make their hair dusty, and the exposure to draughts disarrange it. That most respectable and high-class race of servants who used to live from twenty to fifty years, or for life, in the same family—dying in the home of their adoption, beloved and respected; or else were pensioned on the death of their employers, to enjoy independence in a home of their own—these were not people who wore a strap of crochet work on the back of a dusty head. They had no desire to look "shabby genteel" either. They wore good, plain dresses and pretty white caps. And so in the present day, in all high-class houses of the gentry, the maid servants are dressed as in olden times, following in the steps of those who rose to positions of competence and future independence. The lady's-maid alone is exempt from wearing a cap, simply because she is always about her mistress, and her work does not expose her to any chance of looking dusty and disarranged. But as she advances in life she also adopts a cap, as looking more respectable and becoming when the hair becomes grey and possibly thin.

It is said that "there is honour amongst thieves." If not influenced by better and more sacred motives, at least you might be ashamed to degrade yourself to a lower standard than theirs. Yet, rightly or wrongly, young servant girls are accused of being very dishonourable, in being much given to what is called "tittle-tattle," as well as charged with trying hopelessly to look like what they are not. It should be regarded as a point of honour amongst you never to repeat outside the house, nor even in the servants' hall nor kitchen, what you were trusted to hear at your master's table or in your mistress's apartments. Never stop to listen to their conversation (which you *might* misunderstand if you did), but give your whole attention to your own business. With reference to the respect due to them, to the duty of "not answering again," of abstaining from purloining, and "showing all fidelity," I refer you to the words of Divine inspiration, which have given no "uncertain sound" in their directions both to masters and servants. Having known of several instances within the circle of my own family and connections of those who have lived from five-and-twenty to upwards of fifty years in the same family, deservedly beloved and respected, I know how to appreciate the faithful and high-principled amongst them, and am ready to believe in the extensive existence of such, in the class to which you, my readers, belong. Strive early to emulate such bright examples, and ever remember that amongst the most humble in birth and circumstances there is such a thing as "Nature's nobility"—the highest sentiments of honour and feelings of propriety, combined with the greatest humility and modesty of demeanour, and of that good sense which makes a man or woman know and live according to their natural position in life; and are placed in that position of trust and trial only as a temporary training for a state of far higher existence.

"Be thou faithful in a few things, and I will make thee ruler over many things."

To the mistresses of families I would now make two or three suggestions. The inefficiency of domestic servants, the rare examples of grateful and loving service rendered, the silly vanity which induces ignorant young girls to ape a position they can never attain, and thus even throw a doubt on their moral character—all these points form subjects of perpetual fault-finding, sour your temper, and prejudice you against the whole class.

Doubtless you cannot "make bricks without straw," and you have much cause for dissatisfaction. A servant professes to know all the duties and method of performing them, for which she expects all the wages you may be induced to give, with all the comforts of a home, and you discover that she possesses but a very superficial idea of any of them. She wastes your provisions perhaps by bad cookery or forgetfulness of them; articles destroyed by neglect of repair, and every description of disaster and annoyance. We all suffer in a greater or less degree, paying honest wages for dishonest service. Alas! "that which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered."

But if we feel so keenly our own wrongs we should apply ourselves all the more zealously to redress them; and if we judge the shortcomings and misdoings of our maid-servants, let us take care that our own conduct be absolutely above reproach.

If, as a general rule, the young domestic servants of the present day are inferior as regards both their efficiency and manners, as well as devoted fidelity to their predecessors, the fault is not always and entirely to be laid to their charge. Those who employ them very frequently show themselves utterly ignorant of their own duties towards them and the great responsibility which lies on their own shoulders. Apart from all higher motives, the old saying, "*Noblesse oblige*," seems little to influence their deportment towards them. There is a petty and most vulgar meanness in the ostentatious way in which ladies of no real position in society

themselves will order about their attendants as if they were only automatons, and not persons under their benevolent care and wise judicious training. The more or less uneducated need as careful and considerate training as children.

Every household should remember that by a Divine decree it is the mistress who is to "guide the house," and the duties which this sacred charge involves are to be gravely accepted and prayerfully carried out. It is not to be supposed that she has only to give her servants certain orders, and to scold or dismiss them if they be not fulfilled. In a very extended sense, she has the souls and bodies, health, training, and the present and eternal well-being of those under her authority placed in her charge; or, to say the least, within her influence—an influence for good or evil for which she will assuredly have one day to render an account.

The service which she buys with gold may be rendered for love. How often has this been realised when reverses have changed the order of the household, and the faithful servant has selected to share the scant necessaries of life with the beloved and revered heads of the family; not grudging the least extra service that seems to outweigh the gold in the balance set against it, but, thenceforth, as the tried and tested and deservedly trusted friend, clinging with affection and respect to her unfortunate master and mistress!

But money alone will not purchase fidelity like this. "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned." Of course, there are the naturally high-principled, as well as the God-fearing, amongst little-educated people, as well as amongst those who have had the benefit of the best intellectual culture. Faithful service, even in little matters,—out of sight, perhaps, and unappreciated—will sometimes be found here, even when the mistress—who pays her servant, and gives her a home—is not to be classed among "the good and gentle." But "as a man sows so shall he reap" is a rule of very general application. If kindness and consideration, supplementing honest payment of service, do not always meet a just reward at the hands of our servants, so we have no right to expect a cordial, hearty, cheerful service for a cold return in money only.

To claim unquestioning obedience — a respectful address and answers—a suitable style of dress — a strict conformity to the hours and rules of the house—and of the performance of the work, in conformity with your own directions — are all requirements perfectly within the limits of your rightful authority. But be careful to give each servant, before her entrance into your family, the complete list of the rules by which she is to be guided; so that if she should demur at any of them, she may do so at once. In the same way, make her acquainted with the amount of rest and recreation you can allow her; and after her ready agreement to your proposals, then let her find that — strict as you may be on certain points — you are no niggard in kindly consideration for her, and that her pleasures are given with an ungrudging hand. Above all things, remember that if you lose your temper in speaking to her, you lower yourself in her estimation. Speak firmly, and gravely, if need be; but do not forget yourself for a moment, nor lower your dignity by saying anything in haste that you would not like to hear repeated in the servants' hall as a specimen of an ill-governed temper. Such outbreaks, however justly you may have been offended, may make your servants fear, but never respect you.

In reference to the recreations to which I alluded, a few suggestions should be given. Going out after dark is by no means included amongst them, unless it be to take turn with other servants in going to church or chapel. Let no Sunday pass without sending each servant to a place of worship once in the day. They need out-of-door air, as well as their mistress. Send them for their weekly outing while the sun shines, or at least that the daylight lasts, to see their families and friends, or do their shopping. Do not grudge a cup of tea, "once in a way," to the relative or friend who may come to see them when the chief work of the day is over.

Supply them always with some nice book —such as a volume of magazines (for instance, our own paper, the *Sunday at Home*, or the *Leisure Hour*), for, apart from the kindliness of the act, it is your duty to educate their minds; and in so doing you are also training them to be more efficient servants.

Some little time should always be allowed —if not every day, at least once in the week —for their own needlework, the necessary mending and making of their clothing and caps. It is equally for your own satisfaction that they should be accorded some time for this, as otherwise their appearance will be unsuitable to your house; and sitting up late at night—as many are obliged to do —is most undesirable on every account.

Remember that while all familiarity should be avoided, there is a quiet dignified politeness of manner and mode of address that invariably calls forth a politeness of response. Do not allow your self-respect and self-assertion to border upon an ostentatious demeanour. You will never elevate your position in their eyes by so doing. The lady-like politeness of your own manner will invariably be reflected to some extent in that of the servant whom you address.

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

THE FISHER-MAID.

A TRUE TALE.

"THE signal gun!" exclaim the fisher-wives:
"No men at home to run and save the lives.
The night is dark—the wind and waves are high:
Too far the lifeboat sailors for the cry!"
"I go!" a maiden says, and speeds away,
While "come back!" echoes through the blinding spray.

Bravely she dashes to the wave-washed shore;
Safety behind, danger or death before.
The lifeboat house is three good miles from home,
Still she wades knee-deep through the seething foam;
With steadfast courage and accustomed feet
Treads the rough pebbles—breasts the biting sleet.

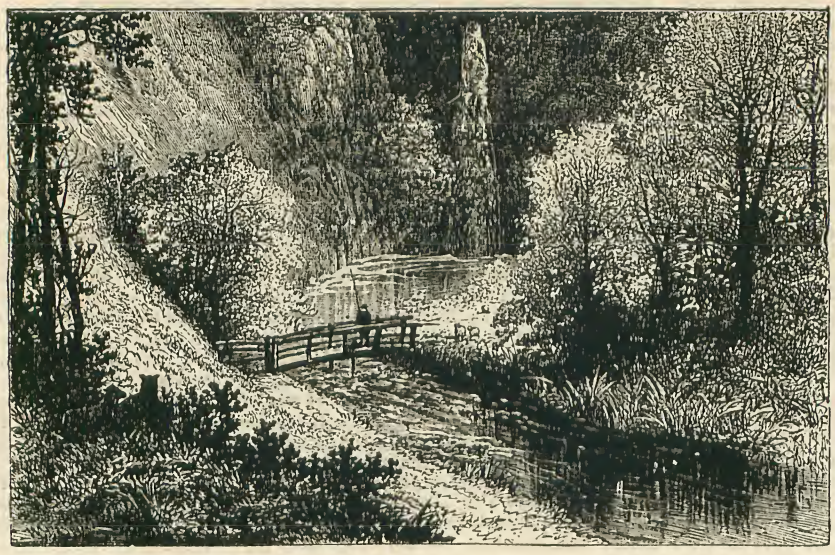
No slackening pace or heart-subduing fears,
Even when the dangerous sea-morass she nears:
"Help me, dear Saviour," her unuttered cry,
"To save the perishing; to do or die!"
And so, God-watched, through perilous swamp she goes,
To where the cliff-path lies, mid falling snows.

Onward and upward hies the fishermaid,
Too near her goal to pause or be afraid;
Passes the rock-bridge on the topmost height,
Scarce notes the creaky railings in the night;
Yet sees, with faith's far-reaching luminous eyes,
Below, the village where the lifeboat lies.

She nears it—gains it—hatless, breathless, wild.
"Wake up!" Arouse ye!" shouts the woman-child.
The men are up, the lifeboat manned, and she
Points through the darkness and the towering sea
To where the ship, scarce half an hour before,
Battled for dear life near yon rock-bound shore.

The boat is launched and mounts the raging sea;
A signal-light is seen, and onward she
Labours until the sinking ship she nears.
Back to the maid a freight the lifeboat bears:
Of rescued souls, whose grateful blessings reach
Her who still watches by the lonely beach.

ANNE BEALE.



THE BROOK.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON. *Music by* MRS. TOM TAYLOR.

Andante con moto. Tranquillo e legato sempre.

VOICE. PIANO.

I steal by lawns and grass - y plots, I slide by ha - zel

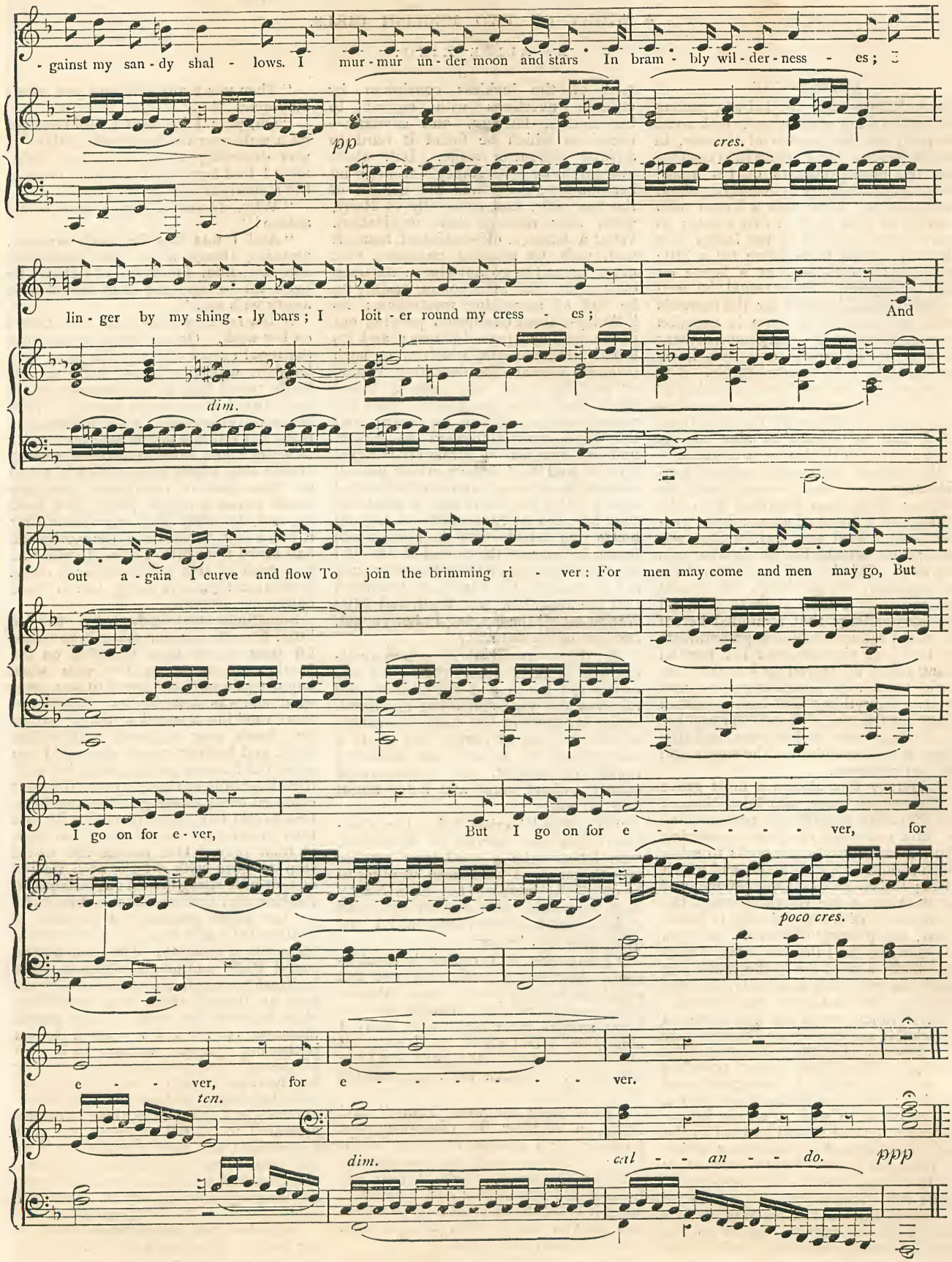
p

co - vers; I move the sweet for-get - me-nots That grow for hap - py lo - vers. I

pp

slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, A - mong my skimming swal - lows; I make the net - ted sun-beam dance A -

poco cres.


- gainst my san - dy shal - lows. I mur - mur un - der moon and stars In bram - bly wil - der - ness - es;
pp
cres.
lin - ger by my shing - ly bars; I loit - er round my cress - es;
And
dim.
out a - gain I curve and flow To join the brimming ri - ver: For men may come and men may go, But
I go on for e - ver,
But I go on for e - - - - - ver, for
poco cres.
e - - ver, for e - - - - - - - ver.
ten.
dim.
cal - - an - - do.
ppp

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER XIV.

ELLA RINGWOOD, the heiress, among the rest of her possessions, had some property on the borders of Exmoor, in North Devon. Mr. Lindhurst, in managing the money matters of his ward, found some difficulty in arranging about rents, &c., by letter with a farmer who wanted to take part of this estate; so one day he proposed to the ladies that they should all leave home for a little while and go to stay at a house on Ella's property. They would be well received there, he said, for the farmer's wife—this was not the farm in question he was going about—had been a servant in some grand family, and thus knew how to make lodgers comfortable. The change of air, he concluded, glancing at Ruby's cheeks, which had been becoming a trifle paler lately, would do all of them good, and he should be able at his leisure to see to the business in hand.

Miss Nancy, after some solemn consideration, consented to comply with his wishes; Ruby was charmed with the thought of change of scene; Ella, girl-like, was pleased too, and, besides, she thought she should like to see what was her own. This journey seemed to Ruby an especially happy thing; she would get away, for a time at least, from all her surroundings that reminded her of the many failures and disappointments she had gone through, and her hopeful young fancy whispered to her that she would meet with something fresh and sweet. Everything new had a certain charm for the girl, although she was not at all changeable in her likes and dislikes: it was the charm of the vague and the dim unknown.

A journey was always a most grave and important event with Miss Nancy; and who shall describe the preparations for this one—the complete mustering of all Miss Nancy's garments to settle which should be left at home and which taken; the long and solemn ceremony of the packing of the travelling-bag; the arrangement of wonderful caps in bandboxes; the pouring of curious essences into many bottles; the vast array of rugs and cloaks spread out in the hall? At length the good lady was ready, and one morning, early in August, they started.

Miss Nancy travelling was quite as remarkable as Miss Nancy getting ready for the event. Let the weather be what it might, Miss Nancy never travelled in anything except a waterproof and goloshes; she would never get into a railway carriage with a single fellow-passenger, lest he should go mad on the road, a catastrophe concerning which she related a mournful and terrible story she had once read in the newspaper. When she came to the driving part of the expedition—and there was a long drive from the railway station to the place to which they were going—her state of mind was anything but a serene one, and she vexed sadly the soul of the luckless coachman by strange questions with regard to his horses, harness, and carriage—questions which he found it hard to answer without a smile. But, whatever might be Miss Nancy's feelings on her journey, great was the delight of the two girls, and especially of Ruby, when they reached their destination. What a strange, old-fashioned house it was, with its winding passages, that never seemed to go anywhere; its deep cupboards, that were bound in duty to be full of something mysterious; its little ivy-framed casements peeping out in the most unexpected places; and its broad window-seats, which were such delicious retreats for dreaming awake, or reading your way into a doze! Then there was the garden, with the moss-grown sundial in its centre, and the ruined summer-house in the corner, and its masses of strangely-mingled flowers, and its shrubbery, which was all one tangle of foliage and of richly-varied song! And was there ever a meal like that first tea at Stonecroft—so the old house was called—with the home-made brown bread, and the clotted cream, and the fresh-laid eggs? Was there ever such a tea, though Mr. Lindhurst grumbled that the arm-chair was hard, and Miss Nancy sat all the evening in her bonnet, because of the draught?

But there was one thing yet more attractive to little Ruby than even the quaint old house and its garden, and this was the wide-spreading moorland, which lay there in the August sunshine all one vast sea of purple and gold: a wonderland of beauty, an unknown region of delight, an undiscovered country, where mind and fancy might stray at will.

"Oh, Ella!" cried Ruby, the afternoon after their arrival at Stonecroft, "do let us take a good long ramble over the moor. I have been wanting to be off all the morning, but Miss Nancy kept me pinning up a curtain here, and cleaning out a drawer there, until I was quite tired out."

"I saw she was especially troublesome, dear, but I really did not feel equal to helping you in your labours. This warm weather makes me so lazy; and as for a long walk, Ruby, I simply don't feel up to it. I shall sit still in the shade in the garden all the afternoon; it's much the most sensible thing to do."

"I am sorry you won't come," said Ruby, a shadow of disappointment passing for a moment over her bright face; "it is so nice to have someone to talk to when you are very pleased and happy; it's like losing half a pleasure when it is not divided with anyone else. But as you won't come, Ella, I must make the best of it alone."

Ruby was smiling again now, like the summer sky.

"Then you really will go; you won't stay quiet?"

"Oh, yes; I feel as if I could not put off a walk over the heather for a day. I was dreaming about it all last night, after I had been looking at the moor in the moonlight from my window."

"Why, dearest Ruby, I was sound asleep!"

"And I was fancying such strange, amusing things about the moorland. But now, Ella, I must go, or I shan't be back till so late, and then they will be angry with me."

A few minutes after Ruby had started on her walk. On and on she went across the regal carpet made by the gorse and heather, with the purple bells waving lazily round her, as the summer breeze just stirred them as she passed. Now she would stop to pick a wortleberry, and make her red lips purple with tasting it; now she would pause to examine a spray of rare stag's-horn moss, which is found on these western moorlands; now she would notice a bright, green spot hard by, and, knowing from experience that it was a bog, would recall the stories she had heard from Mrs. Tredwell, who was a woman of this neighbourhood, about benighted travellers being lost in these dangerous swamps.

Sometimes she would meet a group of little, horned, Exmoor sheep, who would lift their heads from browsing on the heather to stare at her with wise, inquiring faces that seemed to be asking what she was doing there. Sometimes there would be a sound of many trampling hoofs near at hand, making her start, and looking round she would see a herd of Exmoor ponies gallop by, with their long tails waving, and their different coloured coats showing in the sunshine, here bright bay, there raven black, and their pretty little heads tossed on high in their play. One minute she would stop to gaze with delight at a view of distant hills rising in bold outline against the blue sky, the next she would be down on her knees gathering a handful of heather bells and bracken, and binding them into a nosegay. The wind played round Ruby as though it loved to touch her fresh young cheek, and lifted her soft hair as though there were something akin between her and it; the purple blossoms on all sides seemed to be beckoning a merry welcome to her; a black-cock rose whirring up very near her feet, as though it looked upon her quite familiarly, and was not at all afraid of her light footstep; the whole moorland appeared to be full of joyous life, that harmonised with the girl's being, and as she went along she felt very gladsome and free, and as if the scene around was awaking up new melody in heart and soul.

Ruby had not the slightest object in her walk. She wandered on without noticing what direction she was taking, her whole mind absorbed in the beauty

of the day and the novelty of all about her. She was, therefore, somewhat surprised, on happening to glance up at the sky, to see how the sun was sinking in the west. She had no watch, so she could not tell exactly what time it was, but she was certain it must be getting late, so she turned back, and for a little while believed herself to be going straight towards Stonecroft; but before long she began to doubt whether she was taking the right way. She had followed no path, or even track: she had been going completely at random across the heather. She was not by any means quite sure that she knew on which side Stonecroft lay. She paused for a few minutes, but, gaze around as she would, she could discern nothing which would at all serve her as a landmark. She did not know the country well enough to be guided by distant objects, such as the shape of far-off hills, or glimpses of white upland farms that gleamed in the sunshine, but were not close enough at hand for her to go to them to seek information. She wished she could meet someone, but no living creature passes her except the sheep and the ponies, and a bee hurrying home with a store of aromatic, heather-flavoured honey. She could, therefore, do nothing but go on in what she had before deemed the right direction.

And now something else began to increase her perplexity, until it grew into what was very like fear. A grey mist had been rolling for some little time around the neighbouring hills, now concealing their summits, now showing them as through a veil that made the whole landscape vague and unreal, now capriciously lifting in one place, and showing, through the rift, the red Devon cattle feeding in some green upland meadow, or a half-cut cornfield, or the glitter of a stream leaping down a ravine, or the snug rick-yard belonging to a neat homestead. But, suddenly, almost before Ruby could tell what had brought about the unexpected change around her, the fog came sweeping in a vast wave down upon the moor, making, in a few moments, the sunny heath one great grey sea, turning the clear air into a thick wall that shut her in pitilessly on every side, hiding from her view even objects close at hand.

Ruby waited for a while, hoping that the mist would go as quickly as it had come; but there came no such change. Turn which way she might, nothing met her eyes except that grey, impenetrable curtain. Then she went on again, for it seemed that moving forward was her only chance of reaching some cottage where she might find a guide, or, at least, of making her way into a road that would lead her to the haunts of men. The wind had fallen as the mist came on, and the deepest stillness—a stillness that filled her with an indistinct dread—reigned around. She felt as if she would have given worlds to hear but the cry of a bird. It seemed to her as if the horror of a great desolation was gathering closer and closer about her. It was a feeling of utter loneliness such as she had never known before—a feeling that pressed upon her, and made her heart beat and her breath come short and quick.

The shadows of evening now began to add to the alarm and difficulty of her situation. Every moment the air grew darker; but still her little weary feet went plodding on, though often they stumbled over a wortle-berry bush, or a tuft of heather. She had a great fear of walking into one of the bogs, and sometimes she started back, thinking that she felt the ground soft beneath her feet; then she would pause and tremble, and try to think what she had best do.

But no thought came to her that could give her any light or help. Unless she should meet someone, or find some house, she did not see that there was a reasonable hope of her getting home to-night. Her brain began to grow half dizzy; she was getting very tired, for she had been walking incessantly for several hours. Her position was different from anything that had ever happened to her in her whole life. Yet, still she struggled on through the gathering gloom, hoping for she knew not what; and still the deep, heavy silence brooded round; and still she saw nothing but that endless wall of mist; and still there seemed no boundary to the moorland.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.

OUR diplomatic relations with foreign Powers are a most interesting topic, and embrace so much that is curious and instructive, both in past and present times, that one article will not suffice to say all that there is to be said upon the matter. Though not essentially a part of the Government of England, the whole well-being and security of the nation is involved in the relations we hold with the other great Powers of the civilised world, and from some very slight misunderstanding in past years a long series of wars arose. The tact of a foreign minister has often averted a serious breach between nations, and when we think of what any war effects upon our country, we cannot fail to feel deep interest in the subject now before us. The very thought of ambassadors carries us back to the messengers sent by the King of Babylon to Hezekiah, which were an occasion, of sin to him, and their title is of very ancient date, though envoys, plenipotentiaries, *chargés d'affaires* and ministers are equally applied to representatives of foreign nations when sent on missions to other countries, and each has some distinctive dignity attached to their rank, ambassador being the first and highest. In olden times ambassadors were only sent over on special occasions, and were not residents at the Courts they visited, but now England has twenty-nine resident foreign ministers in London, or, as it is officially written, "at the Court of St. James," that being the formal heading of any royal documents of the English Sovereign. When an ambassador is appointed by his own sovereign to go to any other Court, he is there treated as the representative of that Sovereign, and as such receives due honour. The precedence of the ambassadors is settled by the one who has been longest in the country ranking first, so that when it becomes necessary to fix for any Court ceremonial the exact rule of precedence, it is very easily decided, so that at one time the French, another year the Austrian or the German would be first, if the individual holding the position had been longer here than the others. Such a rule is the only way to prevent any national discussion, as it would be an invidious choice to determine which among the many nations of the world should be placed first.

The ambassador receives his "credentials" from his country and departs to England. He will first present these at the Foreign Office, and it then becomes the duty of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs to present the ambassador to the Queen, and we often read that the ambassador from such and such a country presented his credentials to Her Majesty, and had the honour of being received. This done, he is the accredited minister through whom our diplomatic relations with that nation must be carried on. No foreigner would be received at Court save through the introduction of the representative of his own country; these introductions are generally made before the general company are received at the Queen's Drawing Room. An ambassador enjoys many special privileges, one of which is, that at any time if he wishes to see the Sovereign at whose Court he is residing, he can drive up to the palace and request an audience, which would at once be accorded to him. Neither the ambassador nor any of the servants in his employ can be arrested for debt. The distinction between an ambassador and a minister is no doubt a difficult matter to explain, as the diplomatic minutiæ are numerous; but it may be understood that the nations recognised among the world as the Great Powers are represented by ambassadors, while those who rank less highly are represented by ministers and some by consuls. Only France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey, and Italy have ambassadors in London, and England is in return represented by the highest in diplomatic rank at their respective capitals.

Ambassadors extraordinary are often sent on special missions, and it was not customary to have resident ambassadors in other countries until the 14th or 15th centuries, when the intercourse between one nation and another became more sound and lasting unions, and the constant relations between the countries rendered it advisable.

It was long before the American Republic were represented in London, but in the year 1785 the first American Minister came over. The great Empire of China has now a national representative in London, and great has been the amusement of seeing so many of these quaint denizens of the Celestial Empire walking about the streets. The wife of the Chinese Minister, on first arriving in England, very strictly adhered to her national rigorous etiquette, and for some time was never seen by any stranger; but time has wrought wonders, and now the Chinese lady may be seen at the Queen's Drawing Room, and has entertained in her own house.

The coming and departure of a resident ambassador is now a matter of no ceremony. Receiving letters of recall to his own country for any reason which may occur, he would simply proceed to the Queen of England, and at an audience take his leave. But when we refer to old folios and see the state and ceremony of olden times, one is surprised at all the details which had to be observed, and learn

that the most trifling deviation from some customary rule was made an occasion of offence. All who bear the rank of ambassador are styled "Your Excellency," in honour of his representing the person and dignity of his Sovereign. The Congress of Vienna, in 1815, laid down the regulations which nations have since been bound by, respecting the different classes of diplomatic agents. Looking back to the Plantagenet kings of England, we remember that legates from Rome were attached to the Court of Westminster, and these preceded by many years their lay successors. In all Roman Catholic countries where the Pope sends his ambassador (a nuncio), he ranks before all others in right of the supreme authority allowed to the Pope.

In addition to the ministers or ambassadors who may be residing at any foreign Court, it is customary on any great occasion to send an embassy extraordinary, and in our own times we can recall many such—the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, Germany, &c. The marriage of a crowned head would also demand a special embassy if it were one of the Great Powers, and the honours accorded to them would be as representatives of their Sovereign.

The residences of foreign ambassadors are generally bought for them by the nation they represent, and are therefore inhabited by each successive ambassador. The French, Turkish, German, and Austrian have held the houses they now occupy for many years. No distinctive mark distinguishes them from any other mansion in this country, but in foreign towns the national arms are often seen over the entrance of the embassies. One curious fact in connection with diplomatic relations is that the marriage of any English subject abroad must be solemnised under the British flag to make it legal, and therefore at any Consulate the flag is often seen flying while the civil contract is there made.

When a rupture occurs between our nation and one with whom we have been on friendly terms, and have interchanged ambassadors or ministers, the first intimation of a breach is known by the recall of the respective agents at the Courts. The ambassador is hastily summoned to his own country, no courteous leave-taking occurs, and the embassy remains empty until such time as peace may again be restored. Such, many will remember, occurred during the war between England and Russia some twenty-five years ago. Since then there has been no rupture with any foreign powers.

The various chances and changes in the political and diplomatic circles often bring about curious episodes, and it was much noticed that at Queen Victoria's coronation, where the late Duke of Wellington was a very prominent figure in the group surrounding the throne on that auspicious day, the ambassador sent over from France to represent the king on the occasion was no less than Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon I.'s famous generals, who then met his great military antagonist with every expression of friendliness.

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER V.

"YOU'RE eating no breakfast," said Eleanor pityingly. "Do you think you could listen to a story?"

His mamma asked him if he would have some bread and milk.

"Yes, mamma, for once in my life I'll be a milksop"

"If you'll eat some bread and milk," said Eleanor, "I'll try to read the earache away. Perhaps, I shall read you to sleep, but the bread and milk must be my ally."

"Eleanor, have you time?"

"I'll make it."

"And you won't have to work harder for it?"

"Oh no!"

"What will you read to me?"

"Another story ftom the same author. 'The Two Captains,' or 'Sintram.'"

"And you shall have the breakfast-room all to yourselves," said Catharine.

"How good all the world is to a fellow that has earache," said Harry in a droning tone.

"Bless you, my dear boy, there's nothing like it," exclaimed Frederic. "It's only such small aches as finger-ache and heartache the world does not compassionate."

"Cynic!" exclaimed Catharine, "you haven't had to suffer from a want of sympathy. All your aches have been duly bemoaned so far."

"I anticipate the inevitable."

"But why cry out before you are hurt!"

"Because it's of no use to cry out after. If bread and milk, and Eleanor's story don't cure that ailing ear, Catharine, James Lovell must come and apply his stethoscope to it."

So they chatted lightly for Harry's benefit, and then in more subdued tones wondered how the poor Fittons were feeling this morning.

"There'll be no fun at *their* breakfast-table," exclaimed Mrs. Townsly.

"I could not help thinking last night," remarked Catharine, "that one petition in Keble's evening hymn seems almost extravagant—.

'Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.'

We know that while we sleep, so many must be found tossing in pain with others weeping beside them. Is it heartless when one we know and love as well as we do Anna is dangerously ill to act and speak as if we had forgotten her? I am sure she is never long out of my thoughts."

"Nor out of mine," said Mrs. Townsly.

Mr. Townsly put down his paper. He was a man of few words, but when he spoke he commanded instant attention.

"When one half of the world is in sunshine the other must be in shadow. Now would it be wise for folks on the part visited with sunshine to put up their blinds out of sympathy with those in the dark. Never a night but lives dear to some of us go out of the world, and lives welcome or unwelcome come in. If we are only to be glad when the whole circle of our acquaintance can be glad too, then our term here must be all fast and no festival. It is possible to rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep without an Eastern display of sackcloth and ashes, or an ostentatious piping and dancing."

"And," added Frederic, "our fasting is to consist of anointing the head and washing the face that it appear not unto men."

"Thank you," said Catharine, "for having cleared a difficulty. Who will go this morning to inquire if there has been news of Anna?"

Frederic volunteered, as Harry was poorly and Eleanor engaged.

"But I should like," suggested Mrs. Townsly, "for some of the children to come up here, or for some one to go down and sit an hour with the older girls. Of course, the Misses Oldfield will look after them, but we should show kindness too. But as Eleanor is giving up her morning to Harry, and Catharine has to go in the town, I suppose it can't be managed."

"I'll go down for the afternoon, if you wish it, mamma," was Eleanor's reply.

Her readiness took every one by surprise. Catharine asked her if it was not at too great a sacrifice of time.

"If it is I will go," she said.

"And don't you bother to read to me," put in Harry, but he would have looked very blank if she had taken him at his word.

"I shall read to you, and I shall go to the Fittons, so we may consider that as settled," she said, brightly.

All that morning she read to Harry, and chatted with him on the wonderful feats of the "Two Captains," and the way Fadrique astonished Heimbert when he told him Dona Clara was his sister. And he didn't seem to approve of him for a brother-in-law, though he had rescued her from a bull. Harry thought that grand. By the time there had been the meeting in the desert, and the duel Duke Alva interrupted with the presentation of the combatants to their brides, he declared that his earache was gone, and James Lovell need not do anything to it with his stethoscope.

As to Eleanor, she lighted up, and was like a new creature, entering the world of imagination just to please her little brother.

It was quite like old times, while between the pauses of the story Harry made the most comical faces at her, to signify that his mouth was all ready for kissing. "After all," he observed confidentially to his mother, when she came in towards noon to see him, "after all, when Eleanor takes it into her head to be jolly she isn't so easily beaten."

And his mother said, "I believe, Harry, you are right."

The afternoon found Eleanor at the Fittons, listening to the sad story they had to tell. Her visits there, except when Anna was at home, had resembled "angels' visits," in respect of being short and far between. But this afternoon she had come on an angel's mission, and she did not, as on former occasions, hurry away.

When she returned she brought with her Ada, as, being the most troublesome of the little Fittons, her absence was a relief to her sister Elizabeth, who, at fourteen years of age, had her work set to keep order while her mother was away.

This piece of generosity cost Eleanor a little struggle, for she knew she ought to take the charge of her little visitor as much as possible on herself. She was all the stronger for having conquered her disinclination.

Everyone was surprised to see them come up the garden hand in hand, and it was remarked that it only needed an appeal to Eleanor's feelings to call forth much that was kind and thoughtful in her character.

After she had put Ada to bed she betook herself to the library with intent to break her literary fast. She found her mind brighter for it, yet could not rise above the conflict begun the day before.

"If I am always to be doubting that I am working to a right end, and have to study under protest, as it were, how miserable it will be!" she said to herself. Yet she did not look so miserable by any means as she had done yesterday.

Suddenly a fit of drowsiness overtook her, and she fell asleep, never waking till she was called to supper. So she had lost time again. It was very strange to be caught napping in that way. She chid herself for a want of will, not knowing that her sleepiness was the effect of weakness, and that even the little exertions of that day had been too much for her.

When Catharine resolved to do a thing she did not let the grass grow under her feet. But—,

"Labour with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone—
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

"By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits;

"Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made.

"Till, at length, the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

"And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky."

But that last verse need only apply to the procrastinating and the overworked. The mendicant that met Catharine on the stairs as she retired was the recollection that she had not had any conversation with Eleanor. She had feared to intrude upon her in the library, and had had no other opportunity. Catharine regarded the delay as unfortunate, but hindrance and delays have more ends to answer in human affairs than simply to vex people. Eleanor would be all the more willing to listen to her sister



"ALL THAT MORNING SHE READ TO HARRY."

for having been left to her own reflections for awhile. She would come to feel her need of counsel and of sympathy. Indeed, that very evening, after she had kissed the little face on the pillow, whose restlessness and roguishness were smoothed into the soft repose of childhood's sleep, she thought,—

"If Frederic and I were as much to each other as we were once upon a time, I would talk to him. But there's no chance of that now. I don't want a new and improved edition of what he has been saying all along. No; if I do change my plans and resolve to turn over a new leaf, I'll do it without making admissions to anybody, or ever seeking any help."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

SHORT MAXIMS FOR EVERYBODY.—It has been the practice with many distinguished men and women to draw out sets of maxims for the guidance of their lives. The practice is a good one, and we who are obscure may well follow it. We could hardly do better, to begin with, than adopt as our own these maxims of Bishop Middleton, the well-known Bishop of Calcutta:—"Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. *Practise strict temperance*, and in everything remember the final account."

A THOUGHT FOR THE DESPONDING.—We have our desponding moments, many of us, when we seem to have gone a long way out of the right path, and when our friends appear as distant as if they were on the other side of the moon. At such times let us stop and say, softly:—

"Is there a thought in this wide world so sweet
As that God hath so cared for us, bad as we are,
That He thinks of us, plans for us, stoops to entreat,
And follows us, wander we ever so far?"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRUE LOVE.—The philosophy of true love has been put in a parable by a Persian poet with great beauty and delicacy. "One knocked," he says, "at his beloved's door, and a voice from within said, 'Who is there?' He answered, 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee.' And the door remained fast shut. Then went the lover into the desert, and fasted and prayed in solitude. And after a year he returned and knocked again at the door. And again the voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is thyself,' and immediately the door was opened to him.

WHAT THE SUPERSTITIOUS SAY ABOUT PUSSY.—The cat has been connected with many curious superstitions in various parts of the world. In some localities, for instance, it is believed that witches in the shape of cats are in the habit of roaming about the roofs of houses during the month of February, and for this reason stray cats are promptly shot. In Germany, also, a similar notion prevails respecting black cats; in consequence of which they are never allowed to go near the cradles of young children. In Sicily, where the cat is looked upon as sacred to St. Martha, there is a superstition that any one who wilfully or accidentally kills a cat will be punished by the serious retribution of seven years' unhappiness. So, if any credit is attached to this, the life of puss in Sicily must be as secure from harm as in the palmy days of Egyptian cat worship. In Hungary there is a curious superstition that before a cat can become a good mouser it must be stolen.

SOUND ADVICE.

In each and every age
Are knit together weal and woe:
Be thou 'mid pleasures ever sage,
And always be prepared for woe.

THE EYES OF THE POOR AND THE EYES OF THE RICH.—The charms of nature, the majesty of human existence, the infinite loveliness of truth and virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor, but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted, the self-seeking, be she poor or rich.

BARLEY FROM THE SPINNING-WHEEL.—These days of railways have familiarised townsfolk with rural life, but in the olden time it was different, and Cockneys were especially noted for their ignorance. When a Cockney woman was once told that barley did not grow, but that it was spun by housewives in the country, "Oh!" said she, "I knew as much, for one may see the threads hanging out at the ends."

RUNNING HOURS AND FLYING MINUTES.—The time present, that is a vanishing, a running hour; nay, less, a flying minute, as good as nothing. The time to come, that is uncertain; the evening sun may see us dead. Lord! therefore in this hour make me sure of Thee; for in the next I am not sure of myself.

AN UNANSWERABLE REPLY TO A COMMON COMPLAINT.—In the following beautiful verses by Coleridge we have an unanswerable reply to a complaint one hears made every other day. Do not, dear girls, pass it by because you see it deals with the future of good great men, for it is just as applicable to what befalls good and noble women.

Complaint.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honours or wealth, with all his toil and pains;
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

Reply.

For shame, dear friend, forego this canting strain:
What wouldst thou have the good great man obtain?
Wealth, titles, salary, a gilded chain,
A throne of corpses which his sword had slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends;
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—life, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE SETTING SUN.—William Blake, the artist poet, no doubt was sometimes crazed, but he often spoke what was worth listening to. "When I behold the setting sun," said he, "do I not see a disc of fire something like a guinea? Ah, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty.'"

WHAT OF TO-MORROW.—"To-morrow," says Thomas à Kempis, "is an uncertain day; how do you know whether you will have a to-morrow?"

A TALE IN EVERYTHING.

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring;
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything.

Wordsworth.

A LITTLE OF THE SERPENT AND A LITTLE OF THE DOVE.—Wisdom without innocency is knavery; innocency without wisdom is foolery; be therefore as wise as serpents and innocent as doves. The subtilty of the serpent instructs the innocency of the dove; the innocency of the dove corrects the subtilty of the serpent. What God hath joined together, let no man separate.—*Quarles.*

ANSWER TO BEHEADED WORDS (p. 639).—Wheel, heel, eel.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

BETSY TROTWOOD.—Wring the pudding-cloth as dry as possible out of boiling water, and slightly flour it before putting the pudding into it. We cannot judge of your writing without knowing how old you are; at least, it is quite unformed.

A YOUNG COOK.—We never heard of any difficulty in pounding almonds, if you had a pestle and mortar. You may add the white of an egg, however, if you please.

LOCUST.—As you live so close to the School of Cookery, would it not have been better to have gone and made your inquiries personally, and have saved us the trouble of answering your question?

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—For almond-icing see page 288, vol. ii.

CHRISTINA VON ALDERSTEIN.—See "Useful Hints." The colour should be pink for the blancmange. Of course, you can make it as deep as you like.

BEATA.—Any recipe for gingerbread will answer. See pages 80 and 223, vol. i.

E. T. G.—Read "Pies and Tarts," page 244, vol. ii.

WORK.

GEM.—A leather merchant and an ironmonger. You will require a knife, scissors, nippers, hammer, pins, wire, small bradawl for piercing, and a bodkin for making the veins of the leaves. Also a small flat board, to cut the leather upon. Many of these you have at home, so will not need to purchase them.

RITA.—Wear black silk and white lace, and, if possible, a bonnet with violets and white lace. Never cast any shadow of your own gloom on others. It is selfish, or at least thoughtless, to do so. Wear lavender-coloured gloves, and take them off at the breakfast.

ELIZABETH. — Read the description of crochet *tricoté*, which is the same thing, at page 276, vol. ii.

TANGANYIKA.—Take your pattern from an old cosy, and consult "My Work Basket." The satin must be gathered and sewn to the plush.

LOCHSIDE.—Crochet *tricoté* would be very pretty worked in four-inch stripes, joined by narrower ones, for your sofa blanket. Choose colours suitable for your room. The narrow stripes should be yellow, white, or black, or all three in succession.

CATALINA.—Your china must be valued by a dealer; we could not give an opinion in the dark. Read "Socks and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii.

PRIMULA.—Read "A Grammar of Embroidery," pages 108 and 228, vol. ii. The border may be from four to ten inches in width.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—Work the first row in the same manner as the second, turning the work for going back again. Consult "My Work Basket."

F. E. MARIGOLD.—Place the cut-out pictures one over the other, or one fitting into the other, so as completely to cover the grounding of your screen. Your writing is too small.

CONSERVATIVE.—Read "Socks and Stockings," page 157, vol. ii. We should advise you to inquire at a good fancy shop for cottons of various sizes and colours.

FORGOTTEN.—Consult "My Work Basket" for ideas of what to make, and read the many articles on knitting and crochet which have appeared from time to time. You might teach your class all kinds of work from the instructions given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

JUDIE.—We fear your cloth jacket will need re-dyeing. An excellent "black reviver" is given at page 316, vol. i.

ART.

MIGNONETTE.—All such materials can be purchased at every good artist's colourman's, who will give prices and advice on special wants. Tapestry-painting materials must be purchased especially for the purpose. Dido was the widow of Sichæus, and is fabled to have burned herself on a funeral pile sooner than enter into a second marriage. Virgil, by a poetical fiction, makes her death caused by the departure of Æneas, who lived nearly 300 years before her time. Penelope was the wife of Ulysses, who, being beset by importunate suitors during his twenty years' absence (when he was considered to be dead), wished her to forget his loss, and make choice of one of them. Being a helpless prisoner, the faithful wife deceived them by promising to marry when she had finished a piece of needlework, and baffled their eagerness by undoing by night the portion she had worked by day. Happily Ulysses returned safely, and delivered her from her fears.

BLENDONI.—Skim milk is used, not new. Pour it all over the drawing, and then hang it over the back of a chair to drip dry. Your writing is too formal to be pretty, especially the "t's," which are ugly in the extreme.

ION AIKIE.—Common salt, and the juice of a lemon dropped on it, will remove mildew spots from paper. We fear no way has yet been invented of making old things new.

G. E.—White of egg is an excellent size. You have not bestowed sufficient attention in reading the article at page 226. The medium is mentioned. Write for both medium and size to an artist's colourman.

HOUSEKEEPING.

FINO.—Wash the glass in strong soda and water, warm; rinse in cold water afterwards, and dry.

EVA.—We are glad to hear that you have been so successful in following our advice. You must write to the manufacturers for information on the subject. See the daily papers for address.

ESSIE.—Your kind letter deserves our best thanks.

AMPUTATED.—Common salt, and the juice of a lemon dropped upon it, will take out the mildew-marks. Perseverance in painstaking over a good model will make you write well.

POPSEY.—See page 327, vol. i., for instructions "How to Wash White Furs."

SNOWDROP.—We never heard that it was injurious. Your writing is neat, and we do not think it too bad for your age.

JULIA.—Consult a nursery gardener as to the evergreen plants which thrive in a N.E. aspect. Those with spring leaves would answer. The food of your fowls is at fault. Try maize if you do not use nor make some change.

FLORA.—Damp a clean cloth, and pin it round a broom, and go over the place where the hair has stuck, it will probably take it off better than you could do by hand.

DIDITY.—Try benzine, or rub with a flannel and a little white soap. Be careful not to wet the leather, or else it will become hard.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—Clean the marble with diluted muriatic acid, or with warm vinegar and some soap. If these are not successful, take two parts of soda, and one of pumice-stone, and one of finely-powdered chalk. Sift them through a sieve, and mix them into a paste with water. Rub this well all over the marble, and leave it on some little time; lastly wash it off with soap and water. We should advise you to have a piece of sheet iron or tin nailed down beneath the stove. There will then be no danger of fire.

MARY ANN SMITH and A LOWLY ONE. — Plate should be washed in a strong lather of yellow soap and boiling water, rinsed, and wiped with a soft linen cloth, and afterwards polished with a chamois leather every time it comes from the table. If this be carefully done, it will be sufficient to clean it thoroughly once a week. Whiting is usually employed, which should be wetted with spirits of wine, laid all over the silver with a flannel, and rubbed off when dry. Use a brush for the ornamental parts, and polish lastly with the chamois leather. Silversmiths' soap, hartshorn, and rouge are also used. The latter needs very careful brushing out, and hartshorn is used in the same manner as whiting. If the plate has become stained through laying aside, soak it in soap and water, and moisten the whiting used with vinegar. Rub off when dry, and then rub with bran.

EDUCATIONAL.

WHIRLWIND. — For instruction by correspondence address Miss Shore, Fir Grove, Sunninghill. If you could take cod liver oil we should think it would do you good. Take a tepid sponge bath every morning, rubbing much afterwards.

DORA ETHEL HOPE.—The "Handbook of English Literature," by Angus, (56, Paternoster-row). Your writing is pretty good.

F. D.—We should advise you to practice reading aloud constantly. You will find the "Handbook of the English Tongue" (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.) useful to you.

OLIVE and DAUNTLESS.—Write to the Secretary of the "Society for the Encouragement of Home Study," Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham. From her you may receive advice and papers of questions. Fee one guinea.

SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE.—The "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," by Prescott, would be a good book to begin with. In fact, any of Prescott's works would suit. Dunlop's "History of Spain" is the best we know.

AN IRISH GIRL.—Spring begins when the sun enters "Aries," about March 21st; summer, when the sun enters "Cancer," June 22nd; autumn when he enters "Libra," September 23rd; and winter when he enters "Capricorn," December 23rd.

A BOOKWORM.—Read Answers to Correspondents on page 560, vol. i. Write copies and read history, and learn some really good poems by heart. Your writing needs much improvement.

PATIENCE.—Send your story to any publisher, and write to him as well. If good it will find its way. Read "Occupations for Invalids," and "My Work Basket."

NEMO, A. E. H., and A DISCIPLE OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—Apply to Miss Shore, Fir Grove, Sunninghill, for terms and rules.

RUBY.—Some older person is usually present during lessons to keep order.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAPRICCIOSO.—Half an ounce of oxalic acid dissolved in half a pint of water may probably help you. Try rubbing it first with a piece of India-rubber.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.—We know that it is said that glass may be cut as you describe, and shall be glad to hear whether you perform the experiment successfully. We have heard no scientific reason given for it.

SEARCHER.—See advertisements in the daily papers for the address.

MOPSA.—The prize competitions will be found at pages 153, 175, and 192, vol. ii.

TWENTY-ONE.—Choose the size of the largest for the size of your book, and have a cover made as thick as you like. Say "been" as it is written. Your writing is very neat.

IERNE.—Sea sand would not be suitable. Many thanks for your recipe.

QUEEN ANNE.—Address "the Rev. Canon So-and-So." Your writing is very neat.

GULNARE.—It is in no better taste to have your names on the same visiting card. We think mittens would be the most suitable, as they are not so "full dress."

A PENITENT DAUGHTER.—We are sorry to hear of your unhappy position, and we should advise you to apply to the minister of the church your parents attend, to aid you in your efforts at reconciliation with them.

A. E. G.—Cod liver oil has been much recommended, but if you cannot take that, you would find glycerine or a tonic useful, and also change of air.

SNOWDROP.—The Governesses' Benevolent Institution, 47, Harley-street, W., has a provident fund for the savings of governesses, annuities of £25, and an asylum for the aged. Write to the secretary.

ELIZA HARRIS.—The 21st December, 1860, was a Friday, and the 10th January, 1864, a Sunday.

ARCHINE.—Your quotation is from "Ruby," the words by J. J. Lonsdale, the music by Virginia Gabriel. Use the wings to make screens, arranging them in circles, the different kinds being placed together.

A TEASE.—The aphides must be all picked off the plant by hand, and the syringing done afterwards. They are always an indication of some unhealthy conditions in the plants themselves. We trust that the name you adopt does not describe you, for of all disagreeable and unlovely characters a "tease" is the worst. They torment and torture others for their own unnatural and selfish amusement. Pray break yourself of any such habit.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—We have read your letter carefully, and we fear that too much of your own society has made you captious and over-sensitive. "Taunts," "sneers," and "looking down on me" are all strong expressions. Are you quite sure they are justified? Conquer your "reserve"—there is evidently nothing sweet and lovable about it—and learn Proverbs xviii. 24 by heart. Be very regular in prayer, and in seeking for grace to help you in your difficulties with reference to self-improvement. For a relief to your studies get Scott's, Dickens', and Charles Kingsley's works.

J. H. — Pronounce Thames as "Tems." Your writing is excellent for your age.

HARLEY.—It is astonishing how many of our correspondents write to us to "find them time," some of them sending us such a catalogue of their engagements that it is impossible to find a moment to spare, unless they choose to rise an hour earlier. We do not approve of the hot bath taken an hour after eating a heavy supper of meat and vegetables, and we advise you, as you value your health and digestion, to eat a good dinner in the middle of the day, and, making your tea at 5 p.m., reduce your supper to bread and butter and a glass of milk, if it agree with you. Instead of having a fire at night, we should have it in the morning, and should put a match to it when rising at 6 a.m. to call the maid. Buy a tin kettle for yourself, and we think you should have boiling water in twenty minutes. From that to 7 a.m. you could, if quick, take your bath and dress. Endeavour to be in bed every night by 10 p.m. It seems a pity that your father and mother could not breakfast with the children when there is so much work to be done and so few hands to do it.

LOTTIE C.—Your quotation is from "In Memoriam," by Tennyson. Your writing is very poor, and your spelling is shocking.

"LEILA" is the name of a character in "The Giaour." It is said to be of Arabic origin, and is used amongst several Eastern nations.

ARABELLA.—Gentlemen, as a rule, take off their glove on shaking hands with ladies. Your writing is not good for your age.

LEONORA.—You do not give your fern enough water, we think. They need much moisture, especially if the room be warm.

A MARCH HARE.—Read "Our Aquarium at the Seaside," page 531, vol. i. "Hildebrand" and "Undine" are characters in De la Motte Fouqué's book, "Undine."

SNOWDROP.—April 19th, 1854, was Wednesday; July 23rd, 1856, was Tuesday; April 19th was Monday; and Oct. 5th, 1866, was a Friday.

MAY.—Home employment is almost impossible to be obtained. We fear we cannot help you. The book you mention is an excellent one.

E. G. F.—You must not put them out in any case; at least, at a formal dinner. Better to reserve them for home consumption.

UNDINA.—Wash in tepid water, and, if possible, pass through a wringing machine, to ensure the work being wrung as dry as possible. Dip your meat into the salt. Why do you make your heavy strokes in writing at the ends of your letters?

NERISSA.—A "monodram," a dramatic performance by a single person. Your writing is irregular, but very legible.

A. ASINOI S.—Thank you very much for the box of delightful flowers. The pinks are looking most refreshing upon our paper-bestrewn table.

A COUNTRY LASSIE, with her "fondest love and best wishes," has sent the loveliest buttonhole of white lilies to the Editor that he has ever seen. He thanks her heartily, and ventures to echo the country lassie's expressions of affection.

CLEMENTINE.—Autolycus is one of the characters in one of Shakespeare's plays. A pedlar selling trinkets, as your picture represents.

MURIEL.—There have been articles on handwriting in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Purchase the first volume, which will give information required on many subjects. In the subsequent parts specimens of handwriting and advice have been given.

DARWIN.—It would take too much space to reply here. In general, we may say that Mr. Darwin denies the existence of species, as so made by a Creator, but thinks that all kinds of plants and animals develop themselves, through force of natural influences (as climate, food, and so on) during countless ages of time, till they assume their existing appearance; so that man, by the Darwinian theory, is only a developed ape, and the ape is developed from something less organised, till we get back to the earliest living monad. When the first stone got its life Darwinism leaves to conjecture. The theory is not necessarily atheistic, but it is all sheer nonsense.

PICKLE-DISH.—Some persons have as much sense at twenty, or even at sixteen, as others at thirty. Age is one of the least things to consider in such a case. Sleeping with gloves to preserve the colour of the hand is a proof that at twenty the writer has not much sense.

KITTY.—Any dictionary or grammar ought to tell you what inflexion means. Or if the grammar does not in so many words explain, you can see whether changes in the verb are given when inflexion is spoken of. Use your wits, and if not sure that you are right, never be ashamed to ask people older than yourself. This advice applies to many girls besides Kitty asking what the inflexion of a verb is.

VIOLET.—"What would it cost to relacquer our old drawing-room clock?" This is a specimen of questions asked! We do not relacquer clocks at our office, nor can we know by clairvoyance the condition of your old timepiece. Ask a tradesman.

MAGGIE.—Try soda in the water. Ask a servant or charwoman.

DESPONDENCY.—If not strong enough for domestic service, as you say, and not educated enough for teaching, it is hard to advise you. Observe what others do in your station, and ask advice of friends at hand in the country. Your difficulty would be greater in London.

IANTHE.—Go early to bed when you can, and be out as much as you can. Use no artificial means to remove either spots or hair. Care more for your health than your appearance.

KATHLEEN.—We think Blanche was the king's wife's name. But if you can find it in no ordinary book of history, it cannot much matter what the name was.

VERBENA.—Give them egg-shells or lime in some form. Instinct teaches hens what they need.

CONENTINA.—Both are right, hanged or hung, but applied according to usage.

BARBUDA.—We continue to receive, from remote parts of the world now, *corrections* of our error in May part, p. 495, about Barbuda. We have confessed our error, and have no doubt been forgiven by "Eudora." Once more we return to the subject, having pleasure in stating, upon the authority of a West Indian correspondent, that "Barbuda arrow-root is exceedingly good, and that the island is inhabited by a most hardworking and honest set of negroes, who are much sought after as labourers." Now we hope we have done full justice to Barbuda, and may hear no more of it.

GOVERNESS.—We thank you heartily for your letter, which shall receive our best attention.

EUGENIE.—Use gum and small strips of paper to fasten across the stems of your grasses and ferns. Your writing is legible, but very masculine. We never admire the Greek "e" in writing.

MADGE.—Clean silver with a good lather of soap and water first, and then, when dry, polish with a plate polish, or whitening and chamois leather.

CLARENCE.—Such situations are usually obtained by means of a recommendation, an introduction, or an advertisement. The duties of a companion are described at page 592, vol. i.

ANITA.—There are several direct lines of steamers going to the Mediterranean from Liverpool, and for an invalid, who is a good sailor, that is the least fatiguing way of travelling. The food is very good, and the accommodation quite first-class, while the expense is not great, considering the length of the journey.

STELLA.—We cannot say; we think a week's trial would be long enough for you to judge of any treatment whatever. Perhaps your class is too large, and you cannot interest so many.

A BEE.—We should advise you, if you value your dress, to have it cleaned by a proper cleaner.

SPES.—We always recommend Dr. Angus's handbooks of English Literature, and of the English tongue, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. (5s. each), as the very best that we know. Small manuals, called "primers," have been recently issued on both the other subjects. Inquire at any bookseller's where educational works are sold.

DISFIGURED ONE.—We should advise you to consult a doctor, as your general health is evidently disordered.

EULALIE F.—"R. S. V. P." means "Répondez, s'il vous plait." Your writing is very good, and your letter pleasant and kind.

MARIA.—We think there was some other reason for the death of your fowls than the presence of the Virginia creeper. Probably they died from a chill, or improper food.

AGNES.—"What recreation is there for a London girl having been all her life accustomed to the country?" There is no difficulty in guessing what country is named in your query. You favour us with a genuine "Irish bull," so we have copied it at length for the benefit of everyone. For "weak eyes" consult pages 176, 288, and 592, vol. i.

NETTA.—There are some small penny books of instruction in French and German sold at every railway station, which we think you will find exactly what you want.

BLACK BESS.—Read "How to Form a Small Library," page 122, vol. ii. We think you most fortunate in finding a friend so dear, and we trust you will improve each other.

LILIAN M. C.—Mittens suitable for evening wear are never taken off either at dinner or tea-time.

GAYNOR.—Ask for your friend. Do not intrude and force your acquaintance on her hostess unless invited so to do. She must take the initiative. See "Jelly for Invalids," vol. i., page 415. Your writing would be good were it not disfigured by such deformed looking "e's."

LT.-COLONEL W. S. S.—With our best thanks for your kind letter, and its information respecting some of the mountains in India which you have been engaged in surveying, we gladly supply our readers with the information given. "Kunchinjinga" is the highest peak in Sikkim, in the Himalayan Range. It is 28,177 feet above the sea. In the Tibet language the name signifies "the abode of snow." "Deodhanga," or Mount Everest, situated in Nepaul, 100 miles west of the former, is 29,002 feet above the sea. The name in Hindostanee signifies "God's upland."



SUN AND SHADE.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

IN the summer sunshine
Lillian swings at ease,
In a silken hammock
'Neath umbrageous trees.
Fairest, sweetest blossom
In that bower of bloom,
Care hath never found her,
Naught she knows of gloom,
Scarce has felt the rippling
Of her life's clear stream;
Hers the listless languor
Of a first love-dream.

In the sombre midnight
Dora droops alone,
Past and present weighted
By a slab of stone.
In her cheerless attic,
Whence e'en hope hath fled,
Drearily since dawning
Stitching for her bread,
Plying thread and needle
With unflagging speed,
Till they drop unbidden
And she rests indeed.

Shadow and sunshine, light and shade,
Were twinned when day and night were made;
Laughter and weeping, pain and mirth,
Track each other over the earth;
And not till night and day are done
Shall we know the "wherefore" of shade or sun.



VOL. II.—No. 81. JULY 16, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XI.

"WHAT KNOWEST THOU OF THE WORLD?"

"A THOUSAND thanks," said Gertrude, when the duet was finished. "It was quite too lovely; dear Maudie has a perfect voice. Do you know I fear I must confess to a little bit of a cold?"

"What can I do for you, my Gerty?" cried Maud, rushing to her side.

"Nothing, love. I will go to my room at once, and I am sure I shall be quite well to-morrow. Sleep always cures my little ailments."

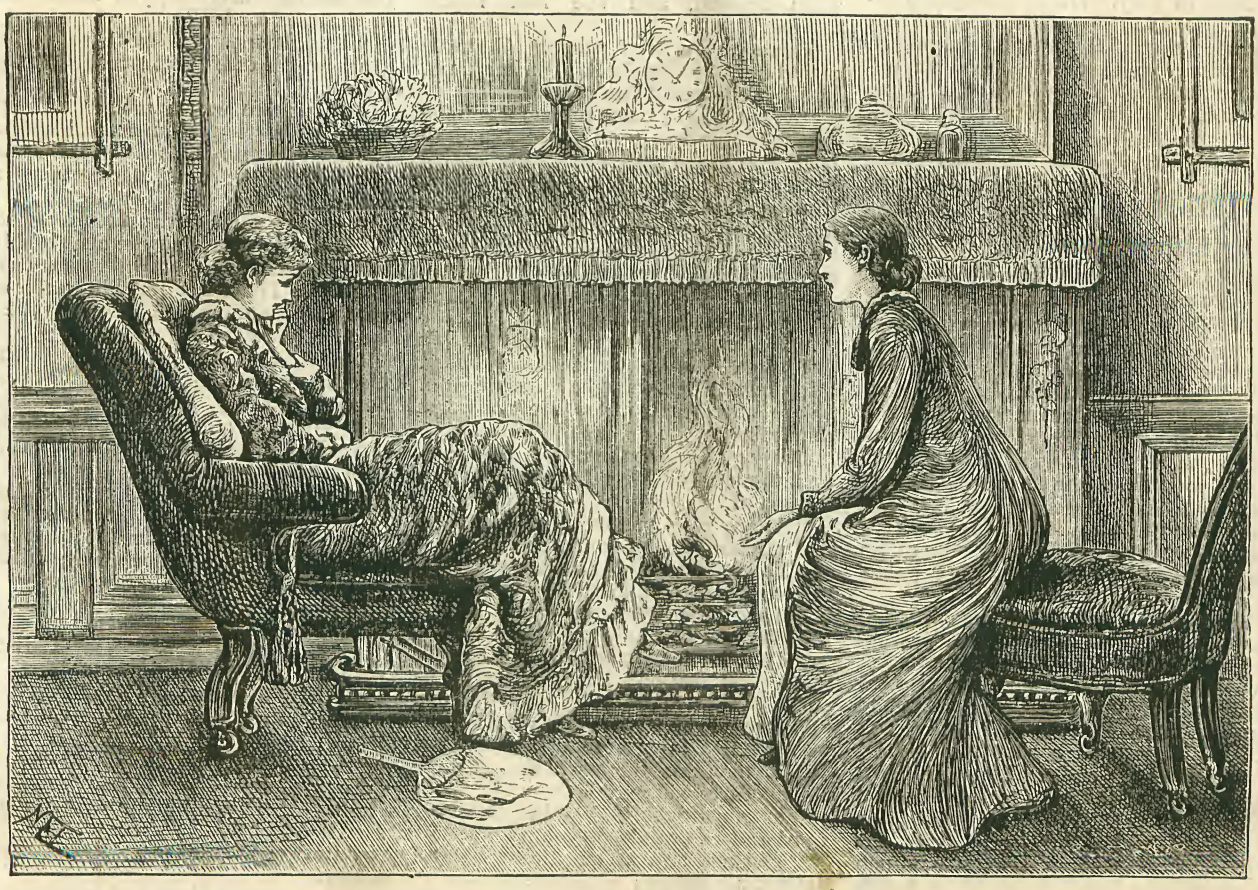
"But you must have something hot, Gerty."

Gertrude had taken a fair share of wine at dinner, but she was easily persuaded to drink a glass of negus. It was half-past nine when she left the drawing-room, and Maud fussily insisted upon accompanying her upstairs.

"Miss Sandon is a very fragile creature," remarked Miss Daughton to Rhoda.

"She has no strength, it seems," Rhoda answered; "her mother is a confirmed invalid. Captain Sandon died suddenly in India, and his widow never recovered from the shock. I daresay home is a melancholy place to Gertrude."

"She lives in the country, does she not?"



[*All rights reserved.*]

"'OH, MISS SANDON, LET ME SPEAK OF THAT POOR GIRL!'"

"Yes; General Wade's house is in Blankshire. He is not a rich man, and they entertain very little; but Gertrude is always visiting friends."

Daisy lingered till the hands of the timepiece pointed to five minutes to ten, and then went her way upstairs. It was a cold night; a glance through the landing window showed her a bit of dark sky studded with frosty stars, and she thought pitifully of houseless wanderers and all to whom home comforts were denied.

There was no murmur of voices to be heard as she passed Gertrude's door. Miss Sandon had cleverly contrived to get rid of her officious friend; and it must be confessed that Maud's friendship was a severe strain upon the patience. Maud attached herself so violently and tenaciously to anyone she chanced to like, that she was apt to become a kind of Old Man of the Sea; and those who knew her well would rather have had her enmity than such troublesome devotion.

Daisy went to her room to wait quietly till the appointed time arrived. It was chilly there, after the warm atmosphere downstairs, and she hastened to wrap herself in the dark blue flannel dressing-gown which had been one of Aunt Cecily's parting gifts. Quickly, too, she unbound and brushed the soft thick tresses that had been neatly braided, and twisted them up for the night.

She sat down to read a few verses in her Testament, and then knelt by her bedside to pray. Daisy, young and inexperienced in the world's ways, felt that she needed special direction that night. She was going to venture upon an unconventional step — a step that some would have blamed her for taking at all.

Miss Sandon would have a right, perhaps, to ask why she interfered in the matter? Worldly wisdom would have said that, as she had overheard a conversation never intended for her ears, she should have let the whole business alone; and in nine cases out of ten worldly wisdom would have been right.

But Daisy remembered that Gertrude was only a girl—not three years older than herself. Had Miss Sandon been a person of more advanced years the venture would never have been made. And Miss Leeson, the poor, weakly dressmaker, was merely a girl, too.

She rose from her knees, and looked at the watch upon the toilet-table. It had been her mother's watch, and was treasured by Daisy as a sacred relic of an unknown love. The hands were pointing to the half-hour.

Very softly she unclosed the door, and made her way along the corridor that separated Miss Sandon's room from her own. Downstairs she could hear noises that indicated that the busy servants had not yet gone to rest; but all around was still.

She knocked gently at Miss Sandon's door, and was answered by a low-voiced "Come in."

Gertrude was sitting in an arm-chair by the bright fire, and the light fell upon her frail little figure, wrapped in a rich *peignoir* of quilted crimson satin. She pointed to a seat on the other side of the hearth, and Daisy took it in silence.

"I don't understand why you should desire to meddle in my affairs, Miss Garnett," Gertrude began, speaking haughtily, but in a subdued tone.

Unconsciously, the girls made a picture as they sat fronting each other in the warm glow. The light of a wax taper, placed on the mantelpiece, shone on Gertrude's frizzy head and Daisy's smooth hair; and the dark-blue wrapper of the one served as a foil to the glistening satin of the other. Daisy's clearly-cut face was perfectly composed and pale; while Gertrude's eyes flashed, and her cheeks were flushed with a feverish red.

"I beg pardon," Daisy answered, gently. "It must seem mean in me to have listened."

"I thought there were only honourable people in this house," said Gertrude, with bitterness. "It never occurred to me to open another door to hunt for eavesdroppers."

"I have done you no harm, Miss Sandon," replied Daisy, still very gently. "I ought, I believe, to have sprung up and opened the door when you began to talk. But the conversation occupied only a few minutes, and before I could think of what I was doing it was all over. Afterwards——"

"Afterwards, I suppose, you extracted further information from my dressmaker?"

"No; I heard her moan, and ran into the work-room. She is very weak, Miss Sandon, and she had nearly fainted."

There was a brief pause. Gertrude rested her burning cheek upon her hand, and looked fixedly into the fire.

"What do you come to me for?" she asked, abruptly. "As you listened to it all, you heard me say that I am unable to help her. I am sorry, very sorry, of course; I told her so. But I can do nothing. Why did you come to me?"

"To ask you to reconsider the case," answered Daisy. "I think—forgive me, Miss Sandon—that you hardly realise the poor girl's condition."

"I don't want to realise anybody's condition," said Gertrude, irritably. "My own is bad enough, I assure you. I dare say her troubles are no worse than mine."

Daisy glanced at the costly *peignoir*, and thought of Miss Leeson's shabby dress and thin jacket.

"At any rate, you have sufficient food and raiment," she remarked.

"You know nothing about my needs," returned Gertrude, loftily. "Yours has been a simple bread-and-butter sort of life, shut out from the world."

"That is quite true," Daisy owned, meekly. "But oh! Miss Sandon, let us speak of that poor girl! Isn't she one of those 'neighbours' that Christ tells us of? If you leave her in her distress, don't you think there will come a time when others will go their way and leave you in your trouble? You believe in our Lord and His words, do you not?"

"You ask strange questions. But I am not a heathen; of course, I believe."

"He said, 'With the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.' They are very solemn words; we dare not disregard them."

Gertrude moved uneasily in her seat. There was a softer look stealing over her face, and her large eyes shone through tears.

"You cannot comprehend my difficulties," she said, in a gentler tone than she had used before. "I never had a guide; I plunged into society without anyone to warn or restrain me. I need not tell you the end I have in view; you are young, but you may guess it. Well, a girl is thought nothing of nowadays unless she out-dresses everybody else, and is always in the front rank. By dint of striving hard I got into the front rank, but one has to pay heavily to keep a footing there."

She looked up and met Daisy's glance of sympathy.

"I didn't mean to run into debt when I began," she continued. "My father hated that sort of thing. Poor father! what would he think of me? But it was a struggle, always a struggle; bills seemed somehow to run up of themselves, and my habits grew more and more extravagant. And I am a delicate girl; mine is only a fragile life. I don't know how to exist without luxuries now."

"If it were in my power I would set you free from all your worries," said Daisy, earnestly. "I am like the ignorant little novice who talked to Queen Guinevere, at Almesbury. How can I know anything of your world? But, don't you think if you were to make just one little sacrifice, you would be all the happier for it?"

"I might not feel quite so wicked, perhaps, if I did," murmured Gertrude, musingly.

Again there was a pause. The fire was burning lower, and the blaze had subsided into a red glow. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and Daisy rose reluctantly to depart.

"Stop," said Gertrude, rising too. "I can spare no money to give to Miss Leeson, but I may part with some of my trinkets. I have a curious old watch and chain in my dressing-case; they are of value, I know."

Daisy's face brightened as she watched Gertrude's little fingers turning over a heap of jewellery. The watch and chain were produced; both were massive and of ancient make, and studded with small pearls and rubies.

"Take them into your keeping lest I should change my mind," Gertrude said, as she handed the trinkets to Daisy. "And take my advice, be always a Daisy—simple, and modest, and lowly. It answers better to be a field-flower than a hot-house plant. I cannot live out in the open field now; it is too late. But I wish I could."

"God looks after all His flowers, no matter where they grow," answered Daisy.

"It may be that He does. I need looking after badly enough. I shall not stay any longer in this house; to-morrow I will go away."

"But why will you go?" Daisy asked.

"Because the place and people don't

suit me. There is nothing to be gained by remaining, and I am sick to death of Maud. So I shall receive a mysterious summons and depart."

"And Miss Leeson?"

"I will speak to her before I go, and tell her that I leave something in your hands. Good-night, Daisy. Remember that we must meet on formal terms again to-morrow."

The great, bright eyes gazed wistfully into Daisy's face. Both girls looked at each other in silence for a moment; then they kissed, and parted.

Daisy went back to her room with noiseless feet, locked up the watch and chain, and slept soundly through the rest of the night. It was later than usual when she woke, and all the family, save Gertrude, were seated at the breakfast-table when she went downstairs.

Maud was in tears. Daisy was not left long in ignorance of the cause of her grief; she could not keep it to herself.

"Horrid people always stay on for ever, and nice ones leave us," she wailed. "It is quite too cruel that darling Gerty should have to go."

"Must she really go?" Rhoda asked.

"There is no help for it. She says her summons is most imperative. She is so awfully sorry to miss the charade party."

"I suppose her mother is ill?" said Miss Daughton.

"Oh, yes; her mother is always getting ill. Won't it be wretched for that poor, sweet Gerty to spend her Christmas at the Limes? The old General and his sister are always in the blues; and they have no nice neighbours."

"Perhaps she will come back to us by-and-bye," suggested Rhoda.

"There is no hope of that. She has to pay a long-promised visit to the Rayfords, at Brighton. She doesn't care about them a bit, I am sure; but Gerty is *so* unselfish, and Ada Rayford is *so* absurdly fond of her."

"The Rayfords! Oh, they go a great deal into society. I have heard of them," said Miss Daughton. "And Brighton is delightful in winter. Let me see; Miss Sandon's home is in Sussex, is it not?"

"Yes; the General lives in a horrid little village, about twenty miles from Brighton," Maud replied. "But Gerty cannot endure the sea; a watering-place hasn't many attractions for her."

Miss Daughton said no more; but Daisy detected a quiet smile on her face, and guessed that she saw through Gertrude's little manœuvres.

Daisy did not see Miss Sandon again till she was dressed for her journey. She looked a dainty little creature, enveloped in furs, "like a Russian princess," as Maud said. All her woman-of-the-world manner had returned, but it was sufficiently tempered with soft regret to suit the occasion.

"Pray come to us again, Gertrude," said Rhoda, really sorry to part with a guest who had enlivened the house and kept her sister in good temper.

"Indeed I will; you have been so *very* kind," responded Gertrude, with pleasant warmth.

"Good-bye, sweetest; your stay has been the greatest delight," sobbed Maud. "Write soon; let me have a long, long letter; I shall be utterly miserable when you are gone."

"I hate partings," murmured Gertrude, plaintively, as her little person was enveloped in Maud's embrace. Miss Daughton smiled her furtive smile again; and Daisy felt perfectly certain that Gertrude had spoken the truth.

"Good-bye, dear Miss Daughton; Miss Garnett, good-bye."

Gertrude gave Daisy's hand an expressive squeeze, submitted patiently to one more hug from Maud, and then tripped down the steps to the carriage. The vehicle rolled away; the hall-door was shut; and Maud gave vent to a loud burst of hysterical weeping.

As hysterics occupied the younger Miss Garnett for some time, Daisy seized an opportunity to slip into the schoolroom, and talk to Miss Leeson.

She found the poor dressmaker much soothed and comforted; her mother was better, and enjoyed the beef-tea which had been procured through Daisy's timely gift. The watch and chain were most gratefully received; and Miss Leeson said she should intrust them to the clergyman who visited her.

"He will, perhaps, dispose of these things for me," she added. "He will know their value better than I do. My mother has told him a great deal about our troubles, and he has been very kind. If we could only get quite well and strong, I should not be uneasy about our future!"

"Do you find full employment?" Daisy asked.

"Yes, miss. Before my mother was ill, she used to work too; and as we have a sewing-machine we made a great many costumes at home. She began to be ill just after I had undertaken Miss Sandon's dresses. Somehow all our trials seemed to come at once; what with nursing mother and neglecting myself I lost my own health."

"You need rest and change of air," suggested Daisy.

"Indeed we do," the girl answered, sadly. "We are country-bred, mother and I; and London does not suit us at all. Before my father's death we lived in a pleasant country town; he had a situation in a warehouse, and my mother made dresses for the ladies in the place. His death was very sudden; and then mother was persuaded to come to London and live with her sister."

"Have you lived long in town?" inquired Daisy.

"Just three years. My aunt died a twelvemonth after we came; and we stayed on, hoping to prosper. But mother will never be well in a close street, I am afraid; our lodging is in Marylebone—it is a crowded neighbourhood."

"I wish I could go to see your mother," said Daisy.

"Oh, no, dear Miss Garnett; they wouldn't let you. And you have done us a world of good, already," replied the dressmaker, gratefully.

But Daisy wanted to do more good still.

Maud continued to wander from room to room in an inconsolable state, sometimes taking a spasmodic interest in the charade costumes, and sometimes declaring that she hated the thought of the party now that her darling Gertrude was gone. Rhoda, really fatigued with the burden of household arrangements, kept as much as possible out of her sister's way.

Miss Daughton would willingly have shared the weight of Rhoda's domestic cares, but Miss Garnett was not a little proud of her capacities for managing a large house, and declined all assistance. Yet the responsibility was heavy for young shoulders; and Maud's querulous complaints and varying temper did not make it lighter.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Daisy came suddenly upon Rhoda, sitting alone in the breakfast-room. The fire was burning low, and the room was filled with the grey mist of twilight; but Daisy could see weariness in her cousin's attitude, and felt sorry for her.

"You are tired, Rhoda," she said, gently. "I wish I could do something to help you."

"You can do nothing, thank you," was Rhoda's reply.

"I could never be such a clever manager as you are," Daisy went on; "but if in some little way I could be of service I should be glad."

"I really don't need any help as a rule," said Rhoda, more graciously. "And there is Miss Daughton always at hand if aid is required. But I shall be glad to get back to my crewel-work."

"You have not done any for days?"

"No; I have been too busy with other things. I wanted to finish my sunflowers before Christmas Day; but it can't be done."

"Rhoda, let me finish them," Daisy said, eagerly.

"Oh! no, thank you. You would not take any interest in the work. The cushion is intended for an old friend of my mother's—a lady you have never seen."

"Indeed, Rhoda, I should be greatly interested. It would be so pleasant to feel I was serving you."

If there had been more light in the room it is doubtful whether Daisy would have spoken so freely. But the twilight, and Rhoda's evident weariness, gave her courage. Moreover, Miss Daughton was not clever at crewel-work, and her assistance in this case could not be relied upon.

"I don't know why it should be pleasant," Rhoda said, with a half-suppressed sigh. "People are not generally so very anxious to serve each other."

"I think they would be anxious to help if they had once tasted the pleasure of helpfulness," answered Daisy.

There was a little pause, and then Rhoda sighed again.

"If you really wish to finish the sunflowers, you can undertake them," she said, awkwardly. And Daisy thanked her as if she had conferred a favour.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF SHOPPING.

WHAT is it in shopping which so attracts the feminine mind? It must be admitted that the sterner sex are, as a rule, indifferent to the charms of such expeditions, and will suffer much, rather than accompany a lady to a round of shops. And yet a charm there must be, or else why all this crowd of people invariably found at every favourite establishment, many of whom, if they told the strict truth, must own to having come for some trifling purchases which might just as well have been indefinitely postponed, or done without altogether?

Others will go shopping, as they wrongly call it, simply to look in at the windows on the chance of seeing something pretty and cheap, when they rush in and buy it, and go home rejoicing and boasting to all their friends of the bargain they have lighted on.

Let such foolish ones lay to heart this axiom: "Never buy a thing simply because it is cheap."

"Oh, but it is sure to come in some time," they will reply.

Perhaps it may, sooner or later, probably later; and meanwhile it will be laid aside, getting dingy and out of date, and when at last a use comes for it its freshness is gone, and you wish you had never bought it, and could go and get new.

Some members of the shopping world have wonderful notions of economy. They will walk long distances to save a few pence in their purchases, not taking into account the wear of shoe leather or the waste of time, or the mental and bodily fatigue, which surely is of some account if our energies are worth anything.

"Oh, why don't you go to Brown's for that ribbon? I got the very same thing there for 5½d. only yesterday," such an one will say to a friend who is paying 6d. for it at Jones's. Now Brown's is nearly a mile away, and this economical lady forgot to mention that by the time she got to the shop she was so exhausted that she had to take a hansom home, so that in the end she lost considerably by the transaction.

Certainly there is no object in paying more than is necessary, even though it is but a farthing a yard; but a great deal of extravagance is practised and *called* economy by people who have not studied the art of shopping. As a rule it is not economical, but the reverse, to buy cheap imitations instead of the real thing; they are in the end not cheap, but dear. A poor thing, of bad material or badly made, may pass muster for a little time, but very soon its outside gloss of respectability begins to fade, its true self shows through, and everybody can see that it is nothing but a sham. And do we not all in our hearts despise shams? And rightly too, for they are the very essence of vulgarity.

But buy a good thing, and besides lasting ten times as long as the inferior, it will look good and respectable, and unspeakably more refined, even when worn away to its last threads. So the true wisdom and economy is to have honestly good things, and, if necessary, fewer of them, and not to deck our houses and ourselves in an ostentatious superabundance of "bargains (which are not bargains) picked up *so* cheaply" here and there and everywhere.

Unless one can afford to fritter away an amazing amount of money, it is well on entering a tempting shop not to think: "Now what shall I buy, what do I want?" but to keep in mind the query: "What can I do without?"

A prudent shopper will keep her eyes from straying amongst the tempting array as she walks up the shop, lest, seeing, the temptation to buy should be too strong for her strength of mind. She will turn a deaf ear to the insinuations of the shopkeeper anent a "special cheap line in gloves," or "a manufacturer's stock of ribbons at less than cost price," conscious that though they may be cheap in one way, they would not be so to her, because she does not want them.

Shoppers may be arranged in three classes; probably we can all fix on one of our acquaintances as typical of each class.

First, then, the desperately economical, not to say stingy, shopper, of whom mention has already been made. Having possibly abundant means, yet nothing gives her so much pleasure as to buy her goods more cheaply than anyone else. Always on the look out for bargains, she moves her patronage from one shop to another, not because the goods are better, but she has the idea that they may be cheaper, or that the vendor may be more readily beaten down in price.

For this dreadful individual, on being shown any article, immediately, and as a matter of course, begins to persuade the shopman to take less than the price. Perhaps in the hope of retaining her custom he does abate a trifle at first, but, finding that there is no end to her bargaining, he becomes impatient and indifferent whether she goes elsewhere or not.

The members of the second class are not so numerous as those of the other two, but still they exist in no small numbers.

A lady of class number two will not and cannot believe that anything is good unless the full or more than the full price is paid for it.

"This is nice tender beef, my dear," she says to her daughter, the housekeeper.

"It is American, mother, eightpence halfpenny a pound."

"Ah, well, I *thought* it was very flavourless all the time."

Or, after admiring the new carpet in a friend's room, she is told it was bought at a little reduction because the pattern was not fashionable, she will say, sympathisingly, "Well, it won't *wear*, of course; it is such a mistake to buy underpriced goods when you want wear."

No shops are to be patronised except those "good old-fashioned" ones, which charge a trifle more for everything than anybody else. The addition to the price appears to add a flavour and air to the wares which is quite wanting in those bought at more reasonable shops.

Ah, well, class two, you are foolish, prejudiced, aggravating, but nevertheless to be preferred to your predecessor.

In the third class we find those who understand how to shop. Without being niggardly, they will not pay more than a thing is worth, though it be on sale at the best and most old-fashioned shop in the world. On hearing the price, if she thinks it excessive, she will say so, quietly but straightforwardly, not in the hope of getting it reduced, but to explain her not purchasing it. The truth is much better than a number of foolish groundless reasons which the attendant probably sees through in a moment and despises accordingly.

Again, if she be pleased with an article in quality and price, she will gratify the shopkeepers by saying so equally frankly.

On the other hand, she will never buy cheap rubbish; she carefully examines it and detects the good from the bad, and lets no amount of persuasion or cheapness tell against her own good judgment. She chooses out certain shops and goes to them as much and as continuously as she fairly can. She knows what she wants before going in, or if she does not know exactly she tells the attendant clearly what purpose it is for, and he is always willing to suggest. By this means she avoids the annoying practice of getting the counter covered with unsuitable goods, and finally departing without purchasing at all.

Should she have unavoidably caused extra trouble, or taken up a good deal of time, a polite "I am sorry to have troubled you" will mollify the poor tired server, and do away with the grumbling remarks which would probably be made after her departure.

If she meets an acquaintance in a shop, after greeting her she will finish her purchases before entering into conversation, so as not to keep the attendant waiting, for his time is valuable, though she may have plenty of leisure.

But a word must be said about servers. Are they themselves always perfect? Can they know how much custom they sometimes drive away from their masters' shops by their surliness and unwillingness to oblige? As a rule they are amazingly patient and good-humoured, but still one hears too frequently such a speech as this, "Oh, I never go to Brown's, they have such disagreeable, uncivil people to serve; I prefer to walk a little farther on to Jones's. It is not such a good shop, but they are so polite, and seem so anxious to please."

If they only knew how pleasant it is to be served by a civil, obliging person, and how annoying to have an impatient or unwilling one, they would certainly exert themselves to preserve at least an outward show of patience and good temper, even if they cannot manage to affect the interest in their customers which is such a charm in the attendants at many shops.

The importunate shopkeeper, too, is very annoying, who, when one is in a great hurry, persists in bringing out box after box of "special lines" and displaying them, regardless of your assurances that you do not require anything more.

Also, it is very provoking to be told that a certain article matches your pattern, or is suitable for your purpose, when it is quite evident that it would not do at all. This importunity is often due to the "rules of the house," where the assistants are paid a commission on articles which they contrive to sell. It is never done at the stores, and hence one of the comforts of shopping at these places instead of at shops. Pressing people to buy in that way seldom has the desired effect, and certainly makes them reluctant to go to the shop again.

The one thing to be considered on both sides by sellers and buyers alike is how to do to others as we would be done by.

MARY SELWOOD.



THE SUNBEAM OF THE FACTORY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER III.

ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU.

AT last the wished-for evening came.

"Will you want nursie to-night to take her little charge to school?" asked Bridget, laughingly, as Katie and she left the factory.

Katie declined with thanks, and a little before eight o'clock found herself in the cheerful schoolroom. Miss Johnson welcomed her with a smile. It was early yet, and the few spare minutes before school began were filled up with pleasant conversation. Katie was surprised to find how much the teacher knew of the home affairs of the girls in her class, and how pleased they seemed to tell her the news of the week. Evidently, there was no lack of affection on either side.

Bridget came in just as they commenced the reading lesson.

"You are late to-night," remarked Miss Johnson.

"I couldn't help it, really," replied the girl. "I came by a slow train, and it stopped at every station."

"What do you mean?" inquired the teacher. "I thought you lived quite near."

"Now, Miss Johnson, please don't scold, but the shops looked so pretty with their Christmas things, I couldn't help looking in them as I came along."

The lessons began, and the evening passed as quickly as before. The class in which Katie found herself was the most advanced in the school, but every now and then an answer was given that made the teacher smile.

"What is an epistle?" once she inquired, as the word came in the course of their reading.

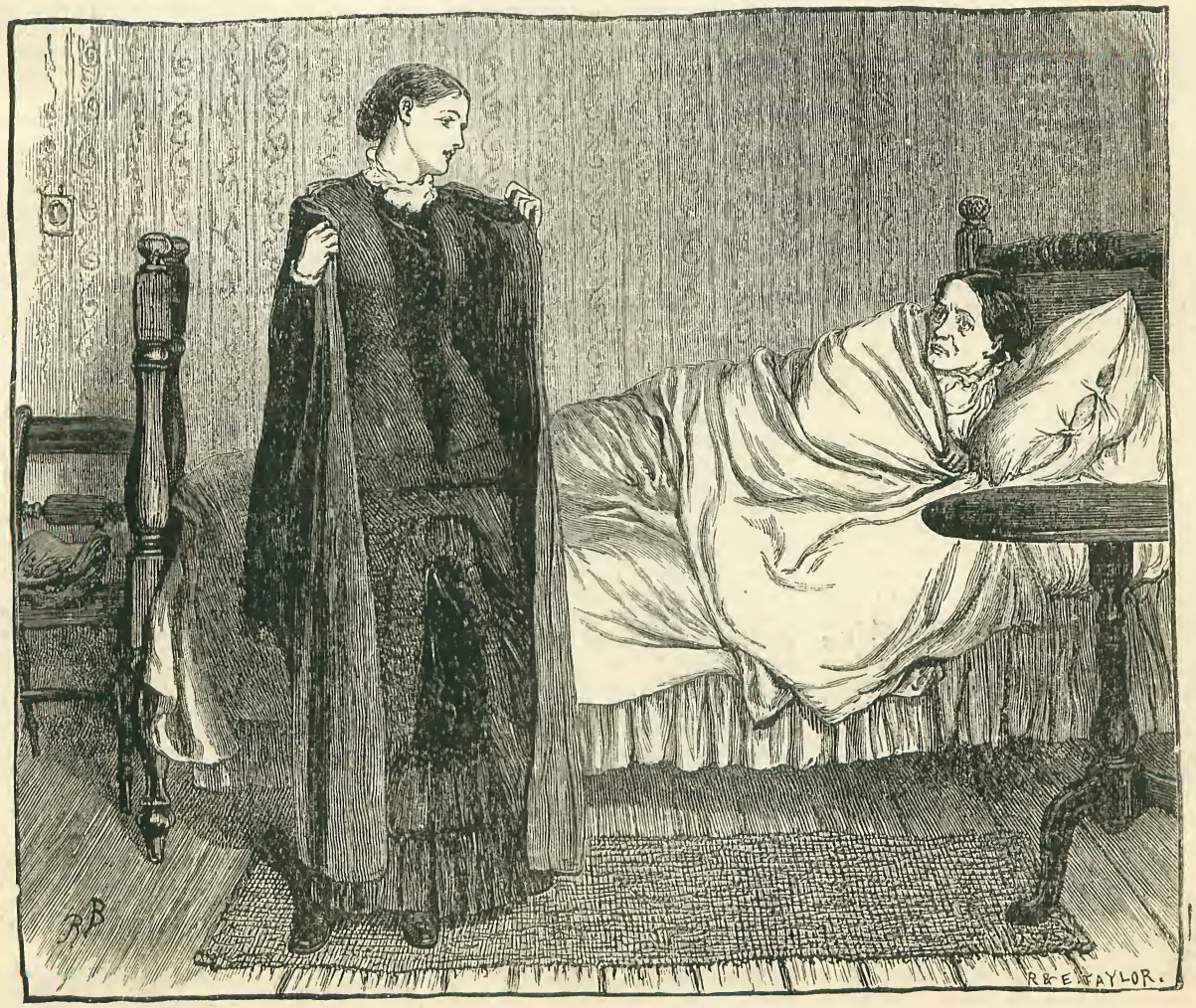
"The wife of an apostle," was the ready reply of one of the girls.

A "flock of sheep" was also mentioned. Bridget, by far the most backward in the class—because the most inattentive—was asked the meaning of the former word.

"Please, Miss Johnson," she said, "isn't it what you put in beds to make them of?"

At length the bell rang for silence, and after the hymn had been sung, Miss Johnson again ascended the low platform at the farther end of the room.

"Girls," she said, "I hope you have not forgotten what I said last week. To-night I want to speak to you about the ear of God. Yesterday evening, I was walking along the road, not far from my home, when I saw in front of me two young lads whom I know very well. They were talking loudly and using language not fit for anybody's ear. I was just about to step forward and stop them when one turned round and caught sight of me. 'Shut up, Tom,' I heard him say to his companion, 'there's Miss Johnson; I hope she didn't hear.' Well, whether I heard or not mattered very little, but as the boy spoke, the words flashed through my mind, 'For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, *Thou* knowest it altogether.' When I was a girl at boarding-school, bad marks were placed against our names when we disobeyed the rules, or if our lessons were ill-learnt. Then every Monday morning, as soon as the school had assembled, this list was read out, and how ashamed of ourselves we felt if the teacher had to mention us. Now, just suppose, dear girls, that some unseen reporter had been close to you all this past week, and had taken down every word you had said, and to-night had brought the book to me, and I had read it here aloud! Would not many of you have had cause for shame? There would be hasty, angry words, forgotten as soon as uttered; there would be very many foolish speeches, and there



"'WHERE SHALL I FIND AN APRON?' KATIE ASKED."

might be worse, much worse. Now listen whilst I read to you a verse from this Holy Book—God's Book—a Book that cannot tell a lie. 'For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the Day of Judgment.' Now will you not be more careful in the future? Be as merry and as full of fun as you like. That will not displease our Heavenly Father, but take care nothing passes your lips that you would be ashamed for Him to hear, that you would not say if you could see Him close beside you. Once the Son of God, drew near to two men who were walking along the road. He asked them what they were talking about. When afterwards they found out who He was, how glad they must have felt they were not ashamed to answer. But how often if Jesus were to draw near and ask you the subject of your conversation, you would hang down your head and not care to reply!

"But not only does the ear of God hear all that we say to each other, it is always open to listen to what we have to say to Him. The youngest child here can tell me what it is to pray. Prayer is the asking God for what we want, just as the little child goes to its parent when it is hungry and asks for a piece of bread. God is the great Parent, the Almighty Father, and He bids us come to Him with confiding trust, and tell into His listening ear the story of our needs. Listen to the words of Jesus. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.' And that is so true; all God's people have found it so; not one has ever been sent empty away. Perhaps some of you have mothers who taught you, as soon as you could speak, to kneel down night and morning and say your prayers. Never give up that habit, nor allow yourself to be teased or laughed out of it by others. But do not think you may not pray at other times. A little girl that I know is very timid in these London streets, and sometimes she has to cross them at the busiest hour of the day. A little while ago she told me she always first raised her heart to Jesus and asked to be taken safely across. Ah! and it does not matter how simple our requests may be, God will listen to them. He is glad to hear us pray, and we need not study to find long words and grand sentences; the simpler they are the better. Nor does it matter where we are when we pray. You may be in the midst of a crowded workroom, if you get into difficulty you may then and there ask the special help of God. Do you remember the story of Nehemiah? He was a Jew, but living far away from his own land in the court of the King of Persia—the greatest king then in the world. News was brought to him of the sad condition of his native country. Its chief city was in ruins, and the people were much afflicted. What could he do? He could pray; and pray he did. Some time afterwards, he was waiting on the king. Surprised to see him look so sad, the king asked the reason. Now was Nehemiah's chance. He must answer at once, yet even then he found time to first send up an earnest cry to God for help. That cry was heard; the king's heart was touched as he listened to Nehemiah's bold request to be allowed to return to his native land, at least for a time, and very readily he gave permission. So may you pray, and you, too, will be heard. 'In everything,' mark the words, for nothing is too small—'In everything . . . let your requests be made known unto God.'"

* * * *

Katie walked home quietly. The frost had broken up and the rain was pouring down. Mechanically she put up her umbrella, but her thoughts were far away. "Glad to hear us pray!" These were the words that again and again ran through her mind. She reached her home; the outer door was shut, as usual, but by means of a cord passed through a small hole, and knotted at the end, she was able to undo the fastening. Each room in the house was occupied by a different family. As she stumbled up the dark staircase and passed the first landing, she heard the voices of a costermonger and his wife storming at each other, and freely mingling oaths and curses with their words. Katie had often heard them quarrelling before, but to-night she shuddered as she thought of the listening ear of God.

Half an hour later, seated in her little room, Katie found the words. "Ask, and it shall be given you." Further on she read, "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him?"

In her eagerness, Katie spoke aloud: "Of course, father liked making me presents, because he loved me; and, even as a child, I was never naughty long with him. But I have sinned against God ever so many times, and if I asked Him, He wouldn't give me 'good things.' One day, I suppose, He will punish me for what I have done wrong."

Katie's face grew gloomy; she almost wished she had never been to school. "No wonder folks say 'a short life and a merry one,' when they think of the reckoning there is to come afterwards. I suppose a prisoner might try to make himself as happy as he could before he got his sentence, but I should like to see him asking favours of his judge! It is all very well for Miss Johnson to talk in that way; *she* never did anything very wrong, but she'd have a different tale to tell if she'd worked all her life through in a factory with never a kind word to cheer you up! 'Glad to hear us pray!' Glad to hear her maybe, but *me!*" and Katie, in her bitterness, laughed a scornful, mocking laugh.

Presently her mood changed, and a softer expression came over her face. "I wish I were a child again, and could begin afresh, it might be different then; perhaps now if I try hard, very hard indeed, God will forgive me, and I can make a fresh start. It would be grand," and she leaned her head upon her hand and gazed into the fire, "it would be grand if one day I knew that He cared for me, and would make me His child; I don't think I should mind much about anything then. What a fool I am!" she suddenly exclaimed, "Kate Morton the child of God! Might as well expect to go to Court and call the Queen my mother!"

And so Katie's thoughts went round and round until long past her usual time for going to bed, but when at last she rose from her low seat by the fire, it was to reverently kneel down beside the chair and to tell God in simple language that she was a foolish, sinful girl, and to ask His grace to help her to lead a different life in the future. "Perhaps some day He will forgive *me if He* sees I am in earnest," was her last thought before going to sleep that night.

The following Sunday Katie went to see her stepmother. Once a month she visited the old home, scarce knowing why she went—the welcome she received was never warm—but most likely because it was the strongest existing link between her and her dead father. The church bells were ringing for service as she walked along, and a strange shut-out feeling came over her as first one group and then another passed up the church steps and disappeared beyond. A little child came out from a school-house, her Bible in her hand. Katie glanced first at her, then at the words written above the door:—"They that seek Me early shall find Me."

"Ah!" thought she, "but what about those that seek Him late?"

After a quarter of an hour's quick walking, Katie left the main road and turned from one narrow street into another. Dirty, ragged boys and girls were here and there playing together, or quarrelling over a game of marbles.

"Poor children!" she said to herself, "I wish they knew about God—but there! I was taught the Bible in day-school, only it never came home to me then."

Finally, she reached her stepmother's home. It was one of a row of small houses in a quiet, respectable street. Mrs. Morton lived on the ground floor, and let the other rooms to lodgers.

In her husband's time, such an arrangement had never been thought of, but his widow was only too glad to take in lodgers to pay her rent. As Katie knocked at the door, she felt surprised at its unusual appearance. The step outside was dirty, and the handle lacked its polish. Whatever Mrs. Morton's faults might be, she was a good housekeeper, and prided herself on the cleanliness of her rooms. Not a speck of dust was allowed any peace if she were by.

The door was opened by an untidy-looking girl.

"And who may you want?" was her question, asked in no very pleasant tone.

Katie wondered the more.

"Where is Mrs. Morton?" she inquired.

"Oh! it's the missus you want, is it? Wish you joy, I do; she's as cross as two sticks this morning. Shan't stay

here long, I know, to be driven like a slave from morning to night."

As the girl muttered these words, Katie pushed past her and entered her stepmother's room. The sick woman looked up.

"So you've come, have you? Just look at the state of the room," she moaned; "and here am I, tied hand and foot, and can't move to do a thing, and that young slip of a girl as impudent as can be. I'd like to give her a good box of the ears!" and the angry woman tried to raise herself in bed, but, finding the pain too much for her, sank back with a weary groan.

"What's the matter?" asked Katie.

"Matter enough! It's the rheumatics, the doctor says. But much you'll care. What's the good of telling you? I daresay you've heard of it, and come here to have your fling at me!"

A fortnight before, Katie's temper would have risen at this ungracious reception; but it was one of her resolutions that morning, before leaving home, to be patient and kindly with her stepmother.

"How long have you been ill?" she quietly asked.

"More than a fortnight," was the reply. "And everything's just going to rack and ruin; the lodgers upstairs are all grumbling, and threatening to leave; and that girl, Betsy, goes gadding about instead of bustling around and getting through her work. Here, Betsy!" she called; "whatever are you up to all this long time? I want my room put straight."

"Let me do it," said Katie, gently. She really felt sorry for the active, energetic woman now so completely laid aside.

"Ay, and go prying into every corner!" replied Mrs. Morton; and she watched the girl with eagle eyes as she stepped quietly from one part of the room to another, putting things away, and reducing the general confusion to something like order.

"Where shall I find an apron?" Katie asked, at length, and was answered in a more peaceable tone than before. Katie began to dust the room.

"Can't you make my bed?" inquired Mrs. Morton; "it's all in lumps and holes." And for the remainder of that day Katie found plenty to do. Not one word of thanks did she get until the evening; her stepmother was evidently suspicious of her motives. But as she prepared to leave at dusk, Mrs. Morton closely scanned her face.

"I can't make out what's come over you, Kitty," she said; "but sure enough it's too good to last. Well, anyway, I'm much obliged. By-the-bye," she added, a new thought striking her, "are you doing it for pay?"

Katie's eyes flashed; indignant words were on her tongue, but before she had time to speak, gentler thoughts came over her.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "but not for such as you can give me."

Her efforts that day to please and care for her sick stepmother had cost her something, but they had brought a glow of pleasure with them. She had worked with a will, and with a glad sense of the all-seeing eye of God.

"Maybe," she thought, "if only I keep on and try hard enough, He will one day forgive me and love me too." And the girl returned home feeling happier than she had done for many a day.

(To be continued.)

ON NATURALNESS AND AFFECTATION.

"No wonder we like her," said Nanette, when I spoke of Maggie and her want of affectation. "Give me a girl like her, whose great feature is naturalness, and who was never known to give herself airs!"

My friends, this is, unfortunately, rather a rare character; for too many of you are not content with being your own sweet selves, but are all anxiety to appear something else. Who has not seen girls so full of affectation that if it were taken away nothing would be left? A great observer of character writes in one of his books that, "all affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich," and, to judge from what one sees, Rose and Flora and Eliza—to name no others—must be as poor as church mice.

The remembrance of that wise man's aphorism might tend, when you are tempted to indulge in higher flights than ordinary, to bring you down again to the level of children of nature. These children of nature have always the best of it, and are certainly the happiest, for to be affected is to be ill at ease.

Of the many sorts of affectation, all are equally objectionable and absurd. Rose, for example, is affected in looks. She has the prettiest face imaginable, but she herself spoils all the charm. No one ever yet was found to admire either the smile that had been put on or the demure look practised before a looking-glass. Here we have one reason for there being far more pretty little girls than handsome young women—a subject I have touched upon before. The little ones are natural, but not so many of their big sisters. Be always natural, then, and you may be always beautiful.

Flora is affected in manner. No one who has the honour of her acquaintance can help laughing when she sits down and strikes a graceful attitude, her hand supporting her cheek. She thinks she looks then like an angel in one of Raphael's pictures, listening to the music of the spheres. But her airs and graces are, perhaps, best seen at the piano, which is natural enough, for we seldom see musical performers without a touch—just a touch, Rachel—of affectation. Few are as natural as that young Highlander I met the other evening in a friend's drawing-room, who, when asked for a song, began and finished, without accompaniment, a Gaelic ballad in forty-nine verses.

Eliza's weak point, so far as affectation is concerned, is dress. She belongs to the country, and is a true flower of the soil, but she insists on dressing in a style as unlike the country as ever was known. When I see her, she reminds me of a girl whom Lamartine, the French author, met in his young days. In her simple peasant's attire, Graziella seemed to the poet loveliness itself; but one day she put on a fine gown, with a hat and feathers, and Lamartine was out of taste of her immediately. Eliza might learn a lesson from that girl.

One might also find without difficulty an example of affectation in speech. Kate, my Scotch friend, might serve, who went to England for three weeks, and returned to her native heath speaking grander English than was ever heard south of the Border.

Then there is the affectation of friendliness. No doubt this often springs from good motives, but it may be carried too far. When indifferent to people we must not, of course, be rude to them, but it is almost as objectionable to make a show of affection. A man I have read of had been treated with a great appearance of friendliness by a girl, and thought he stood high in her good graces; but one day he overheard her singing a song about him, in which she likened him to an ass. Now, this incident is often repeated in a milder form in everyday life, and the more's the pity.

There is something, girls, positively wrong in trying to appear what we are not, and affectation is nothing better than a sort of hypocrisy. It is a way of imposing on others, and there is a nearer connection between a misleading look and a forged document than people at first sight might imagine. The poverty behind affectation is, however, most often apparent, and the affected are found out with little trouble; just as Nanette the other day found out a man who boasted of his great estate, though on it there were really only two partridges and one pheasant.

As a rule the affected only get laughed at, and people who once liked them often grow disgusted. About a year ago a friend told me that he was engaged, and it happened to be to the most affected girl you ever saw. A few months after he came to say that the engagement was broken off, "And when I was quite sure about it," he added, "I walked out on our hillside with a feeling as if a cloud had passed from my mind, and as if the whole world lay bright and glorious before me."

Naturalness, however, you must understand, is not everything. When on a journey I once fell in with a most natural girl, who had a happy art of measuring time when waiting for trains by the number of Bath buns she could devour. She was a child of nature, no doubt, but not to be quoted as a pattern. Certainly, one could have wished her more ethereal and less voracious.

A great deal of the affectation of you girls arises from self-consciousness. It is modesty feeling a little uncomfortable, and trying to be bold and independent. To be perfectly at ease we must never think of ourselves; the work in hand must be everything. Be then thoroughly in earnest, and whatever you do take it up as if your life depended on it. Affectation will then have received its death-blow.

Do what you think right, and never give a thought as to how you will look when doing it. Otherwise you may seem as odd as my friend, Clara, who is so self-conscious that her movements remind one of the awkward shuffling of an owl in a cage, when it feels it is being stared at.

A very healthy movement in society would be one for the extinction of affectation, and the promotion of truth and sincerity. How life would then gain in interest! One would then no longer meet with crowds of girls with all their individuality gone, and all answering to the same pattern, like machine-made toys. Naturalness, even carried to an extreme, would be better than that, even though it were to make the world like an old curiosity shop.

Avoid, then, affectation, and cultivate simplicity and truth to nature. "Vain man!" says the poet, but we may with as much truth translate it "Vain girl!"

——"What wouldst thou be?
Be thyself: covet no greater gift."

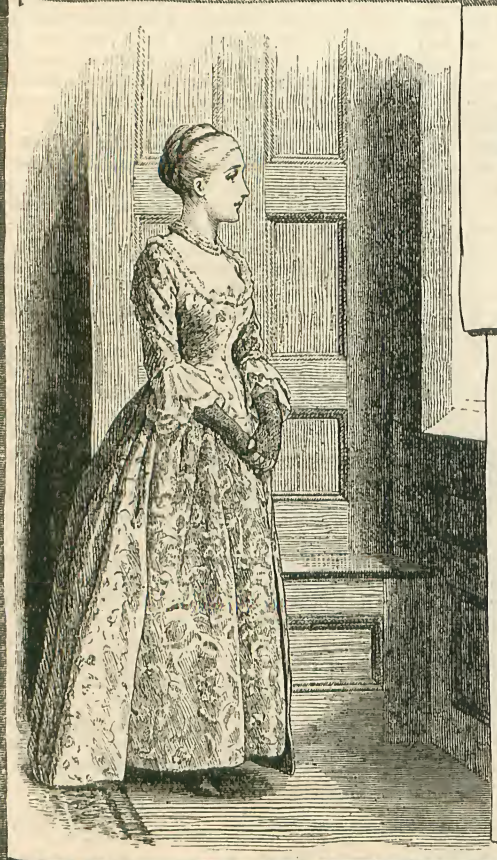
JAMES MASON.



THE ROSE OF AYR.

THE ivy climbs high on the castle walls,
But gowans bloom bright in the glen;
And aching hearts oft are in stately halls,
Though the clan count ten thousand men.
Two bridals have passed from the kirk to-day,
Where the brides were both young and fair;
The Flower of the Highlands, the Lady May,
And the winsome blithe Rose of Ayr.

Glad songs are echoed far down in the glen,
From a home girt with peace and love:
No heart is so sair 'mid the clan's brave men
As hers on the braeside above.
One bride wore grand jewels around her brow,
One only her shining brown hair;
Yet the chieftain's wife in the castle now
Well may envy the Rose of Ayr.

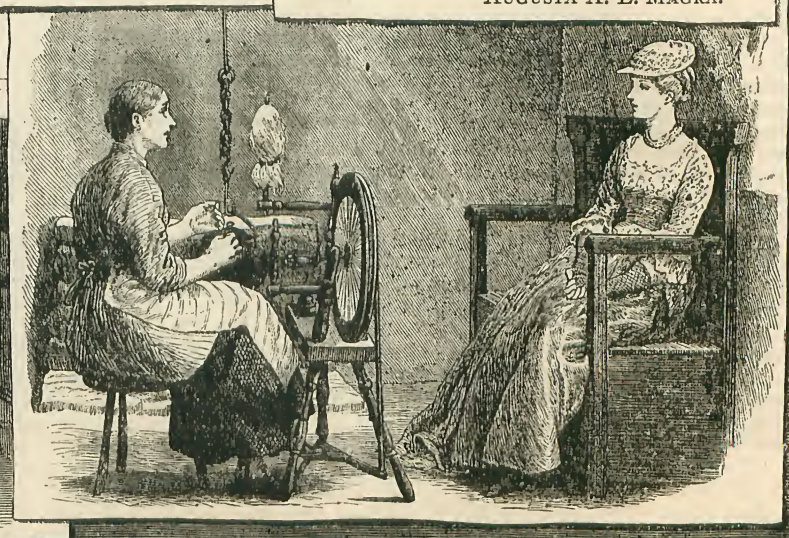




The sweetest violet grows in the dell,
And the wild rose best loved of old:
Braw blooming heather, the bonnie bluebell
Cause less sorrow than gear and gold!
Though wide are the lands of the Lady May,
And the red deer roam proudly there,
Her happiest hours are whiled away
In the home of the Rose of Ayr.

The wee dusky birds that range the green wood
Wake music the rarest of all:
Ah! better a cot with the leal and good
Than to pine in a gilded hall.
For lone hearts soon weary of pomp and state,
They bring little but cark and care:
More wise than the Flower of the Highland's fate,
To win that of the Rose of Ayr.

AUGUSTA A. L. MAGRA.

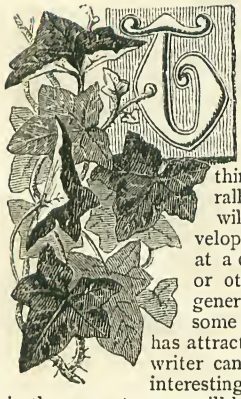


J. M'L. R.

R. & E. TAYLOR

HOW TO WRITE A STORY.

By AN EDITOR'S WIFE.



THE popular impression about writing a story, among those who have never set themselves to the task, is that it is a sort of thing that comes naturally; once begun, it will unwind and develop of itself, and arrive at a conclusion somehow or other. Another very general idea is that to tell some real incident that has attracted the notice of the writer cannot fail to make an interesting story. Our business in the present paper will be to show that both these notions are illusory; that to write a good story is as much an art as to construct verses or elaborate essays, and that all good writers follow certain definite rules and methods, which, though varying in individual cases, thus stamping certain writers with special characteristics, have, nevertheless, a certain similarity of foundation.

We find very diverse methods adopted by various well-known writers. Wilkie Collins, for instance, makes plot his chief care, and certainly no man living has displayed a more wonderful imaginative faculty. The plots of this eminent novelist enchain the reader's mind, and carry it on with absorbing and ever-accumulating interest until the grand climax is reached. But when it is all ended, what is the impression? That we have been living in a world of marvellous unrealities, watching the movements of a set of wonderful marionettes, moved by a master hand with elaborate forethought, as a man might play a game at chess. The characters, often drawn with the utmost skill, linger in our minds as the puppets who have worked out those extraordinarily-conceived plans, created for no other purpose than to act parts already arranged and bring about events already planned.

In life we know the action of individuals, in a certain limited sense, shapes the events which follow—that, in fact, results are produced by causes; and, in order to be true to life, a writer will consider carefully how a certain character would act under certain circumstances with various influences brought to bear. The skill of the author would be shown by the manner in which he decided these important points, and thus created a consistent portrait of a character which might be perfectly original and at the same time lifelike. It will be seen that to gain a realistic impression the characters must in a sort of way develop the plot, rather than the plot make the characters. The truest art is to follow nature, and we know that human beings are not mere puppets worked by invisible wires, following out a course already chalked, as upon a map. I need hardly add that Wilkie Collins's method, so far as we can judge it from his books, is not the one we would hold up as a model. There are few writers indeed who could have produced such results; and we must always remember that a man who stands alone, marked out by some strong individuality, is the last person who ought to be imitated. Genius, truly, often soars above rules; but it is only genius that can afford to do this.

A sensational writer of some celebrity in her sphere followed a curious plan in the working out of the stories which seemed literally to flow from her active pen. "I bring my hero or heroine into the most extraordinary and bewildering difficulties that I can possibly devise," she told a friend, "and then I set to work to contrive to get them out again. The more difficult I find this portion of my work, the better I know my story will be liked." This writer followed a method, certainly, but not a very artistic one. The result was that, though she had undoubted talent, she never rose beyond the ranks of the most sensational and ephemeral literature, which find plenty of readers among the thoughtless and ill-educated, filling them with false notions of life, and giving them more hazy notions than they already possessed of the borderland between right and wrong.

A very different method is that of the author whose chief object is to depict characters which shall live in the mind as life-like creations, even when the incidents of the story are almost forgotten. "The Wide, Wide World" is a specimen of this kind of story. Perhaps no better example of a writer who combined most forcibly both these styles could be found than Charles Dickens, whose characters are wonderful creations, the result of the keenest observation, and whose plots will bear comparison with those of most novelists, although character was, no doubt, his great study.

"But," my readers will say, "all this is only about criticising; not about writing stories." Quite true, but it is a great step gained to be able to intelligently detect from an author's work something of the rules by which he has been guided, and to note in what way such a plan has been the means of helping or retarding the success of his performance; for an immense deal of help is to be gained by carefully reading good models. A novice will almost invariably find that, if she has been reading some special book immediately before sitting down to write, her story will unconsciously be tinctured by the style of that author sufficiently for herself to detect the influence, though others may not do so. I do not mean to say that she will or ought to imitate, but that, as she is sure to be influenced by what she reads, she should be careful to study only good models.

Our novice would be very foolish if she were to begin by trying anything more formidable than a short story. Even here, she will do well to arrange for herself a plan of procedure. The plot, which, of course, needs nothing like the amount of elaboration given to a serial story, must, nevertheless, have a definite beginning and ending. Some of the most interesting short stories consist only of an incident or two from the life of an individual, while others include the principal events of a lifetime. In each, however, there must be some sort of climax—something to lead the reader on with a sense that what is coming is of as much or more importance than what is past. It is very essential in story-writing, especially for magazines and for children, that the opening should be bright and attractive; but it is a most inartistic fault to let the interest created at the beginning gradually dwindle and die out before the end is reached. Yet we need not search very far to find instances in print.

Having carefully thought out a plot, which must have enough incident, yet not be so overcrowded as to leave no space or scope for description, the first difficulty is generally where to begin. It does not necessarily follow that we must begin at the very beginning. It is often found advisable to seize a "situation" for a commencement, and then explain how the situation came about. A fair instance of what I mean occurs to me in the case of "Daniel Deronda," where the chief character, a beautiful girl, is displayed at a gaming table. The interest is at once seized: "How came that fair young creature in such a position as this, and will she go on from bad to worse, or will she break through the temptation?" The key-note of interest is struck in the very first paragraph. We have already spoken in a former article of the great importance of being able to write to a given length. There is a great deal of nicety in proportioning the amount of incident to the amount of space at the writer's command. This can only be accurately estimated by practice, but I may warn the novice that the tendency of a story is to outrun the limits fixed, and that when she comes to write she will find many little points occur to her that will be necessary to the artistic development of the plot, but were unthought of in the general scheme.

It may be as well, in passing, to give a word or two to the subject of computation. If you take about a dozen lines, and strike the average of words in a line, and then compare the average of your own line with that of a magazine column, a small sum in arithmetic will very quickly show you how many of your own pages will fill the page of print. It is a good plan for those who write much to use always the same sized paper, as it saves both the editor and the author some amount of time and trouble in reckoning length. As a proof that this point of length is of importance to magazine writers, I cannot refrain from quoting the practice of a living editor,* who occasionally writes to his staff contributors, "Can you let me have a short story in the course of the next fortnight, consisting of about 2,180 words?"

Incidents and characters taken from life frequently form the groundwork of the best stories, and give the writer a great advantage in drawing truly life-like sketches, but she must beware of adhering too rigidly to the bare details. As a rule, incidents from life serve only as a foundation, the writer having to supply from her imagination many trifling incidents which are necessary for the completeness of the picture, or to add a conclusion which in the living type has not yet been arrived at, for fiction differs from reality in the same respect as the map of a country differs from that small portion which surrounds the space covered by our own two feet.

Children's stories form a branch of literature quite distinct, but are nevertheless capable of much artistic excellence. The aim of presenting true views of life is more than ever necessary here. The class of children's story with which all of us are familiar, connecting beauty with wickedness and plainness with virtue, is happily almost superseded by more rational and truthful pictures of child life. That intelligent children themselves are capable of criticising pretty accurately is shown by the following true incident:—An old lady was telling her little granddaughter, who was

* Not the Editor of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

supposed to have a *penchant* for all kinds of naughtiness, the story of a little boy who ran out of his mother's garden into some fields he had been forbidden to enter. "At last," said the old lady, "he came to a gate, and instead of turning back he clambered over into the next field. But he had not seen that there was a big bull behind the hedge. When the bull saw the naughty little boy he ran at him and tossed him, and that was the end of disobedient Charlie."

"Grandmamma," said the little girl of four, "now I'll tell you a story. There was once a little girl who was told not to go in the fields, but she was naughty and went. By-and-bye she came to a gate, but there wasn't any bull there, and it didn't toss her; so the naughty little girl got home safely."

The artistic fault in this anecdote was entirely in the way of telling it, which conveyed the impression that the child's disobedience was the cause of the bull being in the field, and that, seeing he was a naughty child, he indignantly and virtuously tossed him. The lesson sought to be conveyed that disobedience often brings children into trouble, and must sooner or later work them injury, is a true and just one, and even the commonplace incident in which it is here embodied might have been told in a way that would not violate even a child's notion of cause and result.

It is the opinion of the writer of this article that a child's story should always leave a pleasant impression on the mind of the youthful reader. Sunshine and cloud should no doubt be intermingled, but the sunshine should burst through and predominate. Happiness is an essential element of childhood, and it is the duty of the elders to shield them as much as possible from gloom and misery, which more often has a hardening than a softening effect. Their books, which represent life to them, ought, then, rather to deal with the happier phases of existence, and not introduce them prematurely to those aspects of it which have banished from their elders the innocent enjoyment and wide trustfulness they knew as children.

The construction of a long or continued story differs very greatly from a short one. Here some sort of plot is absolutely necessary, and, as a rule, requires to be most carefully and thoughtfully elaborated, the incidents interweaving and welding together, as the warp and woof of a piece of cloth. Development of character is an essential not necessarily entering into a short story. Instead of one point of interest there must be many, all leading up to and subservient to the grand *dénouement*. If the story is to appear in serial form, each separate portion should contain some point to sustain and excite interest. In a long story we expect to find striking situations, descriptive power, dramatic force, or vivid character-painting, in addition to mere incident, and these points must be well kept in view, for some or other of them will certainly enter into the composition of a good story.

The best way for a beginner, when the main ideas of a plot have been brought together in the author's mind, is to sketch out a plan of the chapters. This will fix the incidents in the memory, and also give the cue where it is possible and advisable to make good points—to seize an opportunity for a pretty piece of descriptive writing or a forcible situation. It will also be a very useful check against unduly lengthening out or hurrying any portion of the story, for if you should suddenly discover that you have occupied three parts of your space with less than half of your plot, you would know that the remaining portion of the story must be overcrowded with incident, or the plot be mutilated, very probably spoiling the symmetry of the whole work.

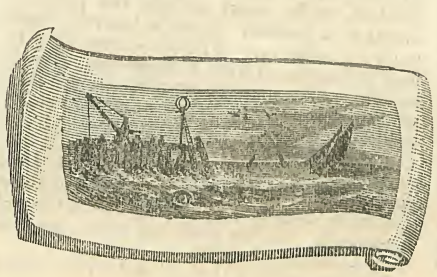
It is impossible to lay down any rules about style. If a writer has any title to write she will probably possess some individuality of her own, which it is quite desirable she should preserve. The study of good authors need not rob her of such individuality, although it will greatly assist her in the command of language, fluent expression, and grace of diction. If in the course of a story you come upon a paragraph that will not go right by means of a correction here and there, ruthlessly cut it out and turn the whole sentence or paragraph into quite a different form. It would seem almost needless to warn the tyro against copying the stereotyped forms appertaining to special writers, as, for instance, G. P. R. James's solitary horseman urging his steed at a furious pace over a bleak, desolate country; or the dark-haired, masculine villain, dear to the heart of many lady novelists; or the fair, treacherous woman, with her snake-like beauty, &c., &c. These points are emphatically to be avoided. Their respective authors have gained a place for their work by virtue of their talents and *in spite* of their peculiarities. To copy the oddities without displaying the talent would indeed be fatal.

In sending a story to an editor a brief *résumé* of the plot should accompany it, more especially if the tale be at all a long one. By reading this and one or two chapters, the experienced judge will tell at once whether the MS. is likely to suit him, and it is obvious that the story of which the editor can see the scope almost at a glance is likely to receive the first attention.

A few words on the subject of publishing may not come amiss in this place. In order to get a book published, an untried author would certainly have to provide the necessary cost, the publisher, if it were a fairly good production, perhaps consenting to add the weight of his name on the title page. The probable result will be a heavy loss.

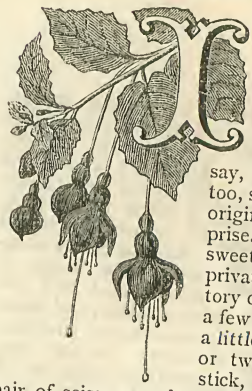
None but the most remarkable books will find a footing without an enormous amount of advertising, quite beyond the power of a private enterprise; and it is not at all to be wondered at that publishers should be extremely chary of risking outlay which is little likely to bring them any adequate return. It is hardly their fault if the public will not buy such books; to them it is simply a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. But a writer of real ability stands a very good chance of finding an opening in magazine literature, as has been the case with the majority of our greatest authors, and, when firmly established in this sphere, will stand a much better chance of discovering a publisher who will purchase the copyright, and take all risks of publication.

In conclusion, I would say that the object of all fiction should be to convey some high moral or religious teaching, by depicting characters to be reverenced and imitated, or displaying unworthy conduct in its true light; and the writer who invests wickedness with a charm, or enlists all the interest of readers on the side of characters whose actions we know to be rather worthy of reprobation, is guilty of a greater evil than, we will charitably hope, she is at all aware of.



EVERY GIRL HER OWN TOY-MAKER.

How to make a Paper Box.



If you want toys, make them. Such is my advice: there is nothing like being able to do things for oneself. Idle girls say, buy them, and so, too, say all girls without originality and enterprise. But I say, my sweet friends, start a private toy manufactory of your own. Get a few sheets of paper, a little string, a button or two, a few bits of stick, a pen-knife, a pair of scissors, and a gum-bottle—there you are set up in business, and ready, by the aid of those ten little fairies people call your fingers, to rival every toy-shop that ever was known.

There is the pleasure of the occupation to speak about. Didn't I see Polly's eyes glisten with joy just now over a rag doll she has made "all by her own self?" She never would have looked half so pleased even if you had bought her a whole waxwork of dolls, every one moving by machinery and decked out in silks and satins.

Then there is my Princess—never mind who she is or in what king's palace I reside—there is my Princess, I say, who tells me that the only toys worth anything are home-made articles. She knows all about it.

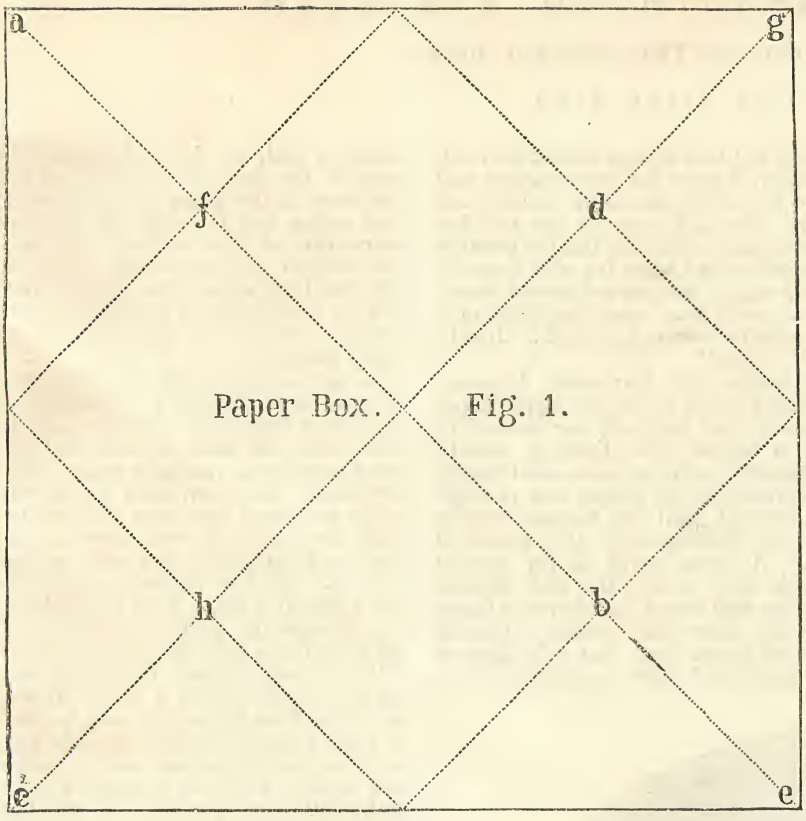
"Not so fast," say some of you, "we are past toys." Well, girls, I don't speak to you; saving your presence, I address myself to the younger folks. But even you might listen with profit. You do not want toys, true enough, to provide amusement for yourselves, but at times you must furnish fun for the little ones, and it is as well to know the way. I am a pretty old Jack-in-the-box, and have long seen the happy effect produced on the grown-up by entering heartily into the sports and pastimes of the juvenile world. "Can do," says the proverb, "is easily carried," and the "can do" of simple toy-making will, as you go through life, make you deservedly popular, and bring you a great deal more pleasure than you can well imagine.

In these papers I am going to describe a number of little things that every girl can make for her own amusement. They will all be interesting; they will all be easy; they will all be cheap. I was going to add, they will all be instructive, but our object is fun. We shall speak about instruction another time.

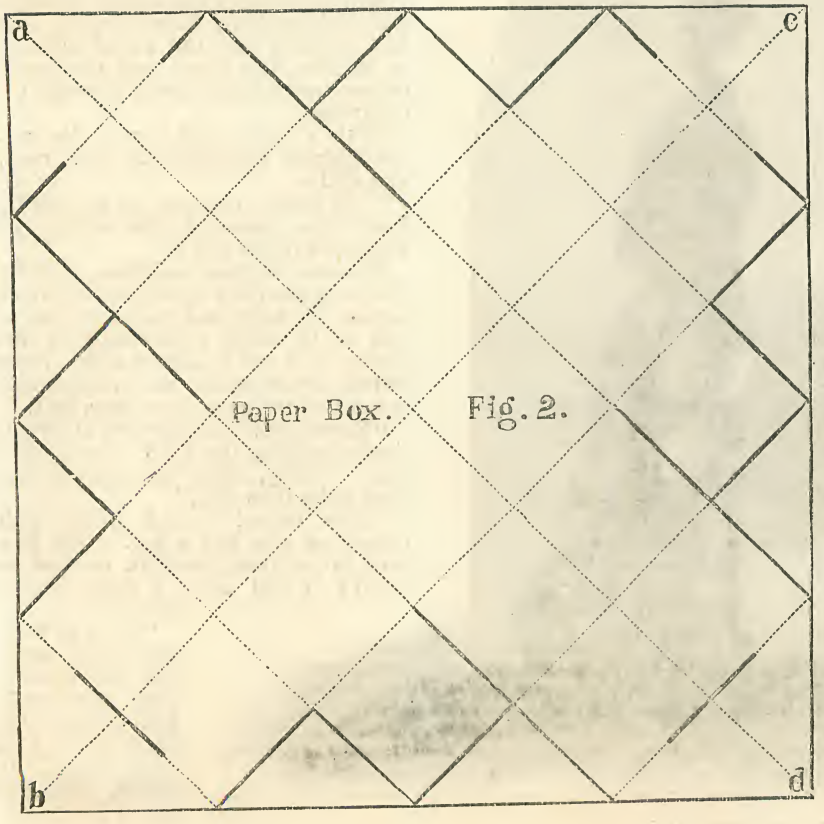
Some people seem to think that the only toy properly belonging to a girl is a doll. Now, I do not see that at all. Look at the number of things the boys have to play with. Why should not the spindle side of the house, as yours used to be called, not have as much variety in the way of toys as the spear side? No, no; if Jack has a hundred things to amuse himself with, Jill must have more than her doll.

Besides, if Jill knows how to make some of Jack's toys she may be of use to him, and of all pleasant things give me the sight of sisters helping their brothers and being thoroughly interested in their occupations.

Clear the table, then, for we are going to begin. First of all we shall make a paper box. When finished it will do to stow away any of our tiny treasures in, or it might answer as a trunk for holding doll's things when she goes on her travels.



Paper Box. Fig. 1.



Take a piece of paper: it does not matter what the size is, but it must be square. Now let me tell you that if you have a piece of paper longer than it is broad, and wish to get a square piece out of it, all you have to do is to lay it flat before you on the table, take the left-hand corner and fold it over to the right-hand edge, so that the bottom edge will lie parallel with the right-hand edge. Cut off the single piece of paper at the top of the sheet, and the three-cornered double piece remaining will, when opened out, be found to be perfectly square.

Having got your square of paper, fold corner to corner, and open out. You will thus get two folds impressed on it like a St. Andrew's cross.

Now fold all the corners in to the centre, and then open out. The paper will now have folds on it represented by the dotted lines in fig. 1.

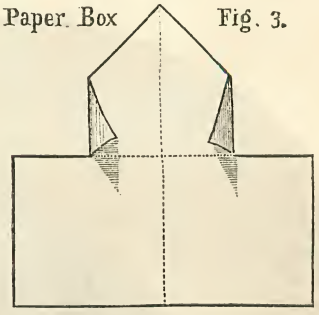
You must follow the letters in fig. 1. Fold *a* to *b* and open out, *c* to *d* and open out, *e* to *f* and open out, *g* to *h* and open out.

Fold *a* to *f* and open out, *c* to *h* and open out, *e* to *b* and open out, *g* to *d* and open out. The paper will now be marked by folds represented by the dotted lines and black strokes of fig. 2.

Take a penknife and make a cut wherever there is a black line in fig. 2. This will, amongst other things, cut away several little bits of paper that are not wanted.

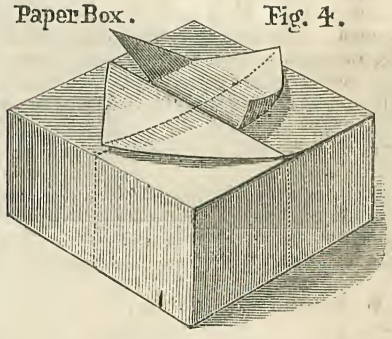
Turn in the corners of the three-cornered pieces at *a* and *c* in the style shown in fig. 3.

Paper Box Fig. 3.



Now pass the folded corner *c* through the slit at *b*, opening out the folds to make the fastening secure, and see that you put straight the little flaps of paper that are to form the inner sides of the box. Pass the folded corner *a* through the slit at *d*, and open out the folds, and there you have the box complete, as at fig. 4.

Paper Box. Fig. 4.



This is a pretty box. Certainly, the lock and key are not constructed on thief-proof principles, but we have none but honest people about. If, however, our doll's house should be broken into during the night I, for one, won't be responsible for the plunder the robbers may carry off.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER XV.

RUBY'S heart was beginning to sink entirely within her; she was very much inclined to sit down upon the damp heather and cry. Her feet were feeling as if they could go no further, and every moment the darkness grew thicker round her. Suppose she should walk into a swamp—that horror of the moorland which she had been fearing all the evening—suppose she should be lost in one of these terrible swamps! The notion gained more and more force with her as the gloom around her increased, and her trembling heart sent up a prayer to her Heavenly Father for protection and help. The thought of danger and death brought the picture of Bessie's last hours very vividly before her, and she fancied she heard the voice of the girl by whom she had watched that night calling to her softly through the mist, and bidding her take courage. It was only an illusion, she knew. There was nothing but vast silence around her, but, somehow, it gave her new courage and made her step out more boldly and freely. The idea came to her that her situation was something like the position of sailors at sea when the wild waste of stormy waters spreads out around them; and a sweet text rose like notes of a kind angel's harp in her mind: "It is I; be not afraid."

Weariness and fear were, however, beginning again to get the upper hand with her, when suddenly she seemed to catch a far-off, faint, tinkling, sound; she listened, with every sense and faculty concentrated in the single one of hearing—listened until she became certain that she distinguished the sound of bells. A great thrill of joy passed through her; it was the first distinct noise she had heard, save her own heavy footsteps, since this terrible darkness gathered round her. But this flash of hope was but of short duration; she recollected that, as she had crossed the moor in the daylight, she had noticed that some of the sheep had bells round their necks, and probably she was now near a flock of these animals. Yet still, she thought that she would go in the direction from whence the sound came, and see what it was, if possible; so she hastened forward to the best of her weary powers.

As she advanced, the tinkling grew stronger and stronger; it seemed to come from something louder than sheep-bells, and she fancied, too, that she could now hear a rumbling noise. Was it wheels? Her heart gave a glad leap at the question; and what was this beneath her feet? It was surely a hard road, and no longer the soft, spongy heather. A few moments after she could discern a large dark object looming through the mist, and could catch the gleam of a light through the gloom.

What could it be? It certainly was not a cottage, or even a shed. It was not in the least like either, and, besides, it kept moving—moving towards her; and, besides, there was such a rolling and rattling, and such a jangle of bells. Ruby still went on as she was making, mentally, these observations; and before long she saw that she was meeting a large covered waggon, drawn by two big, powerful horses, with a lantern of some sort slung on one side of it, and a man walking by the horses' heads. She had evidently got on to a road crossing or skirting the moor, and this was a vehicle traversing it slowly through the darkness.

With a little, glad cry of joy and thankfulness she hurried up to the man, and said—

"Oh, please, can you tell me how far I am from Stonecroft, and which way I must turn to get to it?"

The man stopped his horses, took deliberately from his mouth a pipe which he was smoking, and stared at her, as well as he could conveniently in the gloom, as if she had been a lion, or an ostrich, or something more remarkable to meet on the moor, even, than that.

"Stonecroft!" he repeated, at length, slowly, making the word seem a yard long. "Why, bless 'ee, you be five good miles from that."

"Five miles!" cried Ruby, with something very like a sob. "Oh, how am I to get there to-night, so tired as I am? I feel as if I could hardly move."

"That be more than I can say," was the answer, given very coolly and deliberately. Then, struck by a new idea, he added, "Be you one of the gentle-



"SHE WAS MEETING A LARGE COVERED VAN."

folks as be stopping up to Stonecroft? I've heard tell of such."

"Yes; we are staying there for a little while. But, oh, please, do advise me about getting back there!"

"I don't zee as how it be possible this evening, and such a night of weather, too, as it is with the fog,"

There was not much comfort in the reply, certainly, but it was given with the utmost calmness. Ruby fairly broke down, and began to cry.

"Don't 'ee take on so, miss," said her new friend, his feelings, apparently, roused and softened. "I'll tell 'ee what I'll do; I'll heave 'ee into the waggon, and you can bide there quite comfortable-like among the straw, and I'll take 'ee back to my missus for the night."

The proposition was certainly a friendly one, but, nevertheless, at first it was rather a startling notion for poor Ruby.

"But who is your mistress?" she said, doubtfully. "And how strange she would think it to be asked to take me in! She does not dream of your bringing anyone back, like this."

"No, she don't; that's true," answered he, reflectively, pulling the forelock of one of his horses. "But she'll be glad enough to zee 'ee, anyhow, 'specially when she do hear I found 'ee in such a bad case. She be the kindest lady that ever anyone set eyes on. There be no one that be in trouble that she won't help. Here have I and the horses been all the way into Barnstaple with the waggon, with old Mrs. Barton's furniture. She be changing from our village to go and live in the town. Folks do say as how she have got plenty of money, only she be so near and sly about it, so that she could have paid for the carriage of her furniture well enough if she had chose; but, there, missus have took it into her head to think her a poor, old soul. She'll never believe nothing bad of no one, and so me and Vi'let and Diamond must needs be sent into Barnstaple; and such a trapse as it has been for us I never knowed, and the horses be steaming all over like two tea-kettles."

These last words were spoken in a complaining, not to say a grumbling tone, but Ruby was too much occupied with her own unpleasant situation to heed much their meaning; she understood vaguely, however, that the sending of the waggon to Barnstaple proved that its mistress was a kind-hearted woman, and the thought was a reassuring one for her.

"What is your mistress's name, and where does she live? Is it far from here?" she asked.

"Her name be Miss Chichester. She do belong to a high family in these parts. You must have heard tell of them I should think. Our place be called Ashcombe. It be about three miles from here, and a pretty little house enough."

"And do Ashcombe and Stonecroft at all lie in the same direction?" asked Ruby.

"Bless 'ee, no. They be nigh as far apart as June from January."

"How unfortunate and awkward it is," said Ruby, still hesitating.

"If you be going with me, miss, I hope you'll please make up your mind at once. There bean't much time for 'Shall I?' or 'Shan't I?' Me and the horses can't bide about here all night."

The man spoke like, what in fact he was, an old servant, who was used to talk familiarly to gentlemen and ladies. Thus admonished, Ruby saw that she must, in truth, come to some determination; so she accepted the friendly offer, for she did not well see what else she could do under the circumstances. It was quite impossible for her to return to Stonecroft that night. They would, no doubt, be in anxiety about her; but what could she do in such a situation? She could only go with the man, and hope that his mistress would prove such as he described her, and try to make the best of things. Perhaps she might be able to send a messenger early in the morning to Stonecroft to make known to Mr. and Miss Lindhurst and Ella where she was.

While these thoughts were passing hastily through her mind the man was preparing, with no loss of time, to help her into the waggon, when suddenly one of the horses snorted, and threw up its head, and showed signs of the most evident excitement. An instant after there was a sound as of a quick rush made by several animals, and Ruby saw some dark forms dash past them in the mist and scamper away on to the moor.

"Steady, Vi'let. Don't 'ee go making up a to-do now," said the man, taking the uneasy horse by the head.

"What was that?" asked Ruby, startled and eager.

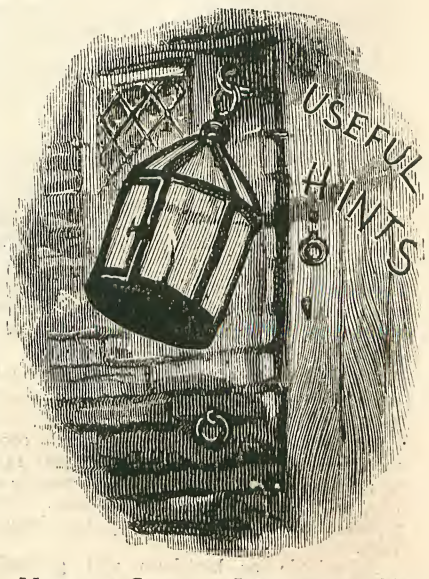
"Why it was just two or three of the red deer, miss. You do meet them here on the moor sometimes; they be nothing to be afeared on, only Vi'let she be young and skittish, and she have heard the stag-hounds lately, and when she do zee sight of a deer, or even smell one, she be sot up. But the old horse he has more sense."

And he stroked the well-behaved, four-legged, middle-aged gentleman in question.

Thus reassured, Ruby allowed herself to be put into the waggon, and covered over with a sort of rough cloth with which the luggage that had lately filled it had been protected. She was reclining on the straw, and she felt really quite comfortable. She knew that there are red deer on Exmoor, and so what had just happened did not so much surprise her; she had been looking out for them all day as she crossed the heather. The driver cracked his whip, the bells began to jingle vigorously, and very soon the waggon was in motion.

Ruby found it rather a jolting process at first, but her present reclining position was delightful after her late excessive bodily fatigue; and then it was such a sensation of relief to know that she was in perfect safety. Besides, she could not help being a little amused at the whole adventure, as, indeed, it was in her nature to be; though she was rather frightened, too, at the thought of presenting herself before this unknown lady. Gradually a pleasant drowsiness stole over her as she lay there listening to the bells and the trample of the horses' feet, which made a sort of indistinct tune as they mingled with the rumble of the wheels. She heard at intervals the driver talking partly to himself, partly to his horses, about the road, the darkness of the night, and other things belonging to their journey, and at first these spoken words roused her and reminded her where she was; but before long they were mixed up grotesquely with an idea she had that she was lying on the lawn at home at the Priory, with Ella talking to her about her new summer hat. Then the man's voice, and the horses, and the waggon passed out of Ruby's mental ken altogether, and she was fairly embarked in a long dream about commonplace, familiar things.

(*To be continued.*)



MADEIRA CAKE. — *Ingredients.* — The weight of four eggs in flour, the weight of three in butter, the same, in sugar. Mix the sugar and butter well together, then break one egg into them, and gently sift in about a third of the flour; mix together, add a second egg and another portion of flour, in a similar manner; then the third and the remainder of the flour. When thoroughly well mixed, half fill a cake-tin lined with buttered paper, and put it immediately into a rather slow oven. When it has just risen, place very lightly and quickly a few strips of candied peel on the top of the cake.

RICE BUNS.—*Ingredients.*—Three quarters of a pound each of ground rice, butter, flour, and finely powdered loaf sugar, and three eggs. Mix all well together, adding a very small teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop the mixture in small portions on a baking tin, well buttered, being careful to leave a sufficient space between the buns, or they may be baked separately in small tartlet tins. Bake in a quick oven.

QUICKLY PREPARED DISH SUITABLE FOR LUNCHEON OR HIGH TEA.—Take a tinned lobster, mince it finely, and mix with a little fresh butter; salt, pepper and cayenne according to taste; a blade or two of mace, and a dessertspoonful of anchovy sauce. Add one egg and a little flour, or, if you have it ready, a small quantity of cold boiled potato mashed. Divide the mixture into small crescent-shaped cutlets, brush them over with egg, dip them into bread-crumbs, and fry them a light brown

colour. If eaten cold, they should be garnished with parsley or arranged round a dish, the centre space being filled with watercress or small salad; or, if served hot, with melted butter and anchovy sauce.

NORWOOD PUDDING.—Butter a pie-dish, cut the crumb of a stale French roll into thin slices, spreading over each a layer of the following mixture:—One ounce of shred beef-suet, half an ounce of very finely chopped candied peel, three tablespoonfuls of apple marmalade, or apples stewed with sugar, and four bitter almonds pounded; mix all well together. Make a custard of half-a-pint of milk and one egg, pour it over the slices of roll neatly arranged in the dish. Bake in a slow oven for about two hours, turn it out, and sift powdered white sugar over it.

TO MAKE POTTED MEAT OF THE BEEF THAT HAS BEEN USED FOR BEEF TEA.—Pass the meat through a mincing machine, mix thoroughly with a small quantity of butter, pepper and salt to taste, some powdered mace, and a very little nutmeg. Add a little ketchup or Worcester sauce if liked. When placed in the jars, pour clarified butter over. It is better to make a small quantity at a time, as it will not keep long.

HINTS FOR EVERY DAY NEEDS.

IT is not well to have a wet umbrella opened out to dry, as the stretchers are apt to warp in the bent form, so giving an unsightly appearance when the umbrella is closed. The silk should be left to drain, and then gently wiped with an old silk handkerchief.

China, when very dirty, can be cleaned with finely powdered fuller's earth dissolved in warm water, and rinsed well in clean cold water.

Best cure for corns. — Have your boots or shoes to fit your feet, instead of making your feet fit the boots or shoes.

To cure warts.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. This repeated will gradually destroy the largest wart.

Sal-volatile or hartshorn will generally restore colours taken out by acids.

Do not let coffee and tea be kept near each other, unless closely covered in tin canisters, as they are easily impreganted, and the flavour of each injured.

Stains of iron on marble may be removed by wetting the spots with oil of vitriol, lemon juice, or oxalic acid diluted in spirits of wine. Leave spot for a quarter of an hour, then rub dry with a soft linen cloth.

Papier-mâché articles should not have soap used in the washing. Simply apply cold water with a sponge, after which they should be dredged with flour whilst damp, and then polished with a flannel.

Glass vessels and other utensils may be easily purified by rinsing them with powdered charcoal.

Straw matting should be cleaned with a coarse cloth dipped in salt and water, then wiped dry.

Oil-cloth should never be scrubbed; first sweep it well, then with a soft cloth and lukewarm or cold water wash the cloth all over, and dry thoroughly with another soft cloth. Never use soap, or hot water.



A POEM BY MANY POETS.

WHAT are called Mosaic poems, if worth anything at all, are very difficult to produce. The following on "Life" is said to have occupied a whole year's laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present times. The credit of it is due to an American lady. We give the names of the authors at the end, the numbers referring to the lines:—

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? 1
Life's a short summer, man a flower.
By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
To be, is better far than not to be, 5
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy:
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
Your fate is but the common lot of all:
Unmingled joys here to no man befall. 10
Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
Custom does often reason overrule,
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven; 15
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
Then keep each passion down, however dear:
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. 20
In sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay,
With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
We masters grow of all that we despise.
Oh, then, I renounce that impious self-esteem; 25
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
What is ambition? — 'tis a glorious cheat!—
Only destructive to the brave and great. 30
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
How long we live, not years, but actions tell,
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend 35
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewel; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniell; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollet; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

SUZANNE.—The materials you require must be obtained at an artist's colourman's. Your writing is not ladylike, and amongst its chief defects we may note that the small "i" is made like a part of the letters "m" and "n," and that when a double "n" occurs a four-stemmed "m" is made instead, rendering the hand very illegible. The grammar is also at fault; you cannot say "so different *to* other papers," but "different *from*."

WILD THYME.—We think you could wash the terra-cotta like china, using a damp sponge. Prepare the water-colours with a medium. Read Mrs. Lichfield's article on "Terra-cotta Painting," which will be of use to you.

VIOLET.—Read Mr. Staples' valuable papers on "Sketching from Nature," &c., and purchase a shilling manual on oil-painting for the more technical matters. Your writing is too small

BERANGERE.—The colours used in glass-painting are: transparent indigo, Prussian blue, rose madder, crimson lake, lamp black, madder brown, vandyke brown, burnt sienna, aureolin, gamboge, Italian pink, gallstone, and Indian yellow. Either oils or water colours can be used, but with the former mastic varnish, diluted with turpentine and japanners' gold size, must be mixed with the colours to bring them to a proper consistency. You may use water colour for backgrounds, and the oils for dark foregrounds.

MUSIC.

IRISH LINNET.—The "alto" is the part taken by the high tenor or counter tenor, which is generally a falsetto, the very high notes of a high tenor being taken as "head notes," and not in the throat, or the chest. The word "alto" signifies "high," and the flute plays in "alt" when the music is written in the leger-lines over the treble stave. So likewise, the word is employed to indicate the part taken by the viola in instrumental music. Amateurs engaged in provincial choirs imagine that the alto may be by female voices, and sung above all the other parts; but the term only signifies that the part is to be sung by a high tenor above that taken by the low tenor; but ranking *beneath* the first and second trebles. The name you mention is pronounced much as written—"Ar-de-lawn.

SUSIE PITCHER.—Give up playing by ear altogether for a time, and pay more careful attention to reading your notes. Give as little trouble and disappointment to your instructor as possible.

WORK.

FLO.—Many thanks for your kind long letter. You are indeed a young housekeeper, but in spite of your many occupations, your education has evidently not been neglected, and your writing and composition are so good they might be shown as an example to many older people. Try a melon-shaped smoking cap in six or eight pieces, each ornamented; or crochet one in the shape of a Neapolitan fisherman's cap, like those which fill the windows of the hatters just now. See "Crochet by Little Workers," pages 442, 505, 596. vol. i. Also "Wool Crochet," page 275, vol. ii.

SYBIL.—We see nothing to prevent your making a scarf tunic out of the crimson serge, below the jersey, which will completely hide the mark left by the fancy braid. Drape it in long folds at the back.

ETHELWYNNE.—Try soap and water; or, first of all, a rubbing with bread.

TAM-O'-SHANTER and GWEN.—See that the egg shell be quite clean before beginning to paint. Cut into shape with scissors, or the sharp stroke of a knife. Gum on gold or coloured paper round the edge, and a little handle of cardboard if required.

GERALDINE H.—We think the black enamel would not adhere well above the varnish. The prettiest foundation for *broderie perse* is black or coloured satin. Thank you for your kind letter.

LOTTIE G.—White alpaca would be very suitable instead of silk or satin. White cashmere would be equally in good taste, and trimmed as you suggest. The bridesmaids might be dressed alike in pairs respectively. The dress should be short, at least without trains. Any light material suitable for their summer wear would be fit for the occasion.

PECK.—1. If the stains be from grease, they might be removed by holding a hot iron, or red-hot poker close to them; carefully avoiding to scorch the spot whilst drawing out the grease. French chalk scraped on the wrong side, and rubbed in with the finger, will also absorb it. 2. See pages 447 and 592 of GIRL'S OWN PAPER, vol. ii. Our young readers have been supplied with an index, and should not send us needless questions.

BIJOU.—You should look into the shop windows or at the beaded jackets on the counters, and select the style of pattern you prefer. We could not possibly judge for you, not knowing the circumstances of your position, age, or general appearance.

TOBY.—Dip the skeins of crewel wool into boiling water, and let them drip till dry. Alum and water is also good. Try Judson's gold paint.

LOU.—There is an index to vol. i., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

LINDA.—The velveteen would not need lining, but the silk must be lined to make it wear well. Your writing is pretty good.

BEE.—Many people lay the two ends of wool alongside each other, an inch and a half in length, and knit them in together. This prevents the necessity for making a knot. Call your puppy "Gustave," or "Bruno."

GEDOL.—Chippendale was a well-known furniture maker of the 17th century. Iron the crewel work on the wrong side with a cool iron.

WILD IRISH GIRL.—Consult "Seasonable Dress."

TORTOISESHELL.—Polish your tortoiseshell with rotten stone and oil, and rub up afterwards with a leather and some jewellers' rouge.

SLOPER.—See page 314, vol. i., GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

LESSIE.—Your faded sage-green cashmere dress will have to be dyed, and trimmed, so as to supply any loss in the possible shrinking, as well as to improve its appearance.

DOROTHY SAMSON and A. S.—In purling, the thread is kept in front, the second needle is put into a stitch, as if for slipping it, the thread is looped round it from back to front, and the stitch knit out backwards.

BUTTERCUP and A BEGINNER.—We think you must try to get someone to give you a few lessons in knitting, as all our instructions presume that our readers possess some small knowledge of the subject, which you evidently lack. See "Wool Crochet," page 275, vol. ii.

HETTY.—Read "A Grammar of Embroidery," page 108, vol. ii., and "Crewel Embroidery," page 228 vol. ii. We should advise you to scald doubtful colours in boiling water, leaving them to drip dry, before working with them.

A BOOKWORM.—See "Wool Crochet," page 275, vol. ii., and "My Work Basket." Your ink is pale and bad, your writing legible.

ELSIE.—It is best to inquire in your own neighbourhood and at the fancy shops and drapers. You may perhaps find an opening for yourself. See page 3, vol. i.

CLARICE S.—Purchase sufficient new Marcella to enlarge the quilt at the sides; or if the colouring of your room will allow of it, use red turkey twill for borders.

F. E. C. A.—For instructions how to make a *picot* see page 597, vol. i. For crochet *tricoté* see page 276, vol. i.

J. E. M.—Use ordinary crewels for your curtains, and work in outline stitch. See "Crewel Embroidery for Dresses," page 228, vol. ii.

MONA.—All our information is comprised in the articles on knitting, which appear to us to be most exhaustive.

SNOWDROP.—See our article on "Aprons," and answer to W. L. C., page 591, vol. i., for instructions how to make a long crochet purse.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.—1. Part the hair down the middle, or if too short, comb all back *à la Chinoise*, and tie at the back of the head with a ribbon. 2. Crewel embroidered dresses are always worn.

GUNDRED.—The jersey you describe can be purchased in London, at any good draper's. They were introduced last autumn, and are, we think, made by machinery. For a jersey pattern see page 228, vol. ii.

MESA.—Very careful descriptions are given, and we do not see that you can require more instruction. Work the edges in buttonhole stitch, making a thick running for a foundation with darning-cotton.

SEMI-FRENCHWOMAN.—We are so sorry to have disappointed you, all the more because you are ill and in pain. But now we do answer you, we cannot give you the least advice, as we have one of the cork cases ourselves, and have tried all kinds of experiments without success. Rubbing hard, of course, must destroy it. Thank you for the recipe, and accept our kindest remembrance and good wishes for a speedy recovery.

NELL.—By "cruel" we suppose you mean "crewel." Read "Crewel Embroidery for Dresses," page 229, vol. ii.; also "A Grammar of Embroidery," page 108, vol. ii. Before writing again kindly search our pages, and be quite sure that your questions be not already answered in them.

VIOLETS.—Press the flowers in blotting-paper, and change it often, so as to dry them gradually.

GREEN LEAVES.—Go to the nearest florist, or greenhouse, and inquire. Box, privet, laurel, and some other kinds of evergreens would be suitable.

ADA BENTLEY.—We should feel inclined to try how a dull blue would answer for the front of your piano, something of a blue-grey, on which you might work some flowers for the empty space in front. Your writing is a little careless.

MYRTLE.—See "Seasonable Dress" for May, and drape the brown silk, like fig. 1, in a pointed shape. Your letter is quite right.

NANCY LEE.—Address the secretary, and make inquiries by letter.

LADY FLORA.—Can you not match the satin in front, and add one or two kilted flounces to the edge of the skirt, to give the length you require? Mount them on a false hem made of alpaca, to match in colour. Your writing is very childish.

GWENDOLINE.—See "Crewel Embroidery for Dresses," page 228, vol. ii. Daisies, violets, crocus, and wild rose are all pretty and suitable flowers. Embroider round the edge, the sleeves, and a square plastron in front. Read "Comedones," page 174, vol. ii.

M. R. S.—Crewel work on dresses is very much used. See page 228, vol. ii.

A WEARY ELDER SISTER.—Tweed is the best material. From 8s. to 10s. are usually allowed for a servant's keep in good houses.

JOEY.—Write to a good artist's colourman in London for what you need.

CHERRY PIE.—1. See our article on "Aprons." 2. Trim with white embroidery or lace. Read "My Work Basket."

EADGYTH.—See "Needlework," page 154, vol. i., for a full description.

KATE HAY.—We suppose your new jacket is intended to replace your winter mantle, so you would find stockingette cloth sufficiently warm. If intended to be worn throughout the season on chilly days, the Indian cashmere mantles or jackets are more generally useful. Your writing is careless.

MADGIE.—We hope you are a new subscriber, for if an old one you would hardly have written to ask for information which was fully and clearly given in "Hints for Christmas Decorations," page 169, vol. ii. How much trouble our correspondents would save themselves and us if they would read with more attention!

COOKERY.

A. Y.—The glaze for hams, &c., is to be purchased at first-class grocers'.

J. H.—To make scones see pages 367, 431, vol. i., and see page 395, vol. ii., for a recipe for suet paste. When made, roll out flatly on the board, and cover with a layer of any kind of jam. Then roll up with the jam inside. Knead tightly together at the ends with your fingers, wrap in a clean wet pudding-cloth, and boil.

LEWIS.—For "Parkin" recipes see pages 399 and 222, vol. i. "Writing" has only one "t."

FANNY.—For full instructions for preserving fruit see page 560, vol i. One appears to be as good as the other.

DAISY SPRAY.—See "Soufflés," page 142, vol. ii. Read "Seasonable Dress."

ALFIRUDA.—They are made of bread, cut in a shape. See "Bread and Bread Making," at pages 350 and 439, vol. i.

BLOCKHEAD.—1. See pages 35, 352, and 405, vol. i., for recipes for tea cakes. 2. Read "New Music," and our rules.

MOLLY LOO.—See page 3, vol. i. A "graph" is a copying machine.

META MILVER.—Boil the sweetbreads in milk and water enough to cover them, for fifteen minutes, slowly; then take them out, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry a nice brown. They vary in expense with veal, but are most plentiful in the spring.

EDUCATIONAL.

AE and DANCE.—You will find the Bible studies written by Dr. Green, and now running through the *Sunday at Home*, very useful. See page 207, vol. ii., as well as the "New Companion to the Bible," 2s. 6d., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Your writing is legible.

UNE ANGLAISE.—It was a misprint. You cannot dispense with any part of this sentence.

A MOTHER.—The habit of counting aloud is an excellent one for little children, as it helps to prevent any scrambling over the notes. Your writing is rather irregular; perhaps you use your pen a great deal and fatigue your hand.

A NOVICE.—Study perspective from a manual on the subject, and inquire at your school of art about the last question which you ask.

PANCAKE.—The address of the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study is Oakfield, Eltham; Secretary, Miss A. C. Moore.

ROSIE and MALADE.—Write to Miss Shore, Fir-grove, Sunninghill, from whom you may obtain all information.

MINERVA.—From your account we should say that you were over-fatigued, and would be the better for a holiday. We know of no "royal road to learning."

SARAH.—A copybook for running hand would suit you best. Thank you for your kind letter. We are very glad to know that our magazine is of so much use to you.

C. S. P. T.—You had better obtain a book called "Memoria Technica," which will perhaps help you to remember dates and events too. Your writing is neat.

RED ROSE.—The address of the National Training School for Cookery is Exhibition-road, South Kensington, S.W. There is also a school of cookery at the College for Working Women, 7, Fitzroy-street, W. Write for information to the secretary. See page 318, vol. ii.

RHINELAND'S DAUGHTER.—Such books as Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," or the "Queens of Scotland," would suit all your pupils, and be both amusing and instructive. Both your English and your writing are good, but the latter would be improved by more freedom and a more pointed pen.

MINA.—Read English history, and get a simple geography. The "Bible Handbook," by Angus, or the "New Companion to the Bible," published at 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., would both be of service to you. We do not think that learning to play the piano would be useful, beyond enabling you to teach the rudiments of music to children. Buy a dictionary and look out all words about which you are doubtful, and write a few copies in running hand.

MRS. F'S. AUNT.—Write to Miss A. C. Moore, Secretary, Society for the Encouragement of Home Study, Oakfield, Eltham, and state your desire.

A STUDENT.—It would be impossible for us to gauge your value as a governess now, or at any future time. You are too young now, and your writing is not very good. Good music is always valuable.

C. A. L. M.—If acquiring Latin for the purpose of teaching boys, it would be a pity not to perfect your knowledge of it. But if more likely to obtain the sort of situation that you desire by substituting German for Latin lessons, you had better do so. Phrases in poetry are often eliptical; a certain degree of what is called "poetical licence" being quite permissible. Thus, in the line you quote from "Marmion":—

> "Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
> Heard Alexander's bugle sound."

"Lord Gifford"—*who was lying*—"deep beneath the ground,"

are words which are left to be understood, the number of feet which those three words would have supplied being too many.

HAREBELL.—It is quite possible for you to teach yourself shorthand, and you will find Pitman's System the best. Of course, two hours a day devoted to acquiring it would make you a master of it sooner than one only. But you must be guided by any necessity for haste. You may not require to spend half-an-hour a day over it. The 13th May, 1860, fell on a Sunday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DACK AND ROSE.—Try tobacco water, which is very useful in killing such torments, if carefully used. The writing of both is unformed.

ERNIE'S AUNT.—We suppose that the simple explanation is, that the heat of the lamp was too great. Your writing *is* irregular, and you use capital letters where they are not needed.

M. A. WEST.—Most political characters modify, or, in some degree, change their opinions. Perfect consistency is not found anywhere.

NALLA.—It is impossible to give an idea on the value of books unless a full and complete description is given.

MURIEL, T.—The food of squirrels in a cage consists of nuts, fruit, acorns, fir-tree cones, milk, and bread and milk. To make an Æolian harp, see page 336, vol. i.

W. A. E. W.—Use salts of lemon to take out ink spots, steaming them first with hot water.

LIZZIE POSSIE.—In term time the superior courts of common law "sit in Banco," that is, the judges thereof occupy their respective benches. "Banco" is the Italian for bench or seat—*i.e.*, of justice.

ELIZABETH.—Inquire where the machine is sold, and go and examine for yourself; we could not give you advice.

IPHIGENIA.—"Salisbury" is not an uncommon name for any high ground. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and means a "dry," or waterless place," the old town standing on a hill, where there was no water.

MINNEHAHA.—Amongst the various suppositions respecting the omission of the name of the tribe of Dan in Rev. vii., in the catalogue of the Tribes of Israel, the following appears to be regarded as the most reasonable. The setting up of the Golden Calves "in Dan" is perpetually referred to in the history of Israel; for there the revolt from the worship of the true God originated and was maintained. They set the example of idolatry to all their brethren for many generations, and thus incurred the just wrath of Him from whom they fell away. The redeemed will be found taken from the more or less apostate tribe of Dan, as "from every nation and kindred and tribe;" but as a tribe of the children of Israel it appears to have lost its birthright, and the honour of being numbered by name amongst them.

ELSIE J. M.—1. It would be most ungrateful to remove a child from the benevolent lady who voluntarily took charge of her from two weeks old, for ten years. Good feeling should preclude such an ungracious act. It could only be done by law proceedings, and what a return would that be to such a benefactor? The only justification of such a course would be the education of the child as an unbeliever.

KATRINCHA PARNELL.—The option rests, not with you, but with your affianced husband, to whom you have been engaged for four years, having assured him that you cared for no one else. You have confessed your change of feeling to him from no fault of his, nor alteration of your mutual circumstances. If he choose to keep one so faithless to her plighted word, she is bound in honour to abide by it.

FERN LEAF.—In the Roman Church it has long been the custom to confess and be shriven (or absolved) before the season of Lent commences, and the few days before Ash Wednesday are called "Shrovetide." The word "shrive" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "scrifan," and thus "Shrovetide" means "confession-time." The origin of the connection between this season and the eating of pancakes is doubtful. At a certain time of the year they were offered by the pagan Saxons to the sun, and were adopted by the Roman Church, to be eaten by those about to be shriven on the day before Lent commenced.

MY FANNY and G.—1. Provided that the friends who give you such nice presents be not gentlemen, you may receive them graciously and thankfully. To "return them" would indeed be most rude and ungrateful. 2. Have you no albums to show your friends? Or, could you not institute "Bee Meetings," and all work at some patchwork quilt for the poor, while the rest of the party take it in turns to sing, play, or read aloud?

POLLY.—Thank you for your nice letter. We are so glad that you were able to provide some socks for the bazaar from our instructions. The volume (called THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL) is six shillings, and will be sent to you by rail from the office if you like. There are only a few copies in stock.

S. Y. A. M. M.—The "a" in "Marion" is pronounced like that in "Mary." The "a" in "piano" is pronounced as that in "Annie," and not as that in "baker," as we inadvertently printed it on page 559.

T. A. W.—We are sorry to hear that you have waited over half a year to have your first volume bound because you could not get the index. This is a proof that, although you call THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER an "enlightening and ennobling paper," you do not read it carefully, for we have explained to our correspondents in our printed answers over and over again that the index can be had at the office for a penny, and that the price of all the frontispieces issued with the monthly parts, and the index included, can be had for ninepence, to enable those who purchase the weekly numbers to bind up the complete volume. Your writing bids fair to be nice in a year or so's time.

AMELIA.—Your friend should use a "flesh brush," employing it gently at first, until able to bear a good scrubbing daily, all over the whole person, and especially the feet and arms. She should wear merino or flannel underclothing and stockings, and eat more "heat-creating" food, such as butter, fat, suet, honey, sugar, treacle, peas, lentils, &c., and take exercise indoors, such as skipping, playing battledore and shuttlecock, and in every way that she can accomplish it. She should use a good rough Turkish bath-sheet after her morning's bath, and make the drying a very quick process, as well as the ablutions.

KLEINE EMILIE.—Take the skin to a taxidermist's, and inquire if it be fit to make up into a muff, as, from your account, we imagine it cannot have been properly cured. If all right, there is no difficulty in making a muff from it.

DAPHNE.—"Chopin," as if the first syllable were written "sho," and the other half as you should pronounce "pain" (for bread) in French, with a nasal sound. "Cueillir" is a French verb; and it is impossible always to suggest an English word that will give a similar sound in a thoroughly correct manner. Oral instruction cannot be superseded where there is not a previous acquaintance with the pronunciation of a language. If you know how to pronounce the first syllable you have only to sound the "lir" as "yeer," sounding the "l's" in the first half of the word. You cannot "ask an interrogation." You "interrogate," or you "ask a question."

MOUCHER.—You should procure a little manual on the care of cage birds. Taming is a matter of patience and gentleness Your writing is not too large. Use a better pen.

DAISY.—Your writing is good, but the tails of the letters are too long.

A. A. K.—To drill a hole in an earthenware bowl employ a drill dipped in turpentine, keeping the point of friction constantly wet with the same liquid. The names of the ferns about which you inquire can be obtained from any nurseryman. They are greenhouse plants.

A FIFESHIRE LASSIE.—So kind a letter demands our best thanks. We feel sure that your part of Scotland is worth a visit. We are glad that "even grandmamma, who is above eighty years of age," reads and enjoys our paper so much.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.—To French polish any article of wood you should rub in the polish well for an hour or two with a piece of flannel, until the brightness shall become permanent.

KATIE.—We do not give advertisements of books by other firms. Read "Trials of a Young Housekeeper," and "The Foundation of all Good Breed-



"*I remain, my dear Mr. Editor,*
"*Yours very sincerely,*
"———."

ing," and numberless other articles of our own with reference to household management and etiquette.

VERA FIDES JUSTITIA.—The Jews preserved and knew every word and numbered every letter of the Old Testament Scriptures, and the early Christian Church as carefully guarded the New, as all the books and epistles were successively written. Those who shed their blood for the truths those Scriptures revealed knew how to preserve and hand them down to posterity, for it was God's will that they should do so.

KEZIAH LOVETT.—We advise you to make inquiries at some mackintosh and india-rubber warehouse, as none of the ordinary dissolvents could be employed, and heat would be equally destructive. We thank you for all the encouragement you so kindly give us.

NELL GRAY.—Pronounce "subtle" as if written "suttle," and "Paschal" as if "Passkall."

PINKIE EVANS.—It seems as if it would be like "sending coals to Newcastle" to apply "carmine" to "Pinkie's" face! But, in any case, powder of any kind, whether white or red, is more or less injurious. Not satisfied with painted cheeks, "Pinkie" wishes for "a silvery laugh," her own being "a horrid one." Alas! how can we turn the quacking of a duck into the trill of the nightingale? We can only advise you to laugh very low and gently, and no one else will be "disgusted" by it. Joking apart, we fully sympathise with you in your desire to act as a consistent Christian, and feel sure that help will be granted, if perseveringly asked for, to supplement your earnest endeavours to improve.

LODGER.—It would be exceedingly rude to pass the organist who trains the singing class, and teaches you amongst the rest, unnoticed in the street. Read what "Medicus" has said about the care of the teeth. In the present day especially, when the Godhead of our Saviour is so much overlooked in His manhood, there should ever be an admixture of extreme reverence in our way of speaking of Him "before whom the angels veiled their faces." St. John, when he saw Him, "fell at His feet as dead." We think it would always be more reverent to speak of Him as "the Lord Jesus," or "the Saviour," than as plain "Jesus."

VIOLET.—We fail to see your object in "jumping up in the saddle when walking," unless practising to be a circus rider. In exhibitions of horsemanship such feats are performed, and more difficult ones too. When trotting, rise gracefully, and hold your double reins in the left hand, between the several fingers, assisting with the right hand, if necessary. But you should obtain practical instruction or you may run the risk of incurring some accident.

ATLANTIC.—Law copying demands a training, and is not to be obtained out of London, so far as we are aware; while but a very small number can as yet find employment at it. Many ladies are engaged in cigarette making, and, as you suggest, the company might give you employment, but we could not answer for them. We regret our inability to help you under the circumstances which you name. Those who earn their living have usually some sacrifice to make.

SARCIA.—Nothing could be more suitable than decorations of holly and laurel, the red berries relieving the green, and some wreaths of white flowers, which, in your mild and sunny island, you may obtain even in winter.

MARJORIE.—1. We see no reason why you should be incompetent to learn how to manage your voice at any age, so long as it continues to be a "good" and a "strong" one, and you have a correct ear.

MOLLY CAREW.—1. We believe that the naturalist Thomas Edwards has been placed, for some time past, on the Civil Service pension list. 2. A fern somewhat larger than the maidenhair of our greenhouses, but similar in every other respect, grows wild in Canada, but we are not aware of its so doing in this country. You write an excellent hand.

OLIVE.—We have already offered suggestions as to how you might "earn a living." Under the circumstances you name, perhaps your mother has made a wise decision for you. A lady does not "return the salute" of a gentleman unless he be a father, brother, or husband, nor should he be permitted to take such a liberty. But should a friend or acquaintance meet her out of doors she shou'd bow, and he should return it, raising his hat at the same time. No "gentleman" fails to do this.

TOPSY AND POPSY.—Whom do you mean by your "friends" who "would be displeased with you if seen out" with two young men? At sixteen you are too youthful to be allowed to entangle yourselves in friendships of this description; but, at least, you should never act in a clandestine manner. The consent of your parents or guardians should be obtained.

M. S. B.—If this letter of yours be the "second" inquiring for a book on English composition, kindly look through all our back numbers and count how many answers we have given to the same question. You need not have written at all. "The Handbook of the English Tongue" is written by Angus, and published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. For the "hints" you want on letter-writing read the articles we have ourselves given.

IDONEAL SCHEAL appears to have rather original ideas of what is "rude." To be rude is to be disrespectful and uncivil. In speaking of art it means unfinished; or in reference to nations it denotes a state of semi, if not complete lack of, civilisation. It could not be "rude" for one lady to take the arm of another when out walking. But they should speak low, and look as quiet and sedate as possible. Your writing promises well, but needs sloping.

A SCOTCH MAIDEN.—You would have had more chance of success, had you begun to bandage your ears at an early age. Some girls have finished growing at eighteen years of age. The hair might be drawn across the upper part of them, which would keep them in place and conceal them. As we do not know what your proportions are, we cannot tell you whether they would be likely to break a pony's back, or whether your fairy form would suit a small, better than a large horse.

QUEENIE.—It was a sad mistake ever to have given such a free rein to your inclination to say whatever you pleased. Whether people "listen at doors" or no, never talk about anyone else, excepting to speak kindly or to act as a peacemaker. No words can possibly "fly out before you know it." Your will must act on your (otherwise) dumb lips. It is a common excuse for highly unseemly and uncalled-for remarks, to call the feeling that dictates them, "straightforwardness." Omit the first half of the compound word, and you will generally give a more correct definition of it. To live with your stepmother on good terms should be one of your chief aims in life. But, having begun so ill, the task will now be somewhat more difficult than it needed to have been.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 82.] JULY 23, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XII.

"FALSER THAN ALL SONGS HAVE SUNG."

DAISY set to work upon the sunflowers with hearty zeal, and the work drew Rhoda and her cousin an inch or two nearer together.

They had one taste in common—the love of art needlework; and Rhoda soon saw that Daisy's skill excelled hers, and could not help feeling that her aid was really valuable. While she was moving about the house, inspecting guest-chambers and giving directions, it was pleasant to know that her beloved sunflowers were growing into beauty under an artistic hand.

Three guests arrived on Christmas Eve. Two were elderly ladies—old family friends—and the third was a venerable physician who had been intimate with Dr. Garnett in the very outset of his career. Christmas Day dawned clear and sunshiny; the party were assembled at the breakfast-table, and plenty of cheerful chat was going on while Rhoda filled the cups. Maud's seat alone was vacant.

"Does not Maud breakfast with us on Christmas morning?" demanded Dr. Garnett, at last.

"Yes, papa; she will come down presently," replied Rhoda, with an uneasy glance at Miss Daughton. It was not often that Maud thus braved her father's displeasure when there were guests in the house; and Rhoda dreaded a scene.

"She was unusually tired last night," said Miss Daughton, in a pleasant tone of apology. "The charade costumes quite absorbed her; there was so much to be done

[*All rights reserved.*]



"HER BELOVED SUNFLOWERS WERE GROWING INTO BEAUTY."

at the last. If you will excuse me, Rhoda, I will go up to her room?"

"I shall be glad if you will go," Rhoda answered. "I think she cannot be well."

Miss Daughton rose, and went her way upstairs. The door of Maud's chamber was closed, and the governess knocked sharply. A kind of howl was the only reply.

"Maud, what is the matter?" cried the governess.

There was another howl; and then, finding the door unlocked, Miss Daughton entered without ceremony.

Although the room was well furnished with chairs, Maud was seated in the middle of the floor. She was in her dressing-gown, her hair was down, hanging loose over her shoulders, and her face was inflamed with passion.

"What *is* the matter?" Miss Daughton repeated.

"She is a traitress; a nasty, sly, deceitful little sneak of a traitress!" screamed Maud, picking up a letter, and flinging it at the governess. "Read that!"

But Miss Daughton did not immediately read the letter. She spent a few minutes in soothing her pupil, and entreating her to be calm and reasonable. And then she drew such a terrible picture of Dr. Garnett's anger that Maud was really frightened, and began to try to compose herself.

Rhoda, from the head of the table, directed an inquiring look at the governess as she resumed her seat.

"Dear Maud is rather feverish this morning," said Miss Daughton. "She has a violent headache. I have advised her to be as still as possible for an hour or two."

"Is she subject to headaches?" asked Mrs. Jackson, one of the guests.

"No," said Rhoda; "she generally has good health. But she has been tired and over-excited. A young friend of hers, who came to spend Christmas here, was very suddenly summoned away; and Maud took her departure to heart.

"A sudden leave-taking always unsettles everybody," remarked Mrs. Allen, the other lady-guest. And then she went on to tell the story of a telegram which had gone to the wrong house, and caused no end of consternation and confusion.

When breakfast was over, Miss Daughton and Rhoda contrived to snatch a few minutes alone together. The governess drew the letter from her pocket, and began to read its contents aloud.

"I don't understand it," said Rhoda, glancing at the opening words. "Why does Gertrude begin 'my dearest Ada,' when she is writing to Maud?"

"For once in her life Miss Sandon has made a blunder," replied Miss Daughton, laughing. "It is all clear enough to me. This letter is written to Ada Rayford, and Gertrude has enclosed it in the envelope addressed to Maud."

"Read on," said Rhoda, half amused and half angry.

"My dearest Ada" (the letter ran):

"Here I am in my uncle's dreary old house again; but, dismal as it is, it seems a paradise after the place I have just left. I was invited, as you know, to spend Christmas with the Garnetts in Portland Place; but I found them altogether quite too intolerable, and invented an arbitrary summons to the Limes.

"Have you ever known the misery of possessing a devoted friend who will never let you alone? Do you know what it is to be haunted by a creature who stifles you with unwelcome caresses, and never permits you to enjoy a moment's solitude? If you have ever suffered from this diseased form of friendship you will realise all that I endured from Maud Garnett, the big, dark, handsome girl you saw at Southsea.

"Maud has a certain kind of beauty which might be made very effective if she dressed and moved well. But she always looks as if she had been at sea in a stiff gale, and had just emerged from her cabin. She cannot sit down in a satin gown without covering it with little creases that never come out; and if she wears velvet it invariably gets the pile rubbed off. It was positively a trial to look at her.

"Her temper is so violent that everybody in the house submits to her for the sake of peace. There is something savage even in her affection; her embraces nearly crushed a poor little butterfly like myself—and I shall never forget the relief I experienced when I was released from her last tremendous hug, and turned my back upon the house. You will think me terribly severe, dear Ada; but, seriously, I have tried to find one redeeming point in Maud Garnett's character, and have failed. She made me so exceedingly nervous and uncomfortable that perhaps I can hardly be just; yet I don't think I have given you an incorrect sketch of her.

"I will not bore you by describing the other members of the family. The great Doctor is far too great to make himself agreeable in his home; and as for Rhoda and the governess, they seem to live in constant terror of Maud. There is a pretty little orphan cousin in the house who is generally snubbed; but in my opinion she is decidedly the best of the Garnetts.

"I shall come to you (oh, so gladly!) when Christmas is over. I suppose Brighton is full of fashion and beauty; and I fear I shall be quite too dowdy among all the brilliant belles. But the pleasure of your companionship will make me forget anything that is unpleasant; and I shall try to show that I am really grateful for all your love to poor little me.

"*Au revoir*, dearest! With kisses for yourself, and kindest regards to your dear people,

"Believe me,
"Ever thine,
"GERTRUDE."

"Maud has never had such a blow in her life," said Rhoda, unable to refrain from laughter. "So this is her dear Gerty, the bosom friend of whose love she felt so perfectly sure! I wonder whether she will ever try friendship again!"

"I found her sitting on the floor, indulging in violent invectives against the darling Gertrude," said Miss Daughton, in great amusement. "Certainly, Miss Sandon is a false little thing, but——"

"Maud has only got her deserts," remarked Rhoda, moving away.

And perhaps Rhoda Garnett may be pardoned if she triumphed a little in this revelation of Gertrude's true feelings towards Maud. Had not Maud taunted her sister with her friendlessness? "Better no friend at all than a false friend," said Rhoda to herself.

There was only one person who sympathised with Maud in her distress, and forebore to laugh at it; and that was Daisy.

There are souls so sensitive they sympathise with every form of wounded affection, even if the affection be that of a coarse and selfish nature. They know that love is love, let its outward garb be ever so unlovely.

Daisy had essentially a sympathetic spirit—the spirit of the truest and highest type of womanhood. And as the hours passed on, and she thought of Maud sitting alone with her misery upstairs, she longed intensely to go and give her comfort.

Miss Daughton had told Daisy the whole story of the misdirected letter—told it with unequivocal signs of mirth and satisfaction.

"I never saw so good a comedy in all my days," she said, laughing. But to Daisy there were tragic elements in the comedy, and she could not laugh with the governess.

Just as the gong had sounded for luncheon, Daisy encountered Dr. Garnett in the hall. He had returned from his rounds, and was taking off his great-coat as she passed him.

"What is the matter with Maud?" he asked. "Is she really sick? Or is it temper?"

"She has had a letter from Gertrude Sandon which has made her very unhappy," Daisy replied.

"Bosh!" he said, irritably. "I will not have her indulged in this absurd way. She shall come down stairs and sit at the table. Go and call her, Daisy; or send a servant."

"I will call her, myself, Uncle Philip, if you desire it," said Daisy.

"I do desire it. Why do you look so serious?" he demanded, with his satirical smile. "Surely you don't consider Maud's case calls for sympathy?"

"I sympathise with everything that suffers," answered Daisy, as she moved away.

She met Rhoda on the stairs, and told her of the Doctor's command.

"Papa is quite right," Rhoda said, firmly. "It is really ridiculous in Maud to sit up there and bewail herself. I am tired of making excuses to Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Jackson; they don't believe that she is ill in the least."

"She is ill in mind, Rhoda," returned Daisy, gravely. "I am sure her love for Gertrude was a very real thing, and this shock is terrible."

Rhoda looked at her cousin in astonishment. There were tears in Daisy's eyes; she was actually weeping for the girl who had insulted her and tried to make her life unbearable. And as Rhoda

stood on the stairs and confronted Daisy's grieved face, she began to realise the existence of a spirit higher and purer than her own.

Perhaps it was just because she *could* weep for one who had injured her that Daisy was a happy girl. It was this power of forgetting herself and her own wrongs, and feeling with another, that almost startled Rhoda, so strange did it seem. It was the first revelation that she had ever received of the Spirit of Christ, and she stood amazed and almost awed by the sweetness of it.

"Do you really think we ought to let Maud alone?" she asked, suddenly.

"Just for the present it would be best," Daisy replied.

"Then I will tell my father that she is not well enough to come down," said Rhoda, moving towards the dining-room. "I hardly think he will insist upon her appearance."

Doctor Garnett did not insist, and Maud was permitted to remain in her self-chosen solitude.

She scarcely touched the luncheon that Jane brought her from the table downstairs; heart-sickness, a kind of ailment that was new to this girl, had deprived her of appetite, and the servant carried the dishes away again in some surprise.

"Miss Maud must be really ill," she thought. "This time it is something more than bad temper."

Yes, it was something more than temper; it was the deep sorrow of a sorely-wounded spirit.

After the first reading of Gertrude's letter, Maud had, indeed, burst out into a storm of passion; but her fury soon spent itself, and died away, leaving a dull, deep pain behind. She had called Gertrude hard names, but the outbreak had not relieved her in the least. And as she sat alone in her room, she felt that she would have given almost anything in the world to have been able to believe in her friend again.

She rose and opened her door a little way. There was no one moving about upstairs, and she stole into the corridor and went straight to the room that Gertrude had occupied.

There were many spare chambers in the Doctor's great house, and Miss Sandon's room was left empty. Gertrude and her personal belongings were gone; yet there were many things here that seemed to speak of her still.

There were the mirrors that had reflected her bright face and fairy figure; there was the easy chair in which she had sat while she talked by the fire with Maud. All the little winning ways and sparkling looks of her lost friend came back to Maud as she stood in that vacant room; and she lifted up her voice and wept.

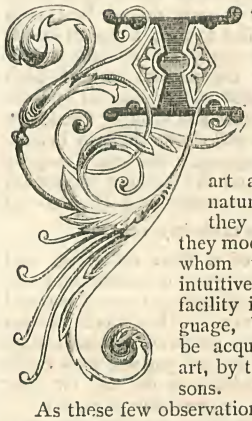
She was still very young, and this feeling for Gertrude had been the most real and intense that her life had ever known. Such treasures as her nature could give she had lavished unreservedly on Gerty, believing that her affection was duly valued and returned. And now to find that her idol loathed its worshipper, and despised her offerings!

She was too miserable to care that her mortification was known to Miss Daughton and Rhoda. Gertrude's falseness was the only thought that filled her mind; never, never again should she spend happy hours by her friend's side, and listen to the silvery voice that had charmed her ears. It was all over; this first friendship of hers must be buried; but it never could be quite forgotten. A grave that is made early in life is often revisited in later years, even when the sense of loss is gone.

(*To be continued.*)



THE ART OF CONVERSING AGREEABLY.



It is somewhat difficult to restrict conversation within the limits of any particular rules. To many they would be quite superfluous, for the art above named is a natural gift to them, and they adapt the subjects they moot to the individuals whom they address with intuitive tact and a happy facility in the use of language, but which has to be acquired, as any other art, by the majority of persons.

As these few observations are designed for the benefit of the latter very suffering class, I must direct attention to the close connection existing between conversing and letter-writing. There must needs be the same reflection exercised as to the individuals to whom, whether by word or pen, your communications are made. The age and circumstances in life, profession or other calling, sex, religious and political opinions, health and spirits, and losses by death or of fortune, all demand to be taken into account. Tact, as I have before observed in reference to good breeding, must be cultivated, regulating the choice of topics in your conversation according to the society in which you are placed. In fact, the whole question of making your presence a comfort and pleasure to those with whom you associate, whether at home or in general society, resolves itself into the selection or avoidance of certain subjects in your converse with them. To those who take a religious view of the matter, the words of St. James must be very apposite and familiar, when the power of the tongue is compared to that of fire, which consumes almost all things exposed to its influence.

Let it ever be a standing rule to avoid raising subjects of probable, or even possible, disagreement, and reflect before you speak, when there are any points of dispute amongst your hearers, to which some leading remark of yours might prove like a spark to gunpowder. Thoughtlessness might cause you to be regarded on both sides as a dangerous person, from your apparent lack of common sense, if not actually from being an intentional firebrand.

Divergent views on religious and political questions are, unhappily, a very fruitful source of much estrangement between those who are bound together by very near ties of kindred, and other mutual interests. In such cases remember that "Silence is gold," as compared with the most interesting observations that might be at all likely to start an ill-advised and *irritating argument*.

Keep your presence of mind, especially when in the company of any who are wearing mourning; avoid also allusions to accidents when, on collecting your thoughts a little, you might know that a friend of theirs was at sea, or engaged on active service abroad.

Take fully into consideration, as I said, the state of health of the individuals with whom you may converse, and beware of relating circumstances in the experience of others similarly afflicted that would tend to depress and alarm them; nor relate any news, such as of deaths resulting from the same indisposition.

As a young person, you should be very modest in the matter of leading a conversation, of raising your voice above that of anyone else, or of monopolising the attention of the chief speaker, and attracting the conversation more especially to yourself.

Refrain also from any tendency to dogmatising when expressing an opinion, remembering your comparatively small experience and limited information, and that you are not a Newton, likely to astonish the world by a high order of intellectual power and intuitive perceptions above those of the present company.

Try to forget yourself and those who may be looking at you, and what may be thought of your style of address and language; and, above all things, never interrupt anyone else. Wait scrupulously until they have finished speaking before you utter a remark. Good breeding alone demands of you that you should treat the observations of others, however trifling in character and feebly expressed, as though they were of superior importance to any remark of your own. As a rule, good listeners, who make but few observations, are far more agreeable in society than persons who possess what, in somewhat inelegant parlance, is described as the "gift of the gab," delighting in hearing their own voices and "talking down" everyone else. No matter how entertaining some of their conversation may be, they are felt by their hearers, whose mouths they have closed, as intrusive, vain, and ill-bred.

One more point deserves some passing notice. Unconsciously to yourself, the personal peculiarities, and infirmities of those in your society impress themselves on your imagination; and it needs the greatest self-possession to check yourself in time, before committing a sad act of indiscretion in reference to them. Thus, beware of speaking of a squint, deformity, lameness, baldness, stammering, corpulence, or the reverse; of false teeth, wigs, dyed hair; girls "like lamp-posts," or May-poles; dwarfs, or "crumpies;" and very especially about people being "on the shady side" of middle age, or "old maids." You may say much safely, without wounding the feelings of anyone at home, in the sacred privacy of the family circle, or in a *tête-à-tête* with an intimate friend; but you must set a careful watch on your words when you associate with others, and scrupulously guard against hurting their feelings. A thousand kind speeches would never take the sting from a wound inflicted by one thoughtless word of a personal character. Such observations are never forgotten.

Do not mistake me. I have not unconditionally excluded all these topics of conversation—such as religion, politics, war, perils, accidents, or personal remarks, even when in general society; but I do say, "keep your wits about you," and do not introduce them in a heedless way, irrespective of the circumstances, appearance, and opinions of those around.

"There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak," is a saying of Divine wisdom.

We will suppose that some friends are come to spend an evening with you, and your mother, not being very strong, depends much on your exertions to entertain her guests. You neither sing nor play, and, your friends not being very young, you have not any resource, such as that of introducing juvenile games and "small fun." Worst of all, you have never studied the art of conversing agreeably; and thus, when you have exhausted the subject of family news and polite inquiries for others, you are reduced to great straits, and make the most of inviting your friends to partake of this and that at table; and subsequently of showing them photographs, or making yourself a nuisance in urging them to sing or play in your stead. Better never to invite your friends at all than to inflict such a trying entertainment upon them.

To spare both them and yourself, collect together some little scraps of news which might prove of interest: new improvements, discoveries, inventions. So far as possible, keep the conversation from mere "tittle tattle" about your neighbours. One of your guests may be an artist, another very musical, a third a great reader. A naval or military man may be present, the rector of the parish, or the minister of the chapel which you attend. If a poor specimen of a "conversationalist" yourself, the next best thing is to act as a kind of prompter, and start a succession of subjects which will give your guests the opportunity for conversing amongst themselves. For instance, you ask the artist which pictures in the —— Exhibition struck him as the most remarkable; and this may open a considerable field for interchange of opinion. When a little pause gives space for another remark on your part, you might observe that you "understood So-and-so's picture, entitled ——, had sold for ——, and you considered the price was ——," which will elicit other opinions; and you may thus take advantage of your friends' brains, and, it may be, superior education, on a great variety of subjects. Under any circumstances, do not hurry them from one subject to another, which is fatiguing, as well as unsatisfactory. Allow time for a brief pause when the last subject has been exhausted; and then address the musician, offering an opinion on the last new piece of music you had heard, or on a concert, or the singing in church—no matter what, provided it be *àpropos* of the art, or other pursuit in which he or she may take an especial interest. In so doing you have again started a theme which will find more or less of response, and die out after a time. To the clergyman you might name an interview with a fellow-parishioner—either an invalid or a poor person—or make a remark connected with the school, or a charitable guild, &c. He is trained to speak freely, and he will aid you by giving you questions to answer, thus supplying information to those who care for it, and "keeping the ball going" without much aid from you, when once, as the acting hostess, you have judiciously supplied a theme. Should there be an old naval or military man present, you might make a remark to him relative to the current news of the day in connection with either service; and supplement your first observation by a second of inquiry as to whether he were ever serving in the countries named, what he thought of the locality, climate, people, living, &c. If an elderly or old person, he will enjoy relating his early experiences; and to prove a good listener will be nearly all required of you, after having turned the course of general conversation into an agreeable channel. As a rule, all old people—women as well as men—enjoy being asked to relate the incidents and describe the impressions of their long-past lives.

Doubtless, some one in the party has been away, or ill; or is expecting a relative home, or is anxious about the health or to receive news of a friend. In such a case, and especially if any sympathy be needed, go over and place a chair by her side, and turn completely towards her, and say you have come to have a little special chat with her. Then ask all about herself, and listen attentively to what she will tell you, abstracting your thoughts from all other conversation for a time. Of course, questions of a prying, inquisitive character, respecting matters not usually made public, are not the style of questions to which I now refer; those on your neighbours' pecuniary circumstances, and any scandal connected with their friends, being especially unseemly and intrusive. Writing for young people, I may perhaps be excused for giving advice on what appears so very obvious, including my earnest charges to make use of no description of "slang," whether of the fledgling, ostler, or æsthetic type.

But perhaps some reader may complain that I have done no more than recommend the asking of leading questions, and suggested certain subjects for promoting the conversation of others more qualified to speak than yourself. True, but I can only do my best with the materials supplied to me; I cannot create better ones. You apply for my aid simply because you lack the natural gift of both originality of thought and fluency of speech. I cannot give you new and striking ideas, nor the eloquence that will clothe them in beautiful and poetical language; nor can I supply you with that wit and dry humour wherewith "poor Yorick" was wont—said Hamlet—to

"Set the table in a roar."

But by means of a little reflection, and judiciously adapting your questions and observations to suit each guest at your feast, and never allowing your eyes or thoughts to wander when the replies are given, or at times when you are yourself addressed, you will have made up, to a very considerable degree, for your natural deficiency in conversational powers.

But the art under our consideration may certainly be cultivated, and by degrees the shy and the least bright amongst "our girls" may acquire a certain amount of facility in expressing themselves. Some years ago a very sensible article appeared in one of the leading daily papers on the subject of training boys and girls, at an early age, to relate stories and incidents which have come under their notice. It struck me at the time as a piece of most valuable advice, tending greatly to further the future interests of those who have thus early learned to arrange their thoughts, and express them in suitable words.

Classes should be formed in every school for the purpose, and parents should include this training as an item in the catalogue of their children's home-studies. It needs not to be a dull lesson; far from it. If no little incident should have occurred which the children could be made to relate, give them a short story to read; and, when well acquainted with the main facts, place the young scholars in a row before you, and bid them each, in their turn, to give you the story in their own words. The lesson might even be converted into an amusing game by their paying a forfeit for every superfluous word with which stories are often interlarded by way of gaining time for thought. All children enjoy the game of "forfeits," and it might easily be adapted to the purpose under consideration.

As in a case of stammering, so also, and equally, in one of ordinary inability to make a relation agreeably, two or three rules must have due attention. Speak slowly; a hurried articulation makes your hearers sympathetically nervous. Do not hiss your words between your teeth, nor look away from the persons whom you address, but turn quietly from one to another. Never begin to relate a history without first collecting your thoughts, and centreing them on the main point of the story, from which they must never be allowed to wander—as in a portrait, there must be a centre of interest, to which all other objects must be subservient. The red military coat, or the various accessories surrounding the chief subject of the picture, must be toned down, and such a prominence should be given to the face, and such a light thrown upon it, as to attract the eye from all else at the first glance, and cause it to form the principal feature in the whole design, however beautifully the rest be executed. Exactly so separate items must be noted in every story; but the main fact to be recorded in each should always be given an especial prominence. Think of this chief point of interest, not of the mere words in which you narrate the history.

My second rule is that you should make your sentences short. Persons who lack eloquence must not venture to employ many words. My third rule is to avoid any "stop-gap" words and phrases, which are only used to give more time for recalling the events when your thoughts have wandered from your subject.

To elucidate what I mean, I will give a specimen of very ordinary story telling.

"Do you know what happened when I was at—at—uh—at, what's the name of the place? Uh—at Wimborne; staying at the—you know—that hotel up on the downs—or rather, I should say, at the turn of the road, on the top of the hill. Well—uh—but I ought to have said that, when we started, I was told that the horse was disposed to shy, and the carriage was a light one. It was a phaeton, or, I should say, a victoria. Well—uh—I forget where I was? Oh—ah—yes. We were trotting down the hill, you know, when—uh—we saw a white post, or something white, at the side of the road; and—uh—and, you see, the horse—the horse backed. So when the servant whipped him, he made a plunge or two and upset the carriage. Not at first, you know, but dashed us against a heap of stones; and—and—uh—of course I was thrown out."

Imagine how such a story-teller would exhaust the patience of the listeners! Yet eloquence would be thrown away on so simple a narrative. Ask yourself what the main point of that story must be. In this case the upset of the speaker. Relate the circumstances in very short sentences, and in plain, simple language. Thus:—

"During my stay at Wimborne I was thrown out of a carriage" (this is the main point of the story). "The horse shied at a white post at the side of the road, and dashed us against a heap of stones." *Voilà!* Persons who lack a ready flow of good language should try to abridge their sentences as much as possible, be careful to make no mistakes in grammar, and avoid having to retrace their steps in the narrative on account of circumstances which should have been previously named, as they usually forget then where they were in the sequence of the events described, and lose the thread of the story.

S. F. A. Caulfeild.





RAINBOWS.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Long, long ago, before the red men had been driven so far westward by their white invaders, on what is now the American side of the rapid Niagara River, close up to the great Falls, lay an Indian encampment. One might have almost called it a village, but for the tent-like look of the leathern lodges; it was a village of tents, and the principal home of the now nearly extinct tribe of the Tuscaroras. They had established themselves within full view of the great waterfall, of which, with another tribe on the opposite banks, they disputed the possession.

The Indians in camp were not numerous, being chiefly old men and women, the principal braves and young men having gone on a hunting expedition.

The little brown children rolled and tumbled about with their playfellows, some half-starved, wild-looking dogs and bear cubs. The elder boys amused themselves trying their skill in shooting at a mark with miniature bows and arrows, which their grandfathers made for them and taught them to use.

Watching all these things lay an old bear, the mother of the cubs, licking her paws, and thinking how much better off she had been since the day when she had fallen into a pit made by the Indians, and so was caught and brought to their camp, where, though far from tame, she had become somewhat domesticated. It is true that at times she got more than usually restless, and would wander away, but never too far to return easily for the food she was sure to find in the camp; and so, by degrees, she became accustomed to her new life, which for some things she preferred.

Her meditations were, however, rudely disturbed by her cubs suddenly scrambling on her, in the hopes of coaxing her to romp with them. They had tired out their canine playmates, and now came to amuse themselves with her. Not feeling at all disposed to be troubled with them, she gave the nearest one a pat with her paw which sent him tumbling against his brothers, whose equilibrium was completely upset, and, like so many brown woollen balls, they rolled about. She then got up and slowly shuffled away to the edge of the great waterfall, whither they were too subdued to follow her.

Here she found a friend—a large old dog, basking in the sun. He belonged to the chief of the Tuscaroras, and was very devoted to his two children, a boy and a girl, who were playing near, and from whom he was always inseparable.

"Isn't this a fine morning, Mokwa?" he said, looking towards the Falls, which were unusually active, owing to the previous great rains, that had swelled their torrents, and so also increased the wide mist column, which ascends everlastingly from the battle of waters below.

"Beautiful!" answered Mokwa, "and I never saw the rainbow so marvellously brilliant, and large; why it seems almost to reach from bank to bank; what a pity that we can't go over on it to the other side; there is some nice hunting there I hear. But what makes the rainbow? I sometimes see two, and last night I came here in the moonlight, and there it was still, but bluer, and not standing quite as this does."

"Would you really like to know?" queried the dog.

"Certainly!" she answered, "for my cubs are often asking questions about it, and, between you and me, I don't like to appear ignorant in their eyes. But you know everything. Do tell me!"

Mokwa lay down, and with a snap at a fly the old dog said—

"As you seem really to wish to know, I shall have much pleasure in telling you. Look at the sun if you can; you will see his great beams spreading over us all, and sometimes forcing their way through the clouds. Each of these beams is made of many rays, and each ray can be broken up into beautiful colours."

"Broken up!" growled Mrs. Mokwa, who had at times a little backwoods roughness about her manner; "what nonsense you talk!"

"Not at all, I assure you," continued the dog. "Do you know that three-sided piece of glass or crystal that Soange-ta-ha" (stronghearted) "our chief, my master, wears on his necklace?"

"Yes!" answered Mokwa.

"Well, that was given him by a paleface, who came here as a trader, three months ago, and he told him it was called a prism, and that it could catch any light, and divide it into the colours of the rainbow, red, blue, and yellow, which, in mixing together, make in all seven colours as you see them there, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red, and violet. Now you see that great cloud of spray that rises up always from the falls; it fills the air with water drops which fall down again in rain, just like what the clouds are made of; and when the sunlight faces these drops, either in mist like this, or a dark cloud in the sky, each drop becomes a natural prism, and the rays are divided into the different colours we see in the rainbow."

"You are very wise, my friend," said the bear; "but tell me how is it there are two rainbows, another one outside the bright one, and pale, like a Jiebi" (ghost) "of the other, but with its colours all upside down?"

"I thought you would wonder at that," returned her companion; "it is because the clouds of drops hang so very irregularly



that the direction of the rays is often altered, so that some shine on the upper and some on the under side of each drop, this makes the two rainbows, and as the rays strike the drops of each rainbow at opposite sides (one at the top, and the other at the bottom) the colours are reversed. The reason also that you see the blue brightest is because it is a colour that reflects more easily back to your eye than the red, which, as if heaviest, remains at the bottom of the bright rainbow whilst the blue stays at the top."

"I quite understand you," interrupted Mokwa; "but still you do not tell me why the upper rainbow is so pale."

"I am coming to that," quietly answered the old dog, scratching his ear; "but as it is rather more difficult to understand, you must pay great attention. Sometimes the ray of sunlight or moonlight (for the moon also makes rainbows) as it strikes the drop is not reflected straight back to your eyes, but is bent round, and then reflected back to you. This is called refraction; so it happens that a ray is both reflected and refracted in the same drop. Can you follow me?"

"So far, certainly," grunted Mokwa.

"Well then," pursued the dog, "in the first, or brightest rainbow, the ray enters each drop on its upper side, and is then bent once, down to the bottom of the drop, whence it strikes out to your eye; but in the second, or pale rainbow, the ray enters each drop at the bottom, and is bent twice, and reflected twice upwards round the drop till it strikes out to your eye from the top of the drop; all this double bending, or refraction, and reflection dims the colours, and causes the second rainbow to be paler. I forgot also to say that the blue and red are thus reversed in position, the blue being at the bottom and the red at the top. I hope I have made it clear to you!" and the old dog looked inquiringly at his friend, who was now sitting up, swaying herself from side to side with a bear's usual restlessness.

"Perfectly!" answered she. "And I thank you greatly."

Just then the chief's two children ran to the edge of the bank. "Oweenee! Oweenee! Come here!" called the boy to his sister. "There is such a flower-heaven over the great waters to-day!" and he pointed to the rainbows.

"Oh, Naqua, how beautiful! How happy the flowers that die must be to live up there, and Nosa" (my father) "says that when the flower-heaven arches over the land, the Manitto" (God) "lets the dewdrops that fall from it help to colour the little buds of all the flowers that are growing on the ground!"

"How kind of Him!" said Naqua, thoughtfully. Then they turned and walked home to the camp, followed by the dog and the bear.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

A RETURNED sailor once entertained his mother with his adventures at her special desire. "Mother," he said, "I have been to the West Indies, and there I saw sugar mountains and rivers of rum."

"Ay, Jack," that's the place that we get a' our sugar and rum frae; I ken that weel enough."

"Well, mother," he said, "we came round by the Red Sea, and one morning when we pulled up the anchor we found a wheel stuck fast on it."

"Ay," said the mother, "I have heard a' about Pharaoh and his host, and nae dout it was a wheel aff a chariot."

"Well, mother," said the sailor, "I have seen fish flying in th' air like birds."

"Jack," said she, "haud yer whisht, and dinna tell lees to your auld mither."

THE SUNBEAM OF THE FACTORY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER IV.

GOD IS LOVE.

WORK that week was slack. More than once Katie found her way to the old home in Mile-end, and did good service to her stepmother. Mrs. Morton grew no better, and complained loudly, and justly too, of the bad behaviour and untidy habits of her servant-girl. An unwelcome thought more than once sprang up in Katie's mind. Ought I to give up my little room and go and stay with her? She tried to banish the idea; she would have no time to herself, and if she chose to stay up late, and read her Bible, would be subject to the jeering remarks of her stepmother. But the thought grew stronger and stronger, and it was with an uncomfortable sense of duty unperformed that Katie went to the night-school the following Friday evening.

At the door she was met by Bridget. "A pretty dance you've led me! Here have I been up to your room, and couldn't find you, and nearly smashed my head coming down that dark staircase; it's as black as any coal-hole that ever I saw. Look here, Kitty, all I've got to say is this: Don't go and make an idiot of yourself. Anyone with half an eye can see you're turning religious. Now, if you do, the girls will lead you such a life that I warrant you you'll never be able to stand it. Don't you remember Alice Hurley? She tried it for a time, and then had to give up. They laughed her out of it, and they'll do the same to you."

"And do you remember," quietly responded Katie, "what happened to Alice afterwards? She caught the fever and died in the hospital. I found out her grave the last time I went to look at my father's."

Bridget shrugged her shoulders. Perhaps she felt more than she cared to show as she answered with a careless laugh: "Well, I've warned you; if you do get roasted, it won't be my fault, but don't expect me to help you, that's all."

The evening passed as before, but to Katie, who was eager for Miss Johnson to speak, the time seemed long before the books were closed and the address began.

"This will be my last evening to speak to you for some time to come," said Miss Johnson, when, at length, she stood beside the little desk at the far end of the room, "and my subject is the love of God. I want each girl to go away to-night with this feeling in her heart: 'God loves me! In spite of all my sinfulness and wrong-doing, God loves me, and I must love Him in return.'

"Once, in the lifetime of Jesus, a large crowd had gathered round Him. It was composed of many classes—for He was an equal attraction to them all. There were the rich and the noble, the upright, moral Pharisees, and the learned scribes; and there, *too*, were poor outcast sinners—men and women who were thought too bad for respectable society. And the Lord Jesus received them all; He made no difference between them, unless it were to give a more tender welcome to those who could get a good word from no one else. Then arose a murmuring among the men who prided themselves on their own goodness and respectability. 'This man receiveth sinners,' they said, in their contempt, 'and eateth with them.' Their own doors were shut against the outcast and the vile, but Jesus, the pure and the sinless, was found sitting at the same table, not, indeed, because He loved the sin and the wrong-doing, but because He loved the men and the women themselves. Jesus heard them murmuring that day, and commenced to speak. It was as though He had said, 'It is quite true what you say; I do receive sinners. And now I will show you with what joy and gladness I welcome them to me.' He told them of a father who had two sons. The younger was a wild sort of lad. Very little love had he for his parent; he only cared for what he could get out of him. One day he went to his father. 'Father,' said he, 'give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' He wanted *them*, not his father's presence, not his father's love. His request was granted; the son was made rich with the possessions that fell to his share as the younger brother. Not many days after—he did not wait long—he left his home, and journeyed into a far country. He wanted to spend his money just as he liked, and where he couldn't hear his father's sorrowful rebukes. False friends gathered round him; and, with these boon companions to help, it was not long before he had wasted away the whole of his property and was reduced to poverty. To whom, then, could he turn? Together with his money, his friends had melted away. The once rich young man was at last glad to hire himself out for work, and he was sent into the fields to feed the swine. Now, at length, he had plenty of time for thinking. Homeless and hungry, the happy, comfortable home he had left often came to mind. What a mistake he had made! Even the servants that used to wait on him were better off than he. They had bread enough and to spare, whilst he was perishing with hunger. At last he made up his mind to return. 'I will arise and go to my father,' said he, 'and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy

to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.' But on that journey home, what hopes and fears must have been his! What would his father say to him? Would he turn him from the door, and tell him it was all his own fault? He had chosen to go away, and this was his just punishment. Oh! if only he would let him take a servant's place and give him wages, he would be well content.

"After days of weary walking, he reached his home. 'And while he was yet a great way off his father saw him.' In all his rags and misery, he recognised his son. Did he shut his heart against him, or did he wait until, more respectably clothed, he should be fit for his presence? Nay! he had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. 'And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'

"Such was the welcome given to that prodigal but repentant son, and such is the welcome God bestows on each of His wandering children when they return to Him. He is the great Father of us all, but we have not loved Him; we have taken His gifts—health, strength, the comforts and blessings of this life—with never a thought of the Giver; and we have spent them all in the 'far country,' just as we liked, and in total neglect of God. Ah! it's a good thing sometimes when one by one He takes these good things away, if by no other road will we return to Him. But, dear girls, will not the thought of His great love move you to-night? Think how wonderful it is that you and I should be cared for by the King of kings and Lord of lords! Thousands of angels serve Him, yet amidst them all the youngest child here has a separate, individual place in the heart of God. Once Jesus, when He was on earth, pointed to the little brown sparrows that were flying across the sky above. 'Are not five sold for two farthings?' He asked; so small and worthless, they would not sell for more. 'Yet,' said He, 'not one of them can fall to the ground' unless it be the will of God. He cares for them, He looks after their needs; much more will He care for you. 'Fear not ye; ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

"I know there are some here who have sinned wilfully over and over again. Do not stay away from God on that account. You have not sunk deeper than that prodigal son who yet was so gladly welcomed back by his father. Twice over did Jesus say that 'there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.' He wanted us to make so sure of that wonderful truth. There will be joy in Heaven to-night if only one of you dear girls will come back to God, confess her sins, and seek His willing forgiveness.

"Think of the dying robber, one of the two thieves who were crucified the same time as the Lord Jesus Christ. Both men had greatly sinned, so much so that one of them openly said that their lingering and painful death was but the just punishment for their many crimes. Yet when even he turned to Jesus, and with faltering tongue breathed out the prayer: 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom,' what was the answer he received? 'Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' And when later in the day he died the Lord received him into His heavenly land, to go no more out for ever. And if the gates of Paradise were not shut against him, neither shall they be closed against you. Only in the same trustful way you must come to Him who died for the ungodly—who died for you."

Tears came into Katie's eyes as Miss Johnson proceeded, and after a while she took no pains to hide them. Bridget felt alarmed; of all things in the world she dreaded the ridicule of other girls. "Shall I fetch your honour a basin and towels?" she whispered, in the hope of making her laugh. However, Katie was too much taken up with the subject to heed her, but afterwards, as they rose from their knees at the close of the prayer, she turned round with a beaming smile: "Isn't it just wonderful?" she said; "I can say 'Our Father' now."

Her face was the very picture of happiness; even Bridget found herself for once without a word to say, and turned round to find her hat and jacket with a most unusual quickness.

Katie lingered behind the other girls to speak to Miss Johnson. "Thank you," she said, forgetting her shyness, and in her eagerness grasping both the teacher's hands; "you don't know what you've done for me to-night. I've been such a careless, sinful girl. I never dreamed that God loved me. I thought He must be very angry, and that made me afraid, but now you tell me He is my father, loving me all through, and wanting me just to love him in return. Oh, it is so good!"

Miss Johnson's eyes glistened. "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee," she repeated. "You see, Katie, you did not know Him, and so you felt afraid. Shall we kneel down together and give Him thanks?" she added, after a moment's pause.

Side by side they knelt, the teacher and the girl, and glad thanksgivings went up from Miss Johnson's heart and lips as she remembered the time when first sorrow drove her to find a refuge and a home in the love and tenderness of her Heavenly Father. Earnest petitions, too, she offered that the young girl beside her might become a faithful, true-hearted servant of the Lord Jesus; that her love to Him might never grow cold, but day by day burn with brighter, steadier flame; and that she might grow into the likeness of her Lord and Saviour.

"Will you walk with me a part of the way home?" asked Miss Johnson, afterwards; "then we can have a little longer talk."

Katie was only too glad. "I feel to-night," she said, with a happy little laugh, "just as once I did when father was alive and I'd been a naughty child. He wouldn't give me something I wanted before he went away in the morning and he left me kicking and screaming on the floor. Afterwards I was so ashamed of it all, and, when I heard him come home in the evening, went and hid myself away in the cellar among the coals; and he found me there, and when I tried to tell him how sorry I felt, he just took me right up in his arms and kissed me, and never said a word more about it."

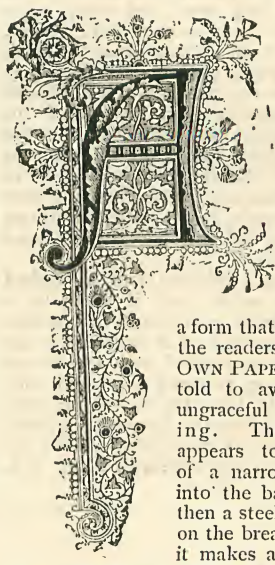
Miss Johnson gave loving counsel to the girl as they walked along. "Live near to God, Katie," she said. "Tell Him everything that concerns you; remember He is always close at hand and He is interested in all that interests you. Ask His help in your daily work, you cannot please Him more than by giving Him your full confidence and trust. I want you to go through each day with a happy sense of His presence and sympathy. He is glad in all your gladness, whilst on the other hand you cannot feel a sorrow but He feels it too. Let 'Looking unto Jesus,' be your life-motto," were her parting words, "you will find all things easy then."

"One minute more, Miss Johnson," cried Katie, "where shall I find what you told us about to-night?"

"In the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke," was the answer; and then the two said good-bye, and Katie returned to her back attic with a joy and gladness filling her whole heart that might have been envied in many a palace-home.

(To be concluded.

SEASONABLE DRESS AND HOW TO MAKE IT.



As we have mentioned the probable advent of crinoline, it may be as well to finish our tale concerning it, now that it really has appeared. We are thankful to say it is in so ugly a form that we think none of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will need to be told to avoid it as most ungraceful and unbecoming. The new crinoline appears to be composed of a narrow lining braced into the back breadth, and then a steel run into a casing on the breadth itself, so that it makes a hard bent bow, the ends being confined by stitching them firmly to the braced lining. The effect is hideous, the back of the skirt at the edge being unnaturally distended and kept away from the heels, not by soft flounces of muslin or its own fulness, but by this hard stiff bow of unyielding steel. There are, it appears, two distinct camps or parties already—those who accept crinoline, and those who altogether decline it, the latter being the strongest and amongst the best bred people, so.

we quiet people who decline to wear it will be in very good company.

Coat bodices are very generally worn with no mantle over them, so those who can follow this fashion will save the expense of a mantle—no inconsiderable item, as they are large and expensive this season. Every kind of shoulder-capes are seen—jet, lace, cashmere, and in washing materials. When made *à la* Hubbard they are decidedly pretty and becoming. In this case they reach to the elbow, and are a nearly straight piece gathered in rows round the shoulder, each row drawn in and decreased regularly till it lies flat, a high wide frill, which is generally lined with a colour, being left at the neck. Long loops and ends of ribbon tie them in front, and sometimes a long loop and ends is placed on the shoulder and falls on the back.

No cottons are made with jackets or basques; all are either polonaises or belted bodices, the latter being the favourite shape for young girls, who use with them wide belt ribbons, which are often black, the effect of this with a pink or light-coloured dress being far from good. The method of making these bodices is very puzzling if you do not understand them, as they appear to have no seam whatever on the shoulder, the reason being that the fronts are cut on the bias, and thus the joins are hidden completely at the back in the gathers. The neck gathers go round in rows in the way already described for shoulder capes, leaving the Hubbard frill round the neck instead of a band.

The sleeves of these "Hubbard" bodices had either two deep puffs reaching to the elbow, the top puff being longer and fuller than the lower one, or else they were gathered for a space of about four or six inches from the shoulder, and then had a puff, then a narrower space of gathers and another puff, which just covered the elbow; below the elbow four inches more of gathering completed the sleeve. Another sleeve commenced with a small puff and was followed by a four-inch space of gather, this plan being followed all the way down to the wrist. All sleeves are still made very tight, but they are longer at the wrist than they were, and many ladies who wear the long mousquetaire gloves, buttoned only at the wrist, draw the long cuffs up over the ends of their sleeves nearly to the elbow. Some very new sleeves just brought out are resuscitations of a fashion of our great-grandmothers; they have no seam at the back, but are cut on the bias, with one seam only—that under the arm, from the shoulder to the elbow. These new sleeves are made only in woollen materials, and fit with the utmost perfection; they will probably be much used during next winter.

White or cream-coloured lace is tacked round all the wrists, and if there be a buttoned up opening to the seam on the outside of the arm, the lace is carried up that also. The neck is trimmed with lace in two thickly-plaited or gathered rows, and this generally extends down the front in a shell-like shape to form what the French call a *jabot*.

The coat bodice is nearly always of a different material to the skirt with which it is worn, generally figured velvet, striped satin brocade, or plain velvet; but although of a different material, it should be of the same colour in all cases. Metal buttons are generally worn with them, and may be either small or very large; if the latter, they are the size of a two-shilling piece, and are placed so closely as to touch. The smaller buttons are as large as a sixpence, and those of facetted steel are very elegant on black velvet. We have no doubt many of our readers have old black velvet bodices and jackets they will be glad to turn to account. If they are too short for the present fashion, it will be found sufficient to add to them the straight plain piece, now so much used, which will turn them into the most orthodox of coat bodices.

The new parasols are very varied; some of them having a ground covered with flowers, only without leaves or stalks, heartsease being very pretty used in this way. Lace parasols are in high favour, the lace being sewn on in rows all over the parasol; the foundation may be of any light colour, or white, and the lace may be either black or white. To those who have half soiled light-coloured parasols laid by, too good to throw away, and yet too soiled to use, this may be an idea worth adopting. These new lace-trimmed parasols are very bulky, and are now carried cuddled up like an infant on the arm, as they are really too large to carry otherwise.

Bonnets are so small and simple that I am sure that all my readers can make their own. They are either of open-worked or plain straw, or beaded crowns with ribbon bows. Flowers and feathers for trimmings both seem quite at a discount. The trimmings worn being ribbons of all kinds, velvet, and gauzes plain, spangled, and *ombré* or shaded. They are put on round the fronts, and in straight lines over the backs of the small curtain-like bands, at the back a piece of lace falls over the front. A pair of strings tie beneath the chin, and lo! our bonnet is finished.

It would be difficult to distinguish between hats and bonnets if it were not that all bonnets have strings; but for this, some of the hats with fluted brims covered with lace outside, and with flowers or lace in each scallop surrounding the face, would really deserve to be called bonnets. Nearly all straw hats have drawn silk linings, the outer trimmings being a bow or two of looped ribbon, the hat resembling that worn by the fair young figure mounted on the ladder. Her dress shows the new way of putting on flounces in a half circle, each having a gathered heading, the lowest flounce going all round the skirt, and being deep enough to go well below the over drapery at the back; the bodice is round waisted, and has a belt, the front having a gathered plastron. The brim of the hat is lined with a drawn silk lining, and the hat itself is turned up all round; some of the prettiest new hats are raised at one side or in the front, or seem bent in any way in the brim, so careless is their appearance. The tops are covered with two or three rows of Spanish lace one over the other, the lower one of all drooping over the edge, giving a softened appearance to the face; in front a few wide-opened roses are half hidden away under the lace falls.

The sitting figure wears a plain polonaise made of plain blue linen buttoned at the back, and untrimmed on the bodice. The little children both show accurately the present children's fashions, the method of gathering the sleeves and front, and the little hats generally worn. The dress of both children consists of plain and figured sateens, the underskirts being of the plain as well as the gathered portions. The young lady in the centre wears one of the plain beiges, with striped Algerian silk for a trimming as scarf, and on the kilted skirt in alternate bands. The violin-player is habited in a long princesse dress of dark wine-coloured velveteen, puffs at her shoulders and a trimming of silver braid all down the entire front. A scarf of wine-coloured silk is lightly tied below the waist, and two scarves of the same are fastened on either side the front, and, being carried back, form a puffed drapery to take off the too great plainness.

Industrious young ladies find plenty of employment for their fingers just now, what with embroidering dress and painting their parasols with landscapes and sprays of flowers. From America we obtain a pretty new suggestion, which is to cover the palm leaf and Japanese paper fans with sateen or zephyr, like the dress they wear. The material is spread over quite plainly on both sides, and is sewn over and over at the edges, the sewing being covered by a coloured cord to match. Satin may be used instead of sateen, and will probably keep clean longer. When this is the case a few flowers may be painted on the satin. They also have occasionally a tiny pocket for the handkerchief added at one side, which is gathered with a fine elastic at the top. A long loop of satin ribbon to match is added to pass over the arm or to be attached to the waist band. In England we have been lately using the large straw fans, and placing a flower in the centre. They are very nice for garden parties, though rather large for a crowded room. We heard of one of our Princesses using one the other day, which looked very pretty with her simple cotton dress and white straw hat.

And as regards shoes and boots, I have little to say, except that foolish people wear them with higher heels and narrower toes than ever; but we hope there is a good time coming for our "poor feet," for only the other day in New Bond-street we saw a very fashionable maker had dared to put some boots and shoes in his window that really had *very* wide toes, and so great was the wonder that we stopped and had a good look at the astonishing sight of common-sense foot coverings in a shoeshop again.

Have we remembered everything? Yes, we think so. Ah, no, one thing more, which is that the ladies in the park have begun to wear small bouquets of field flowers, daisies, and buttercups, and a few fronds of fern intermingled with them; not only these, but the dandelion is also taken into favour, and let me assure those who feel inclined to wonder, that a bunch of yellow dandelions is not to be despised as a decoration when the wearer is dark and her dress and bonnet black.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FORGIVE and forget! 'tis a maxim worth heeding,
Recall the harsh judgment so hasty and stern;
Not one of us all but is certainly needing
Some friendly forbearance and grace in return.

Unkindness and malice are weeds that grow thickly,
But patience and love may transform them to flowers;
Remember our journey is over too quickly
To waste on ill feeling a tithe of its hours.

Forgive and forget! let the bitter thought perish,
Life does not lack sorrow more weighty, more real;
And in the sharp sting of resentment why cherish
The thorn that must rankle where pardon might heal?

Forgive and forget! for we know not how often
'Twill spare us the pang of an endless regret;
Don't wait for the future your anger to soften,
Oh! *now* is the time to forgive and forget.

S. E. G.



IN THE GARDEN.

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER VI.



N the next morning Eleanor lingered about a little after breakfast, but as no notice was taken of her, and she saw nothing for her to do, she gave Ada some toys, left her with her mother, and returned to her morning's work.

She would have arranged the flowers in the drawing-room, but had a shy fear of astonishing her mamma and sister. She did not want them to suppose that she had profited by not hearing any good of herself on Wednesday.

She had a notion of inserting the thin end of the wedge. She would gradually take upon her some share of the domestic duties, even if it should damage her chance for the forthcoming examination. To give that up was not a thought she could seriously entertain.

"Where is Frederic?" asked Catharine. "I wanted him to regulate the drawing-room timepiece."

"He has gone to ask after Anna Fitton," answered Mrs. Townsly.

"I thought Frederic looked very poorly this morning, and, if you noticed, he hardly touched his breakfast."

"He was certainly quiet," answered Catharine, "but he seemed as usual yesterday."

Half-an-hour after Eleanor, in crossing the upstairs landing, saw Frederic in the shadow of the recess that led to his own room.

She surprised him in an attitude and with a gesture that told but too plainly of some acute mental emotion Awe-struck, she paused for a moment. Then she said, softly,—

"Is anything the matter, Frederic?"

"No, but I am not very well. What an absurd tendency we have to enact pantomime when we think no one is watching us, Eleanor!"

"I don't like that pantomime, Frederic. Have you anything troubling you?"

"A spasm of the mind and heart, as natural as any other spasm if one comes to reflect. The causes are not always explicable in every case." His light tone re-assured her, for she was little more than a child.

"Oh, I know. I go through all sorts of moods when I am by myself. Have you been to the Fittons, or are you just going?"

"I have been. There is very bad news of Anne. The inflammation is not subdued, and the case is very critical."

Every particle of colour receded from Eleanor's face.

"Oh, poor Anna!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together. "Frederic, is it superstitious to hope that where prayer is offered for a sick person by a great many people it shall avail?"

"Why should it be superstitious? What does St. James say?"

"Yes; but Professor Tyndall would tell you that if sickness is not to take its course, we must admit the miraculous."

"Will you pray according to Professor Tyndall, or according to the Word of God?"

"The age of miracles is past. Yet may not God in sickness work many miracles which we don't recognise as such."

"I believe He may. God is not bound by His own laws, and even allowing inevitable decree, included in it is the foreknowledge of His people's prayers."

"We ought all to remember Anna," said the girl, softly, for somehow she thought her brother's petitions must be more effectual than hers, and she wanted to give him a hint, having a notion that to tell God of what is individual and lies near to oneself is peculiar to women.

"I hope we all do remember her," Frederic replied.

"Are you sure you've no personal sorrow, Frederic?"

"Why, Eleanor, we all have. Life's a song of degrees. You and I haven't sounded its grand mournful depths yet," and he ran his fingers through her hair, and pushed it back from her brow with the old caressing motion, grown lately so unfamiliar, and then kissed her.

How was it? Eleanor thought her dear ones had grown strange to her, yet when she approached them, if it was ever so shyly, they met her with open arms. She was more than ever convinced that the fault was in herself, and the desire in her heart that she might see the way to remedy it grew stronger. When Catharine did invade her solitude, it was not for the purpose she had at heart.

"Who do you think is in the drawing-room?" she said. "Nettie Trevylyan. They came back from the Continent last week, and have since been in London. She'll take up all the morning, I expect, but we mustn't mind that. So put on a clean collar, dear, and tie your hair up. She notices everything."

"Everything of a *kind*," said Eleanor with a marked accent, as she moved to the toilet-table. Catharine slipped into the chair she had vacated. Among the litter of educational works Eleanor's pocket-edition of the "Imitation" was uppermost. Evidently it had been the last book in hand. Catharine did not much care for A'Kempis, but restlessly she turned over the leaves, and saw a new inkmark against this paragraph: "It is expedient to use restraints even in good desires and endeavours, lest, by importunity of desire, thou incurrest distraction of mind, and by thy want of self-government be a scandal to others, or being gainsaid by others thou be suddenly troubled and fall."

Under present circumstances the substance of this paragraph and Eleanor's note of it impressed Catharine vividly. She saw in it the signs of a struggle with the much deprecated literary ambition. It might have reference to poor Anna's sudden prostration, and she had feared Eleanor was growing indifferent on these subjects. Ah! how little we know.

"Who art thou that judgest another?" She now imagined Eleanor to be as spiritually-minded and as earnest as she had before judged her to be careless, for we who guess so little of each other's secrets rush ever into extremes.

On entering the drawing-room Eleanor was embraced with effusion by the aforesaid Nettie Trevylyan. She took the demonstration quietly, and then told Miss Trevylyan that if she were to ask her about her travels, she would hardly know where to begin, but she hoped to hear about them in time.

"Oh, don't talk about the Continent," said Nettie. "Let me forget I've been there. It's too distressing. We've done everything between this and the boundary line of the Czar's dominions, and it is like waking up from a dream. Chapels and churches and *musées* and opera-houses are all jumbled up so. I'd have preferred a *piazza* stroll, or a *salon* lounge many a time, but papa dragged me from one lion to another because to stare at it was educational. I've come to feel too civilised. I wished I was in America, for then I couldn't be bored with antiquities; and I believe the most enviable creature in existence is an Indian squaw."

"Oh, you haven't gone abroad for nothing," said Eleanor. "We won't bore you this morning, but you'll have to travel to Paris and Rome and Munich sometimes for our benefit."

"I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll send you all my Baedeker's 'Guides' and all my maps. You'll get far more out of them than you will out of me, and you must take it for granted I've seen everything, taken everything in, and been edified, as is expected of every well-instructed young woman *what* goes abroad."

"I'll be bound," said Catharine, "you saw a great deal that isn't put down in the guide-books."

"Bother the guide-books! Those books wouldn't be so prosy if they could have the acute observations of a tourist like me interspersed. Now I am home I want all the news. What have all the folks been doing while I've been away?"

"Vegetating," replied Catharine. "What more could be expected of us at Luftonhurst?"

"*You've* been living to more purpose. Vegetables don't magnetise. I've heard who comes to the Limes for some reasons that are not professional. I beg to offer you my sincere congratulations, though I wouldn't be a doctor's wife myself, not for ten thousand kingdoms."

"It appears you don't need to come to us for news," said Eleanor, in order to cover her sister's confusion. "I daresay you can tell us more than we know ourselves."

"What are you studying now for, Eleanor — the tripos? A feminine senior wranglership will be put up to competition shortly, with a nice little annuity attached, that you may enjoy as long as you don't perpetrate the crime of getting married. Oh, but,

Eleanor, if you're not too strong-minded, let me, for the sake of your good looks, warn you to desist. You've altered from what you were till you look just like a tallow candle. If you don't mind the brighter you burn the smaller you'll grow, till at last there'll be nothing of you."

"The less of me, perhaps, the better," said Eleanor, shortly.

"That's tart! Are your books converting you into a little Timon? You used to be gushing and poetical. I'm so glad I'm not poetical."

"Why?"

"Poetic people are always melancholy and ill-used."

"A sweeping assertion. You may well congratulate yourself."

"Yes; it's much better to be practical and matter-of-fact."

"Do you call yourself practical?"

"Of course I do. I am not in the least sentimental; I am entirely practical," she said, with great complacency. "And I don't believe in girls losing the best part of their lives in 'pining melancholy,' and in looking down on ordinary mortals. Nor do I like your prosy blue-stockings, that go in for the severe in dress, and the strong in books and learning. Either they live to be disagreeable, or they turn delicate and die young.

"What an alternative!"

"Just look what's come of all Anna Fitton's cram. She could never afford herself a bit of enjoyment of her life, and now, if she gets better, it's a chance if she ever feels quite strong."

The heartlessness of this disgusted Catharine.

"I imagine she knew much of the enjoyment Lady Jane Grey found in Plato when her companions were hunting in the park. Anna's life was full of noble purpose, and if she has drawn the bow too tightly, one must respect her more than if she had lived at ease and been frivolous."

"Oh, but she was alive to the honours! And, really, take Anna out of her books, and she was nothing—just nothing."

"There I must apologise for contradicting you," said Eleanor. "She was all in her home that a daughter and sister could be, and when they sent her to college it was that she might have the leisure that was so much infringed upon."

"Well, there was some excuse for her wanting to be extraordinarily clever. Her father was only a curate, and if she didn't get married it was a poor prospect."

"She would have been the same girl if she had been the Primate's daughter," replied Catharine, warmly. While Eleanor added,—

"Yes, but not having such strong incentives to over-exertion, she might have been more careful."

"It's a thousand pities she has gone on so fast. And, after all, the gentlemen don't like the girls any better for being as learned as they are."

"Why consider them in the matter?" said Eleanor.

"Oh, we have grown independent of their good opinion, have we?" retorted Nettie, with a real Parisian shrug of the shoulders, and a scraping inclination of her little Grecian-fringed head, with its coquettish little hat. "Is that a sign of the times? Awhile ago I should have named Anna Fitton with caution here, for I thought Mr. Frederic was looking at her. I suppose nothing came of it, as their names are never now mentioned together?"

Both the sisters started. It was the first hint of the kind they had heard.

Sisters are said to be very intuitive anent their brothers' preferences, but these sisters had not been on the alert. Catharine speedily dismissed the idea as among the thousand and one that, without foundation, would come into a mind like Nettie Trevylyan's. But to Eleanor at once recurred the signs of some sharp inward trial she had seen in Frederic that morning, though she had not then associated them. She reflected, too, that each morning he had chosen to go and inquire after the sick girl himself, yet she did not think, if there was a secret attachment, Anna was aware of it.

It was torturous to have such shy subjects discussed by a light tongue like Nettie's.

Both Catharine and Eleanor had penetration enough to know that Frederic was no indifferent person to their lively visitor. They had seen how charming she could be when he was present, how beamingly she smiled upon him, how prettily she pouted, and how bewitchingly she frowned when he presumed to contradict her.

It must have been a hard strain on anyone to have been as brilliant as Nettie was then, in the character, Eleanor said, of an Undine looking to him for a soul.

And it must be confessed that Catharine was not without fears that the engaging little rattle-cap should succeed in taking the citadel she so dexterously attacked.

It is often noticeable that girls who have brothers have no very exaggerated notions of the masculine sagacity or strength of character to be met with in young men.

They may look up to those of their own family, and in the main believe in them, but Achilles has a soft spot somewhere under his armour, and they know where he may be proved weak as others. In this case Catharine had no grounds for apprehension besides those Frederic furnished from a genuine love of tantalisation. He easily took the weight of Nettie. He never met with her without feeling thankful that his sisters were the girls they were, and not the vain, voluble, conceited creatures represented by this little feather-top.

But he would remark on her in the family as a teasing streak of sunshine, a pertinacious pretty little prattler, in whose society it was impossible to be dull. So saying he conjectured that Catharine was in agonies lest the pretended admiration should grow into something warmer.

There was an embarrassing silence, for the sisters were not anxious to rebut the insinuations about Anna Fitton, and were too confused to revert readily to another subject.

Nettie came to their assistance.

"How sad it is that the Dwyers have failed."

"It is, indeed," exclaimed both the girls at once.

"Yet it is no wonder. Mrs. Dwyer was so awfully extravagant. She left her housekeeping to the servants. The house kept itself, and she was robbed right and left. The last two or three years they've been fairly living on their tradespeople, and Mr. Dwyer, papa often said, looked as if he was jaundiced with anxiety. Yet Mrs. Dwyer could find balls and dinner parties and dress as if she was made of money."

"Yet they had some losses that helped to bring them down," said Catharine. "Mr. Dwyer had money in two banks that failed."

"Yes, but it was not a great deal he had in them. They've been for a long living very handsomely on nothing, and now I don't know what they are to do, for Mrs. Dwyer is a most helpless creature. She has never done anything for herself either before she was married or since,"

"Yet she is accomplished," said Catharine, "and must have some wits, if she can only try to turn them from the ornamental to the useful."

"That will not be very easy to do," remarked Eleanor.

"No, for we are only apt when we are young. Our abilities in middle-life and old age are owing, it is said, to practise and to memory. See how an old dame will knit away, almost in the dark, who learned at seven or eight years of age."

As Nettie began to think she should not see Mr. Frederic that morning, she rose to go.

"What a waste of time such visits are," yawned Eleanor when she had retired.

"Yes, but everyone has some acquaintance whom they don't like, but to whom they are obliged to show attention and respect. Nettie is one of the most objectionable of ours. We shall not after to-day feel that both of us must see her, but we could not do otherwise after her long absence."

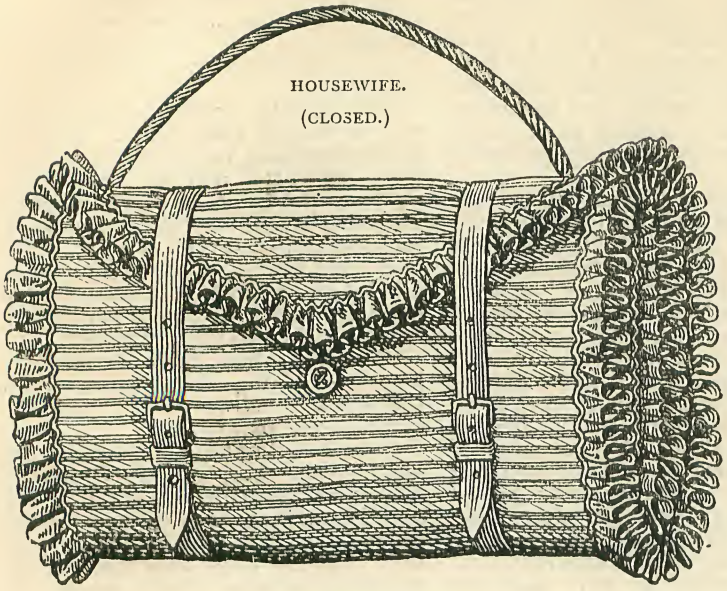
"What a jumble of impressions she produces with her rattling talk, and how uncomfortable some of them are."

"Yes, and all the time she watches you to see the effect of her words."

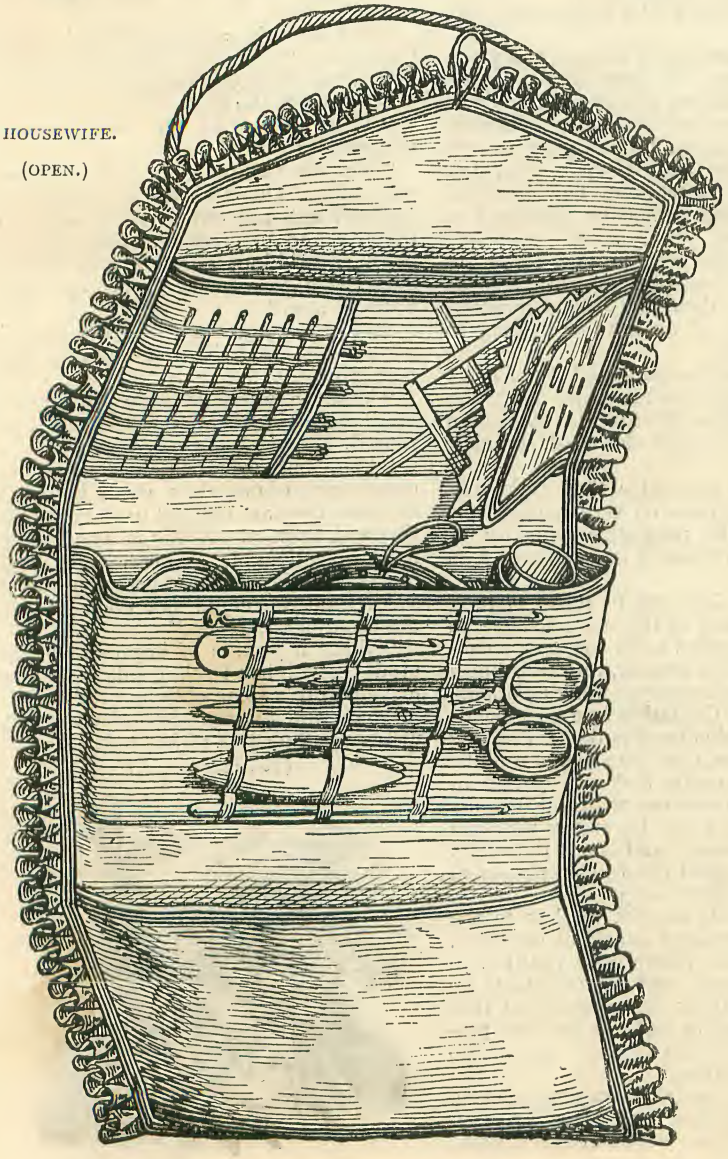
(*To be continued.*)



MY WORK BASKET.



HOUSEWIFE.
(CLOSED.)



HOUSEWIFE.
(OPEN.)

HOUSEWIFE (CLOSED).

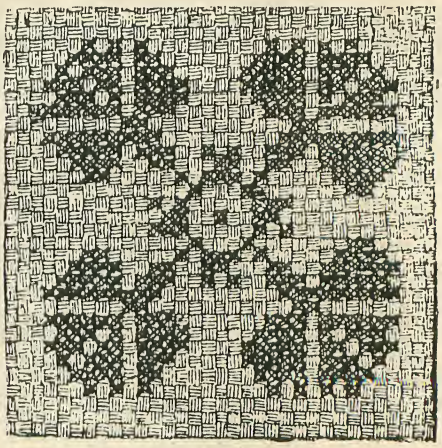
The work-case, neatly and carefully finished, is supplied with an elastic loop and button, and rolled, rug fashion, to be closed by buckled straps. These can easily be made out of bits of leather, or a strip of the foundation fabric, if sufficiently firm. The handle is a thick cord covered with leather or the material. The button should be adapted to the ornament, either in china painting, embroidery, or fancy metal, &c.

HOUSEWIFE (OPEN).

The foundation consists of two strips of some strong material, tinted Java canvas, oatmeal, sailcloth, &c.; ticking and striped union also answer very nicely with stars or feather stitching wrought between the lines. In the length an extra eight or nine nches is allowed to fold back and form the end pocket, the opposite .end being shaped in a shallow point. In the centre appears a second pocket, with added tapered sides, which give room to hold the thimble, pin-cushion, tape measure, &c., while scissors, tatting shuttle, and crochet hooks are held by elastics on the top. The broad, flat hook is specially intended for the "Siamese" crochet, a kind very little done in this country, therefore it might be more usefully replaced by a netting mesh, or a set of knitting needles. Over the third pocket is stitched a needlebook, and a tape or ribbon lacing to secure silk-winders, stray hanks of wool, &c. On the opposite side, a square of the stuff, stitched into compartments, encloses skeins of silks, crewels, &c., and above, stripes of elastic hold darning and wool needles, bodkins, &c. The whole is carefully bound by braid or ribbon, according to the material of the strip; a wider braid, box pleated, gives a smart appearance to the edge.

CROSS-STITCH POWDERING.

This easy and effective little pattern will serve either as a corner or a powdering for chair-backs, cushion-covers, fancy table-cloths, d'oyleys, &c. Similar designs are fashionably worked on the fine canvas with *point d'esprit* stripes, which is sold by the yard for curtains and antimacassars. The materials may be embroidery cotton in the bright red and blue



familiar in Russian embroidery, or, for more daintiness, coloured silks of several harmonising tints. If executed on a chair-back, table-cloth, &c., where the wrong side shows, the stitch may be doubly crossed, to allow the thread carried at the back to form a perfect square; thus both faces of the embroidery will be ornamental.

VALANCE WITH RIBBED CROCHET LEAVES.

Each part of this handsome trimming is worked separately, and afterwards united.

Ribbed Leaf.—Commence with the largest or central one. Make a chain of twenty for the midrib, and slip stitch to the end again to render it double.

1st Round.—Turn and work double crochet putting three stitches into one at the top. Double crochet down the other side.

2nd Round.—Turn and slipstitch three stitches, then two chain for the first projecting stitch and double crochet to the top, taking always the back part of the stitch to rib the crochet. In this and every *alternate* row you must increase four at the top as you lose two on each side at the end; do this as follows:—Two double crochet into the stitch before the centre one, three double crochet into the centre, two double crochet into the next one again. Continue double crochet down the other side, leaving the last two stitches unworked to correspond with those opposite.

3rd Round.—To turn, make one chain, miss one, and one double crochet into the next; work double crochet all round, crocheting three into the top stitch.

You have now formed one of the teeth of the serrated edge; repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows alternately five times more, or until there are six complete ribs on either side of the centre one. Notice that in the last rib four stitches are lessened instead of two, which gives a shorter and more curved outline to the top of the leaf.

Stalk.—You will finish at the point, slipstitch back to the centre, from whence make twenty chain for the tapered stalk. Return by five chain for the first treble, five triple treble (cotton three times round needle), six double or long treble, four ordinary treble, two double crochet and two single, slipstitch down the other side of the leaf, and fasten off.

To give a lighter look to the leaf, you can increase all the four stitches exactly at the corner, *i.e.*, work five double crochet into the centre stitch. This forms a midrib of holes, which displays very prettily a coloured lining. The small leaves, too, can be executed in either way. They are here described to match the large one.

Small Leaf.—Begin by a chain of twelve, make it double by slipstitching, and work round it two rows of double crochet, putting three into one at the top. At the third round commence to leave two stitches at every row for the notches; make three more ribs, as already explained, missing in the last rib four stitches on one side and two on the other. Catch five stitches of this latter edge to corresponding ones in the large leaf, then the centre stitch to the stalk, and fasten off. Crochet the second small leaf in a similar manner.

Having made a sufficient number of these trefoil leaves proceed to the openwork. First form the scallop which connects the perpendicular leaves, next the wheels and quatrefoils that sustain the horizontal ones.

Scallop.—Work four chain and unite into a a circle.

1st Round.—Two double crochet into each chain making eight.

2nd Round.—Like the first, there are thus sixteen stitches.

3rd Round.—Three chain for the first treble, five chain, one treble into every other stitch of the circle beneath; finish with five chain and one single into the fourth stitch of the eighth chain which represents the first treble and space.

4th Round.—* Fourth chain, one treble into the third of five chain below; for the trefoil five chain, one single into the first stitch, five chain, one single, into the same hole twice more; four chain, one single above the treble of the third round. Repeat from * seven times. Break off the cotton.

5th Round.—Commence the outer circle; one single into the centre branch of a trefoil, and nine chain eight times.

6th Round.—After joining the circle, slipstitch two stitches beyond the trefoil; four chain, one treble into the fifth of the ninth chain below; one purl of five chain and one single, begin two chain of the next purl, and * before closing it, attach it to the third rib of one of the large leaves (counting from the point) thus: five chain, one single, five chain back again. Close into a loop, then continue from *, two chain, one single, into the hole of the first purl; five chain, one single into the same hole; four chain, one single into the eighth of the ninth chain. Next a vandyke of five chain, one single into the second of the following nine chain.

Unite the second trefoil point to the last rib of the large leaf by a loop of five chain, one single, five chain, and to the last rib of the small leaf by another loop of three chain, one single, three chain. Connect the second vandyke to the second *tooth* of the small leaf by a loop of six chain, one single, six chain. Leave the third trefoil free, attach the third vandyke, in the same way, to the small leaf of the opposite group, and the fourth trefoil, also both to the small and large leaf. Leave the fourth vandyke free, attach the fifth trefoil like the first. For the remainder of the circle, repeat these trefoils, alternating with long loops of fifteen chain.

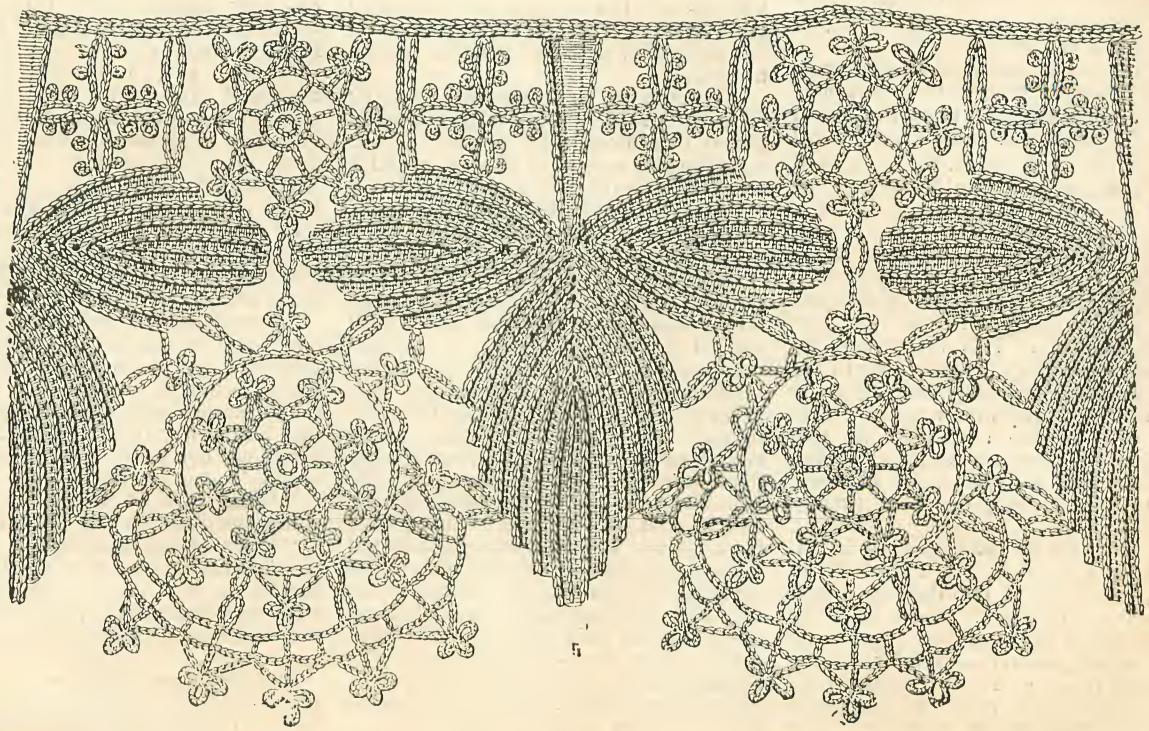
7th Round.—Having worked round to the first point, turn, and from the sides of the trefoil make seven chain, one single, into the eighth of the fifteenth chain, twisting the loop in doing so, seven chain, one single, into the next trefoil. Repeat from * three times.

8th Round.—Slipstitch back to the fourth stitch of the seven chain, three chain, one loop of three chain, one single, three chain, into the same rib as the loop of the seventh round—two chain, one double-chain above the trefoil point. Continue thus to the end, attaching the last square by a similar small loop to the *tooth* of the opposite leaf. The tenth or border row consists of the trefoil-points, commencing at the third window or square, and occupying the space of two. To make them sufficiently wide, five instead of four chain are used on either side of the treble.

Wheel.—To make this, follow exactly the first four rounds of the scallop, and, in the fourth round connect the wheel thus:—Slipstitch the first, trefoil to the tip of the third rib of a small leaf (counting from the centre), catch the seventh trefoil in the same manner to the opposite leaf, and link the eighth trefoil to the one of the wheel below by three chain, one treble, and three chain back again.

Quatrefoil.—Two chain, and one purl of four chain and one single, two chain and one purl again, one chain,* slipstitch to the stalk of the large leaf a little higher than midway, continue from * one chain, one purl, and two chain twice. This completes one arm of the quatrefoil; make the remaining three, catching the last to the side of the horizontal leaf beneath. The exact point to attach both these arms is, of course, regulated by the worker's judgment as to the flat set of the crochet.

Heading.—This consists of a chain edge, secured at proper distances to the broad stalks, quatrefoils, and three trefoils of the wheels. Between the two latter the chain is connected to the corner of the small leaves by fourteen chain, the eighth stitch of which is joined in the centre of the fourteen returning chain, thus shaping the letter 8. To finish off the whole a line of double crochet thickens the heading.



VALANCE WITH RIBBED CROCHET LEAVES.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By Alice King.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ruby awoke with a start, and awoke to see the gleam of two lanterns, brass harness glittering in their light, two eager, clever horses' heads standing out distinctly in the same yellow radiance, the front of a house with several brightly illuminated windows, and a few figures hurrying hither and thither. It all seemed so unreal, and so unlike any experience of her past life, she was so utterly unable to remember where she was, that she fancied she must be in the middle of some strange dream, and closed her eyes again. She was roused thoroughly, however, by hearing a clear-sounding woman's voice speaking close to her, and by a light shining down full upon her face.

"Oh! what a pretty girl," the voice was saying; "and how tired, poor child, she must be to sleep still, now that the waggon has stopped. Where did you say you found her, Noah?"

"If you please, ma'am, it was about three miles from here, as I was crossing the moor; she did speak so pitiful, I could not help taking her up. Somehow I thought, as I heard her, of my own little Polly, that have been with the dear Lord in Heaven these ten years come next midsummer; I knew you would be kind and motherly-like to her, ma'am, as you be to everyone, and so I've made so bold as to bring her back to you for the night. I wager you finds her one that you'll take to; she speaks civilly and friendly-like to a poor man as she would do to a grand gentleman—just as you do yourself, ma'am."

"And she said she came from Stonecroft? That is such a long way off; you did quite right to bring her home with you, Noah, I will take care of her."

"I know'd your heart, bless' ee, well enough to be sure you'd say that, or else I should not have took't such a liberty."

While this conversation had been going on, Ruby had been slowly gathering together her scattered, sleep-dimmed wits, and recalling all that had just happened to her. This must surely be the lady on whom she was going to intrude so unceremoniously, talking to the man who had driven the waggon; and, filled with sudden uneasiness at this thought, yet partly reassured by the words she had just heard, she suddenly sat up and began to look timidly around.

All fear, all awkwardness vanished, like ugly sprites at the approach of dawn, as she gazed into the face which was bending over her. Was a white lily ever so purely sweet as that calm brow? Was moonlight ever so tender as the glance of those soft, sympathetic eyes? Was sunshine ever more cheering than the half smile which rested on that earnest mouth? Ruby did not exactly ask herself these questions at that moment, but she felt indistinctly, yet fully, just what they express.

"My dear," said the lady, laying her hand gently upon Ruby's, "my servant has just been telling me how he found you benighted and lost in the fog on the moor; I am so glad he brought you home to me. I will do all I can to make you comfortable for this night, at least."

"Are you Miss Chichester?" asked Ruby, the question leaping from her lips almost unawares, in her confusion, instead of the thanks due for the lady's kind reception.

"Yes; did Noah tell you my name?"

"Yes, he did; but I was so sleepy and bewildered at first I could not recollect where I was, or anything else. Oh! I am so glad you are Miss Chichester, because I am sure, from your face, I sha'n't be at all afraid of you, as I had expected I should be. How kindly you speak to me! How can I thank you enough?"

"Never mind about thanks," cried the lady, with a merry little laugh, "we shall have time enough for them by-and-bye. Come into the house and rest, my child, that's the first thing to be thought of, and the next will be a nice, hot supper; for you must be hungry, I know."

Thus invited, and helped by the strong hand of Noah, who stood at his mistress's side mutely nodding his approval of all she did and said, and winking, too, at intervals, to give emphasis to his feelings, Ruby rose, stood up on the shaft of the waggon, and sprang lightly to the ground. She felt a little stiff, and still somewhat tired, but otherwise she was none the worse for her evening's adventure.

"Mind you rub down the horses dry, and then come in and get your supper comfortably, Noah." Such were Miss Chichester's last words as she turned to enter the house, followed by Ruby.

"Aye, aye! ma'am," was the laconic answer.

"I ought to be making you so many excuses," said Ruby, as they passed through the door, "for coming to your house in this way; but I'm so stupid I can't find the right words for them."

"Oh! well then, we'll imagine them, my dear," cried Miss Chichester, with a second little silvery chime of playful fun. "They are not wanted in the least. Excuses are always as empty things as air-cushions, and they are not at all needed in your case; why, if you had not come to me you must have asked the little Exmoor sheep for hospitality."

Now that they were in the brightly-lighted little hall of the house, Ruby could see Miss Chichester more plainly than she had hitherto done; and she found that she was not so young as she had at first thought her. Though her forehead was smooth, telling the story of a sweet, placid temper, that took small everyday worries easily, the rest of her face was somewhat lined; and the band of soft, brown hair which bordered the dainty little blue-ribboned cap, was streaked with silver. Her figure was, however, still slight, and her movements had an active grace in them that was almost girlish. She trod lightly, like one with a merry heart. She was dressed in black silk, with a glimmer of lace around her neck and little white wrists.

In a few minutes Ruby was sitting, feeling quite home-like, in one of the prettiest little rooms she had ever seen; everything in it was so neat, and seemed to fit so exactly into its place, that, somehow, it reminded her of nothing so much as of a doll-house, which she remembered playing with when she was a child. The window-curtains appeared made for the express purpose of suiting the paper on the wall; and every article of furniture looked as if, should it chance to be moved, it would go back again into its place of itself. The very servant who brought in the substantial tea, which Ruby was soon enjoying very heartily, seemed, in her spotless white apron and delicate print dress, to belong to her surroundings as completely as a picture does to its frame.

Ruby could not tell how it was, but, somehow, she felt as if she had been used to the little house and its mistress and its ways for years; there was something in Miss Chichester's manner that brought about this state of mind. When tea was over Ruby actually found herself lying, in most familiar fashion, on the hearthrug between a black and tan terrier and an Angora cat, who were evidently the reigning pets of the house, much respect being shown to them both during tea in the matter of milk and biscuits, the terrier, however, always claiming and taking precedence, and flapping his broad, bat-like ears in a way that seemed to assert his acknowledged superiority.

"And you are only staying at Stonecroft, then, for a time?" said Miss Chichester to Ruby, as she lay on the hearthrug at her feet. "Where is your home, then, generally, my dear? Where do your parents live? I may ask a question or so now, may I not? We are friends enough already for that."

"Oh! yes, I'm sure we are," answered Ruby, with a bright smile; then a shadow coming over her face, she added, "My father and mother are both dead; I cannot recollect either of them. I live with Mr. and Miss Lindhurst at a place called 'The Priory,' near Exeter; they are distant relations of mine, but they had me there at first to be a companion to Ella Ringwood, Mr. Lindhurst's ward."

There was something in the low, half-shy voice in which these simple particulars were given and in the downcast eyes that interested Miss Chichester yet more deeply than Ruby's pretty face had at first done; as, by a sudden intuition, her heart read at once the orphan's whole story.

"What is your name?" she asked, softly, bending towards the girl.

"Ruby—Ruby Stanton."

"Ruby, you have not had too many friends in your life yet, have you? but from henceforth you have one in me, and a friend who will be very constant and very true."

She did not say any more, and as for the girl, she could find no words to speak; but a minute after, the middle-aged woman and the girl were kissing each other, and from that time forward there

was a perfect, sunny confidence between them. Before the evening was over, Ruby had shown Miss Chichester her dearest treasure, her mother's letter, which she always carried about with her; and she also told her of that sweet, strange dream of hers about her mother.

"It was indeed a beautiful dream," said the lady, thoughtfully, "a dream that may seem to have been sent by God."

"Oh! Miss Chichester, if only I could make those words come true in my life."

"It is something to strive for, something to make you very brave and earnest in all you do and say, Ruby; it is a high thing to be a jewel fit for the Lord's crown in Heaven."

"I do so strive to do all the good I can in the world," said the girl, her eyes filling with tears as she spoke, "but, somehow, everything turns out different from what I mean."

Then she related to Miss Chichester some of those failures in trying to do good to others which had so discouraged her.

Her new friend listened with sympathy in her eyes, yet with a smile gleaming now and then about her mouth.

"It is always so, dear, when we begin this sort of work for God," she said, soothingly, when Ruby had ended. "I think I have had some experience in these things which may help you, Ruby. Are you sure, in the first place, that you don't rely too much upon yourself and too little upon Him that is above?"

The question made Ruby turn her thoughts inward; yes, she certainly had grown too self-confident lately; had she sought as much help in prayer as she should?

"Perhaps I have not done as much as I ought in that way," she faltered; and then added, quickly, "but people are so much worse than I had fancied they were."

"We can only do our best and leave the rest to God," was the answer given, in a low tone. "We must never forget that the blood which was shed on Cavalry was enough to wash away all the sin in the world, little Ruby."

And the elder woman's face was very grave but very sweet as she spoke.

Thus they talked on, now on high and solemn subjects, now on lighter themes. Ruby found to her surprise that she could chatter to Miss Chichester quite as freely as she did to Ella, and the elder lady, on her side, told her many interesting things. Among the rest, she showed her some beautiful old china standing on a side-table, together with some much coarser ware; and when Ruby expressed her astonishment at her keeping the two thus with equal care, she laughed, and said that the delicate Dresden was left her by her grandmother, Lady Chichester, and the quaintly painted tea-cups by her old nurse, and that she loved, when she looked at them, to think of two good women at the same moment. The way she spoke on this subject opened a new field of ideas to Ruby, and made her feel how all are one, in God's sight, in their claim on one great redemption.

When Ruby laid her tired little head on her pillow that night, heart and brain were thrilling with new, bright thoughts and feelings. It seemed to her as if a door had been opened to her by an angel's hand in bringing her to this house. She would, of course, have been uneasy about the anxiety her absence was causing at Stonecroft, but the mist had cleared away when the moon rose, and Miss Chichester had very kindly sent a man on horseback with a note to Mr. Lindhurst, telling him that the girl was in safe keeping till to-morrow, when she would bring her home. Thus Ruby's mind was made quite comfortable, and she sank into restful slumber and radiant dreams, in which she seemed to her to be walking between her mother and Miss Chichester, holding a hand of each.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

NYDIA.—Yes, you could teach yourself French, apart from its proper pronunciation, without a master, quite sufficiently well to serve your purpose.

VINGOLF.—It is contrary to our rules to give addresses. Inquire for what you want at a first-class bookseller's, where you mean to make the purchase.

LOUISA M. PARKER.—There were three Palatine counties in England, viz., Chester, Durham, and Lancaster, in which the Count Palatine exercised a royal authority just as supreme as if he had been the regal tenant of the palace itself. No such officer rules in these provinces now, although they retain the name "Palatine."

A. M. A.—You might obtain the desired information by writing to the secretary of St. John's Ambulance Association, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C. The National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War has advertised for a limited number of ladies to be trained in military hospitals. Information to be obtained from Mrs. Deeble, Superintendent of Nurses, Netley. Preference will be given to the widows and daughters of officers.

VIRGO PARVA.—The preliminary examination in Arts, which must be passed by women desiring to study medicine, comprises the following subjects:—English, arithmetic, elements of algebra and geometry, Latin, and one other optional subject. The trident, the sceptre of Neptune, is considered by some authorities to have been adapted from the tridental-shaped fish spear.

KATE W.—Mr. Fawcett has announced that, after the present list of candidates has been exhausted, the appointments under Government will be open to public competition. At present a nomination is required. The office of the Receiver-General is in Queen Victoria-street, E.C. The lowest salary amounts to £40.

WORK.

URSULA.—If you have taken THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from the beginning, you will find "My Work Basket" a treasury of information.

KITTIMS.—We cannot give you any satisfactory advice as to removing the stain of sherry from plush. For the statement that certain persons were "good," made in the Holy Scriptures, see 2nd Samuel xviii. 27, St. Luke xxiii. 20, St. John vii. 12, and Acts xi. 24. We advise you to procure a "Concordance to the Holy Scriptures"; that for instance published at our office and edited by Dr. Eadie.

OXFORD BLUE.—1. Such pieces of cloth as that which you have enclosed would make excellent patchwork quilts for the poor. 2. St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland. He is commemorated on the 30th of November. He was martyred, A.D. 70.

HOPE.—We do not think anything will restore your pale lavender-coloured silk, so stained; but refer you to the advice given in "Useful Hints," on cleaning silks and satins, page 407, vol. ii.

ORPHEUS.—Read "Socks and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii. Workhouse sheeting forms an excellent costume for lawn tennis, and is inexpensive, and easily decorated with embroidery or a coloured trimming, such as Turkey-red twill.

COOKERY.

E. M. F.—For recipe for icing a cake, see page 399, vol. i. Wooden bread platters are scrubbed just as other wood is cleaned, with warm soapsuds, and stood on one side to dry.

E. A. S.—Being a "pound"-cake the pound of flour was understood. Very little milk is needed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOTANIST.—The colours rarely can be preserved in botanical specimens. *Drying* quickly, by frequently changing the paper, gives the best chance.

GERALDINE.—It is usual to wait till cards are sent, on which the date is put when the married people are at home. But if upon intimate terms, this formality need not be waited for, if it is on your heart to congratulate your friend.

ALEPH.—It is impossible to heat a room without fuel of some sort. As there is no chimney, beware of burning anything to obtain heat. Many deaths occur from the poisonous gas of coke in pans. Hot-water bottles have little effect on the air of a room.

CROSSFORD.—The velvet will never look the same again. Passing it over steaming water or over a hot iron, may partially raise the pile.

BLANCHETTE.—Ammergau is in Bavaria. It is too small a place to be given in your school atlas, and is only noted since attention has been called to the Passion Play performed there, such as used to be witnessed in many places in old times.

CLARISSE—V. C. after a date in old Roman history means *anno urbis conditæ*—such and such a year after the foundation of the city of Rome by Romulus—viz., 753 B.C. (before the birth of Christ); just as in modern history we *write* A.D., Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord, 1881.

F. B. A.—No written advice can help you to acquire the habit of application which you say you want. Consciousness of defect is so far well, but it rests with yourself to remedy the evil. If you have learned something of all the ten branches enumerated, there must have been a certain amount of industry.

TENNYSON.—With practice you can improve your writing, provided you have a good copy. There is no excuse for crossing a letter when an ounce of paper goes by post for a penny.

LILLIE.—A dog twelve years of age is likely to have difficulty of breathing. Try change of food, and if this does not succeed consult a veterinary surgeon; perhaps it is overfed.

ALISTAIR.—Five feet two inches is under the average, but you may grow taller, if only fourteen. If not, what does it matter? The mind can grow, if the body does not. The best book on English Literature is "Angus's Handbook." There is a companion volume, "Specimens of English Literature," also by Dr. Angus, author of the "Bible Handbook," all published at 56, Paternoster-row.

ALLIE.—A ripe peach is a *bonne bouche*, or anything else that pleases the palate. If you care for your soul's health, avoid the novels which you refer to. The writer is one of a set of authors who write books to sell, not to benefit the readers.

A. CADMAN-JONES, 40, Craven-hill-gardens, Hyde-park, W., would be very much obliged if some of the subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER would send any spare numbers of magazines with pictures coloured or otherwise, to help in covering screens for a hospital.

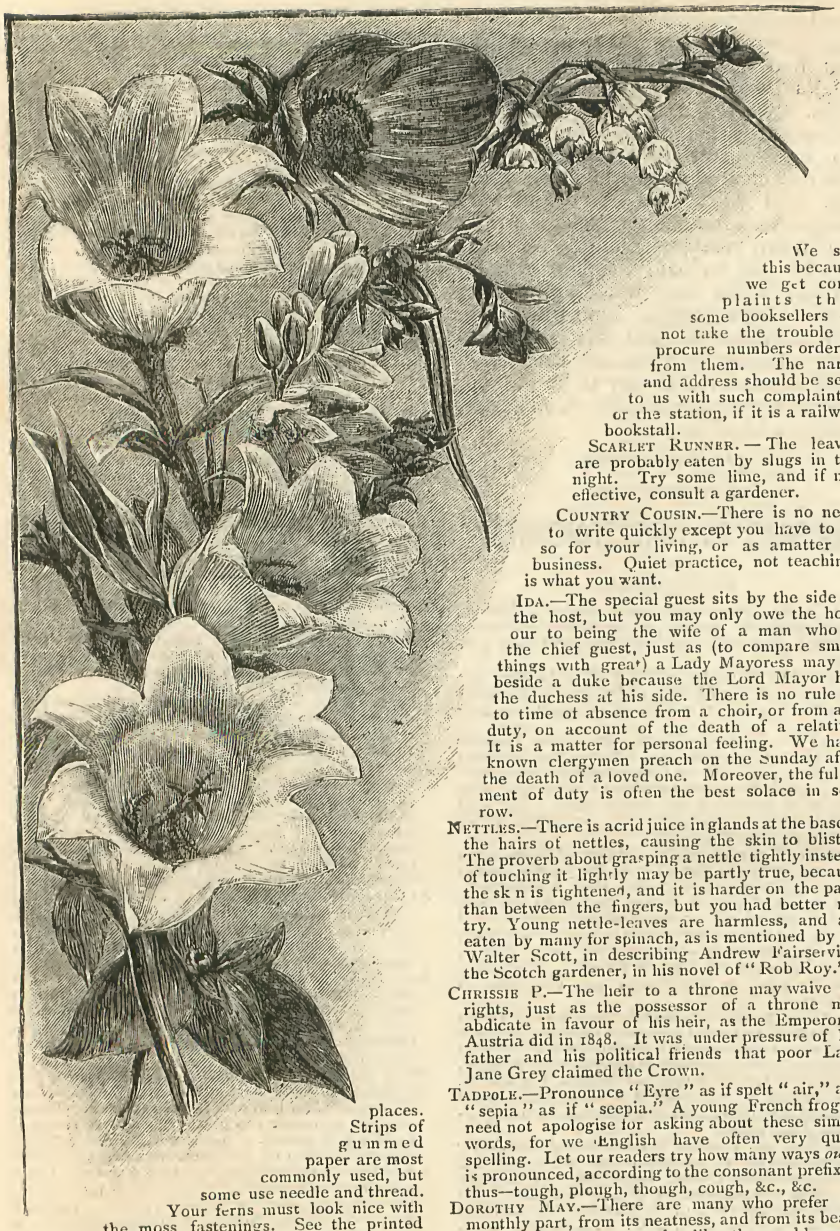
DAISY B.—The lines beginning "I live for those that love me, For those that know me true" were written by the late Mr. Linnæus Banks, in some volumes of verse of which this passage is almost the only portion still quoted. We saw the lines lately in use as the motto of an American newspaper in the Far West, so they have gone round the world and stirred many a heart. You will find the lines in the *Leisure Hour* for February, 1881. They are worth committing to memory or inscribing as a motto-sentiment in front of an album or diary.

A. A.—The Duke of Devonshire, K.G., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, has estates in various parts of England and Ireland. His most famous seat is Chatsworth, in Derbyshire one of the grandest and loveliest places in England. The gardens were long under the charge of Sir Joseph Paxton. The eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire is the Marquis of Hartington, a portrait and memoir of whom you will see in the *Leisure Hour* for July.

CLARICE.—There is no certain cure for cold in the head. Camphor is recommended by some, while others have faith in the old-fashioned recipe of putting the feet in hot water and rubbing the nose with tallow, though it is not easy to get a candle of that material in every house now. A cold will generally run its course. Staying in bed and keeping up perspiration will give most chance of checking a catarrh. In summer it is too common a complaint, owing to want of caution. A chill after being heated may begin an illness ending in fever or in consumption. Last year we knew of the death of a bright girl, who caught cold from staying too long out at a garden party. Crowded rooms and draughty doorways are also places where colds lie in wait to seize you. Don't be ashamed of wrappers.

MOUSIE.—If you cannot make a large flannel petticoat, send a small one. You may not get a prize, or even a certificate, but you will have the reward of giving comfort to some poor child, to whom the warm clothing would be sent. All the work sent in competition for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER goes to charitable use.

C. J. H.—Dried plants in a herbarium may be fastened with anything that keeps them in their



places. Strips of gummed paper are most commonly used, but some use needle and thread. Your ferns must look nice with the moss fastenings. See the printed rules about essays, and write *too* late, not *to* late.

MAY.—The only way is to send the compositions to one of the publishers whose name and address you see on the music. If *any* piece is a prodigy of genius and taste you may hear from them, but the chances are that the manuscript goes to the waste-paper sack with the mass of amateur work. Publishers seldom take what is sent from one unknown to the public. If you could get a public singer to admire your songs as much as your partial friends do, there might be a chance.

CLANDESTINE.—The freckles would all vanish if you could look at a phœnix. There is no such bird. It is only a fable, and its chief use in the world is a figure of speech in oratory, and to serve as the trade mark of a great fire insurance company, which enables an insurer, if the annual premium is paid, to restore a burnt house "like a phœnix from its ashes." Whoever invented that name for the company was a clever fellow.

ROSALIE.—Write plainly the numbers you want, and give the list to a local bookseller, who will get them for you. Ordering them from the office involves much trouble and the cost of postage. It is only done to favour readers who live in remote places where books or newspapers cannot be procured. Every respectable bookseller gets a parcel occasionally from London or other large centre, and can execute an order however small, if he will take the trouble to oblige a neighbour. If he will not, he is not deserving of support or trust in larger matters, on the principle of not being "faithful in little." A tradesman who only attends to the orders of the rich, and does not help the humble or the young, is a selfish fellow, who ought to be posted. We say this because we get complaints that some booksellers do not take the trouble to procure numbers ordered from them. The name and address should be sent to us with such complaints; or the station, if it is a railway bookstall.

SCARLET RUNNER.—The leaves are probably eaten by slugs in the night. Try some lime, and if not effective, consult a gardener.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—There is no need to write quickly except you have to do so for your living, or as amatter of business. Quiet practice, not teaching, is what you want.

IDA.—The special guest sits by the side of the host, but you may only owe the honour to being the wife of a man who is the chief guest, just as (to compare small things with great) a Lady Mayoress may sit beside a duke because the Lord Mayor has the duchess at his side. There is no rule as to time of absence from a choir, or from any duty, on account of the death of a relative. It is a matter for personal feeling. We have known clergymen preach on the Sunday after the death of a loved one. Moreover, the fulfilment of duty is often the best solace in sorrow.

NETTLES.—There is acrid juice in glands at the base of the hairs of nettles, causing the skin to blister. The proverb about grasping a nettle tightly instead of touching it lightly may be partly true, because the skin is tightened, and it is harder on the palm than between the fingers, but you had better not try. Young nettle-leaves are harmless, and are eaten by many for spinach, as is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in describing Andrew Fairservice, the Scotch gardener, in his novel of "Rob Roy."

CHRISSIE P.—The heir to a throne may waive his rights, just as the possessor of a throne may abdicate in favour of his heir, as the Emperor of Austria did in 1848. It was under pressure of her father and his political friends that poor Lady Jane Grey claimed the Crown.

TADPOLE.—Pronounce "Eyre" as if spelt "air," and "sepia" as if "seepia." A young French froggie need not apologise for asking about these simple words, for we English have often very queer spelling. Let our readers try how many ways *ough* is pronounced, according to the consonant prefixed, thus—tough, plough, though, cough, &c., &c.

DOROTHY MAY.—There are many who prefer the monthly part, from its neatness, and from its beautiful frontispieces, yet who like the weekly numbers, as they are impatient to read the stories and the answers to correspondents. The proper thing for all but the very poor is to get the weekly numbers, and after reading them, or parts of them, pass them on, or post them, to others. Many a girl at a parish or board school cannot spare a penny a week, nor can many servants. Get for yourself the monthly part for more leisurely perusal, and for keeping. The cases for keeping or binding the parts can be ordered through any bookseller. Iodine is not advisable for a swollen foot from such a cause. Wear boots of the softest material and most convenient shape to give relief, else the deformity may be permanent

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—The complaints you describe are as common as the name you adopt. A red nose may arise from many causes. It may be from a bad constitution, or from tight lacing, or from indigestion, or from stimulant drink, the latter the least likely in a girl. You can do nothing except try to improve the general health. The same may be said of over-high colour. If this is natural, you can only make up for it by charm of mind and manner Plain girls are sometimes most charming, but sometimes most disagreeable, partly, poor things, from over sensitiveness. Sensible people are always considerate to those who have any natural infirmity. Do not think too much about your looks, but be cheerful and amiable

RACKSTRAW.—Take your teacher's advice. The opposite style is in some cases tolerable, but is usually a mark of oddness of character. Sensible people usually have no eccentricity of handwriting, although haste and pressure of work may have made their writing not very pretty, or even very legible. But the deliberate adoption of any strange style of writing is not a sign of sound judgment.

ALMA EUGENIE.—Try again with soft paper or any cheap material. It is better to succeed after trial than to cut from bought patterns. If you fail, send the page of aprons in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and the size and shape wanted, to a dressmaker.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—Prepare yourself beforehand at spare times during the week. Dr. Green's lessons given week by week in the *Sunday at Home* will help you.

CANADIAN GIRLS.—The myrtle was the flower used for marriage wreaths in ancient times, and is still in Germany and other lands always associated with wedded love. The orange flower is of more recent use, and is only a conventional substitute for the myrtle. Modistes and authors can make changes, but in classic usage and remembrance let the myrtle still be preferred.

CONSTANCE.—For your most gratifying and charming letter we thank you sincerely, and wish you God speed in the path of "faith and patience" which you have been led to choose. Accept the warm acknowledgments of the so-called "invalid lady, who writes many of the answers," for the kind offer of sending her some violets. It is very good of you, she says, but though she had a severe illness, she is by no means an "invalid."

A YOUNG MOTHER and ANALYST.—We thank "Analyst" on behalf of the "Young Mother" for the recipe subjoined for eradicating stains produced by Condy's Fluid. "Wet the stain carefully with hydrochloric acid, and rinse it immediately with pure water; a second, if not the first, application and rinsing will prove effectual." "Analyst" writes a good free hand; but the second part of each small "d" needs lengthening.

CIGARETTE.—See "Holiday Afternoons," pages 214, 284, and 450., vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We are sorry that we cannot commend your writing, as you are good enough to praise our magazine; and you have crossed out so many letters that should have been retained; instead of simply stroking the "t's" with a proper horizontal line. It is not only confusing and ugly, but it looks like affectation, which we are sure you would gladly avoid.

EDINBURGH.—How curious that His Royal Highness should write for advice about an old churn! We think, Sir, that no amount of scalding and scouring will ever restore it. To incur the expense of purchasing a new one is, we fear, inevitable.

IRENE BERTRAND.—We advise you to send the little garments or knitted mittens to the Children's Hospital, at Shadwell, London, E.

GERTY.—To repolish vulcanite, use rotten stone and oil on a "buff," or small pad of cotton, or wash leather, not using so much friction as to heat the metal. We are very glad that you find so much pleasure in our magazine.

M. P.—Soak the cloves in water, if you wish to pierce them. You write nicely for your age.

ADELAIDE and MELBOURNE.—Apply to the "Women's Emigration Society," 38, Belgrave-road, London, S.W., addressing the Secretary, Mrs. Walter Brown.

IDLE PUSSIE should be called the "Busy Bee." Judging from the daily and weekly round of duties which you fulfil, you can have little time for rest or recreation, and if you were to endeavour to do more, we fear your work would only be ill-done. You could not do more than occupy your time the whole day. We regret that we cannot aid you in finding remunerative employment in a pecuniary way.

HOPE.—Of course you are liable to sprains and falls in performing gymnastic exercises. But if properly guarded, a large thick mattress on the floor below you, and careful training—gradually advancing only as your strength increases—your health will derive much benefit from such exercise. But it should be directed by a suitable person, not left to your own fancies, as you might do yourself more harm than good. For example, by using dumb-bells too heavy for your size and strength.

ANITA.—See "The Way to Wash Jewellery," pages 10, 176, and 431. Your hand would be good if not so coarse.

BELINDA.—We might naturally question Miss "Belinda's" right to a girl's name, for, in common with several other correspondents, she goes out of her way to ask information only required by the stronger sex. It is unnecessary to tell her "which arm the gentleman should offer the lady when bringing her in to dinner," since it would be very ill-bred to refuse accepting whichever arm he offered her. She further desires to know "with which hand the gentleman should raise his hat." To ask such questions is to waste your time and ours. If the man be "left-handed" he may use the wrong one. We can see all "Belinda's" multitudinous "n's" without magnifiers. There is but one "m" in her whole letter.

*** The Editor wishes to remind his readers that the last day for receiving the essays, paintings, and flannel petticoats for competition is Friday, July 29. The last day for receiving the embroidered housewives for missionaries is Wednesday, August 17.

TO THE READERS OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

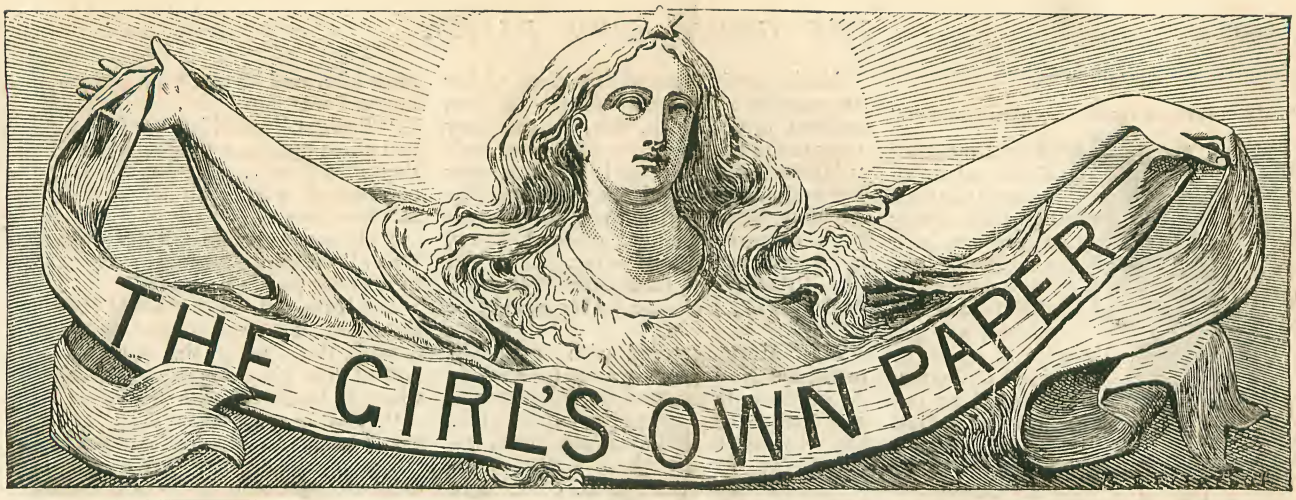
THE Editor regrets to say that, owing to a typographical error, a mistake has been made in the list of certificate winners connected with the Prize Competition in Essay Writing on the life of a famous English woman born in the seventeenth century. This mistake will be rectified if our readers will kindly substitute the following names for those printed on page 573:—

(*Continuation of List of Second Class Certificate Winners.*)

Butt, Katharine Emily, The Vicarage, Chesterfield, Derbyshire (18).
Welby, Ella, The Vicarage, Bolton-on-Dearne, Rotherham (20).
Taylor, Charlotte Agnes Churchill, 17, Tavistock-street, Gordon-square, W.C. (20).
Brymnier, M., 20, Carlton-terrace, North Woodside, Glasgow (20).
Foster, Harriet, Font-villas, St. Anne's, near St. Helen's, Lancashire (20).
Bailey, Henrietta J. M., 11, St. George's-terrace, Liverpool-road, Islington (17).
Neale, Isabel M., 20, Caerwys-grove, Higher Tranmere, Cheshire (16).
Mills, Mary Helen, The Cottage, Bolton-le-Sands, near Lancaster (16).
Owen, Mary, 148, Manchester-street, Bankside, Oldham (19).
Vance, Selina Agnes, Church-villa, Tramore, County Waterford (16).
Leadbeater, Mary Matilda, 52, Merchant-street, Bow-road, London (17).
Blackwell, M. A., Mattingley Rectory, near Winchfield, Hants (18).
Yates, Mary Brooke, Flowing Springs, near Charlestown, Jefferson County, near Virginia, U.S.A. (15).
Squirrell, Ellen Maud, Avenue-villa, Park Lane, Norwich (15).
Kenworthy, Mary Louise, Prospect Place, Lockwood, Huddersfield (15).
Read, Esther Lydia, 17, Hampton-place, Brighton (15).
Dunlope, Alexandra M., 3, Alfred-terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow (13).
Corbett, Edith Marian, The Vicarage, Thame, Oxfordshire (14).
Balch, Grace Alice, care of Mrs. Osborne, Blue School, Wells (13).
Lushington, Edith Kate, Blairmont, Lugwardine, Hereford (14½).
Peover, May, Gothic House, Hendon, N.W. (14).
Oldfield, Helen, The Cedars, Harrogate, Yorkshire (12).
Morris, Emily H., 39, Brockley-road, New Cross (14).
Bazeley, Florence Pauline, 1, Lorne Villas, Robinson-road, Tooting (14).
Stuart, Marie (17).

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Lewin, Bessie, 1, Spanish-road, Wandsworth (16).
Thomson, Rachel Mary, 5, Clyde-road, Tottenham Green, N. (16).
Dick, Margaret E., Salem, Douglas-gardens, Uddingstone, near Glasgow (16).
Morrish, Mary Elizabeth, Clare House, Torquay (17).
Collier, Laura, Rutland House, 23, Belsize Park-gardens, N.W. (20).
Franck, Jessie, care of Messrs. H. and S. King and Co., Cornhill, London (19).
Dawson, Maud, 64, Hereford-road, Bayswater (16).
Butt, Mabel S., Chesterfield Vicarage, Derbyshire (17).
Firth, Mary Elizabeth, Hollings Mill-road, Gowerby Bridge, Yorks (16).
Brandt, Adela, Notley-road, Streatham, Surrey (16).
Mathias, Amy Duncan, 13, Spencer-road, Putney (17).
Buckland, Louisa D., Lallham, Staines (18).
Gray, Sarah Jane, 6, Belgrave-terrace, Huddersfield (18).
Briggs, Mary Alberta, The Mill House, Walton-le-dale, near Preston (16).
Roberts, Annie, Rosenberg, Foxgrove-road, Beckenham, Kent (18).
Purvess, Agnes Melrose, Allanton, Churnside, Berwickshire (17).
Bishop, Isabella, Clarendon House, Plymouth (19).
Evens, Mary Frances, 40, Prospect-street, Plymouth (16).
Morgan, Florence M., Albert House, Cumbran, near Newport, Monmouthshire (17).
Down, Ethel Grace, Tavistock, Barnstaple (17).
Hooper, Mabel, 85, Malmesbury-road, Bow, E. (20).
Chown, Nellie, Gloucester House, Ashford, Middlesex (17).
Payne, Edith Osmond, 2, Grosvenor Villas, Caterham Valley, Surrey (18).
Schrader, Clara J., Chartham Villa, Woodbury Park, Tunbridge Wells, Kent (16).
Cull, Olivia, Whiteshill, near Stroud, Gloucestershire (17).
Brindley, Katie, Mount Island, Newayle, County Tipperary (20).
Monk, Edith, Gravel Hill, Henley-on-Thames (16).
Walton, Mary Anne, 1, Northgate-street, Bury St. Edmunds (16).
Ellis, Mary Oliver, 24, Thornsett-road, South Penge Park, S.E. (18).
Perry, Jane, Board Schools, Loudwater, High Wycombe, Bucks (17).
Cartwright, Margaret Robena, Hagley Park, Stourbridge (16).
Powell, Edith, 16, Kingsland-road, Birkenhead, Cheshire (20).
Cocking, M. E., The Bungalow, Sutton, Surrey (20).
Cowley, Emma, 106, Western-road, Brighton (17).
Dixon, Jessie, Elbury House, Jolladine-road, Worcester (17).
Minnifie, Elizabeth Fournay, The Manor House, Hurcott, near Kidderminster (18).
Hall, Edith, 3, Terry-street, Beverley-road, Hull (17).
Gwillim, Georgina, 19, St. Andrew's-crescent, Cardiff (18).
Harland, Grace Julia, Chillingworth House, Landsdowne-road, Tunbridge Wells (16).
Longland, Annie, The Manor House, Grendon, Northampton (18).
Steppings, Amelia, Eythorne Rectory, near Dover (19).
Christie, M. D., Muirbrow House, Hamilton, Scotland (20).
Parker, Emma, Shannon House, Pennington, Ulverston (17).
Edmonston, Margaret L. H., Ordale, Shetland Isles (15).
Melen, Emma Swift, Abberley House School, Bromsgrove (15).
Wright, Mabel, Stafford Lodge, Anerley-park, S.E. (15).
Deeks, Annie Bridgman, 29, St. Andrew's-street North, Bury St. Edmunds (15).
Owen, Agnes Sophia, 60, Darnley-road, Hackney, E. (13).
Tanner, Mary Isabel, Belgrave-house, Clevedon (14).
Taylor, Frances Almona, Lockwood-road, Lockwood, near Huddersfield (14).
Winton, Ada E., Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire (14).
Cordue, Minnie Clyde, 92, Southtown, Great Yarmouth (13).
Marshall, Elizabeth, Laurel Bank, Melrose (13).
Schrader, Augusta M., Chartham Villa, Woodbury Park, Tunbridge Wells (14).
Sharpin, Ada, Grange Cottage, Ripon, Yorkshire (13).
Matheson, Eleanor Elizabeth, 7, Emery-road, Mill-road, Cambridge (18).
Williams, Emily M., 15, Shore-road, Hackney, E. (17).
Penn, Annie Sarah, Brook-street, Gloucester (18).
Crossey, M. E., Halstead Lodge, Tunbridge Wells (16).
Clarke, Mary, 28, Roe-lane, Southport, Lancashire (20).
Boyd, Alice, 31, Spencer-street, Carlisle (20).
Ridge, Edith Marion, 20, St. Hilda's, Whitby (19).
Richards, Emily E., 8, Wood-street, Bath (20).
Alston, Alice Maud, 2, St. Mary's-terrace, Lexden-road, Colchester, Essex (18).
Lillie, Christina Knox, 11, Wellclose-square, Whitby (19).
Scott, Alison Crawford, Chestnut Villas, Normanton-road, Derby (19).
Lane, Annie, 14, Stuart-grove, Marsh-street, Kirkdale, near Liverpool (20).
Woodward, Mina Gertrude, Blomfield, Star-street, Ryde, Isle of Wight (16).
Bruton, Lucy, Brook-road, Heaton Chapel, near Manchester (18).
Morten, Ethel, The Savoy, Denham, Uxbridge (15).
Hopkins, Annie G., 137, Petherton-road, Highbury New Park, N. (18).
Higginbottom, Francis Maud, 63, Union-terrace, York (18).
Trueman, Mary, 58, Baxtergate, Whitby (16).



VOL. II.—No. 83. JULY 30, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SUNBEAM OF THE FACTORY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.



[*All rights reserved.*]

KATIE READING TO HER STEPMOTHER.

CHAPTER V.

"WALK IN LOVE, AS CHRIST ALSO HATH LOVED US."



THE next morning Katie sat down to breakfast with her Bible lying open on the table beside her. More than once, as she drank her tea and ate her bread with its scant allowance of butter, she glanced at the verse that Miss Johnson had quoted the night before. "Joy in Heaven!" she said; "who would have thought it over such a girl as me; why, it was only the other day I was thinking no one cared for me; but there, it says so, so it must be true." Then she read again the story of the prodigal son. "I suppose," said she to herself, "I'm like that boy when he got back to his father; he had his rags on then, but soon his father said, 'Bring forth the best robe.' He was not to wear *those rags once* he got back; they wouldn't be fit for his father's home. Ah! I see, it means I must ask God to make me good, *looking like His child as well as being it.*"

The church clock struck eight. Katie jumped up, she must be quick or she would not reach the factory by the half-hour; but, first, she knelt by her bedside and prayed for strength throughout that day. "And if the girls find out and tease me," she asked, "let me not get cross; help me to be kind to them all, and, O God, make me willing to go and live with my stepmother."

It so happened that that day being Saturday, Katie scarcely spoke to her companions; the factory closed early, and little talking was allowed during work hours. As soon as she could she hurried away; her mind was quite made up: she must live with her stepmother, at least for a time until she grew well. But, first, she went to her own small room, and somehow lately she had learned to love it. She took her Bible from the box and gathered together such few things as she would want that day and the next. And then, again, she knelt to pray; it was strange how easy she found it to tell her wants to God. Her words were very few, but they were earnest and to the point. Well she knew what a hard life might be in store for her, and she wanted patience to bear with the ill-temper of her stepmother. Then, her small parcel in her hand, she turned the key in the door, and was soon on her way to the house in Mile-end.

The same girl let her in as before, but with a manner still more insolent. "How is Mrs. Morton to-day," asked Katie.

The girl purposely mistook the meaning of the question. "She's in one of her tantrums," said she, "and ready to bite your head off. I'm very glad it's my last day."

Katie gently opened the door of her stepmother's room. Mrs. Morton seemed to be asleep, but, as she drew near to the bed, her eyes wearily opened. "Mother," said the girl, bending over her and using a word she had carefully avoided before, "mother, I've often been disagreeable and cross, I know, but I want you to forgive me, and, if you like, I'll stay and take care of you now you're so ill; I'm sure father would like it."

Mrs. Morton stared with astonishment, but Katie never waited for a reply. At once she began taking off her things and preparing to set the room to rights. She was interrupted by a voice from the bed.

"Never mind that, child, come here and tell me what it all means."

"It means just this," said Katie, "that I love God now and I want to please Him, and I'm very sorry I haven't been nice to you."

"Where did you pick up that notion?" asked Mrs. Morton.

Katie told her.

"Humph!" she said, "there wasn't no such place when I was a girl; but things are changed now, it seems. Well, a new broom sweeps clean, if an old one don't. Anyway, if you've a mind to stay, I sha'n't be sorry. There's that Betsy going this evening, and a new girl coming in, and no one to show her what to do."

"I can see to things," said Katie, "before I go to work in the morning and when I come back at night; and maybe it won't be long before you're well."

And so Katie remained and took charge of the home, and soon, under her quick and skilful management, and with Mrs. Morton's directions, the place began to assume its former look. Late in the evening, when Betsy had left and the new girl had been comfortably settled, she took her Bible and candle into the parlour and began to read. Suddenly she heard Mrs. Morton call.

"What are you up to in that cold room, Kitty?" she asked. "Don't go meddling with things; there's nothing there for you to do."

Katie entered the bedroom.

"I'm only reading for a while," she answered, pleasantly enough.

Mrs. Morton gave a grunt.

"Can't you bring your book in here? It might send a body to sleep if you'd read aloud." Perhaps she was somewhat taken aback when she heard the subject; but she made no remark, and from that time forward Katie regularly read a chapter aloud each evening.

Monday morning came. The air blew keen and frosty as Katie walked towards the factory. On her way she was joined by Bridget, who was standing at the corner of one of the streets.

"You're as slippery as an eel, Kitty Morton," she cried; "but I thought I'd have you this morning. I'm dying to know what lark you were up to last Friday evening; were you making love to the man that puts out the lights? Why, I waited outside ever so long until a wretched little fellow threw a snowball right into my eye. My, though! I was after him, and he won't forget me in a hurry, I warrant."

"Bridget," said Katie, "I do believe you care more than you pretend to," and then in a gentle, quiet way she told her companion a little of her feelings the last few days.

"Do you mean to tell the other girls that?" demanded Bridget; "you'll be in a pretty pickle if you do."

But Katie did tell them—not that day, there was no opportunity—but nearly a week later, when she had given up half of her dinner hour to help another who was backward with her work.

"What's come over Kitty lately?" asked one; "she's uncommon nice." "Got a sweetheart, perhaps," said another. "Come in for a fortune?" suggested a third; "I say, Kit, let's go shares. Come now, what's up? Out with it."

Katie's colour rose high, but she answered steadily: "Girls, most of you have known me a long time. Well, you remember my father dying, and how miserable I was after that. I've never been happy since. But once or twice lately I've been to a night-school, and the teacher told us all about the love of God. I couldn't see it at first, but afterwards I did, and that has made me feel quite different. I wish you all knew it too. Just think of God in Heaven loving us and caring for us ever since we were born, and we've been so careless and——"

She was interrupted by a loud mocking laugh. Surprise had kept the girls silent so far, but there were two or three standing in that little group who were especially bitter against religion in any form or shape. "Don't want no parsons here!" exclaimed a girl Katie had never liked. "She'll be too good for us now," cried another, turning up the whites of her eyes; "I wonder she'll even talk to such sinners." "Let us pray," said the first speaker, in a deep gruff voice, clasping her hands together, and gazing up at the ceiling. "No, no; a sermon!" exclaimed the other, jumping on an empty box; "I'll give it you." "Yes, and the saint shall hear it," said another, grasping Katie with no light hand, and pushing her towards the centre of the group. Katie's temper rose, and she struggled hard to get free. "Got a temper, has she?" sneered her tormentor; "pretty little dear, wants her mammy, perhaps; but there, no one shall hurt her, the little lamb!"

Several girls cried "For shame!" but their voices were drowned in the general confusion; most of them looked upon it as a rare opportunity for fun.

"Now, girls, shut up," cried the one on the box; "I'm going to preach," and forthwith she began to roll her body and drawl out the well-known ditty:—

"Dearly beloved brethren, 'tis a very great sin
To eat raw potatoes and throw——"

"What's the meaning of all this uproar?" inquired a loud, sharp voice. "Didn't you hear the bell ring for work?"

The girls quickly dispersed, and Katie

sat down to her machine with a full, bursting heart. She knew well what hard words were, but this was something worse. Tears blinded her eyes as she tried to work, and she longed to run away and hide herself. But there she was in the crowded workroom, and there she must stay all the afternoon. Suddenly she remembered Miss Johnson's words: "You cannot feel a sorrow, but He feels it, too." "Jesus knows," said she to herself; "He knows how hard it is to bear. Why, it was only the other day I was reading how they plaited a crown of thorns and put it on His head, and blindfolded Him, and struck Him on the face, and spit on Him. That must have been far worse; and yet He was so gentle, and never answered back. And I suppose I mustn't, either."

Just at that moment the girl whom Katie had helped passed behind her chair.

"Never mind, Kitty dear," she whispered; "I like you much better now than I did, and the girls will soon get tired of teasing."

Happily, when the time came for leaving, they were in too much of a hurry to get home to pay any attention to Katie, and she was allowed to go her way in peace. Only Bridget said, as they stood together outside for a minute, "Well, Kitty, you are a brick! Why, if anyone had said all that to me, I should have knocked them down, bang! Well, good-bye. I told you you'd catch it hot, but I never thought you'd be as plucky as that!"

* * * *

Months have passed away since then, and Katie has found Miss Johnson's words come true. "Looking unto Jesus," all things have become easy. In His strength she was able to bear the petty persecutions which met her day after day for many weeks. But, one by one, her companions have left her alone, and she has made not a few firm friends among them by her gentle kindness and ready help. It was not so long ago that one called her "The Sunbeam of the Factory," so surely and steadily has she risen in their favour. And if, now and then, an ill-natured remark is passed, she takes no notice, and lets it drop.

She still lives with her stepmother, but the home is different now. Many a jeering remark and harsh word did Katie have to bear at first, but the change in her life was too real to be mistaken, and gradually the ice round Mrs. Morton's heart melted away in the sunshine of Katie's forbearance and love. Her manner now is more gentle—sometimes almost respectful—towards the young girl, and it was a happy Sunday to both when Katie first induced her to attend the simple service in the mission-hall close by.

And Katie herself is happy. She still has her trials—who has not?—but she has learnt to pour them forth—even the least—into the ear of Him who careth for us all. Meanwhile, more than one are ready to bless God that ever Katie Morton was born into the world. Her life may be long or short, but, let her go on as she has begun, and one day she will hear the voice of the Saviour whom she loves: "Well done, good and faithful servant . . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.



As the summer advanced, and the weather became warm and sultry, Margaret found herself confronted by several difficulties which during the cool weather had not presented themselves to her mind.

The principal of these was the extreme difficulty of keeping meat and fish sweet, for the larder was small, and not sufficiently ventilated by the small window; yet it did not answer to leave the door open, for once when she had done so a cat had got in and was discovered by Betsy in the very act of devouring a sole which had been put there in readiness for Mr. Colville's tea.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and Margaret being several times driven nearly desperate by perceiving that the meat was slightly tainted, had no choice but to invent a remedy. She sent for the carpenter, and after a consultation, they devised the expedient of taking the larder-door off the hinges, and substituting for it, just for the summer months, a sheet of perforated zinc, fitted into a wooden frame. This answered capitally in so far that it caused a thorough draught through the larder, but its very success was the cause of another difficulty, for where the air could enter so freely, flies could enter too. This further difficulty was met by keeping the meat always under one of the common wire-netting meat covers, and by placing in the middle of the floor a saucer of strong green tea, well sweetened, which attracted and destroyed the flies. The ordinary fly papers, being poisonous, could not of course be used where food was kept.

It required a little extra trouble to keep the butter cool and hard, in fact Margaret had almost given up the attempt, being convinced that soft and oily butter was an unavoidable evil in warm weather, but Tom, who considered himself an authority on all matters of natural science, explained to her one day the principle of keeping things cool by evaporation; so she thought she could not do better than test his theory on the butter.

Accordingly she half filled a soup-plate with water, and put the butter-dish in it; then she spread a wet cloth over the dish, letting the ends dip into the water in the soup-plate. Thus the cloth was kept constantly moist, and she found to her delight that the butter was always cool and firm.

In spite of all her care, on one or two occasions Margaret perceived that the meat became slightly tainted, not very much, or she would have been afraid to use it; indeed, Betsy, whose olfactory nerves were not so sharp as those of her mistress, thought it was all nonsense, and declined believing that there was anything at all wrong.

Joanna, on being applied to as usual for advice, recommended her, whenever she perceived the slightest taint, to dust the meat over with charcoal, an hour before dressing it, and advised her also to keep a piece of charcoal in the larder during the very close weather. She always adopted that plan herself, she said, except in the case of meat intended for boiling, when she found the taint more effectually extracted by putting a couple of pieces of charcoal, about the size of an egg, into the pan in which the meat or fish was to be boiled.

To keep soup and stock sweet, she strained it very well when first made, and skimmed off every particle of fat, and again strained it every day into a clean vessel which was always kept uncovered.

One evening towards the end of July, Mr. Colville, who had been silent for some little time, suddenly broke in upon the conversation.

"Madge," he said, "do you think you could tear yourself away from home next week for a little while?"

Margaret looked up questioningly.

"Well, the fact is, I mean to go away for a little holiday next week, and I thought perhaps you would like to come, too. What do you think?"

There was no need for Margaret to say what she thought; her face sufficiently expressed her delight, till, catching sight of the boys' rather woeful faces, she recollected that there were others to think of besides herself.

"But what about the boys, father?"

"Perhaps we might prevail upon them to come, too."

The delight of the boys knew no bounds, and Mr. Colville was overwhelmed with questions as to when they were going, and where, and how. To all these inquiries he replied that he would leave it entirely to them to decide; all he wanted was a quiet holiday.

The next hour was spent in the study of maps and time-tables. A dozen plans were proposed and rejected; but at last they decided to go to a sea-side town they had visited as children, and the boys were soon deep in consultations about fishing-rods and other holiday matters.

"Father," said Margaret, when quiet was obtained by the departure of her brothers, "do you think it will be safe to leave Betsy alone in the house for a whole month?"

"I dare say she would be safe enough; but I would rather you did not try it. How should you like a month alone in a house, yourself?"

"Oh, father, the very idea of it makes me shudder! But then, you know, I am an arrant coward. It is to be hoped that Betsy has more strength of mind than I have."

"Probably she has; but I think it is too much to expect of so young a woman as Betsy; nor do I think it advisable, even if she herself is willing. If we were only going for two or three days, it would be a different matter. But you had better write and consult Joanna; I shall be quite content to leave it to the decision of two such able housekeepers."

Margaret had no need to write to her sister,

however, for the next post brought tidings from her. Mr. Colville had mentioned in a letter a few days previously that he hoped to be able to take his children for a holiday, and Joanna, foreseeing Margaret's perplexity, wrote to her as follows:—

"You will probably feel some difficulty about leaving Betsy. I advise you to inquire at once for some respectable woman to come and sleep in the house; very likely the tradespeople may know of some one whom they can recommend; but I need hardly say you cannot be too careful whom you employ—far better leave Betsy alone than have a woman in the house whom you do not know to be thoroughly honest and clean. You will probably find some person who goes to work during the day, and who would be glad to keep Betsy company at night for the sake of the breakfast and supper which would be provided for her; but it is better to pay her a small sum, and let her provide for herself.

"As for Betsy's provisions, it is much the most satisfactory plan for all parties to give her board wages, and let her buy whatever she fancies. The usual sum is ten shillings a week; it seems a good deal, but you know it is so much more expensive, in proportion, to provide for one person than for a family.

"You must have a clear understanding with Betsy before you go, about all the cleaning you expect her to do in your absence; of course you will take the opportunity to get your blankets and counterpanes washed, and the carpets shaken. I advise you not to let her attempt the heavy washing alone; if you have a charwoman for the day it will be done far better. You should give her full instructions how to wash the blankets and other woollen things, for nothing is more easily spoilt in the washing. Perhaps I had better give you a few hints about it, in case you do not quite understand the subject yourself.

"In the first place she should not upon any account use boiling water, nor, still worse, boil them in the copper, as I have seen careless servants do. The water should be only warm, in fact the cooler the water is the better, as long as it is just warm enough to cleanse the blankets thoroughly. First of all, give each article a good shaking, to rid it of any dust and stray feathers that may have caught on it. They should next be put to soak in cold water for a little, then well washed in a lather made of soft soap. They will require washing out again after this in a lather rather hotter than the first, but still not near boiling. The best way to make this lather is to use some of the best yellow soap, boiled to a jelly. Do not wring the blankets after washing, it destroys the soft pile, and makes them go into hard patches; but let them drain for a little while, and then hang them out in the sun, well shaking them every now and then to prevent their clogging, as it is called. Betsy had better arrange with the woman to come only if it is a fine day, and if wet, to come the next day; it is an endless task to dry blankets when the weather is cold and sunless. When quite dry, give them a final good shake, and fold them away, carefully covered from dust.

"This is the opportunity, too, for shaking any carpets that may require it. Betsy can do the small ones quite well with the aid of a charwoman, by throwing them over a line and beating them with a long, thin stick, and afterwards shaking them; but the heavy ones must be taken away by a regular carpet-beater.

"While the carpets are up you should have the sweep in for any chimneys that require his attention, and then have the floors scrubbed and the walls brushed with a long-handled broom, having a soft duster tied over it, and all the paint and wood-work washed with cold water and soap. Some of the chintz hangings will very likely require cleaning, and even if not, the bed and window curtains will look all the fresher for being shaken, folded up, and put aside whilst all this is going on.

"I noticed while I was at home that the wall behind the back kitchen sink looked very dirty and discoloured. Do you not think it would be a good plan to have the wall plastered? There is a kind of cement I have had put round mine which is almost as hard as stone, and can be thoroughly washed at the same time as the sink, so that there is no difficulty about keeping it clean. I think you would find it a great aid to cleanliness.

"I remember, too, that you pointed out to me at Christmas how dirty the walls and ceilings of your kitchen and pantries were. If Betsy were a little older and more worldly-wise, I should say, of course, this is the time to have them whitewashed and painted, but Betsy is so young and thoughtless it would hardly be safe to leave her with strange workmen in the house; not that I would for a moment doubt her honesty, but you cannot always be sure that you do not get dishonest workmen, who would easily talk over an unsuspecting girl like Betsy, and get to know all about the doors and windows, and the safe places where she keeps the silver during your absence. So under the circumstances I should advise you to have all the necessary painting done before you leave home, while you can look after the workmen yourself, and leave Betsy only simple cleaning to do.

"I am sorry to hear your fruit is not doing well this year. You will have to invent some devices for making it go a long way. A plan I sometimes use when fruit i very expensive is to mix a little rhubarb with it. I know you always have abundance of that much despised vegetable, and if you will wash a little very well, then cut it into small pieces, and bake and sweeten it, and then mix your other fruit with it, you will find it makes a very nice tart. It is a peculiarity of rhubarb that it takes the flavour of fruit with which it is mixed, and if very finely cut up, and well washed, you would not be aware that you were eating any other than the one fruit. This is particularly the case with raspberries.

"You say father has taken a fancy for tomatoes. I am glad to hear it, for they are said to be one of the most wholesome of vegetables; but I can quite sympathise with your finding them so expensive. Perhaps you do not know that for making sauce, or as a simple vegetable, tinned ones do quite as well as fresh. They are best cooked in one of those invaluable earthen pipkins with lids, which I use for all small dishes now. There is nothing like them for cleanliness and convenience.

"To serve as a vegetable they simply require gently simmering for about half an hour; but for sauce you should add a few spoonsful of stock or gravy, a little chopped onion, carrot, sweet herbs, and cloves, with salt and pepper. After simmering slowly for an hour, strain it through a hair sieve. Some add Tarragon vinegar, but I think the flavour quite sharp enough without it.

"If you can get the yellow tomatoes, you can make a very pretty dish by laying a few red and yellow ones on a dish of lettuce and endive. Most people who like tomatoes at all like them raw very much. For a little supper dish, cut off the tops of some fresh ones, and scoop out the inside with a spoon. Then make a paste of finely-minced meat (the remains of cold meat will do), a few bread crumbs, a very little strong gravy, and the pulp you have taken from the inside of the tomatoes. To this add herbs and onion, and whatever other flavouring you may fancy, and, of course, salt and pepper. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture; put on the tops again, and bake them in the oven with a little butter. I think you will find this a very popular dish.

"I wonder if I ever told you about our watercress bed? I have heard so much lately about the wonderfully health-giving properties of watercress, used either cooked or fresh, that I determined to have a good deal of it for the future; but my ardour was a little damped by discovering that some of the professional gatherers are not at all particular where they get it, and do not confine themselves to pure water. Also, I visited a very poor and very dirty family in a small back room the other evening, and found that the head of the family, who was a watercress vendor, kept all that was left of one day's stock-in-trade in the room where all the family lived, till he started on his rounds next day. But now I have found a brilliant expedient. I cannot take the credit of it to myself, however, for I always thought watercress would only grow in water, till a friend of Arthur's told me he always grew his own, so I thought I would get some seed and try, and it answers splendidly. I water the plants plentifully every day; and by getting up five minutes earlier in the morning I am in time to gather a dish of it for breakfast.

"We have it cooked sometimes, but I buy it for that purpose, as I cannot afford to gather sufficient from our little bed; and I think the boiling must wash out all impurities. I wash it first in salt and water to clear away insects, then stew it for ten minutes; then I drain and chop it, add a little butter, pepper, and salt, and heat it again in the saucepan. Before serving, I give it the smallest possible sprinkle of vinegar, and garnish the dish with sippets of toasted bread."

The same evening that she received this letter, Margaret had a visit from Wilfred Trent.

"Miss Margaret," he said, "I know you are always ready to help any one in distress, so as my aunt is away from home I have come to tell you about a poor woman, the widow of one of our men, who died a few weeks ago. He was a very steady fellow, but since he died she has been ill and lost her work in consequence, and came to me to help her, for her husband's sake; but as I don't know much about women's work I am at a loss how to advise her. She is indignant at the idea of charity, and only wants some work."

"Why, how fortunate," cried Margaret, "she is the very woman I wanted to come and help Betsy while we are away; and then if she does pretty well I can recommend her amongst my friends, and she is sure to get plenty of work."

And so that difficulty was settled, and Margaret was able to leave home a few days later with an easy mind.

They found the watering-place they had fixed upon even more beautiful than they expected; and Margaret and the boys went quite wild with delight, and even Mr. Colville forgot business, and cares of all kinds, and gave himself up to having a thoroughly "good time."

After they had been there about a week, Margaret was one day astonished and delighted to meet Mrs. Trent on the beach.

"How delightful!" she cried. "Did you know we were here, Mrs. Trent?"

"No, my child. My nephew said there was no such place in England for rheumatic people, and insisted on spending his holiday in bringing me here for my health. I thought it was all kind consideration for me, but——"

"How very thoughtful of him!" Margaret broke in.

"Yes; oh, yes! very," replied Mrs. Trent; but it was spoken dubiously. Her belief in her nephew's entire self-sacrifice in the matter had been a little shaken by the meeting.

(To be continued.)



"MAMMA!"

A DOLL'S LETTERS TO HER MISTRESS.—II.

By James Mason.

When Ellen awoke next morning one of the first things she saw was the letter on the top of the chimney-pot of Thunderthumps Castle.

"Something is lying there," said she, "where last night there was nothing. What can it be?"

She at once laid hands on the letter and tore it open, and there she sat, with one stocking off and the other stocking on, till she had read it from beginning to end.

"Sarah will not laugh at the little baroness any more," she thought; "and Tom will speak more respectfully of her too. Another such doll as mine is not in the whole world. She must surely be nothing short of the queen of dolls."

But she made up her mind for the present to keep the secret of the doll's letter to herself. She was an independent little character, our Ellen, and not given to telling everything to everybody.

She went over to the doll's house and opened the door. There sat the Baroness Arabella in a corner with a little toy table beside her, and on the table a tiny toy tea-cup and saucer; her right hand rested on the table and Ellen saw that the fingers were all blotted with ink.

"Wake up! wake up!" said Ellen, giving the little baroness a good shake. But the doll never paid the least attention or gave the faintest sign of life. Ellen next gave her a squeeze or two, and she cried "Papa" and "Mamma" as she had so often done before, but not another word was to be got out of her. It looked as if she would go on saying "Papa" and "Mamma" and nothing more till she fell to pieces. She might be lively enough during the night, but she either could not or would not exert herself whilst the sun was shining.



UNDER THE ROSEBUSH.

Half-a-dozen times during the course of the day Ellen re-read the doll's letter. It seemed always new and interesting, but she was surprised at nothing in it, for it was nothing more than she expected. In spite of her resolution she was much tempted to tell at least Tom what she had got, and indeed she almost let the secret out.

"Tom," she said, "what would you say if the little baroness has really written me a letter?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied Tom, "nothing but the throat of an ostrich will swallow that."

Ellen dropped the subject.

In the doll's letter what struck her fancy most was what the little baroness said about the treasures she knew of. It is true she made light of them, but with her mistress it was quite the reverse. Ellen had long hoped, in some way or other, either like Sindbad the Sailor, to discover a valley of diamonds, or to obtain possession of a magic purse which should be always full of gold and silver. She had read about such things, and why should they not be true?

Perhaps, she thought, the little baroness may know a witch who can turn stone into gold, perhaps she can point out some garden where the trees grew with strings of pearls for fruit, perhaps she is herself the guardian of immense riches, perhaps she is a sorceress and can see at a glance all the treasures in the whole world, perhaps—but there was no end to the things she imagined to herself.



THE BARONESS'S TEA PARTY.

The other subjects in the letter were of interest, but this was of importance. Ellen's fortune, there was no saying, might be made if the doll could only be got to disclose where the treasures lay. Ellen was quite sure they must lie hidden away under magic spells and secured by charms understood only by the little baroness.

She determined to lose no time in asking all necessary information. When evening came she wrote this note:—

"My own litel Barones,—Whaut i want to aske about is these treasurs. U mai not care for them but i du. Tell me wher thay ar. U ar veri good to rite to me: the nicest dol that ever was known. Don't forgett about the treasurs. Ever and ever your loving Ellen."

She put this letter in the pocket of the doll's dress as before, and laid a long bit of candle in the doll's house, with a box of matches, a bottle of ink, a new pen, and three sheets of notepaper.

That night, Ellen lay long awake, pretending to sleep, but listening all the time. However, she heard nothing. But next morning there was a letter on the top of the chimney, and this is what it said:—

"My dear Ellen,—I see you are far from being a little philosopher. If you were one you would not be so keen about getting the money bags into your clutches.

"Riches are not everything, and people may



"HELEN HURRIED OUT."

be uncommonly happy without them. Indeed, a great many are very rich and very miserable at the same time. I have heard of one with more wealth than could be counted, but whose heart was so heavy that when he sat down three chairs broke beneath his weight. And you yourself read to me out of a story-book just the other day, about a rich man who had to bind four bands of iron round his heart for fear it should break for grief and sorrow.

"You human beings are funny people. If I were in your shoes I would be far more afraid of ignorance than of poverty. But wisdom left the earth when the doll family lost its influence and fell into decay.

"From all I have noticed, you, Ellen, bid fair to grow like most of the rest—a great deal more eager to get a bag of diamonds, or something of that sort, than to have a well-filled head. Now, the true riches for you young folks are to be dug out of school-books.

"But you don't think that. Speak of history! Why you know just about as much history as the painter who put Noah, Queen Victoria, and Henry VIII. all in one picture. As for grammar, your grammar is often very so-so, and in arithmetic I know you sat yesterday crying over a sum in simple division, and told your governess you looked upon anyone who could do a sum in vulgar fractions as a



THE BARONESS DANCING WITH THE CAT.

sort of magician. As things go, unless you give up dreaming about hidden treasures and magic purses, and work to gain more know-

ledge, you won't even be fit to marry a plough-boy.

"'To learn lessons is difficult,' you say. Do your best. 'But it is very difficult.' Do your best. 'But it is next to impossible.' Still, do your best.

"Attend also, Ellen, to your sewing and knitting. I had rather see you hemming away at a handkerchief than building castles in the air with walls of gold and towers of silver.

"The way to be happy is not to get heaps of money, but to do what is right. And, by the way, I never heard that doing what was right included quarrelling. My grandfather fell in once, on a moor, with two brothers who had been fighting for three hundred years about a pair of boots. Now you were almost as bad to-day quarrelling with Tom as to who should have the longest pipe for blowing soap-balls. I saw you grow so angry you scarcely knew which leg to stand on, and when, after all, Tom got the longest pipe, you took a fit of the sulks.

"It would be much more becoming if you gave in to Tom, even when he insists, as I heard him insisting a few days ago, that you should always call him 'My lord Thomas.' He is a year and a half older than you, and elders have their rights.

"This letter is long enough, so what I have not said now I shall say next time.—I am your faithful and loving

"LITTLE BARONESS."

When Ellen read this letter, she was, it must be confessed, slightly disappointed. She had set her heart on the treasure, and had made up her mind that she should now at the very least have unlimited pocket money instead of an allowance of only threepence a week. "But," thought she, "perhaps the little baroness will tell me all about it when she writes next. I shall try to have patience."

Next morning there was no letter, and all at once Ellen remembered that she had been playing with Arabella in the garden the previous evening, and had left her either on the garden seat or on the grass. On the grass sure enough she was, under a rosebush. She picked her up, and to dry her damp things let her lie all the forenoon on the top of the stove. Poor little baroness!

This happened on a Wednesday, and on Thursday morning Ellen had this letter to read:—

"MY DEAR ELLEN,—It is a mighty queer thing that you should ill-treat me after my writing and giving you so much good advice. Why did you leave me out all night on the cold ground? How would you yourself like to sleep in the street? And, then, to think that nothing would serve you but to lay me on the top of the stove and burn my back!

"Not but that you are sometimes kind, and that, on the whole, you mean well enough. But you must have some forethought, Ellen. I have no wish to lie just yet beside the canary that died last winter.

"You are not the only cruel one, I am sorry to say. Rover saw me shivering on the grass, and began barking to waken some of you, and what do you think happened? Sarah came out and threw a pailful of cold water over him. 'Take that!' she said, 'and stop your bow-wow!'

"And there's Tom, too. His hobby-horse has a hard time of it. Tell him to be like the waggoner we saw the day before yesterday go up the hill, who stopped half-way to let his horses rest, and rubbed their noses and patted their necks.

"If you are wiser to-day, Ellen, than you were yesterday, as you should be, you will now have given up all thoughts of riches. I, who come of an ancient and worshipful family, and have been where witches ride through the air on broomsticks and sail over the sea in eggshells, tell you that riches are hardly worth having. The true treasures, the treasures of us dolls, are truth and wisdom. When all treasures are tried, these are the best.

"We were talking about that only the other night at a tea-party I gave in honour of Nora, the cat, and Trumpeter Dick, the trumpeter of your brother's tin soldiers—a distant cousin of my own. We were all of the same mind, and wondered that a girl of your good sense should trouble about such trifles. As if you would be any happier even if you could draw down gold rain from the skies or dig up untold wealth from rubbish heaps.

"An old friend of mine, a one-handed, one-eyed, one-legged giant, used to say, 'It is not what we have, but what we are, that is of consequence.' He was right; and for my part, I would as soon think of setting my heart on gold and diamonds as of biting my head off.

"When I write next I shall say no more on this subject, but shall tell you the interesting story of all my relations, beginning with my great-great-great-grandfather and ending with my cousins seventeen times removed.

"Always your loving,

"LITTLE BARONESS."

"What a plague of a doll, with all her good advice!" said Ellen, when she read this letter. She had a great mind to shut her eyes and never read a letter again. Besides, she had a notion that the doll was slightly conceited about her grand relations and the things she had seen. You could see all that in the next letter Ellen wrote. We give the spelling, not as it was but as it should be:—

"MY DEAR LITTLE BARONESS,—I love you as well as sixpence, but you know nothing about it. The treasures of you dolls are not ours, as you have told me yourself. If I had lots of money I would be quite contented. Tell me how to go to find a heap of gold. I don't want to hear about your relations."

Ellen enclosed in this note a piece of pink ribbon, and on the ribbon she pinned a bit of paper with these words, "The gift is small, but love is all." This she thought would put the little baroness in good humour. And perhaps it did. At any rate, the doll was that night in high spirits, and if Ellen had only wakened at the right moment she would have surprised her indulging in a very lively dance with Nora, the cat.

The baroness's next letter was very short and to the point:—

"MY DEAR ELLEN,—If you will have your own way, go out at the door and down the road and up the lane and past the sandpit till you come to the mill; then turn to the right and go over the common and through the wood till you reach an inn with a hanging sign; then turn to the left and you will come to a stream; follow the stream till you reach the bridge; cross the bridge and take the first gate to the right, then follow the footpath that goes over the field. That will lead you to the foot of a hill, and half way up the hill there is an old castle, with a door all studded with iron nails, and a great knocker with a frightful face. At the back of the castle there is a ditch, and in the ditch there is a stone, and under the stone there is—what you will see for yourself.

"Your faithful, loving servant,

"ARABELLA."

Ellen could hardly contain herself for joy when she saw these plain directions. She was a little disappointed, however, at the treasure being concealed in a ditch. She thought it should at least have been in a court all paved with white marble. Her thoughts now ran on making ready to be off, and she wrote this note that very evening —

"MY OWN LITTLE BARONESS,—I cannot get on without you. Fly with me. If you object to doing anything in the daytime I shall go by night."

In the morning came the answer:—

"As to flying with you, that is impossible. A spell is laid upon us dolls that under the eyes of human beings we can do nothing. You must go by yourself."

Here was Ellen's last note:—

"BARONESS,—I go then by myself. Should I take an umbrella?"

And this was the reply:—

"MY DEAR ELLEN,—No, there is no need for one. You are going to fairyland, where there is never any rain."

In half an hour after reading this, just a few minutes after breakfast, Ellen slipped away to her own room, put on her hat and her gloves, and hurried out at the door. She went down the road and up the lane and past the sandpit till she came to the mill, then she turned to the right, and went over the common and through the wood till she came to the inn with the hanging sign. But then she turned to the right instead of the left, and so it happened she lost her way.

(*To be continued.*)

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

"TURN, FORTUNE, TURN THY WHEEL, AND LOWER THE PROUD."



MAUD was still standing in Gertrude's empty room, absorbed in her own thoughts, when a hand was laid gently on her arm. She turned round impatiently, thinking it was Miss Daughton who had broken in upon her solitude. But it was Daisy, who stood by her side with a wistful face.

"I have not come to tease you, Maud," she said, in a timid voice; "but Uncle Philip said somebody must tell you that you were expected to appear at dinner, and Rhoda sent me to you."

"I am not going to appear at dinner," replied Maud, sullenly. "Nobody wants me."

"But, Maud, your father will be angry if you do not come; and this is Christmas Day!"

"Yes; it is Christmas Day," Maud repeated, bitterly, "and people are all enjoying themselves, I suppose. It is a miserable Christmas to me."

"I dare say it isn't a bright Christmas to some other people," Daisy said, softly. "There are hundreds of sufferers in the world to-day. Sometimes it is more comforting to think of the Founder than of the festival itself."

"I can't think of anything but my

own wretchedness," said Maud; "and I wish you would go away."

"I am going; but, O Maud, don't make Uncle Philip vexed."

Maud drew a long breath, and then a shiver crept over her frame. Daisy touched her hand—it was as cold as ice.

"You must not stay here," she said, earnestly; "you are half frozen, Maud. And why should you make yourself so uncomfortable? You have been without a fire for hours."

It was true. Maud had not let the servants touch her room that day, and the grate was full of last night's ashes. Daisy's words seemed to rouse her to a sense of discomfort, and she shivered again.

"Sit down in that easy chair," Daisy entreated. "There is fuel in the grate, and I can kindle it in an instant. Do be persuaded, Maud; dress for dinner in this room, and I will bring you some tea."

"I don't care about anything," Maud answered, sinking into the chair.

Daisy found matches, and set light to the fuel, without a moment's delay. As the wood crackled and the flames curled up, a certain vague sense of comfort began to steal over Maud, and she warmed her hands mechanically at the blaze.

Ever watchful, Daisy brought a thick shawl from her own room, and threw it round her cousin's shoulders; and then, shutting the door, she hastened downstairs for tea, and soon returned with all that was required.

Maud was curiously submissive to this new influence. She suffered Daisy to bring a tiny table to her chair, and place the tray upon it, and she accepted tea and bread-and-butter in silence. It was now growing dark out of doors; only the fire made a glow in the room, until Daisy lighted the wax tapers on the toilet-table, and then came back to Maud's side.

"Did they tell you about the letter?" asked Maud, abruptly breaking the pause.

"Yes," Daisy answered.

"I daresay you think I am an idiot to grieve over it?"

"No," said Daisy. "If I had been in your case I should have fretted quite as much."

"I can see plainly that Miss Daughton regards me as a sort of lunatic," remarked Maud, in a bitter tone. "But she has never loved anyone in all her life, and she cannot in the least understand my feeling about Gerty."

"I can understand it," Daisy replied.

"And I can't quite hate Gerty yet," Maud went on. "At first I thought I did. But I have been recalling the day when I saw her for the first time, and we began to be intimate. It was last Christmas—only a year ago; she came to us for a week in May, and seemed to love me so much. And then in August I saw a great deal of her at the seaside."

"There is a fascination about her," said Daisy.

"Indeed, there is. She was popular everywhere, and was never left unnoticed. Just crossing a street, or passing strangers in a crowded room, she was remarked, although she was not beautiful. I suppose it is that influence of hers that still haunts me, and makes it so impossible to dislike her."

"Why should you try to dislike her?" Daisy asked. "It is true that she has not valued your affection; but you will be happier and calmer if you forgive her in your heart. The only way to be at rest is to forgive."

"I can never forget," said Maud.

"No; the wound remains, although we pardon the hand that made it. And perhaps the scar may never wholly pass away; yet I don't think we need be any the worse for such scars. They teach us to sympathise with others who suffer."

Maud drank her tea in silence, and for a little while only the crackling of the fire was heard. At last, setting down her cup, she looked full into Daisy's face, and said, bluntly,—

"Are you not rather glad that Gerty has made me miserable?"

"No," rejoined Daisy, meeting her glance with perfect frankness.

"Miss Daughton is glad," said Maud. "Although she purrs over me and pretends to condole, I know she heartily enjoys the whole thing; and even Rhoda thinks I am rightly served."

"They don't view the matter so seriously as you do," replied Daisy; "and they do not realise how unhappy it has made you. If they did, they would be sorry, I am sure."

Maud shook her head, and smiled bitterly.

"You are not of the world worldly, Daisy," she said, "else you would know that nothing adds such a relish to life as a friend's misfortune."

"I hope I never may be of the world, Maud; if those are its ways, they are very hateful to me. There is another way which I think far better."

"What way?" Maud asked.

"I mean St. James's way. He says, 'bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ,'" responded Daisy, quietly.

"Ah, you have been very piously brought up, I can see," Maud said, half scornfully.

But Daisy did not resent the sneer.

"Come, Maud," she pleaded, "you will set about dressing for dinner, won't you? Wear scarlet camellias and black velvet; nothing suits you better."

"What does it matter how I am dressed?" cried Maud, passionately. "Gerty used to pretend to admire me, but she thought me a guy in her heart!"

"But surely, Maud, we dress to please more than one person. And as to Gertrude, if she thought you a guy she would not find many who agreed with her."

Daisy had poured oil into her cousin's wounds, and from that moment Maud's spirits began to revive. She accepted the kind offices of this good little Samaritan, and felt all the more grateful because Daisy had not thought it necessary to summon the servants.

Rhoda could hardly believe her own eyes when she saw the two girls enter the drawing-room, and noticed that, instead of being carelessly dressed, Maud was better attired than usual. That Christmas Day ended more pleasantly than it had begun; and there was a growing conviction in the family that Daisy's modest services were by no means to be despised.

Next day, Daisy sought a private interview with Rhoda, and tried to interest her in Miss Leeson. Rhoda did not think that Daisy ought to have talked to the dressmaker, and drawn out the story of her troubles: but she was not unwilling to show a kindness.

"I don't think papa will object to your going to see the Leesons if I send a servant with you," she said. "You may take Jane, and she shall carry a pudding and some other things."

So Daisy wended her way to Marylebone with a light heart, and Jane carried the basket with a hearty goodwill. It was pleasant to wait upon a young lady who had always a kind word for the servants, and never gave unnecessary trouble. From the first day of her arrival in Portland Place, Daisy had stood high in the favour of Dr. Garnett's domestics.

Hope and sunshine entered Mrs. Leeson's room with that young face. The poor woman was suffering from depression of spirits, and the sad languour that comes of lack of strength. Daisy's quiet cheerfulness, and her readiness to listen to a tale of trouble, did much good to Mrs. Leeson. She sat in the little room, and discussed ways and means and future prospects with the widow, while Jane listened in silent wonder.

But Daisy had herself taken lessons in the school of sorrow, and had never forgotten the teaching she had received. She went away with her head full of Mrs. Leeson's affairs, and longed to send the widow and her daughter back to their native place, where they might begin, as it were, a fresh life.

When she returned to her uncle's house it was one o'clock in the afternoon, and his carriage was just entering the gate. As Daisy followed it, treading the gravelled drive that skirted the grass, her thoughts wandered back to the day of her arrival, and the parting with Aunt Cecily.

The aspect of the place was scarcely more cheerful now than it had been at that time. Then a few ragged leaves had been clinging to the trees, but now their branches were quite bare. The house itself still presented that gloomy look which had chilled poor Daisy's heart when she had first beheld it; but now she glanced up at those grim walls, and smiled brightly to herself. She had made the best of her life, and it was beginning to be an endurable life, after all.

She had learnt the old truth that "stone walls do not a prison make" any more than blue skies and green fields can make liberty.

And yet her smile was quickly followed by a sigh. How long it seemed since she had seen Aunt Cecily's beautiful face, and listened to the voice that had been indeed a guiding voice to her!

We do not forget when we become resigned. Daisy had had grace given her to accept her lot and bear her heart-

loneliness without a murmur; but she had not ceased to pine for the companionship of her dearest friend. If she had found some pleasant associate of her own age, someone to whom she could have spoken freely about Cecily, her life would have been far brighter than it was. But she knew, by instinct, that her uncle's household still cherished a deep-rooted prejudice against her mother's family, even although they had begun to be more tolerant of herself.

She had learnt to love in silence; and that is a hard lesson for the young. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth would fain have spoken; but prudence taught her to be still. Yet this enforced reserve was making Daisy older and graver than she ought to have been at her age. A girl's thoughts should be like a stream that ripples and laughs in the open sun; not like the hidden waters that make their way in darkness and quietness through caverns that are known to none.

Her visit to Mrs. Leeson had brought Aunt Cecily vividly to her mind; she had been trying to speak as Cecily would have spoken, and the widow's look and smile had told her that the words had been uttered in season.

"But, oh, I am only a faint echo of *her!*" thought Daisy, as she sat in the drawing-room in the afternoon, while the rest were talking around her.

The charade party was to come off that night; Maud had partly recovered her spirits, and was talking over the actors with Mrs. Jackson. A young lady had been persuaded to take the part that Gertrude Sandon had chosen; and the affair was expected confidently to be a success in spite of Gertude's desertion. Daisy was beginning to wish it was all over; she was getting tired of the endless discussions about costumes, and the incessant *pro* and *con.* which is always so wearisome to an uninterested listener. Even Rhoda was drawn into the general confab, and the flow of talk and afternoon tea went on without cessation.

It was a pleasure to Daisy to see the face of one whom she knew and liked: Mr. Alderstone entered in the midst of the buzz of chit-chat, and soon found his way to her side.

"I have just returned from a long journey," he said, bringing his teacup to a little table near her sofa. "Don't you love the country in winter? I do; I like to see brown-and-white fields and glistening trees."

"I do not know much about the country," Daisy answered, regretfully; "my birthplace was a busy town."

"I am country-born—a thorough rustic," said Mr. Alderstone. "My home is in Woodshire: a quaint, old farmhouse, in which my parents and an unmarried sister are living still. We have had a happy, old-fashioned Christmas."

"I wish I had a home," said Daisy, involuntarily. Then, seeing his grave, inquiring look, she added, "I mean that it would be good to have a father and mother, and brothers and sisters. I am an orphan; and the aunt who is my very dearest friend is far away."

"That is hard for you," he replied, gently; "but you are young, and will form new ties by-and-by. You have life before you and hope in your heart. One of the saddest things I have ever seen is a lonely and loveless old age; and yesterday I slipped away from my own household group to visit one who is old and quite alone."

Daisy listened with an interested face.

"Picture to yourself," he continued, "a white-haired, sun-tanned man, sitting in solitude by his Christmas fire. The light flickers and dances over the panelled walls of his grand old room, and touches the rich carving of the oaken chimney-piece. In days gone by, a father and mother, three goodly sons, and a fair daughter, kept many a merry Christmas within those walls; but all are dead now. Early in life the youngest son went away to far lands, and he is now the last of his race. While he was absent his sister, the pet of his boyhood, left her home by stealth to marry a man unworthy of her, and her friends refused to see her face again. She died, after a second marriage, leaving children behind her, but what has become of those children is not known as yet. If they are living, and Mr. Hurstone can find them——"

"Hurstone was my grandmother's maiden name—the name of my mother's mother," interrupted Daisy, in a quivering voice. "She was born in Hurst Hall, in Woodshire, and she ran away to marry a Captain Ashley. It was a sad story; Aunt Cecily has often told it me."

"Who is Aunt Cecily?" asked Mr. Alderstone, quickly.

"My mother's sister—Cecily Woodburn. Grandmamma was married first to Captain Ashley and then to Mr. Woodburn."

"If I had known all this last night I might have cheered a sad heart," said Mr. Alderstone, in a thoughtful tone. "Mr. Charles Hurstone has lately returned from abroad to take possession of the estate, and he is utterly alone in the world, as I have told you. Both his brothers died unmarried, and he himself is a childless widower, whose sole aim in life is to find his sister's children."

(*To be continued.*)



A REGRET.

"Peggy had dismissed her lover, but she knew well that this dismissal would leave a blank in her life which would not easily be filled, for, after all, he had been her friend as well as her lover."

E. R.

Ah me! love is so sweet, more sweet than all,
And yet I ought to grieve that love is mine;
But while love's crimson blossoms round me fall
I only feel that love is half divine,
I only know love is more sweet than all.
Breathing love's fragrance, hearing love's voice call,
I only joy that such a joy is mine.

Ah me! I am ashamed of mine own heart,
That I such gladness to myself can take;
For it were better I should go apart,
Or bid love turn away for love's own sake
And hide his blessings deep within his heart,
Or break his wings out in the crowded mart,
Since for my love another heart must ache.

Ah me! and must I school myself to pray
That love's red roses no kind hand may strow
Under my feet along the dusty way,
Because their thorns do hurt my lover so
In plucking them? 'Tis a hard prayer to pray
That no more beauteous clusters he may throw
Over my path as he has done to-day.

Ah me! Could I return him love for love,
And flowers like his own to him give back,
I were as happy as the heaven above—
The golden heaven where flies the white-winged dove,
On which stern Duty bids me turn my back,
Because, alas! of love I have such lack.
Ah me! that I should be so poor in love!



Diffidence isn't a virtue, and it certainly isn't a vice; it is something that we rather like to see in a young girl, and can just pity and forgive in a boy; and yet—would you believe it?—it is the feeling uppermost in my mind at the present moment. And if you will listen to me I will endeavour to explain to you how it happened to come there. I looked into our Editor's room a little while ago. It was early in the day, but he was busy, as usual; he was flanked on both sides by piles of letters and flowers, and a load of manuscript lay before him, so that I could only get a kind of bird's-eye view of him.

"How do you do?" I said. "I hope I see you in good health."

"Are there two *p*'s in apartment?" was the Editor's reply, not deigning to lift his head, but scribbling away as if writing for his life.

"No," I said, "only one *p*. Good morning; I must be off."

"Wait a moment," said our Editor. "I want you."

Now the fact is, I didn't want to be wanted. I had my dust clothes on. I presume I looked quite gay. I was bound for a long drive. However, there was nothing for it but to wait, so I sat down on a pile of old papers, and hung my white hat on a file. After the lapse of five long minutes he looked up.

"What are you going to give us for this month, Medicus mine?" he said. "You must write your article *now*."

"This is beautiful weather," I replied, "and everybody is out."

"Duty first," said our Editor; "duty first, doctor. Now what is it going to be? The eyes of two hundred thousand young girls are on you; and *there* is paper and *here* is a pen."

"What would you say," I said, "to an article on the circulation of the blood?"

"Circulation of the blood, indeed!" said our Editor, scornfully. "Who do you think would read it? Our girls can feel their blood circulating, they don't need to be told of it. No, tell us something practical. Be useful if you can't be lively."

I cast only one longing, lingering glance at my white hat on the file, took up my pen and commenced, merely remarking to the Editor, "I don't mind losing a holiday for the sake of our girls."

So now, my fair young readers, having sacrificed my own holiday for your sakes, I trust you will let me give you some hints which, if taken and adopted, will assuredly tend to make your holiday all the more agreeable to you.

And here is where the diffidence comes in. Your boxes are all packed, your flyman is at the gate—he has come fifteen minutes before his time, as flymen often do—and you are all bustle and excitement, and I, your Medicus, touch you gently on the shoulder. No wonder I am diffident for daring to address you at such a supreme moment. Well, then, don't read my article just yet; fold The Girl's Own Paper carefully up, and slip it in under the rug-

bands along with "Bradshaw," and after you have spent your first day and your second day in the cool green country, or by the sad sea wave, take it up and read it.

And now the question I wish to ask you is this—What did you come to the seaside, or what did you come to the country, to do? Your answer rises readily enough to your lips or thoughts. You came to enjoy yourself. That is precisely what I should wish you to do; but while doing so I should like you to lay up a store of health and good spirits that will last you all the year round until summer comes again. If you can do that you can say with truth that you really have made the best of your holiday. I know there are many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who have never an ache and never a care, for whom the sun seems always to shine, and whose pathway in life is strewn with flowers; but there are many, many others who, young though they may be, have already a heavy burden to bear, who have to toil late and early, whose backs must often ache, whose heads must often throb, and who oftentimes must feel the true meaning of those little words, "sad and weary." To such as these a short holiday is an incalculable boon; it is such as these that I wish to address. The whole have no need of a physician; only they who are sick. Perhaps you have of late noticed that you have been looking paler than usual, or blanched, or weary, that you go about your daily avocations with less heart, that pain in the loins or head often keeps you company, that your sleep at night is less sound than it used to be, that you do not feel so fresh in the morning as you ought to do, and that you would fain rest another little hour. It may even be that your heart palpitates at times, and that you are nervous or suffer from a slight hacking cough.

I am only mentioning the symptoms likely to be induced by overwork, by long hours, or by labour conducted indoors in stuffy rooms or shops, or, what is as bad almost as anything, going too often upstairs in tall houses. But however they may have been brought on, your short holiday in the country, or by the sea, is likely to remove them, if you try to enjoy it in a rational way, and take regularly the few simple medicines I am going to prescribe for you.

First, then, it is to be hoped that you have left home well supplied with proper underclothing. I do not care much how or in what style you dress, but it is my duty to say, that thousands of people every year fall victims to serious illnesses which could easily have been kept at bay by the expenditure of a little common sense in the matter of clothing. Here is the mistake they make: they say to themselves "The warm weather has come now, and we must lay aside our thick clothing." But in this country we have no surety of summer lasting for any two consecutive days; in fact, summer comes and goes, and a delicate girl who wishes to make the most of her holiday will dress each day, according to the temperature and appearance of the weather. Thin flannels should be always worn by her, especially if at the seaside, and on some days thick garments will be necessary. Again, some change of raiment should be made towards nightfall. Hundreds of people catch cold through the feet. Well, granting that you *must*, for fashion's sake, wear thin boots or shoes during the day, you ought assuredly to exchange them in the evening for stouter ones.

The evening is often the most delicious time to be abroad. The older doctors used to preach against what they were pleased to call the evil effects of night air. This is all nonsense. Walk by the moonlight if you wish to, stroll on the beach when the stars are out; you cannot have too much fresh air, morning, noon, or night, but pray have stout boots on, sensible stockings, and a shawl or plaid around your shoulders.

If you don't rise early during your holiday, you cannot expect to get much benefit from it. And you cannot rise early unless you have gone early to bed. Early rising should be commenced the night before. That is an Irish bull I grant you, but there is a deal of truth in it nevertheless. Do not, if you can possibly avoid it, go to in-door parties or concerts during your holiday. Out-door games, on the other hand, such as lawn tennis, are likely to do you a great deal of good.

If you are up soon after six and down by seven o'clock, you will be able to sniff the sweet morning air and take sufficient exercise before breakfast to engender a healthy appetite. Of course, you will not have forgotten the morning bath, and you will have used the soap and ultimately the rough towel, as if you were not afraid of either of them.

By the seaside you will enjoy the bracing air, and nothing that I know of has such power to restore tone to the muscles and nerves and reinvigorate the health generally. Down in the country the air is not so bracing, but you will have quiet and shade; and there is something else which you may have, and certainly should not neglect having. I mean milk. Drunk warm as it comes from the cow I hardly think its good effects can be too much extolled; it is better than any medicine you could use. It should be taken early in the morning, at noon, and again in the evening.

Now, a word about exercise. It is to be presumed that during your holiday your time will be very much at your own disposal. Well, every hour of it should be spent, if possible, in the open air, and you must take all the exercise you can without fatigue. I do not care much what kind of exercise you take; it may be walking, riding, driving, rowing, or playing games of any sort; but let it be pleasurable. Exercise is not work any more than work is exercise. The time spent in work often goes wearily and slowly enough by; that spent in the exercise which is really doing one good should fly away—in other words, the mind should be wholly engrossed, wholly interested. You may take a book, and walk for miles on miles; I do not say that this will not do you good, you will be breathing the pure air, and to a certain extent exercising your muscles. But if instead of the book you take with you a pleasant companion, and engage all the way in easy, pleasant conversation, or rather chit-chat, your walk will do you a hundredfold more good. You must not force exercise beyond a certain extent; you must not let laziness prevent your beginning it, but approaching fatigue should warn you to take rest, if only for a few minutes, else not only the muscles, but the nerves themselves will suffer. It is a sign that exercise is doing you good if you can take more on the second or third day, than you could on the first. I have just three words more to say about exercise; the first is this. Take it with regularity—that is, at the same hours every day; secondly, let the clothes you wear while taking it be warm and comfortable, but neither thick nor heavy, unless, indeed you are very stout and wish to reduce your weight; and, thirdly, let me advise you never to take exercise immediately after you have got up from the table. On the other hand, a good half-hour should always elapse between the time of taking exercise and that of sitting down to partake of a meal.

Let me warn my young readers against the baneful effects of hurry and excitement. Do everything leisurely; if you do not you will not have half the pleasure in your holiday, nor will it do you anything like the same amount of good.

If a girl in delicate health, or who had suffered from over-work, were to consult me as to whether she ought to go for her holiday to the country or the seaside, I should say "by all means choose the latter." For there, you see, you can enjoy the great blessing of a course of bathing. I have already had a paper on bathing, and if you are bound for the seaside, you cannot do better than re-read it and act on the advice therein given. I think in that article that, among other things, I advised the reader to let the bathing hour be about two, or even three hours, after breakfast; unless, indeed, she were strong enough to go into the sea before breakfast; to walk leisurely to the beach, so as not to be overheated or chilly; to wear a bathing-cap to preserve the hair; to first wet the face and neck, and immediately after to plunge at once under the first wave; not to stop too long in the water; to use rough towels, to dress leisurely, and then to eat a morsel of lunch biscuit, and take a short walk.

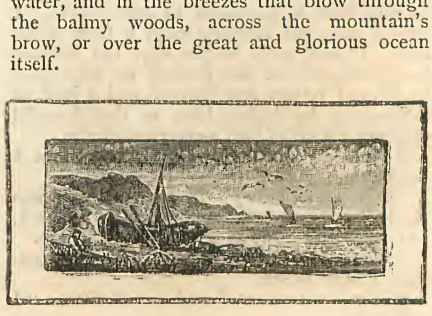
While doing the best you can to enjoy your brief holiday, do not let the weather interfere with your exercise in the open air. You cannot very well play lawn tennis in wet weather, but you can walk, and you can dress to defy the rain. An umbrella and a light cloth waterproof—not, mind you, an india-rubber one—will enable you to do this.

Do not, I pray you, be afraid of the sunshine. You cannot have too much of it. What if it does make you a trifle brown, it will purify the blood that circulates in your veins, it will calm and tranquillise the mind, and restore the roses to your cheeks that erst were so pale. I do sincerely believe that most girls would be far better in health if they would make a point of always leaving their parasols at home.

And now, in conclusion, I have a word about medicine to say. A tonic of some kind will do you a deal of good while taking your holiday, and that which I am going to recommend is a simple one, but in a large number of cases very effectual. At the same time it is but right to tell you, that it does most good to girls who complain of the symptoms I have already mentioned; in other words, pale, weakly girls. The medicine is the citrate of iron and quinine in a granular effervescent form. Mix a teaspoonful in a tumbler of pure spring water, and take this three times a day. To increase its efficacy, I advise the use of the extract of malt, with or after the food. It is a tonic in which I have the greatest faith, and I have known it do much good when cod liver oil had either failed in its action, or could not be conveniently retained on the stomach.

There is one thing which no one is too young to learn, and that is the simple fact that a little cooling medicine should be taken about once a week while using tonics.

Tonics, after all, are only helps to health, and I repeat that health during a holiday is to be sought for in the sunshine and in the water, and in the breezes that blow through the balmy woods, across the mountain's brow, or over the great and glorious ocean itself.



HOW TO NURSE THE BABY.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER III. AND LAST.

LITTLE NURSES UNDER TRAINING.



In commencing this chapter I should like to offer a few earnest words of advice to young mothers about feeding their infants. It is too much the modern custom to bring up children by hand, as it is called, even when there is nothing to prevent the mother from nursing—I mean no physical hindrance—where youth, health, and strength are all present, and an abundant supply of that nutriment which, being Nature's provision for the sustenance of the child, must also be the best.

Yet it often happens that a mother's indolence, selfishness, and a determination not to give up visiting and pleasure-seeking at all hours, are just what stand in the way of her undertaking what is alike her duty and her privilege. She can leave her bottle-fed baby, and it is so very easy to lay it down in its cot with the tube of the feeding-bottle in its mouth, while she goes about her work or her amusement, as the case may be.

Now, I believe all medical men agree that no artifical food can possibly be so good for an infant as its mother's milk, provided it is there, and there is no physical hindrance, such as disease or extreme weakness, to prevent her from nursing; also, that a child thus nourished has a far better prospect of life and health than one brought up by hand—that if the nursing cannot be prolonged, still it is an immense advantage, both to mother and infant, if it can but be continued for the first few, or even three, months of baby's life.

A mother who deserves the name delights in self-sacrifice for the sake of her children, and notably during their helpless days. The pages of God's word abundantly testify that good and holy women of old, however exalted their station, nursed their own children. To you, then, dear young mothers, I would say, follow their examples. Do for your children what Nature's laws—which are God's laws—point out as the right thing, and, though you may have to stay at home sometimes when inclination tempts you abroad, you will not regret it in the long run. You will be rewarded in the better health of your children, and in the approving voice of conscience, which will whisper. "At any rate I have done my part." My second piece of advice is, if possible, take the charge of your infant at night. It is undoubtedly best for the little one to sleep in a separate bed at night. It is less liable to be disturbed, or to disturb you, and there is no risk of its being injured or overlaid under such circumstances. But, whether you nurse it or feed by hand, have baby's cot beside your own bed.

This was always my own practice, even though I had most excellent and trustworthy nurses—Christian women, who did their duty as in the sight of God. But I always felt the happier for knowing that my helpless darling was within arm's length of me during the night.

Mothers are instinctively wakeful, and the lightest movement, the least sound, will generally suffice to rouse their attention, while a young nurse will, equally naturally, sleep heavily on, or perhaps be as cross when waked from slumber as the baby itself.

I shall not soon forget a conversation which I once had with a loving-hearted woman whose daughter, a mere girl, was in a situation as nurse to a quite young baby.

It was the first; the parents were young people who had been accustomed to great indulgence in their homes before their marriage, and were not at all prepared for self-sacrifice at the outset. The young mother would not nurse her baby, and the father declined to be disturbed by having it in the same room at night.

The girl-mother was much out in the day time, so that the girl-nurse — an extremely loving though inexperienced one—had the child on her hands the day through. She and another young servant constituted the working part of the household, so that when the baby was at rest the nurse's hands were always busy, especially in the evening, when master was at home. He often brought in a friend or two who stayed late, and when the tired girls went to their beds, in all probability the infant, whose cot was in the same room, would wake from his first sleep and postpone theirs, sometimes for hours.

The good woman who gave me the above particulars told me, with tears in her eyes, that her daughter's health was suffering terribly from the weight of responsibility and want of rest. "But what troubles me worst of all," said she, "is the fear that something will be happening both to my Mary and the child in the night. There is no wire guard before the fire, and, as the girl sits there, with the little thing on her knee, she gets so overpowered with sleep that she nods forward, and it's a mercy that she has waked up so often instead of letting it fall, or falling herself into the fire. The missis has always been promising to buy a guard; but she has never done it. I wonder how *she* can sleep; for I often lose my rest thinking of *her* baby and my poor, tired girl."

This picture is, if anything, under drawn, and requires no comment. Surely it points out the necessity for the systematic training of girls in the management of young children, and of self-devotion and self-denial in those who assume the sacred responsibility of motherhood.

If a baby be from necessity reared by hand, three things are essential; extreme cleanliness as regards every vessel used to contain food, suitability of the food itself, and regularity in administering it.

The vessels should be cleansed—scalded, and then rinsed with cold water, in which a feeding-bottle and mouthpiece should also be left until again required. Milk should be that of one cow, and perfectly sweet and fresh. The least sourness will disorder an infant's stomach, cause pain to it, and trouble to its nurse.

Two parts new milk and one of warm water, sweetened with a little loaf sugar, is in about the right proportion for infants of a few weeks old, pure cow's milk being too rich. It is not advisable to name any other food, as one infant will thrive upon a kind which would not suit another.

Experience is the only reliable test for individual cases; but it cannot be too widely known that every species of food made from grain is unsuited to the digestive organs of quite young infants. Nature indicates the right food. If we cannot have that, we should imitate it as closely as possible. The younger the baby the shorter should be the interval from one feeding time to another.

The medical writer already alluded to is so earnest on the subject of regular feeding, that he even advises mothers to wake their babies rather than break this rule during the day time. At night let baby sleep on if he will; and if the rest is—as it always ought to be—natural, and not produced by the use of any kind of opiate, it will do both him and his mother a world of good, even should it be considerably prolonged.

There is an old proverb, "Never rouse a sleeping lion," and I think most mothers and nurses would say "Never rouse a sleeping baby, if you can possibly help it." But, if baby is taught to eat and to sleep regularly, the nurse or mother who administers the meal should be punctual too. The little man must not be grieved or have his temper tried by having to wait for it longer than he ought.

When it is known that he cannot be crying for food, it is a most foolish practice to force it upon him as a remedy for every grievance. Crying is the baby's only language, and by it he tells, not merely that he is hungry, but that something is causing pain or, at least, discomfort. If the cause be external and connected with its clothing, try to find it out. A pin, a tightened string, a stiff trimming chafing the skin, are all enough to give pain; or an article of clothing may require changing. See to these things, and if no external cause can be discovered, a slight internal pain may often be removed by the application of a warm flannel to the stomach and to the little feet, if these are cold.

I remember a dear baby, that used to weep and wail most miserably whenever it was taken out of doors. Its nurse was quite in despair, for the child's persistent crying attracted the attention of the passers-by. Indoors it was a picture of health and good temper, and indoors the child remained for several days.

The nurse thought she would try again, but only in the garden; so, instead of the elaborately embroidered cloak and satin hood which were used when she took her walks abroad, she wrapped him in a shawl, slipped a little woollen hood over his downy pate, and went out. No tears this time! The little creature enjoyed the sunshine, laughed, crowed, and at last fell asleep, and was brought in to rest in his cot.

The next day nurse thought she would extend her walk, and try once more to take a smiling baby to see his grandmother. But it was useless. Then she found out that the poor child's finery was his torment, and that the crying was caused by the scrubbiness of the cap with the satin loops and stiff border that edged the hood worn on full-dress occasions.

There is one practice, not uncommon in poor homes, to which I cannot help giving the name of cruel. Yet I have seen many a mother do it, as well as little nurses who knew no better. It is that of giving the mouthpiece and tube of a feeding-bottle to a baby, and allowing it to suck nothing but air for an unlimited time by way of keeping it quiet. Need I say that such a practice is both unkind and injurious to the child?

Another great mistake is often made by well-meaning and loving mothers. They think their infants cannot be too much out of doors, provided the weather is fine. No matter how cold it is—no matter if the piercing wind compels the grown up person to draw her shawl more closely around her, baby is sent out, often insufficiently wrapped, and the child a little older is allowed to run about bare-headed and bare-necked. Or the mother will stand in the open doorway, with her infant in arms, equally unprotected from the cold.

"They think it hardens them," said a good, old nurse to me, as she shook her head, pityingly. "It may answer with those that are strong enough to stand it, but it hardens many a one into its coffin!"

Consider, dear mothers! If the cutting

wind makes you shrink, what must it be to your tender baby? Many a time as I have passed along the streets have I ventured to remonstrate with careless or ignorant mothers; many a little bonnet that was hanging down a child's back have I tied on, and many a little shawl have I pinned across the bare chest so thoughtlessly exposed. Mothers have smiled when I have ventured to suggest that it was not wise to leave a baby asleep in its perambulator outside a shop door with its face to a cutting north wind whilst they were making purchases within.

Such hints have always been taken in good part; but these practices are so common, and one can appeal personally to so few of the myriads of mothers and nurses who do these thoughtless things without the smallest intention of harming their tender nurslings.

I should like to offer a few suggestions for the training of a little nurse. When first allowed to hold a baby let the small practitioner sit on the floor, or on a hassock or cushion. Teach her to support the head or the back, should the baby be old enough to sit up, with an encircling arm. Never let a baby be kept in continual motion when it manifests no desire to move about.

There are some old, professional nurses that can never let a baby be quiet. Even the mite of a few days old is kept in a perpetual jog if lying on the knee, or it is rocked or swayed backwards and forwards continually.

Many a nurse trains a baby to be restless by rocking it to sleep instead of allowing it to lie peacefully when up, and putting it into its cot awake from the very first.

Such a nurse entails much needless trouble on the mother, or the younger person who succeeds her in the care of the child.

Should baby fall asleep on the knee, do not keep it there, but lay it gently in its little bed, and tuck the clothes not too tightly round it, but just firmly enough for it to have a feeling of a still protecting arm should it be partially roused by the operation.

A child nurse is always unwilling to part with a sleeping baby. It is to her a triumph to have "got it to sleep her own self," and a hardship to part with it. She must therefore be taught that it is for baby's good.

Another lesson for a little nurse is this. Always leave baby in a safe place. Not on chair, sofa, or table edge, from which it will be almost sure to roll off; but in its cot, or on the floor, at a safe distance from the fire. The infant of a few months old is all the better for a roll on the rug or carpet, and gets its first notion of locomotion in that position. "Pop it on the floor," says the old nurse, "and nobody can knock it's seat over, or take its bed from under it."

The young nurse should be taught to come with clean face, hands, and clothing, and tidy hair, if she is to be allowed to do anything for the baby. Also that cross tempers, angry words, and disobedience to orders will be looked upon as disqualifications for such an important office. She must be told, in simple words, what will be hurtful to her young charge, whether at home or abroad, and warned to avoid it. *Told*, I say, *not rated or lectured; spoken to lovingly, trustfully, encouragingly; instructed in all the matters already mentioned as important, advised and advised with;* for nothing charms a "little mother" more than consulting her about, say, a new article of clothing for her precious charge.

There should be perfect confidence between the mother and her young deputy, as, indeed, there ought always to be between parents and children. But the little nurse may not be a child, and she must be encouraged to frankness and truthfulness by kind words, by telling her the reason why certain directions are given, and by appealing, not to fear of punishment for neglect, but to her love for the infant and her interest in its well-being.

Many a little nurse who has been accustomed to scolding and threats of punishment, or has, perhaps, suffered punishment for some trifling matter, has feared to tell of an accident to a child whilst in her charge, from dread of consequences to herself. Thus, an injury, which might have been promptly cured if attended to at the time, has caused hopeless lameness, or even idiotcy, through the terrified silence of the young nurse. In training one we should make her understand the vast importance of instantly reporting any accident to her charge, should she unfortunately be the cause or the witness of one.

The active child, whose small hands are ever "on the grab" at everything within reach, and the little toddler who is so fond of trying its newly-found feet, require a nurse to have eyes all round; that is, to exercise incessant watchfulness. The young nurse must be taught never to leave her charge within reach of anything hurtful. It is only necessary to glance for a single week into the columns of a newspaper, and we shall find that mothers need this warning as much as little nurses.

Take two samples from one column of to-day's paper. A neighbour goes into a house; takes a child, eighteen months old, on her knee. She has pinned her shawl with a large darning-needle, which somehow penetrates, and is buried in, the child's breast. The mother cannot get it out; the surgeon uses chloroform, and fails also, for the needle has pierced the dear babe's lungs, and death ensues a few hours later.

The second child was scalded to death through pulling a pot of boiling tea over its head and face. Numbers lose their lives in a similar manner. Many are drowned, because the mothers leave little toddling things behind when they go to hang out their clothes. The child goes to the tub to dabble, overbalances itself, goes head first into the water, and is found dead. Tied to a chair, out of reach of harm, the child might have cried, but its life would have been safe.

Most mothers would be horrified to see the total of deaths which every year result from leaving children "just for a minute or two" within reach of a boiling kettle, an unguarded fire, a teapot on the hob, hot water on the table, or a tub of suds on the floor. I have known life lost by the upsetting of a cup of scalding tea on an infant's breast when it was sitting on the lap of a mother who idolised her child.

So let this be a principal lesson to a little nurse—*that she is to give her whole attention to her charge.* Show her how neglect may endanger life. Tell her of accidents that have happened, and warn her how she may preserve baby from such by her loving care.

And when the infant is old enough, give *it* lessons in going up and downstairs on all-fours, and set the young nurse to watch its practice of this accomplishment. Warn *both* against leaning, ever so lightly, over banisters. I have cause to speak strongly on this subject, for one of my own children, at seven years old, went head first from the second floor of a large house down into the entrance-hall. She was saved almost miraculously from death and permanent injury, by being dashed from side to side between the banisters, the checks thus received breaking the directness of the fall.

Some people say, "Keep scissors entirely out of a child's way." I say, "Teach the child to clip as soon as it can hold a pair—but do not let them be sharp ones—and always under supervision!" This will furnish much amusement; only put the scissors away when the child cannot be watched, or it will infallibly operate on its budding curls or its pinafore, or perhaps something more valuable still.

Never allow a baby to be long without a glance to see that it is safe, even when in bed. Mothers have listened and thought the baby still asleep. Cases have come under my own knowledge of infants strangled through ineffectual struggles amongst bed-clothes, or through passing the head between the brass bars of a cot. Never use or allow the use of opiates, except ordered by a doctor.

Always warn a nurse against giving a child's arm or wrist a sudden jerk, which may dislocate a limb.

It is not often necessary to teach a young nurse how to amuse a baby; for a cheerful, lively, loving child is often much more fertile in resources than a grown-up person, and children learn one from another very quickly.

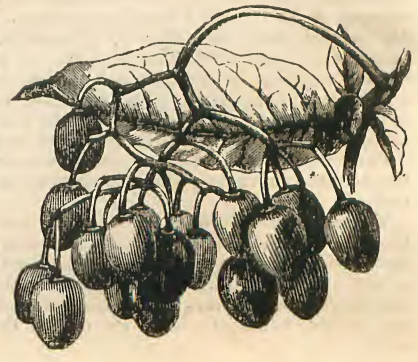
In these chapters, though lengthened beyond my original intention, I have only been able to glance at portions of the subject as regards the training of "Little Nurses," and have left many things wholly unnoticed which I should like to name. But if these papers should prove useful to mothers themselves, or induce them to give more attention to the training of their children in duties so essentially womanly, they will not have been written in vain. Necessity compels poor, overworked mothers to trust mere children with their baby brothers and sisters. Necessity compels the young creatures, in turn, to exercise many talents and qualities which in the children of richer parents often lie dormant for want of something to rouse them into life and make them fructify.

The fruits I have already named—patience, endurance, trustworthiness, unselfishness, and tender love for the helpless—are great and noble ones, though they are often found on very feeble human plants, and flourishing in apparently unlikely places.

Mothers who, in the good providence of God, are so placed that they can preserve their children from over much care and give them abundant leisure for play and enjoyment, should take heed lest, by over indulgence and by making their path too smooth, they foster opposite qualities, and render them idle, helpless, and selfish. We should show them what to do, then leave them to carry out our lessons. Exercise wholesome supervision, but do not give the idea that we are constantly watching, or farewell all sense of responsibility and self-reliance.

In this, as in other duties, we must stir up the gifts that are already in our children, and give them such training as will daily render them more valuable.

And, if we choose to do so, we may draw their attention to many examples, such as I have endeavoured to picture in my first chapter, and show them how they may be both warned and instructed by the doings of very humble little nurses.



FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LOWING of cattle, a cackling of busy hens, a screaming of inquisitive geese, a quacking of gossiping ducks, a gobbling of self-important turkeys, a trampling of horses' feet, a creaking of cart wheels, a shouting of men. Such were the sounds which, mixed in strange confusion, roused Ruby from sleep on the morning after her adventure on the moor. At first she gazed in misty wonder round the unfamiliar room, but when full memory came back to her she sprang briskly out of bed and hurried to the window, her cheeks all rosy with slumber, her spirit all glowing with new hope, as she recalled some of the bright, happy, strengthening thoughts and resolutions Miss Chichester's words had wakened in heart and brain and soul.

On looking out, Ruby found that her window gave a view into a large courtyard, which was crowded with all sorts of lively animals and birds: cows coming in to be milked, cart-horses having their morning toilette hastily performed by their drivers, and their harness buckled on, chickens making a hearty breakfast, and chattering over it; and among them all was moving hither and thither a blithe, active figure, in a neat-fitting cotton dress and a broad-brimmed straw hat, such as the brilliant morning required. Ruby gazed at this form at first a little doubtfully, watching curiously how she stroked the horses, and how she fed the poultry from a basket on her arm; but when the busy lady turned towards her, and smiled, and beckoned with her slender white hand, she became certain that it was none other than Miss Chichester herself.

As she looked down at this morning scene, Ruby gained a certain notion of what was her new friend's position in the world, though she did not till afterwards fully understand it. Miss Chichester had been left a small estate by her father, whose only child she was. He had been a man of but a limited income, but he had loved his little property more exclusively than a king does his royal realm, and had always lived on it in calm, complete content. At his death he had expressed an especial wish to his daughter, who had never married, that she should live on at the old place just as he had done, farming the land herself, for he knew that she had a considerable knowledge in agricultural matters, and keeping on the old workmen each in his own cottage.

It had seemed to Blanche Chichester that God's voice and will had spoken in the voice of her dying father. Was not this her appointed sphere of work and duty? She had strong, active abilities, no doubt, which would not have found too wide an arena in a large public field of usefulness; but her Master in Heaven had put her task into her hands in this remote corner of the world, and so she took it up, and quietly settled down on the borders of Exmoor. She had a great talent for influencing and lifting up the common people, and this she exercised freely, to God's glory and her own great joy, at the same time that she attended diligently to the farm, with old Noah acting as her lieutenant, and filling at once the offices of bailiff and head carter. She was not by any means rich, but thrifty management and her long-practised habits of spending very little upon herself, made her able to plan and carry out more liberal schemes of charity than go through the hands of many people with treble her income but five times her talk about their own good deeds. All of this, though it has been thus briefly told here, was, of course, only found out by degrees by Ruby about her new friend, Blanche Chichester.

When Ruby was dressed, and came downstairs, she was at first somewhat at a loss whither to turn her steps to find Miss Chichester. Should she go and look for her in the courtyard where she had seen her a little while ago, or had she come in by this time? These questions were soon answered by certain sounds, which told with sufficient plainness which part of the house was inhabited, and seemed to suggest that its mistress might very likely be found in the room from whence they proceeded. They were such strange sounds too—sounds that excited greatly the listener's curiosity; sounds that seemed a mixture of a murmur and a patter and a faint tinkle of laughter. What could it be?



"HER WINDOW GAVE A VIEW INTO A LARGE COURTYARD."

What could Miss Chichester have going on in her house? Led by the indistinct noise, Ruby went on, until in a few moments she stood outside the door through which it found its way.

Ruby hesitated a little, then she knocked, and a voice, which was Miss Chichester's, bade her enter. What a pretty sight it was that met Ruby's wondering gaze! There, crowding round Miss Chichester, who seemed the active centre of the whole scene, was a band of tiny, merry children, many of them little more than babies. They were all busily employed, and yet all appeared to be playing at the same time; some were marching hand in hand to the tune of a little, wavy chant sung by themselves; some, with eager, earnest faces, were stringing beads in many-coloured hues; some were bending over gaily-tinted picture-books, their heads making a fresh bouquet of roses and of smiles; some, who were not old enough to do anything else, were lying on the floor, all rippling over with baby laughter and fun, as they played some small, sly trick to each other, or flung about balls of varied gaudy hues, or tried to catch the dancing sunbeams in their chubby fingers; for there was no lack of sunshine in the wide, airy room: it came streaming in in golden rivers through three large, open windows. And all about among the different groups of children, thus bathed and washed in summer air and summer light, moved Blanche Chichester, now stooping for a kiss, now holding up a playfully-threatening finger, now pausing to set a bit of badly-succeeded work in order, now laughing as merrily as the veriest babies themselves.

Miss Chichester greeted Ruby with a smile on her entrance, and, noticing her perplexed face—for the girl, new as she was to the house and its ways, could not understand the scene—came to meet her, and said, kissing her and pressing her hand,—

"Why, Ruby, you have found your way into my garden of buds: that is what I call it, though the fashionable name for it is a kindergarten; but we are not fashionable here. I always wanted our country labourers' children to enjoy the same privileges as the children of richer parents in great cities; and so, after wishing it for a long while, I one day made up my mind to do something better and more effectual than wish. I set about establishing a place of play-teaching for our little ones on my own account, and you see here the results."

"Oh, what a charming notion!" cried Ruby. "And how clever of you to carry it out, and what a pretty picture you make with the children. I could scarcely think where I was when I first came into the room."

"Couldn't you?" said Miss Chichester, smiling; "we always begin school an hour before breakfast, because there's a good deal else and a good many others to be attended to besides these babies; they can only have *their* share."

"Isn't there a story about someone who turned whatever he touched to gold?" cried Ruby. "You seem to have just that same power, Miss Chichester, in the way of making people happy. How did you get all these babies to be so entirely at home with you? I think you must use some spell."

"Just the spell, Ruby, of taking a real, hearty interest in them while they are with me; it is a spell in which I find there lies a wonder-working power with grown-up people as well as with children"

"It seems an easy spell," said Ruby, laughing, "but I think very few people know how to use it."

"Try it yourself, dear. I don't think you will find it hard, if you put thorough earnestness into it."

Those words of her new friend filled Ruby's mind a good deal, as did many other words she had heard from her throughout that whole long morning she spent with her. It deserved the title of a long morning, not because it went wearily, but because Miss Chichester contrived to get so much into it, and yet without any hurry or fuss. Ruby had seen Ella spend more time in settling what scarf she would wear than it took Blanche Chichester to teach her whole infant school; and Miss Nancy in a far greater state of fidget and excitement in ordering dinner than this lady was in discussing the affairs of her whole property with old Noah.

In all Miss Chichester did Ruby noticed a great repose, and yet a great quickness and regularity; it seemed as if there was a deep well of sweet water in the woman's nature that nothing could make bitter or dry up. In the little school Ruby sat down among the babies, and at first got on very merrily with them, but when one or two of them grew somewhat mischievous and tiresome, Ruby felt that she was fast becoming very irritable, when Miss Chichester drew near, and stilled the threatening storm in a few moments. Her influence was just as sovereign with the roughest men who worked on her farm. Old Noah declared that very morning that there was one with whom he could do nothing; would the missus please to take him in hand? And the missus did please, and he left her presence—this same rude, apparently unmanageable farm labourer—after he had had half an hour's conference with her, with a bow that would have done honour to a gentleman.

"How is it you manage to make everyone better?" asked Ruby of her friend.

"I think it may be, in the first place, simply because I give each one who has anything to do with me credit for having some good in them," she answered, smiling; and then added in a lower tone, "But, Ruby, I know it comes most of all from a strong prayer each morning to our Master, Who went about doing good, to show me how I may follow Him ever so little in helping others."

SOME EGYPTIAN COOKERY RECIPES FOR HOT WEATHER.



Miss M. A. Whately, who has long been resident at Cairo, and is also familiar with life in Syria and other parts of the East, sends some oriental recipes. They may be relied on as correct, and Miss Whately hopes that young friends in England may find them useful as a variety from the more solid food, which is sometimes apt to pall in summer weather. The directions are purposely minute in order to make the trial easy.

Real Eastern Nebabs.

This is the simplest of all Eastern dishes, and is useful when something light and relishing is needed in a hurry. It is exceedingly good also for invalids who are forbidden "made" dishes. Take tender mutton, not too fat, cut into bits the size of a large hazel-nut, have a rather long iron-skewer ready, and spike them upon it, after sprinkling with a little salt and peper. When much is needed you should have two or three skewers at least. Place over some bright red coals (charcoal is used here, but red coal, perfectly clear of smoke, will answer), and turn once or twice till roasted well. Chop some fresh parsley on a plate, and with a knife push off the bits of roast meat upon the bed of parsley and serve at once. Of course, an invalid might not be able to eat parsley, but this is the way it is served for ordinary persons in the East, and if the meat be tender, and yet fresh, for any taint will spoil it—it is a capital dish and remarkably digestible.

Rolled Vine Leaves.

This is a particularly pretty and nice summer dish. Take young fresh vine leaves, dip for half a minute into boiling water, then lay them beside you while you prepare the stuffing as follows:—Take some raw mutton, not too fat, chopped up fine, about equal bulk of raw rice, well picked and washed, season with a little onion minced very fine, salt and pepper; put a vine leaf in the palm of the left hand, and put a very small quantity of stuffing in the centre, roll in an oblong shape; if much stuffing is put, the swelling of the rice making it swell, the leaf bursts open in cooking, and is *spoilt*, therefore a good many are needed for a dishful, as they should be a *pile*. When each leaf is done it must be placed in the saucepan, and squeezed slightly against the rest till the pan is nearly full. The bones of the meat, or some of them, are usually laid lightly on the top; a little water—only *just* enough to keep from burning—is added, and a little clarified butter (this last may be omitted if the dish is for invalids, &c.), one or two tomatoes, raw and cut small, should be put on the top, if to be had; if not, a squeeze of lemon can be substituted. Cover close, and boil gently till done. Ascertain this by taking out one to try. If carefully cooked and nicely arranged on a dish, this will tempt many a delicate appetite in hot summer weather, and looks pretty on the table; but the directions must

be accurately followed. If cooked rice or cold meat be used, the dish will not be worth eating, and *old* vine leaves will spoil it.

KUFTA (EGYPTIAN STYLE).

Take some fresh meat, either beef or mutton, cut from the bones and put these to stew in a saucepan while preparing the Kufta. Pound the raw meet in a mortar (it ought to be a marble one, but a perfectly clean metal one might answer), till it is like a paste, adding a *few* drops of water from time to time. Then add dry bread crumbs, chopped parsley, and a very little minced onion, pepper, and salt. Dip the hand in water and roll the paste into balls, not larger than walnuts. Fry these slightly in butter, when rather brown, add some tomatoes cut into the pan, stir for a few minutes, then turn all into the stew-pan, where the bones have been cooking (having carefully skimmed the same, of course), and properly season it. Let there be enough gravy to make a plentiful allowance of sauce. They should be done in an hour and a half or less from the time of putting them into the broth. Have a dish of nicely boiled rice, and when this is very nearly tender enough, but not *quite*, heat a spoonful of clarified butter to boiling point, pour into the rice (in its stewpan), and set by the side of the fire for five or six minutes; serve to eat with the Kuftas, but they must be in a separate dish. I have never met any one who did not like this, if properly cooked. But if you do not pound the meat *very* well your dish will be quite unpalatable; there must be no bits of gristle or hard fibre, recollect.

ORIENTAL RICE MILK.

This dish, which is only a resource for invalids when forbidden better fare in England, is really a very nice one, prepared Oriental way. But the milk should, if possible, be unskimmed milk, if partly skimmed or *watered*, allow *more*. Boil the milk, and when just commencing to boil put in the rice, carefully washed, in the proportion of about a tablespoonful, not heaped, to a half-pint of milk; as soon as it boils again, slacken the fire, and simmer or boil slowly, stirring *almost all* the time, add white sugar to taste, and a little cinnamon ditto; if the milk be real country milk, you add a very little water, as it thickens, now and then; if the milkman has saved you the trouble, add a little cold milk; stir every few moments lest it burn. It should be of the consistence of thick cream when done, and the grains hardly to be recognised. If well done it is a really tempting invalid dish, and not to be despised by healthy people. The English way is to put far too much rice and boil far too quickly, and serve when half cooked, in fact. This way takes more time and trouble, but few good things are to be had without. If you will try it, my dear girls, some invalid will one day thank you, I feel sure.

NEW MUSIC.

The Sleeping Beauty. Cantata for female voices. The poetry by ALFRED TENNYSON. The music by HENRY LAHN. (Novello, Ewer and Co.)

IT requires very little discernment to discover in this cantata the work of a musician, and of an exceptionally clever one. The introduction, a very good specimen of ideal music, has but one fault, and that an unusual one, to wit, brevity, a fault which is, however, amply atoned for by No. 1, a four-part chorus, "The varying year, with blade and sheaf," extending over twenty-one pages and maintaining its interest throughout. We would especially notice the masterly treatment of voices and instruments on pp. 15 and 16, as means employed to return to the first subject on page 17.

No 2, Contralto Air, "Year after year." Although simple in character, this will require very careful treatment at the hands of the singer to avoid a possible feeling of monotony. A graceful serenade follows for soprano and unaccompanied four-part chorus, "She sleeps."

No. 3, Duet for two sopranos, "All precious things," heralds most appropriately the arrival of the fairy prince deliverer; commencing with a kind of bolero accompaniment, it presents a fine contrast to the preceding. Action is gradually developing where all before was rest. The spirit of the words is here most thoroughly caught, showing us the utmost sympathy between the poet and the musician.

No. 4, Chorus, "The revival," is a grand awakening after the hundred years' repose. Now all is bustle and stir, a veritable tone-picture. We cannot help being amused a little farther on, at the quiet awakening of the king, whose drowsy conversation with his chancellor forms an agreeable rest to the ear before we come to No. 5, "The departure," where the Prince carries off his newly-awakened bride.

We would strongly recommend this cantata for the use of choral societies, the vocal parts being so well arranged for the voices. It has the further advantage of a harmonium accompaniment in addition to that for the pianoforte, this of course lending great colour to any performance of the work.

METZLER & Co., Marlborough-street :—

Only the Sound of a Voice. Words by ADELAIDE PROCTOR. Music by MICHAEL WATSON. A plaintive melody, suitable to the words; full of feeling and tenderness, and well arranged.

Light. By JOSEPH BARNBY. Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Another telling song, the burden of which is a poor blind mother recalling the places where once her sailor son was wont to gladden her heart "fifty years ago," and dreaming that she is about to join him with restored vision in the higher and better land. J. Barnby's songs are deservedly favourites, and always well received.

CRAMER & Co., Regent-street :—

At Benediction (a dream of peace). Composed by ODOARDO BARRI. With harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*). Words by MARY MARK LEMON. Whilst we are involuntarily reminded of the "Lost Chord" in some few of the passages, "At Benediction" is no mere copy of that beautiful, well-known song, yet exceedingly nice, and much easier both for the voice and accompanyist. The harmonium score is well marked, and adds greatly to the effect. It can be had in F major for contralto, from B to D or A major for soprano or tenor; compass from D to F.

W. MORLEY, JUNR., Upper-street, N. :—

Before the Shrine. Music by HUMPHREY J. STARK. Words by MARY MARK LEMON. Another song arranged for piano and harmonium. The accompaniment for the piano is very effective, the left hand having the sustained notes, whilst the light, detached, and *legato* chords form a pleasing accompaniment. The harmonium part is very simple, yet adds a fulness and richness to the whole. This is an excellent composition, and deserves a wide circulation.

The Child's Mission. By ODOARDO BARRI. Words by MARY MARK LEMON. With harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*). The subject is a child's voice singing unheeded by the passers-by in the cold night, amid drifts of snow, but heard by a little suffering boy, bringing solace in his dying hours "as music from heaven." Both vocal and instrumental parts easy to acquire, and pleasing.

The Child's Dream. By JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. Sung by Mrs. OSGOOD. This song is written in three keys, No. 1 in E, No. 2 in G, No. 3 in A, full of variety in rendering, and very dramatic. The transitions from pianissimo to fortissimo passages are thrilling, and when sung with feeling will be classed with our "picture songs."

The Fairy Castle—By ANTONIO MORA. Words by LEWIS NOVRA — is of quite a different character, light and airy, with no difficulties either for the voice or accompanyist, coming as a relief after more elaborate and ornate compositions.

SWAN & Co., Great Marlborough-street :—

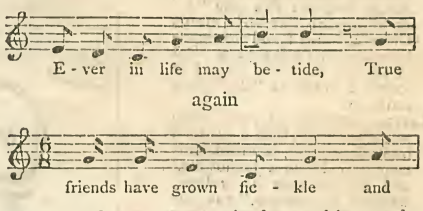
Near Thee, Still Near Thee. Words by Mrs. HEMANS. Music by ALLON MACBETH. A smoothly-written song with good accompaniment, words and music flowing together harmoniously.

Jeanette: The Flower Girl's Song. By the same composer. Words by WILLIAM M'OSCAR. A very pretty song, light and graceful. Sure to be a favourite.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co :—

My Fisher Lad. Words by SARAH DOUDNEY. Music by C. E. RAWSTONE. Thoughtful words of a trustful heart. The music, perhaps, not quite equal to the words, still by no means unpleasing, and quite easy for a high soprano voice.

Our Darlings at Home. Words by JOSEPH HATTON. Music by WALTER MAYNARD. A BARITONE song in 6 8 time with a decided swing in it, but containing a disagreeable novelty in the manner of accenting some of the words, as under :—



We are the more surprised, at this, as the composer in other works shows that he knows better.

Why should we part? Words and Music by WALTER MAYNARD.

IN this song we have an evidence of the composer's ability to write suitably for the voice. The melody is extremely pretty, and the accompaniment easy. It may be sung either by a mezza-soprano or a baritone, preferably, as far as the words are concerned, by the latter.

Meeting again. Sequel to *When shall I see you?* Words and Music by WALTER MAYNARD.

A FLOWING melody in the key of D with an easy accompaniment, thus presenting no difficulty either to singer or player. Being written within the compass of an octave, this song should be very useful. On page 3 a misprint occurs in the treble line of the pianoforte part, where A is written for B, a little error that can easily be corrected for future editions.

J. and W. CHESTER, Brighton. *The Song of the Owl.* Composed for and dedicated to her little friends by MARIA LOUISA BLAON. Words from the *Sunday Scholars' Companion.*

WE are sure this song has only to be heard to become a favourite, and although one or two phrases seem just a trifle familiar, taken as a whole, it is very nicely conceived and well put together, sparkling and gay.

Capriccio. By A. H. JACKSON.

QUAINTNESS is evidently the point aimed at in this piece, which is of moderate difficulty, but rather too full of repetition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CITIZEN OF LIVERPOOL.—We thank you for your letter, in which we were much interested; and are glad that you have found the article on "A Young Housekeeper's Difficulties" so useful to you. We think that Weber's "Invitation" would be the most suitable piece of the two you name for you to play.

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE ask us to favour them "with the flowering." What that desirable gift may be we are unable to say. They likewise wish to know which day would be the birthday of a person born on the 29th of February, when the year was not leap year. Of course, the day after the 28th of February, no matter what it may be called.

QUIN.—We are disposed to think that poor Miss Quin made a mistake in the statement of her age; and that when she placed the figure 2 before the 1, she should have reversed them. We could scarcely imagine anyone in their senses—not to say a Christian—*wishing that she* had never been born, and that the ground would open and swallow her, because she is annoyed by blushing! Is this the value set on the life so full of undeserved blessings, and preparation - time for another of unspeakable blessedness; and the opportunity afforded for aiding others, by example, word, and deed? Occupy your thoughts with something more profitable than the question of whether you look red or white.

FANNY HALL.—The right pronunciation (not "pronouncia-tion") of the Italian names quoted is as follows:—Karlo Dolchi; Pair-o-ge-no; Jotto; Mikal-Angelo; Fra (the "a" as in apple) Bar-to-lo-me-o; Chim-a-bou-e; and the Spanish name as Ve-las-quez. But in Italian, the "o" should be sounded more as "au," only softly so.

LITTLE DUFFER.—If you "jump when you walk, look very much like a dray horse, or an elephant trying to dance a 'schottish,' and all attempts at walking straight are useless," you appear to be in evil case. They train elephants in some menageries, and might make something of you in time. But "you must walk before you can run," and this must be accomplished in your sad case before you can avail yourself of "a receipt how to be graceful and elegant," as you express yourself.

"NELLIE, THE EXILED," should have learned to pay a little more attention to her grammar, having "lived at school from her infancy," than to write in both the first and third person in one letter. She is not an isolated example of wagging the end of the nose up and down when speaking, and the defect of some contraction in the small ligaments, between the nose and lips could not be rectified. Second, the "unbecoming laugh" she may easily cure by shutting her mouth, and thus only laughing quiet in her throat.

VIOLET.—Early rising, if there is also early going to bed, is certainly conducive to health, and with improved health there is the only chance of better growth and better complexion.

PANSY.—By law a girl is under charge of her mother till of age. But if there are good reasons, as affecting character, a girl will choose for herself which she will honour and associate with under such circumstance

R. M.—If all manuscripts sent to magazines and newspapers, and not printed or acknowledged, were to be made subject of inquiry, the post office would have to be enlarged, and a huge staff of new officials employed. Keep copies of anything sent, and if not communicated with after some months, modestly conclude that the manuscript was not considered suitable for printing.

HEARTSEASE.—Consult your minister. No one is received at a missionary training institution without some *personal introduction*.

ONLY DAUGHTER.—Your questions have been often answered. Order the volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from any bookseller.

E. R.—To-morrow *will be* Friday is more correct, but in conversation it is not unusual to say to-morrow *is* Friday, the meaning of the briefer form being understood by the connexion in which the words are used.

ANNIE.—Are you too old to begin to learn music at 21? One is never too old to begin to learn anything; but the possibility of learning depends on other things besides age.

LUCY.—There is no quick way to learn how to write and to spell. If you cannot have a teacher, you can only improve by care and industry, copying what is good.

JESSAMINE.—Write to the editor of the magazines where you saw the poems. We cannot give you an opinion about the merits of the authors you name. Be satisfied that you like them, and be influenced by what is good in their books.

NURSE.—You had better tell a chemist, who will give some ointment for the child's head. Is there no mother, nor anyone whom you can consult about the other children? The governess or teacher might help you. We can give no advice by a few lines of printed matter.

CYMRAE.—You must serve the contract time of your apprenticeship, whatever your age may be now.



A DOMESTIC ECONOMY CONGRESS.

ISABEL.—Oxalic acid will best clean the things, but be careful, as it is poisonous. Do not leave it about, as it resembles epsom salts, and do not let it touch any cut or scratch on the skin. You can get a little stove, but these are dangerous in sleeping rooms. Coke stoves give out dangerous fumes. Gas stoves can be easily fitted, but in any case they should be in rooms with chimneys for ventilation.

DAISY.—There is no rule as to priority of naming in introducing. Such things are left to the tact of the introducer, and position, age, or other circumstances.

HOLLOWAY.—Iron bedsteads are best for town or country, and we prefer mattrasses to feather beds for summer or winter. But where comfort, and not health, is the chief point sought you must choose for yourself, if you may. Feather beds are always liable to absorb and retain what is unwholesome, and you can seldom depend on the feathers themselves being thoroughly clean. It is the same with pillows. There are other substances more safe and as comfortable as feathers to make them with.

SPARROW.—Copies are as suitable as original work, whether with needle or pencil, for contributing to a bazaar stall. Only take care not to copy a picture which is copyright, as you might get into trouble. Even the sale of photographs of pictures or engravings can be punished by the owners of the property. One great publishing firm is said to employ detectives or spies to seize photographs of their engravings. It is a mean and stupid thing to do, because a cheap photograph, while pleasing poor folk, is more likely to advertise the engraving, and would not prevent those from purchasing the more costly work of art who could afford to do so.

MARY J. S.—It is not at all compulsory to frame the paintings sent in to the competition. Some girls do so because they like to make the present of their work to the hospitals more valuable, but of course they get no extra marks for them. We are very sorry to hear that your sister has been ill.

IRENE.—Steel ornaments or cutlery may be preserved from rust in any climate, or for any length of time, if kept in dry powdered lime—not chloride of lime, but common lime. It was formerly, and may be still, used for packing soldiers' swords and bayonets during the voyage to India. The only paper in which to keep steel ornaments—wanting the lime—is the dark blue or purple kind which is the inner wrap of all needle-papers.

VIOLET.—"Black letter" is the Gothic type in which books were first printed, and so called from the appearance presented by the thickness of the lines, which take up much ink.

LILY.—1. Silkworms live on mulberry leaves. 2. We do not give addresses.

MAPLE LEAF.—Under the circumstances which you name, you may, as "the daughter of the house," give a slight bow and smile of recognition of the stranger as a guest, and may address some remark to him in the course of the evening as circumstances may suggest. You may help him to tea, which will supply an opening for a remark.

MEG.—See St John xix. 38. Your writing is not properly sloped.

M. L. E.—We thank you for your kind letter and appreciation of our advice. It is likely that we may give an article on the subject you name, although we do not, as a rule, give promises to applications of this nature.

HOPE.—We believe your query has been answered. Your writing is quite as illegible as your friends consider it to be.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—You have a right to require that she shall be respectably clothed. You had better have a quiet chat with her as to what she needs, and then go with her to buy the things yourself.

MAY AND ROBERT.NA.—Marking ink may be extracted by soaking the articles in a solution of chloride of lime, or else rubbing them with tincture of iodine, and rinsing afterwards, in both cases, in a solution of ammonia.

NEMO.—It is impossible to answer thirteen question, and your ingenuity astonishes us in managing to get them into four sentences, and numbering them "four." Pray send a selection. Your allowance is "two questions."

NIP.—For a "waterproof mixture" see page 14, vol. ii. Consult "My Work Basket," and the many articles on work. Your writing is better formed than "Homer's," which is more upright and ugly.

LITTLE MISS INQUISITIVE.—See page 18, vol. ii., for "How to Wash and Iron" The flannels should be mangled. Use soap and water.

FLORENCE N.—The feeding of your fowls is wrong. Use Indian corn or maize instead.

LAKE WINDERMERE.—1. Place the cup and saucer at the right hand of the plate. 2. The slop-basin, milk-jug, and sugar-basin on the left side of the helper, with the cups; the tea-pot in front of her, and the kettle or the hot water jug on the right hand side. Read "Chilblains," page 51, vol. ii.

MAUDIE K.—The soap usually curdles in hard water. Borax, bran, and soda are all used to soften it. Buttermilk is supposed to be soothing to the skin, but does not turn it either red or white.

MAIDENHAIR FERN.—We have more than once given advice on the subject of stammering. The method of cure has been made a profession. We advise you to speak, or read aloud, very slowly, beating time between each word, always the same number of strokes before you utter the next This may improve your utterance in time.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 84. AUGUST 6, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

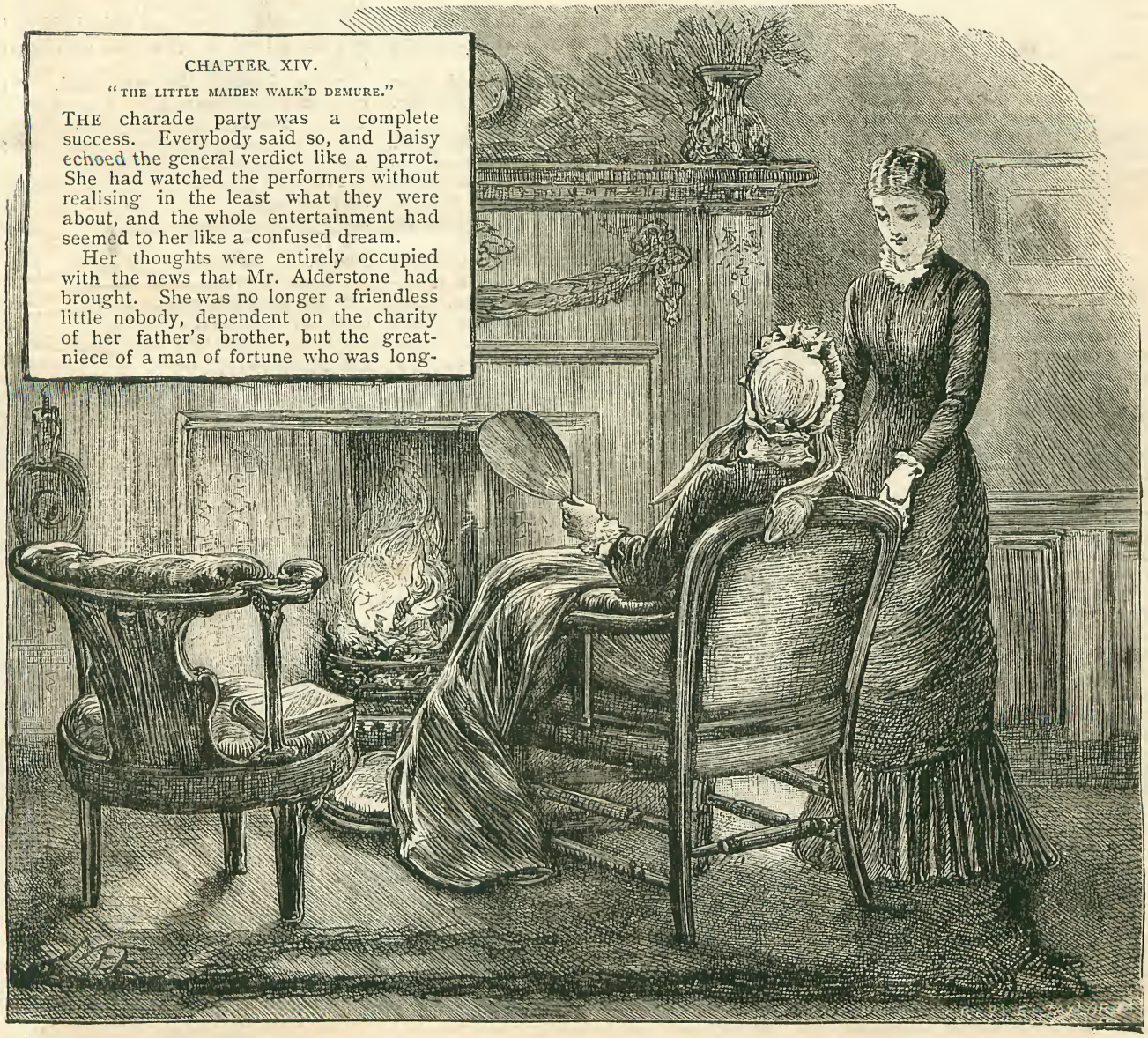
BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE LITTLE MAIDEN WALK'D DEMURE."

THE charade party was a complete success. Everybody said so, and Daisy echoed the general verdict like a parrot. She had watched the performers without realising in the least what they were about, and the whole entertainment had seemed to her like a confused dream.

Her thoughts were entirely occupied with the news that Mr. Alderstone had brought. She was no longer a friendless little nobody, dependent on the charity of her father's brother, but the great-niece of a man of fortune who was long-



[*All rights reserved.*]

"'YOUR LIFE WILL BE MUCH CHANGED NOW,' REMARKED MRS. ALLEN."

ing to claim her. And Aunt Cecily, too! The bitter separation would soon be at an end.

Mr. Alderstone had departed with Cecily Woodburn's address in his pocket-book, and had left Daisy with a promise to write to Mr. Hurstone that very day.

All that she could now do was to wait patiently and silently for results.

No one in the house had the faintest idea of these new hopes of hers. Her conversation with Mr. Alderstone was as safe as if they had talked with closed doors; safer perhaps, for even closed doors are scarcely such a safeguard as a pre-occupied crowd. There were a good many people in the drawing-room when Mr. Alderstone had entered, most of them strangers to him; and, fortunately for Daisy, they had not realised the fact of his popularity. As to Rhoda and Maud, they had quite given up paying court to him, and had never forgiven his marked notice of Daisy.

It was no wonder that Daisy was absent while the festivities were going on. Mrs. Allen, a talkative old lady, tried to draw her out in vain. She thought the little orphan cousin a stupid girl, and plainly expressed her opinion to Rhoda.

"She has never been at a party before," Rhoda answered; "and, of course, her advantages have been few. I daresay you have heard that poor Uncle Andrew made a silly marriage?"

"Yes, I have heard something about it," replied the old lady, in a sympathetic tone. "It must be a trial for you to have this young girl in the house, my dear?"

"Certainly, it was a nuisance at first," Rhoda admitted. "But we are getting used to her; and she is inoffensive and good-natured."

"She ought to make herself as agreeable as possible," said Mrs. Allen. "Your father has given her a home with his own daughters; her obligation to him is immense!"

"Oh, yes; papa is very good to her," responded Rhoda, with a glance at Daisy's quiet little figure in a distant corner. "It is unfortunate that she has no other relations who can help her."

"Relations!" said a chatty old gentleman, coming up at the moment. "I know an old man in Woodshire, just returned from abroad, who would give the world to find some relations. He has fifteen thousand a year, and wants to share it with his kith and kin, if there are any to be found."

"Some kinsfolk are sure to turn up," Mrs. Allen remarked. "They always do."

Maud had not forgotten her trouble, but excitement, and the consciousness of looking handsome, had brought back her spirits; and with her high spirits generally meant insolence. She spied Daisy in her corner, watching the dancers with dreamy eyes, and at the sight of that serene face her first feeling of antagonism came back. Daisy was not, she thought, so humble as she ought to have been. That very afternoon she had again engrossed Mr. Alderstone's attention in a most unwarrantable manner; and there she sat, looking perfectly composed, and not in the least envious.

"What did you think of the charades?" asked Maud, stepping up to her cousin's side.

"They were very good, indeed," answered Daisy, rather abstractedly.

"You ought to be enjoying yourself," said Maud, with her haughtiest air, "instead of looking as if everything bored you. It is all very well for patricians to look bored—it is their chronic condition; but plebeians should be grateful for being entertained. It is quite too absurd to see you affecting the languid indifference of Lady Somebody."

"I am not affecting anything," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, yes, you are; you are sitting there, and trying to forget that you are Daisy Nobody. By-the-way, I have just heard that an old man with fifteen thousand a year is advertising for relations. Don't you wish you could prove a kinship?"

"Yes," said Daisy, with a smile.

Maud went her way, and Daisy was left to dream on in peace.

Five days passed away, and then came a letter to Dr. Garnett from Mr. Hurstone, of Hurst Hall.

That letter arrived by mid-day post, and the doctor found it lying on his study table when he returned from his morning round of visits. He read it twice from beginning to end before he thoroughly realised its full meaning.

Little Daisy, the orphan niece to whom he had given a home, was to be a dependent on his bounty no more. She and her aunt, Cecily Woodburn, would be the joint-heiresses of Charles Hurstone, uncle of the late Mrs. Andrew Garnett. The letter was most courteously worded, and the writer thanked the doctor in the warmest terms for the kindness he had shown to the grandchild of his beloved sister, Rosa Cecilia Hurstone.

So meek little Daisy would be an heiress, and would go to live with her great uncle in Hurst Hall! He could not refuse to part with the child. Mr. Hurstone was a lonely man, and her presence would be the solace of his old age. Yet the doctor felt a faint pang when he reflected that Andrew's daughter would be his charge no longer. There had been a certain pleasure, scarcely acknowledged even to himself, in doing something to atone for the old coldness to Andrew.

After all, Andrew's sole fault had been that foolish marriage of his; and it had turned out to be not so foolish as had been supposed. Dr. Garnett had never seen his brother's wife; all that he had known was the fact of her being a plain farmer's daughter without a fortune.

He had had other views for Andrew; there had been an heiress looked out for him, and the elder brother had decided that the younger should come up to town and marry at once. And then the news of Andrew's marriage with Rose Woodburn had put an end to Philip's scheme, and steeled his heart against the poor young sister-in-law who was utterly unknown to him.

As to Daisy, she already knew all that Cecily could tell of the happiness in store for them both.

A letter from Cecily had arrived by the first post, and it stated that she had already seen Mr. Hurstone face to face, and was joyfully acknowledged as his niece. If Dr. Garnett consented to give up the guardianship of Daisy, Cecily would come to Portland-place herself, and take full possession of her beloved charge again.

Not a word had Daisy spoken of that letter. There were still several guests in the house, and her cousins were making preparations for more parties. With a quiet strength the girl controlled herself, and concealed her joy as resolutely as she had hidden her sorrow.

When the first shock of surprise was over, the doctor himself felt some pride in announcing that his niece was an heiress. He called her into the study before luncheon, and gave her Mr. Hurstone's letter to read.

"You will let me go, Uncle Philip?" she said, looking up at him with eager eyes.

"Yes, Daisy," he answered. "I cannot forget that Mr. Hurstone is childless, while I have daughters of my own. But you are anxious to leave me; have you been unhappy here?"

The keen glance looked her through and through. Daisy flushed up, but answered truthfully,—

"Not altogether unhappy, Uncle Philip. I have never forgotten your goodness in giving me a home."

"You have not got on well with your cousins?" he said, inquiringly.

"I don't think they liked me at first," Daisy replied. "It was quite natural that they should look on me as an intruder. But, indeed, things were beginning to be much pleasanter; and, if I had stayed——"

"Well, if you had stayed, Daisy?"

"Perhaps I might have won them to like me, Uncle Philip. At any rate, I should have gone on trying; and I hope they will remember me kindly when I am gone."

"We shall all remember you kindly," he said, laying a hand on her shoulder.

At luncheon, in his cool, matter-of-fact way, the Doctor spoke of Mr. Hurstone's letter before his daughters and their guests. Mrs. Allen recalled the story that the chatty old gentleman had told her, and was stricken mute with astonishment. She glanced at Daisy, and wondered how she could ever have thought the girl stupid! She was pretty;—positively very pretty; and Hurst Hall would be a comfortable place for a lively old lady to visit. Mrs. Allen resolved to make up assiduously to Daisy.

Rhoda and Maud were both silent. The latter flushed a deep red, and kept her eyes steadily fixed on her plate. It seemed to her at that moment as if the Fates had conspired to make her look foolish. First there had been Gertrude's treachery; and now here was the despised and long-suffering Daisy exalted over her head.

After luncheon Daisy slipped away to write letters, and then, indeed, the tongues of the guests were loosened. The doctor, as usual, had gone out to his patients again, and Rhoda and Maud had to answer the questions that were showered upon them. They did not like their task; moreover, they knew no more than their father had already told, and could only say that they had seen a drawing of Hurst Hall in Daisy's portfolio.

Meanwhile, Daisy, upstairs, was pouring out a heart full of joy to Aunt Cecily. It was a bleak day: a cutting wind made its way through every crevice, and there was no fire in the grate; but the girl wrapped herself in a thick shawl, and wrote as if she were basking in summer sunshine. A light snow began to fall; the brief afternoon light was swiftly fading away, and as Daisy closed the envelope and wrote the address, she became conscious for the first time that her fingers were getting stiff with cold.

Hastening downstairs she laid her letter on the hall table, ready to be carried to the post, and then entered the drawing-room chilled to the bone, but as happy as any girl in the kingdom. There was the usual afternoon assembly, and the butler was bringing in tea. Mrs. Allen stretched out a hand as Daisy advanced, and pointed to a low chair near her own seat.

"You are positively shivering, dear child," said the old lady, quite tenderly. "Have you been sitting in a cold room? It was very unwise and imprudent, my dear."

It was the first time that Mrs. Allen had ever manifested any anxiety about Daisy's health or comfort; but the girl gave her smile for smile, and accepted the fireside seat; courtesy even when it is not worth much, should never be quite disregarded, thought Daisy to herself.

"Your life will be much changed now," remarked Mrs. Allen, taking one of the chilled little hands in her own. "It is all quite too charmingly romantic, my dear; and you are just fit for the heroine of a romance. What a fuss the world will make with you!"

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me," said Daisy, quoting the line on the impulse of the moment.

"You don't know it yet," replied the old lady, quickly. "It is easy to dislike a world that has neglected us. But when it flatters and woos, there are very few who can resist its blandishments."

"Unspotted from the world" was in Daisy's mind; but she did not utter the words, although they shaped themselves into a prayer. Mrs. Allen found it impossible to break through that delicate frost-work of reserve that veiled the girl's inner self, and at last the attempt was given up altogether.

(*To be continued.*)



ABOUT INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.



I am urged, girls, to write this paper by the gentle solicitations of one to whom I am always unwilling to refuse anything. "Speak now," she says, "against idleness, and say all you can in praise of industry. It may be a hard task to stir up those who are resolved on being lazy, but just try it."

Now there can be no possible objections to trying it. Indeed it is rather a pleasant mission to come amongst you shouting, "Wake up, girls, and let all cease keeping company with the do-nothings and cast in our lot with the do-somethings. Why, my friends, rather than be one of the do-nothings, and fritter away life and energy like some of you, I would tramp through the world just like a tinker, sleeping under hedges at night and mending old pots and pans by day.

The temptation to idleness, however, is much stronger in some people than in others. There is Minnie yonder who, if she has anything important to do, first spends quite a week making faces at her work and looking out of the window. She is not much in advance of the girl in the fairy story who was sent to reap in a corn-field and who said to herself when she got there, "Shall I reap first or eat first? I shall eat first." And when the eating was over she said, "Shall I reap first or sleep first? Well, I think I shall have a nap." Everyone knows what happened to that girl.

It is a strong reason in favour of industry that we are always happiest when well employed. The cheerful people are those who have their hands full of occupation, and there are few idlers who do not suffer from fits of melancholy. "I am miserable," confessed an idler to me a while ago, "I feel that I am throwing my life away." That idler lived almost next door to Susan, who has the blithest face of any I know, and yet she works in her way harder than the driver of a London omnibus. "Time wth me," she once said, "never drags slowly, and I could not have more joyful days even were I the daughter of a king and wedded to an emperor."

Industry, too, keeps us out of mischief, and unfortunately the mischief of idleness does not always take such an innocent and amusing form as in the case of an old gentleman who came before the public the other day. This eccentric character had plenty of money and nothing to do, so he made it the business of his life to go travelling about endeavouring to plague Custom House officials by means of a chest which was filled by hydraulic pressure and out of which, when it was opened, there jumped a gigantic jack-in-the-box.

There are many prizes to be won in the world, and the rule is that they fall to the lot of the industrious. Cinderella has almost always come off better than her idle sisters. I don't say always, because you do find some lazy people born with golden spoons in their mouths, just as others come into the world apparently under unlucky stars; my hard-working friend, Georgina, for example, who even if she fell on her back would be sure to break her nose. These, however, are rare exceptions.

Let us cultivate industry, then, the mere habit of which is better worth possessing than a large fortune. Idleness never managed to acquire anything. "Without pains," says the proverb, "no gains."

The industrious, however, are not always wise. A great many of them are over head and ears in business no more worth doing than the manufacturers of mud pies. In this way they certainly get a character for industry, but it is at the expense of their reputation for good sense. But let us not judge rashly of any particular pursuit, for usefulness is not always apparent. This was a wholesome lesson taught me when one came to be hailed as a great scientific discoverer at whom I had often laughed for his sorting old bones and grubbing about amongst cabbages.

A great many of you are idle because you think there is nothing to do. As if there were a want of occupation in the world! Girls, if we could all do without sleep and live a thousand years, work need never fail us.

Start with what lies nearest: begin at home and be serviceable there. The industry of parents should be repaid by the activity of children, and a good daughter will exert herself to aid her mother. Then you should be industrious in learning, constantly striving to enlarge your mental horizon, and discover those precious jewels of truth which lie strewn about everywhere and only need industry to find them. And, more important still, you should be daily endeavouring to use the words of an old writer, "to conquer yourselves and wax stronger and make a further advance in holiness."

Beyond ourselves and beyond our homes lies the great world calling upon us incessantly to lend our aid so long as sickness and poverty and ignorance endure. Who speaks of nothing to do? Tend the sick, relieve the poor, instruct the ignorant, be the good angel of those whose fortune is hard and whose friends are few. Is that not enough?

Let no girl pride herself on her good looks and fancy that they are as marketable a commodity as industrious fingers. It is not by how we look that sensible people judge us but by what we do. When the well-known William Cobbett first saw the girl who became his wife, he happened to be taking a walk one winter's morning when the snow lay several feet deep upon the ground. His way lay past the door of her father's house, and there she was, out in the cold, and when it was hardly light too, scrubbing a washing-tub. That action made her the mistress of Cobbett's heart for ever. "That's the girl for me," he said to himself. From that moment he never thought of anyone else, and she made, as was to be expected, an excellent wife. Now, there is no doubt that many of you are quite as industrious as that little girl who attracted Cobbett's notice, and—in imagination, my friends—I hear quite a chorus of voices saying, "That's the girl for me." I do not say that good looks are worthless, but in importance they certainly come a long way after good habits.

It is prudent to cultivate habits of industry early, for those who begin life by entering the realms of idleness seldom come out again. The industrious girl, on the other hand, grows up to be a model housekeeper, and has the happy consciousness of leaving the world better than she found it.

A strong reason, too, for industry when we are young, is that it enables us to make provision for old age. Many of you girls are out in the world battling for yourselves, and, it may be, your fortune—and not a bad fortune either—or your choice to remain unmarried. Work hard, then. Think of the popular and true saying, "Idle young, needy old." There are no sweets like the sweets of independence, and if you want always to hold up your head and look everybody in the face, be very industrious now.

Rest is pleasant, but it is so only to the industrious and not to the idle. How can there be any such thing as rest to her who is never seen doing anything? If anyone says, "Give me idleness now, I shall be busy to-morrow," she is putting the cart before the horse. Besides, to-morrow is uncertain, and seeing industry is clearly a duty, I vote we all begin to-day. Work, as things go, is not always pleasant, but when inclined to fret, let us pluck up our spirits. Maggie, who prompted me to write this paper, has the true philosophy of it, for she is always singing—

The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

JAMES MASON.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TREATS.

THERE is a diversity of opinion on the subject of Sunday School treats, as to the superior advantage of the summer excursion over the winter entertainment. This depends very much on the vicinity of the school, and the opportunity the children may have of seeing the country in its fine summer dress. It may be that, in the case of a country school, the children will appreciate some sort of entertainment in the school-room on a winter evening more highly than a summer day out in the fields, amongst which they have spent all their lives. For them also, however, it is beneficial to be sometimes taken a little distance from their own village, that their eyes may be opened to the world outside their own immediate surroundings.

By the kindness of neighbouring gentlemen, they may be admitted in detachments into a garden of one of the large houses, and allowed to see the wonders of the greenhouse and the curiosities of the Conservatory.

Or even reversing the usual order of things, the children may be taken into a town, if there is one near enough, and shown museums, picture galleries, zoological gardens, and the like.

But it must be admitted that in the case of a town school, a country excursion gives great pleasure and benefit to the children. The delight of the little city arabs is unbounded at being really out in the country amongst flowers, which they are allowed to gather, and grass on which they are not prohibited from walking or rolling if they will.

The summer treat is very likely the only opportunity they ever have of seeing the wonderful and beautiful works of nature, and the sweet, pure sights and sounds of the country dwell in their memories during long months, amid the noise and dirt, the bodily and spiritual uncleanness of the city. Perhaps the chief objection to this form of treat is the uncertainty of our climate; we cannot depend on having a fine day, and the success of the summer treat depends mainly on the weather. It is well, if possible, to agree, when making arrangements, that the excursion be postponed till the next day in case of the one fixed upon proving wet or unsettled. But if this cannot be done, the next best thing is to see that the spot selected be within reach of some shelter, such as a barn or shed, so that the pleasure-seekers may not have the additional grief of getting their holiday attire wet and spoilt. Here, too, some games, blind man's buff, &c., may be played with great zest, some impromptu charades acted by the teachers, and other little sports devised, so that the time may be passed pleasantly enough in spite of the weather. Whilst, on the other hand, nothing can look more miserable than, with the rain pouring down, the poor draggled children crouching under umbrellas or fighting for the poor shelter of tree or hedge.

Of late years many schools have adopted a different system from the old one of an united excursion in which the whole school joins. The disadvantages of the old custom are many. It is impossible, among so many, for each teacher to keep her own scholars in sight; so the elder ones usually stroll off together, and perhaps get into bad company, whilst the juniors often become boisterous and unmanageable. One benefit supposed to be derived on these occasions is that the teacher becomes more intimately acquainted with her scholars, and, sharing in their pleasures, gains their confidence and wins a new way into their hearts. This is difficult or impossible if the whole school be together; the classes are mixed up, and individual conversation is out of the question.

The new and, we think, improved plan is for each teacher, or two or three together if the class be small, to take their scholars some little excursion separately from the main body. The expenses are paid by the school fund, and the arrangements made by the superintendent or responsible person, just as though the whole school were going together. By this plan there are not too many children to be under the direct supervision of the one or two teachers, and it has been found to work better in many ways than the old system of an united excursion.

A trip to the seaside makes a delightful treat for the children if the distance be practicable, or again, some pleasant excursions have been made by hiring one or more canal barges, and going some little distance up the canal, to a favourable spot for embarkation. After partaking of a meal and enjoying some games, the party returns by the boats again. Little children should not be taken on such an excursion as this, and even those who have, or ought to have, reached years of discretion, will need to be looked after very sharply by the elders, so prone are children even of a larger growth to fall into the water on every possible occasion.

Apart from excursions by water, vans are much to be preferred before trains, the additional expense being their only drawback.

Sometimes, however, it may happen that there are members in the congregation to which the school is attached who own vans or waggons and who would be willing to lend them gratuitously or at a reduced rate. Where the system of taking the classes separately is adopted, one friend will often engage to provide a vehicle for the Bible class, another for the next class or the next two together, and so by dividing the burden, the whole is easily managed.

The system of sending children round from house to house with collecting cards is much to be deprecated; it not only makes them inclined to be bold and impudent, but also fosters a habit of begging which in after years may grow to a ruinous extent. If funds cannot be procured by other means, let us be content with a less costly form of entertainment.

Should the school be going to a public place of amusement, such as the Crystal Palace in London, it is a good plan to let each child wear some badge by which it may be at once recognised by its party. A little rosette of ribbon, pinned in a conspicuous place, answers well for the girls, and a small piece tied through the button-hole for the boys. In providing the ribbon, a quarter of a yard each all round is sufficient, the girls' rosettes taking rather more, and the boys' ties less than that amount.

It may be observed here that the infants should not be taken on these long excursions. If they must have a treat at all, two hours or so in a field not far off is quite enough for them; the little things are soon weary, even with play. Provided the grass is dry, it is best to let them sit down on the ground for tea; there is less danger of their overturning their cups, and of falling off the forms themselves. They will enjoy some simple games, started by the teacher, or running races, in which it is funny to see the little rivals tottering along, as often as not tightly clasping each other by the hand, so that the umpire is puzzled to decide which is the winner.

But to return to the elder scholars. It should be stipulated that all who participate in the treat shall have been regular attendants at the school during at least six Sundays past; and it has been found that the entertainment is more appreciated if a small charge is made for admission. Except amongst the extremely poor, this charge does not keep the children away; they can always manage to save up a few pence which otherwise might have been spent on sweets or something equally needless.

The arrangement of the commissariat has been so fully treated in a former paper that only a reference to it will be necessary now.

The average quantity—though this differs greatly in different parts of the country—for fifty children is—tea, 1 lb.; sugar, 4 lb.; milk, 5 pints; bread, 4 quarterns; cake, 20 lbs.; butter, 2 lbs. or 3 lbs. When possible it is more convenient, besides saving the teachers trouble and expense, to have the tea supplied by a contractor, who will furnish food, tables, seats, and crockery for about sixpence a head; if desired he would also provide a tent or tents.

As to the amusements to be provided for a treat in the country, different games, such as cricket, football, quoits, and so on, should be taken for the boys, and races of all sorts, jumping and vaulting matches, and other athletic sports organised, in all of which the boys will join with a will, particularly if a small prize be offered for the championship.

For the girls, they may be encouraged to gather bunches of flowers, to be sent afterwards to one of the hospitals or infirmaries; prizes might be offered for the prettiest bouquet, the one containing most varieties, the largest one, the prettiest bunch of flowering grasses, ferns, and so on. Besides amusing them for a time, exercises of this sort will awaken an interest in botany, and lead the children to observe the beauties of nature with which the most ordinary field is filled, and of which most of them would otherwise remain ignorant.

Should there be any sort of home improvement society connected with the school, the summer treat affords a good opportunity for the distribution of the prizes, and, if practicable, a display of the objects sent for competition will be very interesting to the children and their friends.



ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

A CŒUR A CŒUR.

"The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition."

CATHARINE'S mendicant stood upon the stair again that night, but the next morning she satisfied its ghost and laid it. She went courageously up into Eleanor's room, carrying with her some skeins of silk that she wanted holding.

"It seems too bad to come to you now, dear," she said; "but I want so much to speak to you. So, if you don't mind giving me half an hour, we can talk and wind these off at the same time."

"I oughtn't to mind, Catharine, for you don't often disturb me," said Eleanor, as she swept her books off the table, and put a clean towel in their place for the delicate wools.

If they had been her own she would not have been so careful. She wondered what Catharine could be going to speak to her about; but she did not ask her as they went through the preliminaries of arranging the skeins, and finding which end to begin. She thought that Catharine looked a little at a loss, and if she did she only looked as she felt. No sooner, however, did the line of wool pass swiftly backwards and forwards over Eleanor's hands than she broke the ice, and took a header.

"I was so sorry, Eleanor, the other day for what passed between mamma and me when you were in the conservatory. I am sure you must have been grieved about it, and perhaps you thought us ill-natured."

A tide of crimson swept over Eleanor's face, and her hands shook.

"Think no more about it, Catharine. You were not ill-natured, and I can bear the truth, I hope. I suppose to be regarded in that light is the penalty girls must pay who do not limit their aspirations to their homes and immediate surroundings."

Yet she knew that what she said was not true to the impressions of these last few days.

"You must forgive us, dear," said Catharine, meekly. "Mamma worries about your health, and she concerns herself too much about what she is to do when I get married."

"Well, of course, Catharine, though I can't all at once take your place, I shall do my best to help mamma. Indeed, though time is precious — how precious no one knows but myself—I will try to do a little in the house if you will let me."

"No," said Catharine, firmly, "it is not to be thought of. What would be no appreciable help to us would be a sad burden upon you. But I have a proposal to make to you, Eleanor. I don't know how you will take it, but I'm sure my intentions are of the best. If you'll let the exams. go, and be content with an hour or two's good reading every day, instead of all this severe literary drudgery, I'll article you to myself to learn domestic duties, and I'll do my very best to bring you on in them."

Eleanor looked at her, too astonished to speak.

"To be plain with you, Eleanor," continued Catharine, "it may be very



"'YOU MUST FORGIVE US, DEAR,' SAID CATHARINE, MEEKLY."

much better for yourself. We've all doubts of your passing the examination. Frederic says that you are overdone, and that your brain is getting more and more unfit for its work every day. Perhaps, you are the best judge of that, but I don't think that you can honestly say that you are as apt to learn and good to remember as you were a while ago."

Eleanor's eyes filled with tears.

"I am oppressed with stupor," she said. It impedes me. I work slowly, and my memory gets confused.

"And that, if you do not lay your books aside, will go on increasing, so that you must be in danger of being plucked from that, if from no other cause. Besides, Eleanor, what's the good of it all? If, like Anne Fitton, you had to teach, it might be all right enough, but you know, unless you marry, your place is at home."

"Then," observed Eleanor, "the only women privileged to enter on a higher course of study must be those who are called to teach. You would extinguish a Mrs. Somerville."

"Mrs. Somerville did not aim at the eminence to which she attained. She had not to drag out her powers and force their growth. I do not mean to infer that only teachers are to be taught. A girl should avail herself of the very highest opportunities within her reach, but she should not sacrifice her health to them and the culture of the faculties necessary to the good house-mother."

"It is so hard to combine all."

"Well, you have every encouragement for improving your mind. A good education has been given you, and you might build on it without fagging at all the *ologies* and *onomies* as if your very existence depended on them, while you remain in blissful ignorance of so much that belongs to your station and your sex."

"But you know, Catharine, mamma says I have no adaptation for domestic duties, so I had better cultivate something that I am adapted for."

"Adaptation, fiddlesticks! I mean no disrespect to mamma, but that word goes against my grain. Have you any adaptation for loving and being beloved, for prizing what belongs to you and taking care of it? If you haven't, then you have no adaptation for woman's work, I will admit."

"The sentiment and the work lie apart."

"No, believe me," said Catharine, "they are allied, and what God has joined together let no man put asunder. The heart will prompt and teach hands and feet and brain. I know that now better than ever I did," she exclaimed, her face lighting up with a glow of enthusiasm that made her, in Eleanor's eyes, really beautiful. Checking it, however, she continued,—

"Come now, Eleanor, I wish I could put this idea of adaptation out of your head. You do not play by ear, but you played well before you left off practising. Had your *fingers any* adaptation for the piano keys till they had been well drilled over scales and exercises? You were not a born artist, yet you have trained your eye and mastered your hand till you can copy a good engraving or a water-colour drawing. Now any woman who has sufficient manual ability for these things has sufficient to figure respectably in all the other things that lie within her sphere. She may be a little deficient in constructiveness, but she can certainly achieve a substantial success in cooking, fine ironing, plain sewing, etc."

"Mamma would not say so. She says that some of the most accomplished women are the greatest muffs apart from their accomplishments."

"Mamma is discouraging. She puts intuition, or what she calls 'gumption' in place of good, sound, practical teaching. Home education, quite as much as school, needs to be 'line upon line. precept on precept; here a little and there a little.' One may catch an idea quicker than another; it is only practice makes perfect."

"Yet, Catharine, mamma might quote you as a case in point. You had no teaching."

"That is very true, Eleanor. Having only self to rely upon, I had often to feel, as the Italians say, that I'd a fool for my master. You never knew half my mistakes, half my mortifications; I choked them all down, and persevered. And now, Eleanor, I can't tell you how much less anxiously I can look forward to the future for the knowledge and experience I have gained. I have much to learn yet, but had not matters been put out of their usual course at our house I should have made mountains of molehills, and been terrified by the fear of disappointing James. I should like to save you from the same risk, dear, and I can and will, if you will only give me the chance."

"You would find me very stupid; for after all, Catharine, mamma is quite right in not crediting me with your perception, readiness, and tact—to say nothing of your constructiveness."

"Yes, but I will cover up all deficiencies. No one shall laugh at you. And then, dear, all the points in which you excel me would help to balance matters. Shouldn't wonder if you make the better housekeeper of the two."

"How?" asked Eleanor, looking quite bewildered.

"Well, you wouldn't present the absurd anomaly poor Mrs. Tyas did, who, after she condescended to matrimony, employed the leisure it gave her in writing articles on political economy for the masses, but never thought it worth her while to look into her domestic expenditure till her husband was gazetted."

"Catharine, you satirical creature! How do you know that her political economy had anything to do with it?"

"I don't say that it had; but she was no housekeeper, mamma would say, because she had no adaptation. There I differ from her. If she had only given to home the talent she traded with abroad as an economist, she must have excelled most people. Don't you think so?"

"Yes; but if ever I get married the principle on which I shall go will be of the simplest. I hate to be bothered. I like the system of the rare old Scotch lady who never suffered a bawbee to go out of her 'pooch' that she could keep in it."

If you took a more intellectual estimate of domestic duties, pursued Catharine, you might be ambitious to excel in them. What is cookery, for instance, but a kind of chemistry? How much do the health and comfort of a whole family depend on the way it is done? Then a woman's powers of comparison, forecast, and observation are for ever being exercised. It stands to reason, then, that the more intelligent and educated she is the nearer she must approach to the old-fashioned standard, 'Equally at home in the kitchen and in the parlour.'"

"I have heard it stated," said Eleanor, "that ladies make the best nurses; but I attributed that to their softer hands and more delicate touch. And it may be, too, because they are more sympathetic and sensitive than women of a lower class."

"Yet they have to stand the shock of much that is repulsive and unnerving. But how is it to be, Eleanor? Are you willing to sacrifice the 'certificate of proficiency in all the sciences,' that, as the old Jewess shrewdly observed to Hypatia, Adam dispensed with when he took Eve, or will you go straining after it, and leave mamma to get along as best she can after I am Mrs. Lovell?"

"I can't jump to a conclusion, Catharine. It always seems to me that you do a great deal which might just as well be left to the servants. Indeed, if one has good servants—and if I kept house, I would always be careful on that point—you have only to tell them what you want done and keep up a general superintendence. It is their place to do the work. We might as well not have any servants as be always in the mill ourselves. Then it is a waste of time and talent to be employed in their lower avocations when we might be on our own higher ones."

Catharine smiled.

"Every master must serve an apprenticeship to his trade," she said. "A general superintendence ought to be a knowing one, or your servants will soon find you out and have you at every turn."

"But I would have good-principled ones."

"The best need looking after. Mrs. Sawyers, you know, was always enlarging on the wastefulness of servants, but that does not excuse her for letting them swell up the weekly expenditure to treble what it need have been. You have often heard it said that a man must ask his wife if he can live upon the income that he has; and it is the wife who must be responsible to the master, not the servants. Only by constant oversight and careful management can she cut off their opportunities for extravagance."

"Ah, *c'est ennuyeux!*" groaned Eleanor.

"Not with system, dear Eleanor. You may get to wind up our house like a clock, after awhile, and rest for long intervals when the winding-up is done. I'll tell you why you must not trust too much to servants. They are a little like

children in the exaggerated ideas they have of money and means. They think there is no end to their employer's, or, at any rate, that their heavy-handedness won't tell."

"You speak like an oracle, Catharine. However can you have got to know so much since you left school?"

"I will tell you something, Eleanor, that I never mentioned to any one before. Soon after mamma went to Madeira, papa took me aside, and said, 'Catharine, Fred's college bills are heavy, so are Eleanor's school bills. Sending mamma and your aunt to Madeira for six months is an undertaking. If you don't keep the housekeeping expenses under as much as you can, I shall find a difficulty in making ends meet.' Well, I was pleased at being taken into papa's confidence. Before, I had only thought of having things nice and comfortable, but now my mind was put on the track of economy. I found there were many ways in which we could cut a little closer, and no one find out the difference. I had many a battle with cook over it, but I came off victorious; and since mamma came home, we have not greatly relaxed the system we got into, because she quite approved of it."

"Talk of circumstances forming people; they have formed you, Catharine, and no mistake. I wish they would be equally propitious to me."

"Why should they not, if God is in them? The God of my life is the God of yours. Only, you know, dear, we must, not be resistant. We must consider the conditions and circumstances by which we are surrounded, till we see what is indicated by them. We must ask to be guided, lest we make mistakes. It is not for me to say, 'Lay aside your work, and take up mine.' I can only say, 'Consider the matter.' If you believe after due reflection that you are called to devote yourself to study, I shall have no more to say. You may be right. But if you see that it is only your own ambition is leading you on, and that you are sacrificing to it duties that lie nearer, then I think you ought to begin on a new course without any more delay."

"Wouldn't a middle course be best, Catharine? I don't see why I should give up the examination I have been working so hard to pass. But I will confess my conscience has been beforehand with you in much that you have said this morning, and has spoken much more sharply. So I go on as I am doing. It's most kind of you to come to my help by offering to teach me, only don't be too hard on me. When you have time and I have—and we'll both take care to make time—I'll learn of you whatever you wish me to learn. Then, after this examination is over I'll not go in for the tripos, as I intended, nor ask papa to send me to Girton. I'll put myself entirely at your disposal."

"I'll not have you on any such terms," said Catharine firmly.

"Why not?"

"Because a year is not too much time for you to get proficient in, and I want some credit of my pupil. Then you have not health for your studies, so that it is ridiculous to suppose you can for six months be living with two objects to work for. The two would clash. You and I would quarrel. No, if you apprentice yourself to me I will promise you an hour and a half every day for reading, an hour for your sadly-neglected music practice, and of course you must walk. Though, if you are stirring about the house half the morning you will not miss your walk as much as you do now. I want to reserve the afternoons for my own sewing because I have not found time to do much for myself so far. If you will assist me in that we shall have nice quiet times together, and you will improve in needlework."

"Oh, and I *ought* to assist you, Catharine. I always meant to when I was free. Still, I hope you won't condemn me to do much embroidery."

"No; but I shall be glad of your help in sewing and in fancy work, too. We could often be read to while we worked, you know."

"We shall be like our model grandmothers then."

"I shall want you to begin the day with me, and go the same round in the morning. Do you like my terms?"

"I can see the reasonableness of them; but, Catharine, my mind is in the greatest confusion. I mustn't decide either way in a hurry."

"Take a week to think about it, dear. If you are disposed to begin, mamma will never stand in your way. If she does not encourage she does not forbid. Well, what a long chat we have had!"

"Yes, it's an age since we were *en tête à tête* for so long."

"But if my plans for the afternoons are carried out, we shall get to know each other's views on most subjects."

"You are very good, Catharine," said Eleanor, kissing her with unwonted warmth. "I never knew quite how good till this morning. It is more than a *tête à tête* we've been having. I call it a *cœur à cœur*."

So many a little cloud that had risen on the horizon of sisterly love melted away, and Eleanor, after all her real and imagined loneliness and estrangement, felt as if for her "a new heaven was looking down on a new earth."

Let her be careful to cultivate and water that new earth, lest it become a wilderness again.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

To Increase the Loveliness of Woman. — Let women be deeply and practically persuaded that the favour of God is far above every earthly blessing; that one act of charity or self-denial is better worth than the most flattering display of wit and accomplishments, with all the brilliancy of beauty to lend them lustre. So shall the loveliness of woman be twice lovely; so shall the evening as well as the morn of life shine with unclouded brightness; and He, "before whose face the heavens and earth shall flee away," smile on them in that awful hour when the charms of the fair and the wisdom of the wise shall alike be vain, and holiness alone retain its value.—*Bowdler.*

Truly Zealous.—True zeal is a sweet, heavenly, and gentle flame, which makes us active for God, but always within the sphere of love.

A Will of Six Words.—Probably the shortest will on record was that made by a gentleman in favour of his housekeeper: "I leave all to Jane Wickham." These few words were the sole contents of the document. If brevity is the soul of wit, it is also the safeguard of wills and the great enemy to litigation.

Old Fashioned Wedding Rings. — Within the hoop of the wedding ring, it was customary from the middle of the sixteenth to the close of the seventeenth century to inscribe a motto or "posy," consisting frequently of a very simple sentiment in commonplace rhyme. The following are specimens: "Our contract was Heaven's act;" "In thee, my choice, I do rejoice;" "God above increase our love." The posy was always on the flat inner side of the ring.

Advertising our Defects.—Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting in sense or wanting in sincerity.

When Ill News Comes.—When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbour, keep it to yourself.

Jumping Down One's Own Throat.—One of Theodore Hook's witty associates, the Rev. Edward Cannon, *once wrote the* following piece of unparalleled nonsense:—

"If down his throat a man should choose,
In fun, to jump or slide,
He'd scrape his shoes against his teeth
Before he went inside.

"Or if his teeth were lost or gone,
And not a stump to scrape upon,
He'd see at once how very pat,
His tongue lay there, by way of mat,
And he would wipe his feet on *that*."

Double Acrostic.

Two mighty overhanging hills, that bore
A classic hero's famous name of yore;
The name of each was altered by and by,
And one still shines in English history.

A mountain-land the Russian's sought t'enslave,
But years elaps'd ere they were victors there;
Its hardy sons are bravest of the brave,
Its daughters are the fairest of the fair.

Son of the desert, on thy fleet-limb'd steed,
Thou hov'rest round the wealthy caravan
To plunder it; and this, thy robber-deed,
Raises 'gainst thee the hand of ev'ry man.

A plain, where silken industries exist,
Which ever fair and fertile has been known;
When Rome, declining, could no more resist,
Long-bearded Northmen seiz'd it for their own.

The fairest ornament we give to deck
The blushing bride, the darling of our eyes,
To grace her arm, her tresses, or her neck,
And men risk death to gain this costly prize.

The faithful nurse, who, after thirty years,
Was first to tend her chief return'd from war;
She bath'd the stranger's feet . . . what sudden tears
Of joy, to see that well-remembered scar!

Ximena.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

THE TWO RATS.



ONE fine moonlight night, my father was leaning over the bulwark of the ship he then commanded, when he noticed a rat running swiftly along a ledge outside of the vessel and just below a partly-opened port. As the animal was passing through the opening to the deck, it dislodged a little prop, and the port closed suddenly. The body of the rat was safely through, but the tail was caught midway, and the creature securely trapped thereby.

The rat wriggled from side to side, vainly trying to seize the tail between its sharp teeth. Finding its efforts to disengage itself were useless, it began to squeak pitifully.

Almost immediately another rat appeared, and took in the situation at a glance. Without a moment's hesitation the new-comer began to bite through the imprisoned tail, and in a short time, he severed it, bone and all, and released his friend. The rat operated upon did not utter a sound whilst the amputation was going on, and as soon as it was completed the pair trotted off together.

THE SQUATTER EXPELLED.

AMONGST the many wonders connected with bird life and instinct, there are few things more remarkable than the return of birds of passage after their winter sojourn in a distant and warmer land than ours. To think that the little swallow which has twittered under our spouts and eaves in its clay-plastered home through all the summer, should be off with its young ones, before the first cold breath of winter has reached us; that it should cross the seas, spend our season of frost in a land where snow is unknown, and return with the promise of summer, to the very spot where it reared its young a year ago, is one of those standing miracles which we cannot too much admire.

The unerring instinct which brings the graceful creature to its old nest is joined to a tenacious attachment for the home of the previous year. The swallow will go to any lengths to punish or expel an intruding bird that has seized on its domicile, on the principle that possession is nine-tenths of the law. Most people have read the story of a swallow that summoned her friends and neighbours to assist and, with their aid, plastered up the opening to the nest so that the intruding bird was buried alive. I have often wondered whether the narrator interfered or if she allowed the poor little criminal to perish miserably.

I have been lately informed, by a Derbyshire farmer, that it is no uncommon thing for swallows to build up other birds that have taken possession of their nests, in a living tomb. He also said that, this year, a sparrow had laid her eggs in the nest of a swallow, before the return of the proper owner. Of course there was a prodigious twittering—doubtless the sparrow was first politely informed that she had mistaken the premises; then requested, and finally commanded, to leave the nest.

Mrs. sparrow, however, being comfortable and having her eggs in charge, declined to move; so a swallow counsel was summoned. A decision was soon arrived at. Some of the swallows together seized the squatter by its beak and neck and dragged it out of the nest.

The eggs were then bundled out; the nest thoroughly cleared of every trace of the intruders, and then the proper owners exultingly took possession of their property and kept it.

OUR DICK.

WHAT a charming feathered friend is a thoroughly tame canary! The ordinary plain yellow individual, I mean, which, not so beautiful as some of the fancy kinds, is much more hardy and easier to tame than they are.

We never kept a canary until a stray one flew in at our open window, and, as we could not find its owner, we gave it a home.

I never saw any creature evince more delight than this poor little waif did at the sight of a cage, and once safely in it, the bird could scarcely be induced to leave it. Unlike many people, young and old, he learned by experience and knew the value of a good home when he regained one.

Our foundling became fairly tame, and after its death we felt that a house without a canary was a domestic mistake, so a sympathetic friend bestowed "Our Dick" upon my husband.

He is a wonderful singer—the pupil of a nightingale, and his voice, full, round and teeming with music, is never shrill or too loud to be pleasant.

Our great idea with regard to pets is, not only to derive happiness from them, but to make them as happy as possible.

Our Dick was originally the property of a young gentleman, between whom and himself a great friendship existed. But the master had to travel a great deal and the bird moped in his absence; so, through the medium of a mutual friend, he was placed under our care. He had been used to fly about during most of the day and to go in and out of his cage at will. One of his pet delusions was to make believe to build a nest at the top of a tall mirror, where he collected the strangest materials—bits of thread, silk, crewel, and scraps of paper; hairs which he twitched out of the old colley dog, as he lay asleep on the rug, and even a corn plaister, which he stole from the table still remain in a pile untouched in Dick's former home.

He once got hopelessly entangled in a ball of silk which he was trying to appropriate, and had to be gently unwound, and he has more than once carried off a fringed d'oyley from the dinner table, but the weight proved too great for his strength, and he dropped it on the way to his store place.

Dick was very shy and strange at first; but we gave him all his old freedom in our long dining room, and my husband invited his friendship, but did nothing to force it. He would hold out his hand, flirt his fingers, speak tenderly or whistle softly, patiently waiting for Dick to respond to his advances. The bird would stand fluttering at the edge of the chimney piece, as if fascinated, and would fly towards the hand, time after time, only to retreat again without touching it.

At last he took courage to settle on the hand, and as my husband never detained him against his will, Dick learned to trust him thoroughly. What love there is between this feathered morsel and the man! The sight of their close friendship is one of the prettiest pictures imaginable.

If the cage door be shut when my husband comes in, Dick begins to tweet a welcome and beg for liberty. He flies to his out-stretched hand, allows himself to be lifted to his lips and talked to, while resting his yellow breast against his master's cheek or chin. He is particularly fond of seeing him change his boots for slippers, and hops about his feet with the most knowing looks, during the operation, as if he quite understood that slippers mean home for the rest of the day and the society of his friend.

Dick dines beside his master, saucily perching on his piece of bread and eating a round hole in it, or getting a little relish from the salt cellar to flavour it with. When my husband takes a book Dick is sure to use it as a perch, whence he gazes down into the dear familiar face, and does not in the least mind being rocked with the motion of the chair.

Sometimes while perched on the book he bursts into a glorious song; or, forsaking that post, takes another favourite one, the bridge of his nose, where he will stay quite as long as his master will permit. But so long as he can plant his little feet anywhere on my husband's head Dick is happy, though he does tweak grey or dark hairs out with perfect impartiality. If my husband is walking up and down the room, Dick is his constant companion, perched on his finger or shoulder. Sometimes he trots up and down the long table, keeping as near his friend as possible and turning as he turns.

When my husband is from home, at dinner the bird is like a different creature. He dines, as a matter of habit; but he is not the same joyous little fellow then, and spends a very short time at the table, preferring to carry off a morsel to be consumed on the chimney piece or window ledge.

The return of his master is the signal for an outburst of joy from the loving, faithful little creature. Whenever it is practicable, Dick accompanies the family and enjoys the country or the sea-side change as much as any of us.

Occasionally, when we go on a visit, we cannot take Dick, and during his master's absence, the bird uses our boy as a deputy friend. But directly he sees my husband, Dick forsakes everyone for him, and the old relations are resumed.

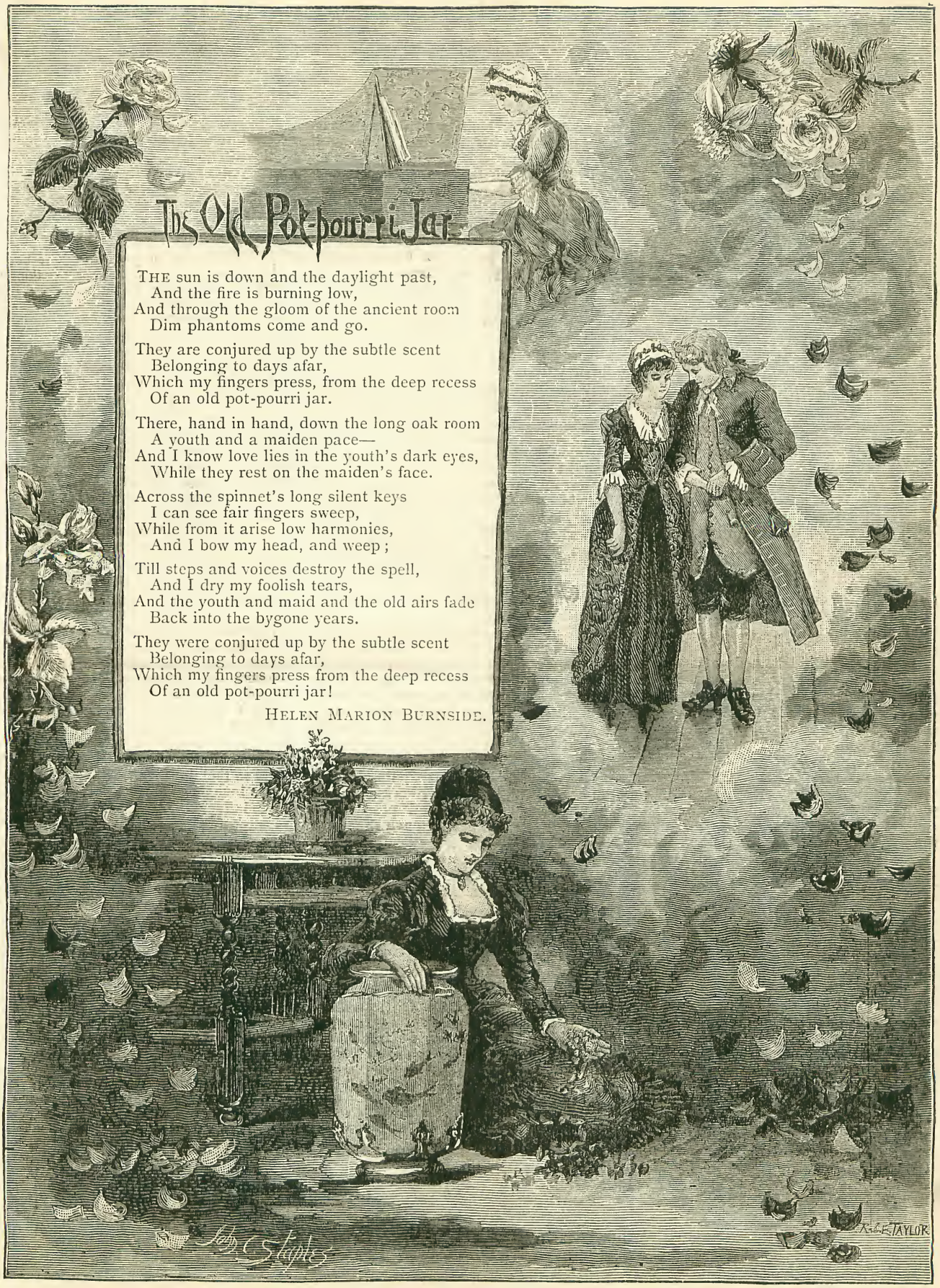
For the benefit of those who would wish to establish such a friendship, let me say that patience and kindness are the only materials needed for bird-taming. Perfect cleanliness, proper food, and sufficient warmth, will tend to keep your pets healthy and their plumage beautiful.

We never leave Dick in a sitting room much after seven o'clock, either in summer or winter. He sleeps in our large, well ventilated, and, in winter, well-warmed, bed-room.

I carry him up in the early evening, and in summer throw a slight green cover round his cage. In winter, I wrap him round with a double flannel cover, leaving a sufficient opening for air.

The flaring gas and the noise of talking interfere with a bird's rest in the family room, besides being bad for its health. If Our Dick is not taken up to bed at his proper time, he keeps up a perpetual, monotonous call until he reminds me of my neglected duty. He does the same if his cover is not put on at once. I mention the cover, because birds often suffer frightfully in the winter through the carelessness or ignorance of those who leave them during a bitter frosty night without any protection from the cold, after the gas is extinguished and the fire out.

RUTH LAMB.



The Old Pot-pourri Jar.

THE sun is down and the daylight past,
And the fire is burning low,
And through the gloom of the ancient room
Dim phantoms come and go.

They are conjured up by the subtle scent
Belonging to days afar,
Which my fingers press, from the deep recess
Of an old pot-pourri jar.

There, hand in hand, down the long oak room
A youth and a maiden pace—
And I know love lies in the youth's dark eyes,
While they rest on the maiden's face.

Across the spinnet's long silent keys
I can see fair fingers sweep,
While from it arise low harmonies,
And I bow my head, and weep;

Till steps and voices destroy the spell,
And I dry my foolish tears,
And the youth and maid and the old airs fade
Back into the bygone years.

They were conjured up by the subtle scent
Belonging to days afar,
Which my fingers press from the deep recess
Of an old pot-pourri jar!

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER XVIII.



SEVEN years have passed away! We left Ruby Stanton with her home at the Priory, and so we find her still. A great, sweet, gradual, ripening change has taken place with Ruby during this period: from a bright, impulsive girl, she is grown into a calm, brave, earnest, Christian woman.

Many things had helped to form and strengthen thus Ruby's character, and most of all, perhaps, her frequent intercourse with Blanche Chichester. She had been a constant visitor, from time to time, at that lady's house, which had grown to be almost as much of a home to her as the *Priory*; and year after year she had taken more and more of Miss Chichester's way of thinking and acting into her own being; then she had boldly and perseveringly striven to carry out in her own life all she had learned from her friend. It was one strong, pure, radiant torch of womanhood kindled from another.

Mr. and Miss Lindhurst had not altered much with time, except that the old man had grown milder and gentler as his sunset drew near, and had cast off more of his former narrow selfishness. He was fonder of Ruby than ever, and more ready than he used to be to help her in every good work she undertook in her heavenly Master's cause. Harsh, bitter words were also far more seldom upon his lips, and he would say sometimes, as he stroked his adopted child's fair head,—

"Little Ruby, you have put honey upon my tongue, and into my heart too. God bless you for it."

As for Miss Nancy, she reigned in her household much as usual, and wore the same terrible and majestic caps, and was the *dread of all* her servants and of everyone that entered the doors of the Priory. With Ruby she was, however, more kind and less snappish than she used to be; Ruby's own gentleness and patience with the old lady had brought about this alteration. She had learned better to govern her temper with Miss Nancy and with everyone, and the result had been that Miss Nancy had actually softened towards her, and grown quite fond of her in a sort of way. She could not at all have done without Ruby now. She was so used to her quiet, active, pleasant ways in the house; she had got accustomed, too, to Ruby's going out among the poor, and had ceased to find fault with her on this subject. Miss Nancy did not, it is true, think it a desirable practice for a lady, but she tolerated it in Ruby, because Ruby had grown to take so calmly and smilingly all her hard words about it, and because she found she could not stop her in what she thought right.

That mystery which had hung around Ruby's early girlhood still continued to haunt, in some measure, her life at the time when we find her again; but it had grown, as it were, so natural to her that she had quite ceased to trouble her brain with conjectures about it. She saw that such vague guessing was but an unprofitable employment which hindered her in the active work of real life, and so she had resolved to give it up, and had carried out her determination with all the strength of her healthy nature. Many girls in her singular situation would have indulged in all sorts of morbid dreams, which would have greatly injured their character, but Ruby fortunately escaped without the slightest harm.

Far from being a heavy, painful thing to her, this mystery had become, in a certain fashion, sweet and precious to Ruby: it brought her so much that was dear to her. In the first place there was that letter, which was still as dear to her as ever; then, after that, there had reached her at intervals, in the same mysterious way, a brooch with her mother's miniature (she knew it was her mother's face, because Mr. Lindhurst had told her so when she showed it wonderingly to him); a book with her mother's name written in it, and several other trifles which she found out, from different but evident marks on them, had belonged to Mrs. Stanton in years gone by. Once, too, when she had some charitable enterprise in hand, but could not go on with it for want of funds, Mr. Lindhurst had put, suddenly, exactly the sum she needed into her purse, and when she had thanked him, he had shaken his head and turned quickly away, thus plainly meaning to tell her that she was not indebted to himself in the matter. Thus, by degrees, Ruby had grown to have a vague, yet restful feeling that some kindly, beneficent power that was in some way connected with her dead parents watched over her, and took an interest in her.

Ella Ringwood's story had been a very different one from that of her friend Ruby. In the course of these seven years she had gone through many sad experiences. She had married some two years after her first arrival at the Priory, and had gone with her husband to America, where he had held some office under Government. At first her life had been bright and happy, then troubles had come one after another. Her husband entered incautiously into some rash New York money speculations and lost the whole of his own small fortune and a considerable part of Ella's. Worry of mind and grief at these reverses had gradually undermined his health, which had never been very robust, and some months before the end of those seven years he had died, leaving Ella a widow with one child, and with a very limited income, which a kind legal friend managed to save for her from the wreck of her once ample fortune.

Ruby's old friends, the Bryants, still lived on in the same cottage, and the father followed his course of quiet daily labour; their younger, and now only, daughter, Annie, had grown into a very fair, sweet flower, who greatly resembled Bessie in her looks and ways, though, happily for her parents, there was no hectic flush on her cheeks. This girl was their perfume, their sunshine; but their son Ben had become a dreary shadow to both their hearts.

When he grew to early manhood, he had taken very decidedly to bad ways, and the company of wild companions. His mother and Ruby had done what they could to reclaim him, now telling him of God's love, now of His wrath, now seeking to influence him by calling up Bessie's fragrant memory to their aid; but all in vain. He would soften, perhaps, a little for a while at the dear name, and then harden into sin as perversely as ever. At length he had become mixed up in a fray among poachers on a neighbouring gentleman's estate, and, with two or three of his worst comrades, had had to fly the country, to escape from the strong arm of the law. Where he was no one knew, not even his nearest relations, for he never wrote to them; but still, in the silent watches of the night, the mother's prayer went up for her lost boy; and still Ruby remembered him when she knelt before the mercy seat; and still, when they thought and spoke of Bessie, safe in her Father's kingdom above, the labourer and his wife and little Annie would name, too, in low, wavering tones the son's and brother's name, because the recollection of Bessie, somehow, always brought that of Ben with it; and they would recall all that the dear Lord had said about repentant sinners, and the prodigal son, and hope that His mighty love would yet bring their lost one back.

When we take up again Ruby's story,

she was standing, one June afternoon, in the porch of the Priory, with the summer sunshine making a radiant halo round her fair head, with her eyes gazing eagerly down the avenue. No wonder that there was earnest expectation in those eyes, for she was to-day to see Ella again after a separation of five years. Mrs. Ashby—that was Ella's married name—had resolved, as soon as her entangled money affairs were settled, to return to England, and had written to ask her former guardian, Mr. Lindhurst, if he would receive her and her child in his house for a time, until she could decide where she should live. Miss Nancy had at first violently opposed this plan; for, however much she might have honoured and petted Miss Ringwood, the heiress, she was very far from wishing to show especial kindness to Mrs. Ashby, the poor widow. Besides, the notion of having a baby in the house was something utterly horrible to her. But Mr. Lindhurst, whose sympathies were all aroused on Ella's side, insisted on receiving her as a loved guest, and Ruby's heart and Ruby's lips thanked him for this decision.

A gracious, winsome picture was sweet, brave Ruby, standing there in all the glory of her early womanhood—standing there, with the porch wrapped in green creepers making a frame for her, with the sunbeams kindling each thread of gold in her brown hair. Her slight, flexible figure was a little bent forward in her intent watching; her dress was all one silent harmony of delicate colour; there was a soft flush on her cheek in the excitement of the approaching meeting. There was one bright tear-drop hanging on her long lashes at the thought of Ella's sad story, and yet her mouth and her brow were full of smiling calmness; she seemed the very ideal of earnest, active, sympathetic life.

But hark! what was that? Surely it was the sound of wheels! She went out a few steps on to the gravel, and caught sight, between the sea of green which the avenue now made in its summer dress, of a carriage coming up the drive. Here they were, Ella and her baby-boy! A few moments after—moments in which the whole of her old girlish life with Ella seemed to be crowded into Ruby's mind in one great picture—they had stopped at the door, and were getting out. Could that figure be Ella—that figure in deep widow's mourning, with the pale, thin, face, and the shrunken form? Yes, surely it was Ella; she knew it from the way in which she was clinging to her, and sobbing in her arms!

They neither of them spoke many words at first, the hearts of both were too full; but Ruby, with a sweet, womanly instinct, hurried to the nurse, who was standing behind Mrs. Ashby, and took from her softly the eighteen-months-old baby, and brought him to his mother. He stayed the flood of tears far quicker than anything else would have done. Ella could not help smiling, even through her weeping, as she heard how Ruby, to whom he appeared to have taken an immediate fancy, prattled to him in baby talk, and how he laughed in return, and saw how he stretched out his small hands to herself and pulled at her dress, as though he were resolved that she—his mother—should not be left out of the new bond of love he was forming. Then, when he thought that Ella was near enough, he sat upright in Ruby's arms, as upon a throne, with a satisfied air, and began to survey seriously the surrounding objects—the old house, and the trees, and the flowers, and the blue June sky.

"This is indeed a treasure which God has given you," said Ruby, very softly.

"Yes, Ruby," answered the mother, "a treasure, and more than a treasure; for he, my boy, has shown me the way to the Friend who sent him to me in my hour of deepest gloom. Ruby, when my first troubles came upon me I was very hard and rebellious; but when my child came my heart seemed to thaw and melt, until the light of God's great love found its way into it."

"Thank Him, in His dear mercy, that so high and precious a thing has come to you through suffering, Ella," murmured Ruby.

"And, Ruby," went on the widow, "I know now that you were right, and that to be a child of the King and to serve Him is the one thing worth living for in this world. I have but one wish, too, for my boy, and that is that he shall grow up a brave Christian soldier."

"And so he shall, with God's grace," said Ruby, solemnly, as they passed into the house.

(To be continued.)

OCCUPATIONS FOR INVALIDS.

IV.

AMONGST the suitable and paying artistic occupations for our invalid girls are the colouring of photographs, painting magic lantern slides, and some other kinds of painting on glass, such as transparency painting, which may be used for fire screens as well as windows and doors. It may be as well to premise that no previous knowledge of art is required for colouring photographs, which can be done by anyone of ordinary ability, after a little practice, quite as well as they are sold in the shops.

The materials are not at all expensive, and are within anyone's reach; ordinary water-colours are used, two sable hair-pencils, Nos. 1 and 3 being the most useful numbers, a bottle of clean gum-water, and a small new sponge. A hand magnifying-glass is of great use in helping the painter to see the smaller touches about the eyes and mouth, and a good light is an absolute essential. A practical colourist has usually three or four photos on hand, and as no colours can be put on till the first are dry, this will be found a great saving of time. Unless the worker has seen the original, it is of course difficult to give the right colouring to the photo, and much experience is needed to give a truthful rendering to all the vast varieties of hair and eyes. The former ranges from flaxen to black, in all kinds of intermediate shades of gold, red, auburn, nut-brown, chesnut, dark brown, mud-brown, and brown-black, ending in that peculiar jet black so rarely seen. The eye has also an astonishing variety of hues, grey alone varies from yellowish green grey to that lovely colour peculiar to the Irish eye; blue, from the pale colourless china blue to that seen in infancy, which is so deep as to be nearly violet; and as to brown, we have a wealth of colour, from the golden brown of the lion's orb to the green of the cat, and the hazel and tender brown eye of the dog and the deer. The complexion also must be closely studied, as every one possesses a certain amount of clearness or density, and a general hue, which must be reproduced if the likeness is to be true and correct; a very trifling variation in any of the colouring will completely alter the appearance of the face. This is singularly exhibited in the case of dyed hair, which can be instantly detected by the experienced observer from the hard and unnatural line with which it frames the face, and however well the work of dyeing may be accomplished, never appears to agree with the natural colouring, from which we may gather the fact of the uselessness of interfering with nature's painting of our faces. I have been very explicit on this point, as on it our success as colourists depends.

The photograph to be coloured should be raised as close as possible to the eyes, the strain to them being too great if it is too far off. Place a piece of clean white paper over the photo for the left-hand to rest upon, to avoid marks, and to have somewhere to test the tip of the brush. The photograph itself is also a matter of some importance, as it should be clear, well-defined, not too dark, and free from stains and spots; the tone of it should be a warm, neutral tint or grey; heavy shadows of purple brown or of an inky hue should be avoided, as there is a perfect lack of harmony between these tones and the natural shadows of flesh. At the same time, if the half-tones are wanting in the impression, it will be a matter of difficulty to restore them in colouring.

The first process is to wash the whole surface of the photograph over with the large brush and clean water to see if the surface be in a proper state to take the colours; if it runs off unevenly in drops or globules, wipe off the water, and then pass the tongue from the lower edge upwards over the whole of the picture; repeat this process two or even three times, and on trying the water again it will probably lie smoothly on every part. Prepared ox gall is sold for this purpose, but is not nearly so good as the tongue, which, in the opinion of most colourists, is better than any preparation.

The method of putting on the colours is not by a series of flat washes, but by "hatching" and "stippling," the first meaning to work on the colour in short strokes, following as nearly as possible the form of the features, that is, somewhat horizontal on the forehead and circular about the eyes, mouth, and general contour; these fine strokes are then crossed with similar ones, avoiding, however, the formation of direct right angles; they should be done with a firm touch, making each as even as possible. "Stippling" is a similar process, only fine dots with the point of the brush are used instead of lines. The effect in both cases is to give depth and transparency, as there is no part of the human face so flat as to be correctly represented by a simple wash. This firm, free touch is very needful to acquire, as the first tints in water colours must be kept pure and brilliant, and several hesitating touches would give a muddy effect. The amateur worker will do well to procure a well-tinted photograph and study it well, making a careful copy, if not two or three, until quite certain of the few preliminary rules, when she may strike out bravely for herself, remembering that practice alone will make her perfect.

Many colourists give a first wash over the entire picture, consisting of raw sienna, Naples yellow, and pink madder, each rubbed down separately, and mixed on the palette to the desired depth of colour. Rub it on thin and lightly, beginning at the top of the front parting of the hair, use the large brush well filled,

and passing over the portrait quickly. Let this become thoroughly dry before putting on the second flesh wash, which is of pure pink madder, very thin, and very lightly applied, so as not to disturb the colour beneath. When this is quite dry, commence the hatching with a fine brush made into a good point with the lips, and, using a thin wash of pink madder, take a little of the colour, and make the lightest downward strokes, the end of the brush hardly touching the paper. The work should be so delicately performed that no pink is apparent for some time; work over and over again, the magnifying glass showing your progress, and except by its aid it should be impossible to tell that the bloom of the face consists of a series of tiny dashes. If a mistake be made, and one spot becomes too distinct, it is best to take a brush and clean water, and wash the whole face again, as each photo will stand washing several times before becoming too roughened to take the colours properly.

The chin and ears require a fine stippling at the point, and the lines and shadows formed by the curves and hollows should be put on with Venetian red, or, if dark, brown madder or vermilion. The hands and fingers are stippled with pale pink madder at the ends and the knuckles. The forehead, between the eyes and above the brows, should be lightly stippled with the same, and beneath the shadows where the hair touches the forehead, a little cobalt should be added to the pink madder. Place a touch of gum at the nostril and between the lips, colouring only the lower one, with a little rose madder. Put a little gum on the eyeball, and on this, when quite hardened, put in one touch of Indian ink for the pupil; when dry, round it put the colour, cobalt for light blue, indigo for dark, &c., and one touch of Chinese white for the reflected gleam to be seen in every natural eye.

The hair should have three coatings of colour; for brown hair, the first would be vandyke brown; the second, sepia; the third, raw sienna. Light hair, the first coat should be vandyke brown and raw sienna, and yellow locks of raw sienna and yellow ochre together. One drop of gum water must be mixed with the above, by rubbing down the paint with water, and after dropping the gum on the palette near it, mixing all together with the brush. Gum is never used for the face, neck, or hands.

The gum is made of the very best gum arabic. Take one ounce, and having reduced it to powder, put it into a bottle, and fill the bottle to double the height of the powdered gum, or about one ounce of water. Shake the bottle occasionally till the gum is dissolved, when it should be strained through a piece of new flannel; as this takes some time, arrangements should be made to fasten it so firmly that it does not require holding in the hands while straining. In order to keep this gum when made, add a tiny bit of camphor to it and place in a small wide-mouthed bottle with a glass stopper. And now I think I have described the art of colouring photographs quite sufficiently to enable my invalids to commence, and experience will teach them more than any number of books.

The other art work which I think invalids might undertake for profit is painting magic lantern slides. The materials required are few and inexpensive, and the colours used are necessarily only those which are transparent, and they are few in number, viz., indigo, Prussian blue, rose madder, crimson lake, lamp-black, madder brown, vandyke brown, burnt sienna, aureolin, gamboge, Indian yellow, gallstone, and Italian pink.

It may be well to add here the list of a practical worker who has painted slides for the trade for many years; it includes some of the foregoing, but is more moderate and less expensive. Prussian blue, gamboge, carmine, verdigris, madder brown, indigo, crimson lake, and ivory black for transparent colours, and raw sienna, burnt sienna, cappale brown, and vandyke brown, for semi-transparent pigments. No particular method of mixing or preparing colours is needed, but in order to save the trouble of varnishing, we believe that colours ready prepared for glass painting can be procured. The pencils used must be small, with good points, and camel's hair is considered preferable to sable brushes for painting on glass. The best vehicle for thinning oil colours is the ordinary megilp, and great care must be used to avoid making the colours too thin, as in that case they will run into each other and completely ruin the painting. The best medium for laying on the first wash of water colours is a hot solution of transparent gelatine. Upon this all the other colours can be worked with cold water and a soft pencil, as usual.

The quality of the glass used for painting on must also be a subject of consideration, as it must be free from blemishes, such as air-bubbles and streaks, and any irregularity of surface will interfere with the smoothness of the colours to be laid on. It should be the best plate glass, and should be cut to fit the magic lantern in which it is to be used. The slides to be painted should properly be mounted in a frame, which may be procured ready made or ordered of anyone who supplies artists' materials. But they can be painted without a frame, and perhaps quite as well.

The first operation of the worker must be to draw a perfect outline of her picture on a piece of tracing paper, which must be laid under the glass as a guide, but it should always be remembered in painting on glass for magic lantern slides that the best effect is produced by seizing on the prominent features of the picture and representing them with as few small additions as possible, as a quantity of little accessories crowded into a small space will lack effect, and render the whole design uninteresting and puzzling to the beholder. Fasten the tracing on the glass at each end with gum to keep it from slipping, then reverse the glass so that the paper is beneath it and you see the tracing through the glass. Take a little black paint mixed with megilp, and draw with a fine camel's-hair brush the outlines of the picture with a light, firm touch. If you desire to have a superior picture instead of black, use a dark tint of such of the natural colours of the object which will materially increase the natural effect; when the outlines are perfectly dry the colouring and shading of the pictures may be proceeded with.

Commence all pictures at the top, and lay on the distant outlines of mountains, clouds, or buildings. Then comes the "middle distance," as it is called, or the centre of the picture; for this rather darker tints are used, while the foreground is the darkest of all, and will require to be drawn in with a firm and broad touch, as the most prominent portion of all. In all these directions I am supposing that my worker has supplied herself with several lantern slides, already painted, so that she can see and follow the directions more intelligently. A very thin wash of lac varnish, well diluted with spirits of wine, may be used to fix the water colours, and a second coat may be added if needful. Our practical worker says, "Dry the slides in the warmth of the fire, as the heat will make the colours transparent; test your slide in the magic lantern, when you will be able to see and correct all its defects; and, finally, if the slide is to be used by lamp, gas, or candle-light, paint them by that light, for then you can judge if you have produced the right effect."

Transparency painting on glass is a valuable accomplishment at the present moment, as it has been so much adopted for fire-screen and all kinds of interior decorations, such as the inside doors and windows where it is possible to insert glass. The person attempting it should have some knowledge of drawing and painting. The materials used are powdered colours; the lists already given of those suitable for magic lantern slides being suitable for transparency painting also. These colours are mixed with picture copal varnish, and are diluted with turpentine in case of being too thick. Sable brushes are used, and ground glass is more easy to paint on than plain. The same method of outlining is pursued, the outline of the design being drawn on the glass with a warm brown tint, composed of brown pink and burnt sienna. A very fine brush or a fine quill pen is used to trace the outlines. The glass to be painted must be placed on a white background in order to show the colouring as it proceeds. The method of working in the distances has also been described, and little remains to be said except that in all cases very dark hues must be reserved for the foregrounds, and the painting, when finished and perfectly dry, must have a coat of varnish, the unpainted side being placed outwards to the spectator.

It is probable that orders might be obtained from furniture-dealers who manufacture what is called "High Art" and "Queen Anne" furniture, when the worker can send a specimen of her work to take orders from. In all these things perseverance is the most needful quality, and it is not difficult to understand that to make things worth selling and worth buying, both knowledge and experience are needed. Some people will perhaps say it is too much to expect of an invalid. But my experience tells me otherwise, and in my first article I carefully measured the ground before me, and stated my reasons for believing that the mind, in its powerful influence over the body, worked miracles, and when backed by a Heaven-sought strength was fully "sufficient for these things."

In my next article I shall continue the list of employments which can be rendered *paying* by care and a little good taste; but we will descend into less artistic regions, for the benefit of the many who have no capabilities in an artistic way.

BLUE CORNFLOWERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.

CHAPTER I.

A LATE harvest this year, so the crops were but just gathering in, and as twilight deepened round the village of Felbeck you still heard sounds of labour on all sides. Now along some narrow lane passes the heavily-laden waggon, with the carter cracking his whip, and the rustling boughs as they droop over the ripe-gathered corn are feign to levy a passing tribute; now a solitary workman returning home beguiles the way with a merry whistle, and borne across the little stream which flows between us comes a shout of joy from the homestead on the rising hill as the last load is carried safely into the rick-yard. And all these sounds so dear to Joan Rivers' heart fell upon her ear this Michaelmas Eve with a vivid interest, as she knew many a long day might come and go ere she was back on the Cumberland hillsides, where she had passed nearly all her life of childhood, early youth, and ripened girlhood.

Dear, very dear to her, was every spot near Felbeck; and dearer still does every place become when the time to leave it draws near.

Maybe we have had many an anxious hour there, many a sorrow may be associated with those scenes, many a time we may have longed to get away from all those inanimate objects which have been the silent witnesses of our great griefs; and yet, with places as with people, how much the thought of the coming separation softens one's heart towards all around!

Joan had slipped out unobserved, and passed along the little garden and through the shrubbery walk to the well-known seat overlooking the village, from which you could see for miles all the beauty of this northern country. Below her the fields sloped gently down to the little river, where many an angler sought and found a speckled trout that was sure to afford some sport, then, looking above to the scattered houses which formed the parish of Felbeck, you saw Farmer Bates's picturesque old farmhouse, surrounded by oak trees of gigantic growth; and far, far away the outlines of the well-known mountains, fading into the dimness of the distant horizon, were always eagerly pointed out to each new comer on visiting the doctor's garden, which was quite the pride of the whole neighbourhood. By daylight you could see the wondrous beauty of the tall rows of hollyhocks along each side of the shrubbery walk, as if to assert their right to be noticed when most other summer flowers are faded and gone.

Was Joan leaving home on some sad errand, or had the time only arrived when her woman's heart was given to another's keeping, and she but left the shelter of a long-loved home for another, with fresh hopes and deeper love awaiting her there? As the object of my story is to tell you the history of Joan's blue cornflowers, now lying faded and brown betwixt the leaves of a well-worn book, I must recall the associations connected with the withered blossoms on the page dated 186—, the evening on which this little tale opens; for she has gathered a flower as she turns her steps homewards after watching the evening stars one after another appearing in the sky, and tired Nature herself now seeks repose, while weary hands and hearts lie down to rest, and gather fresh strength to fight the battle of life on the coming morning.

The doctor's study, no longer the scene of busy work, is the spot where the decision of this first era in Joan's life was made. A grave, perplexed old man, with letters spread before him and an anxious look upon his face; it was a face well known in all the country side, for many a year had passed since first setting up his practice there. Of his professional skill there could be no two opinions, and his kindness to all his patients, high and low, rich and poor, was a fact that young and old alike bore witness to.

Unknown and untried, he had won his way with no rich patronage of hypochondriacal dame or gouty peer to give him a helping hand; and he had gone through all the hard experiences of a country doctor without making one enemy, but gaining friend after friend among all whom he approached. I do not think many people realise the hardships endured by such men, exposed to cold and wet, day after day and night after night, called may-be to go for miles along some dreary road in dead of night, and to pass hours by the bedside of suffering fellow-creatures, whose home, perhaps, was a poverty-stricken cottage. Medical science, left unaided by all the many appliances which surround the sick beds of the wealthy; poverty and want attacked by mortal disease, and increased by misery and dirt, the very clothing under which lays some shivering patient wholly insufficient to keep warmth and life in the healthiest. Witness of constant suffering, and helpless to relieve it as he would, Dr. Rivers yet always contrived to give more than medical aid to many; and when years had passed by, and younger men started up with newer views and theories, and passed him in the race for fame and fortune, the good doctor was contented to stand aside, sometimes smiling at the newly-propounded systems of a youthful Esculapius, but always ready when called upon to give any the benefit of his own opinions and experience. Some old-fashioned folk still believed in him, as the only doctor in Cumberland most certainly, and perhaps without his equal in all England.

Wife and children had gladdened his home, and the green mounds in Felbeck churchyard betokened several gaps in the living circle; and Joan had long been left the stay and comfort of her father's house, and the watchful guardian of her younger brothers and sisters.

Everard, the artist, had been educated for the profession in which he bade fair to succeed. He had gone through the needful years of study abroad, which he had thoroughly enjoyed, and perhaps not made the most of, when we know at how great a sacrifice of the others' enjoyments this teaching had been accomplished—limited pleasures, hard pinching economy, and almost scarcity of all comforts in the old home had been the necessary results; but it was borne all ungrudgingly by the loving ones there, who built castles in the air of those good times coming when Everard's name should figure as one of the geniuses of the nineteenth century; fond dreams which we often indulge in, as we watch the opening career of one dear to us! Alas! how often we are rudely awakened from such dreams! One or two of Everard's earliest efforts had met with great success, and, much praised, were duly accepted in the London galleries, and a brilliant future seemed opening before him; but after the first burst of enthusiasm and devotion to art alone, he had found out there was another side of artistic life in the metropolis which had many charms, and to which he was drawn. Social gatherings too frequently indulged in, late hours, idle mornings spent with brother artists, and then the inevitable results of small incomings while the rent of studio and lodgings must be met—a load of ever-increasing debt.

Half-finished canvases told of purposeless work, and though undoubtedly displaying much genius, they were never completed for exhibition or for sale. Letter after letter reached home asking for an increased allowance (they were always addressed to Joan), and many weary hours she spent reading these letters, and striving to see how it might be possible to spare just a trifle more for this next few months, which was all Everard ever wanted!

He seemed really to believe in himself, and to persuade others, also, of the great success in store for him, if only this winter or summer (as the case might be) were tided over.

"It is all very well, blowing up," was one of the last effusions, "but you can't understand. Other fellows have their homes, and have not all the expenses of lodging, &c., &c.; it would be very different if any of my people lived in London."

"Father," said Joan, the day after she had received this, "I believe if I were to go up to London and keep house for Everard it would be better for him; at all events, I should see if it were possible to make his allowance do, and if it won't, well, then he must come home and paint here. At all events, I might try it till the next Academy Exhibition. It would give him a chance of devoting himself entirely to his painting." And so, after much talk, it was all arranged for Joan to keep house in the London lodgings; father and daughter fondly pretending to each other their firm belief that this was the secret of Everard's failure, neither being willing to allow they recognised a far deeper evil at the root of it all.

How rejoiced the young artist felt at the freedom from present anxiety which this new plan promised! And he was down for a few days to fetch Joan, and this Michaelmas-tide was the eve of their departure.

"Won't Robin be surprised to hear you've gone away, Joan?" said Cecily, the youngest girl, when they were all together that evening. "He'll be back for the games next week, won't he?"

"Yes, yes, dear. I daresay he will."

"Have you any message for him?"

"Only say my going away was rather unexpectedly settled."

"Tell him to come and see us," said Everard, "next time his business takes him to London."

As they rose from the table where this conversation had been going on Cecily placed her arm in her sister's, and said—

"Shan't I say anything more to Robin than that from you?"

"No, dearie, nothing—nothing. Why should I?"

"Oh, I don't mean anything very particular. Only I thought he had gone away on some very particular business on which his future prosperity depended; and I did think, somehow, you had something to do with his anxiety to get a permanent employment; eh, Joan?"

"No one has a right to say that, and I am sure he'd be furious if it was hinted at."

"Well, never mind. *I'll* tell him how glad you were to go, and how pleased to miss the old gathering. I am sure I should be delighted to see something new, as you will in London."

"You had better say nothing of me or my feelings," said Joan, very quietly; and the little teasing sister saw she had gone too far, and, kissing her affectionately, whispered—

"I'll tell him everybody will miss our dear old Joan awfully, and that she is a real dear, and see what he'll say then."

Early next morning the two left home, and should have reached Garstone Junction, to which there was a branch line, in time for the London express, but unfortunately did not do so, and two weary hours had to be got over before the next train was due.

The day was chilly and wet. The waiting-room in all its deadly dulness afforded a wretched halting place: not even the winter resource of a fire to poke, nothing to look at within or without, and Everard was not in a pleasant mood. He never owned at home to his extravagance in travelling, but a first-class carriage was the only way that suited him to journey in, and—regardless of expense, in this as in everything else — this was his habit; but to-day it was not to be, for Joan had charge of the exact sum required for second-class tickets, and he dared not suggest to her any alteration. Everard was quite right, for travelling is an enjoyment only under certain circumstances. Nothing pleasanter than a start from London on a fine day, obsequious officials bowing respectfully, attentive porters carrying one's parcels, bags arranged on one's seat, newspapers *ad libitum*, and a friendly guard inquiring if the carriage shall be kept for you; then the luxury of throwing off one's hat and calmly surveying the hurry-scurry of other passengers; doors slammed, "all right," and away we bowl, leaving London dirt and smoke behind, with pleasurable anticipations of a journey accomplished without any trouble, and a cheerful visit at its termination! But not so with our neighbours *in the* second-class. "Plenty of room here!" shouts a porter, and he finds just one seat where a portly female has encroached upon the amount of inches to

which she is entitled, and has placed bag and bundle alongside her, and looks scowlingly at the intruder; and for a long journey there is no chance of even stretching his legs.

London was at last reached by our travellers; and most dingy did its aspect strike Joan, when the luggage was on the cab, and they were off for Bedford-street.

No welcome light shone in the window as they pulled up; and Everard was impatient as ring after ring remained unanswered.

At last a sound is heard, and a rattle of the door chain, with bolts and bars withdrawn, and the maid-of-all-work says "Who is there?"

"Open the door, and don't keep me out here in the rain."

"Dear me, sir, is it you? Why, missus is hout, as she don't expect you afore to-morrow."

"What an old stupid she must be. I wrote and told her."

"Well, sir, everythink is ready; and missus, she special went to-night to Hacton, caus' she says she'd get some fresh heggs, and what not, for you and the lady."

"Well, never mind her. Look alive; light the gas. Come in, Joan."

Poor Joan! It needed all her resolution to look cheerful, and to smooth Everard down. The parlour blinds were up, and the gas-light in the street cast a feeble flicker into the room as she walked in. Of course there were no matches at hand (never are when wanted!); and the cabman was dragging in the wet boxes, and leaving a sloppy mess behind.

"Oh, Joan, I'm awfully sorry," said Everard at last, when, the gas being lit, he saw how pale and tired she looked. "We must get you some tea."

"Please sir, missus only left out a little coffee for me. It's quite cold now; but I'll warm it up. Missus 'll be back quite early, sir."

That was all very well, but here were two tired travellers come *home!* No fire, no lights, nothing to eat! It was a fix! But the very emergency and absurdity of the position struck them both, and they burst out laughing. *What* a blessing laughter is sometimes! It soothes angry feelings and overcomes many a difficulty.

"Here, Joan, I know what I'll do. The kitchen fire can't be quite out; I'll go and buy something, and we'll cook it while Sarah gets our beds ready," and before long a good blaze was kindled, and Everard, soaking wet, came in with a store of provisions—sausages, mutton chops (done up in a newspaper), bread, butter, and tea—and the first meal was got over with much amusement to both, and perhaps Joan went to bed less sad than she might on this her first evening in London. As she knelt that night asking strength and grace to fulfil the task she had undertaken, a calm peace was on her soul, and when she entered the day's adventures in her diary, and turned over the page in which the blossoms of the Michaelmas daisies had been placed the night before in her old home at Felbeck, it was with a brave heart, and without any repining regrets, that she closed the past chapter of her life, and entered upon the second, which was still a fair blank before her.

The curtain hid from her view all that the future held of sorrow or of joy. In loving mercy it is ever so, for who could face the pains and griefs of the coming year did we but realise it before.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and strength is promised for the time of trial, but *not* in advance.

"Strength is promised, strength is given,
When the heart by grief is riven;
But load it not with sorrow
That belongeth to the morrow."

(*To be continued.*)

THICK SOUPS AND PUREES.



THICK soup is stock made thick—that is, about as thick as cream—by the addition of some starchy ingredient, which can be boiled with the liquor, and, as it were, enter into its composition. The materials usually employed for the purpose are flour, arrowroot, ground rice, corn flour, oatmeal, potato flour, sago, tapioca, and eggs. The stock should first be pleasantly flavoured and seasoned, and made free from fat, and the thickening ingredient should be added a little time before the soup is required, so that the "liaison," as it is called, or "thickening," may have time to cook sufficiently, but not over much; for it must be remembered that if the soup and thickening are boiled too long, the soup will become thicker and thicker, and may burn.

When arrowroot, flour, or similar materials are employed for thickening soups, the ingredient should first be measured (half an ounce of thickening to a pint of soup is a usual allowance), put into a basin, mixed with a small quantity of cold liquid, stock or water, then beaten well with the back of a wooden spoon, till it forms a smooth thin paste. When this point is reached, add the hot stock gradually off the fire, to prevent lumping, put the soup back into the stewpan, stir it till it boils, simmer for a few minutes, till the soup is smooth and thick, when it is ready to be served.

Soup is very often thickened with brown roux—that is, a mixture of flour and butter browned over the fire. The advantage of using this preparation is that it colours the soup as well as thickens it. It is, however, liable to destroy the flavour of the soup, and there is really no occasion to use it, because soup can be coloured without it, by frying the meat and vegetables used in making it, particularly the onions, till they are brown without being at all burnt. A good cook is very careful about the appearance of her soup. If white, it should be white, not grey; if brown it should be brown, not drab. Brown soup which looks pale as if it were diseased will never be enjoyed thoroughly, no matter how good it may taste. When brown roux is used, the soup must be simmered by the side of the fire for awhile, and the fat must be skimmed off as it rises.

A little caramel, ketchup, or a little strong, brown gravy or Liebig's extract may be added to the soup when it is about to be served if further colouring is required. Pastilles Carpentier also, which consist of small round balls like marbles, are to be bought at most grocers. They are specially made for colouring soup, are excellent for the purpose, and very cheap. All colouring ingredients, however, and especially caramel or ketchup, must be introduced very sparingly; they must on no account be added in such quantities that they can be tasted. A soup that tastes of ketchup or burnt sugar is a failure, no matter how rich and brown it may look. Nevertheless it is a convenience to have materials of this kind at hand, because a small quantity will often impart the desired colour without exciting a suspicion of its cause. Caramel is easily made. Four ounces of moist sugar are put into an old saucepan and boiled until it is of a light brown colour. It is then stirred until it is very dark, without being burnt, when half a pint of boiling water is boiled with it for five minutes to dissolve it; it may then be strained into a bottle, and put aside till wanted. Caramel thus prepared beforehand is very much to be preferred to the rough-and-ready browning used by cooks every day, and made by burning sugar in an iron spoon. The latter preparation is almost certain to spoil the flavour of a dish into which it enters. The former, if used very carefully indeed, may improve the look of a soup without injuring its taste. Yet even this is a dangerous addition, and should be dispensed with if possible.

Purées differ from thick soups in that the vegetables used in flavouring the liquor, or the materials used for thickening, are rubbed patiently through a sieve; then mixed with the liquor once more and boiled up again before serving. In purées nothing is wasted; you get the full benefit of everything used in making the soup. Yet it is to be feared that purées will never be very popular with people who have to do their own cooking, because this process of rubbing vegetables through a sieve is rather troublesome, and calls both for time and patience. If these can be given, however, the result is sure to be satisfactory; and if girls who have till now been accustomed only to the ordinary method of cookery usually carried on in English kitchens will follow the directions given, and patiently make a purée properly, they will be astonished to find what excellent soup can be made for a trifling cost.

The best of it is that a girl who gets the idea of making one purée can make every purée. Therefore, as potatoes are within the reach of all I will describe the process of making potato purée, and I hope girls will remember that although potatoes are used here, the process would be the same whatever vegetables were used, and whatever the purée might be.

Before we began to make our soup, however, we should want a hair sieve, and a small one can be bought for about ninepence. If we determined to make soup every day we should do well to get a wire sieve; and a moderate-sized tin wire sieve would cost about half-a-crown, though a brass wire sieve would cost about four shillings. The vegetables could be made to go through the wire sieve more quickly than through the hair sieve, but the purée would not be quite so smooth in the former case as in the latter. At the same time the wire sieve would last much longer than the hair sieve.

Besides the hair sieve we must procure a stewpan with a closely-fitting lid, one leek, or if this is not to be had one small onion, a pound of potatoes, weighed after being washed and peeled, half of a small stick of celery, and a pint and a half of stock. We wash the leek and cut the white part only into dice; then put these, the potatoes thinly sliced, the celery, and four peppercorns into the stewpan with one ounce of butter. We cover the stewpan closely and place it on the fire for five minutes to "sweat" the vegetables, and we shake the pan now and then to keep the potatoes from sticking and thus acquiring colour. After being steamed in butter in this way vegetables intended for soup give out their flavour better than they would if boiled at once in the stock.

We now pour the pint and a half of white stock over the vegetables and boil them till they are quite tender. We have a bowl ready, and place the sieve with the deep end downwards (because we shall more easily rub the potatoes at the shallow end) inside the bowl, then pour the contents of the stewpan, liquor, potatoes, leeks, and all through the sieve. Of course the liquid part will at once go through the sieve, and we may put a portion of this back into the stewpan to keep hot because we shall want it to moisten the

pulp. The vegetables we rub with the back of a wooden spoon until they pass through the sieve and drop into the liquor in the bowl. Every two or three minutes we may lift up the sieve and scrape the pulp which will be lying thickly on the under part, for by doing this we shall make it easier for the pulp to go through the sieve; and, by way of still further facilitating matters, we may every now and then moisten the pulp with the hot liquor we kept for the purpose.

Thus far we may prepare the soup some time before it is wanted. About half an hour before it is to be served we put it on the fire in a clean stewpan, and stir it till it boils. We add salt to season it pleasantly. Make a quarter of a pint of cream hot (or milk, if cream is not to be had) in a separate saucepan, and mix this with the soup at the last moment. And now our soup is ready, though, for the sake of appearance, we shall do well to have a teaspoonful of parsley leaves, or of chervil leaves, finely minced, and to sprinkle these into the soup before sending it to the dining-room.

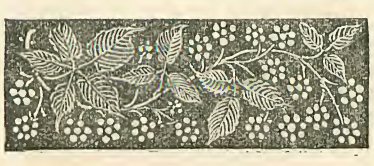
The quantity of soup thus made will be enough for five or six persons. We may calculate that the stock cost nothing, because the liquor in which a rabbit, a chicken, or a piece of mutton has been boiled will answer excellently for it; and apart from the stock the soup will have cost 10d., that is—potatoes, 1d.; leek, 1d.; butter, 1½d.; celery, ¼d.; parsley, ¼d.; and cream, 6d., and the result will be a delicious superior soup, such as is rarely met with in English homes.

Having mastered this one recipe, we may vary it to any extent—carrots, turnips, vegetable marrows, Jerusalem artichokes, asparagus, celery, red and white haricot beans, tomatoes, chestnuts, peas, green peas, and lentils may all be made into soup in the same way, though in each case there will be slight variations, which a girl may easily acquaint herself with. There will, however, be no variation in this, that if she wishes to make a purée she must pass the ingredients through a sieve.

Sometimes soups and purées are made without any stock made from meat, and then they are called *maigre* soups. If milk is added to *maigre* soups they are quite sufficiently nourishing; for, as I said when first we spoke of soups, it is not usually required that soups should furnish strong nourishment so much as that they should supply light, easily-digested food, suitable for the commencement of a repast. *Maigre* soups made of peas, beans, and lentils are, however, as nourishing as soup made of good meat stock.

I have no doubt that if any professed cooks read what I have written they will say, "Here is nothing new; everyone know this." I think they are mistaken; everyone does not know it. Those only understand it who have made cookery a study, and who can speak its language. In every business there are details which are matters of course to the initiated, but which are quite unknown to outsiders. There are hundreds of girls who, if they heard a cook say "pass the pulp through a sieve," either would not know what was meant, or else would think the process was very unnecessary. It is to such as these that I address myself. Now I think I have explained the process with tolerable clearness, and I hope the girls belonging to the class will carry out my instructions for themselves. If they do so, I feel sure they will be gratified.

PHILLIS BROWNE.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TANTO.—Consult your head-mistress, as we could form no opinion of your capabilities.

CONVOLVULUS.—A "Deist" is a heretic who, believing in a God, or great First Cause, denies Divine revelation and revealed truths. An "Atheist" denies the existence of any God at all. An Infidel is likewise a heretic, who, accepting some portion of Revelation, denies the Christian religion, such as the Mohammedans.

HILDEGARDE.—1. We thank you for your kind letter, which, written as it is in a foreign language, does you credit. "John o' Groat," with his sons, Malcolm and Gavin, arrived at Caithness in the reign of James IV. of Scotland, and purchased the lands of Dungisbay and Warse. In the course of time, eight families had sprung from them of the same name. It was their custom to meet together once a year in the old original house, having lived amiably together. But the question of precedency arose in reference to taking the head of the table, and who was to walk out the first. The father, John o' Groat, promised that he would satisfy them all at the next meeting. So he built an octagon room, having a door and window in each side; and placed a round oak table in the room. This building went by his name ever after; and was built on the site of the Berubium of Ptolemy. 2. Only a very ignorant "English Lady" would turn down the corner of a postcard. It should not be done.

STULTA PUELLULA.—Are you quite sure that the lack of sociability is not in yourself? Perhaps you are dissatisfied and captious. We do not think anyone quite fitted to be a teacher who describes her scholars as "the pests of her life." We should advise six months of earnest self-discipline of prayerful seeking after that "quietness" in which we are told there is "strength." If at the end of that time your mind be calmer, and your nerves and temper quieted, you must consider whether teaching be the vocation in which you can best serve God here and ensure your own eternal happiness. If you decide on being a teacher, write for the "List of colleges, schools, lectures, and other means of education for women," price 3d., published by the Women's Education Union, 1, Queen-street, Brompton, London, S.W.

NORTH POLE.—Owhyhee, now more commonly called "Hawaii," is the largest and most southerly of the Sandwich Islands. It contains the great active volcano of Mauna Loa, and has a large population.

NUNQUAM INFIDELIS.—We think it will be best and safest for yourself to leave the matter to God, after committing it to Him in your daily prayers. We fear the task of "explaining Carlyle" is beyond us and the limits of these columns.

EDITH HY.—Consult a publisher of educational books. Your writing is large and ugly.

A LOVER OF ACCURACY.—The question of King David's mother is not an important one. If it had been necessary to our salvation to know her name, the Holy Scriptures would have been more explicit than they are. David was, probably, induced to commit his parents to the care of Mizpeh, King of Moab, from the fact that his great-grandmother, Ruth, was a Moabitess, and Mizpeh might have been a relative.

MOIRE ANTIQUE.—It would be advisable for you to study the art of teaching—theoretical and practical—at the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-lane, where you can attend as a day pupil. Apply to the principal at the college.

RED CLOVER and M. H. S.—"Agnosticism" is a kind of scepticism, which professes to know nothing of things not demonstrable by the senses, or by physical science. It, therefore, ignores moral and revealed truths. It is a modern heresy of only the last few years, and conduces to as hopeless and miserable a state of mind as could be imagined. We can only compare it to throwing away your mariner's compass because you do not know in what latitude you are, declining to take an observation of the stars, unshipping your rudder, and allowing your vessel to drift away anywhere—no matter whether on rocks and sandbanks, and into whirlpools; or down the rapids, and over the falls!

HOUSEKEEPING.

INETH.—An ox gall, to be obtained at a butcher's, will clean your carpet beautifully. The proportions are one-fourth of ox-gall to three-fourths of cold soft water. Apply to the carpet with a clean flannel, wrung out nearly dry from the mixture: do not make it too wet.

KATHERINE.—1. One pound and a-half of artichokes to a quart of white stock should be more than enough. 2. If you mean by "cousin," first cousin or cousin-german, then your father's cousin's child is your second cousin; while your father's first cousin is your "first cousin once removed." Your writing is very poor.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—Dissolve an ounce of gum-mastic in a little spirits of wine; soften an ounce of isinglass in warm water, and then dissolve it in spirit till it forms a thick jelly. Mix the isinglass and gum-mastic together, adding a quarter ounce of finely powdered gum ammoniac. Put the whole into an earthen pipkin, and keep in a warm place until they are quite incorporated together, pour into a small phial, and cork closely. In using it, dissolve a small piece over a lighted candle in a teaspoon, warm the broken fragments of glass, touch with the liquid cement and hold the parts together till set. Then leave them for twelve hours without touching. Your writing is very good, and we thank you for your kind letter.

ART.

AN INTENSE ONE.—We commiserate you, if your *sobriquet* be really descriptive, which we fear it is. The "Intense" writes in the third person; who is the "I" introduced at the end of the letter? Whether "venetian red" would suit the complexion of the self-styled "Utter One," who says her friends consider her "quite *too too*," and whose parents' common sense "does not quite fall in with her æsthetic ideas," we cannot tell. A little dumpy girl of "five feet" could scarcely look well holding a sunflower in her hand—as she suggests—when "posing for her photograph." Were we to give an honest opinion, we should suggest her holding a child's coloured balloon by a string, or else a baby's rattle, and wearing a "cap and bells," instead of the "daffodills in her hair." Go back to your nursery, my dear, for your brains seem not yet hardened, and your head, we fear, is more like an addled egg than anything else, at present. You require careful treatment, in diet and general discipline, to restore your brains to a healthy condition.

WORK.

BERTHA.—You would obtain lessons best in Devonshire. We could not give any further particulars.

JENNIF.—We think you could hardly make the shoulder straps for yourself, unless you had a sketch of them, which you may see in many advertisements. They are made of webbing; the leather-work would be the chief difficulty.

TOPSY.—Bands of embroidery upon linen between the crochet would look very well, and would be lighter and more inexpensive than cloth.

ZELIA.—The Indian muslin dress may be remade on a coloured silk or sateen foundation, and will look as good as new. Some gold paper, decorated in panel style, might be placed on either side of the door, and would hide all the stains, as well as produce a good effect.

ETHEL.—The crimping is done by the laundress when the starch is damp. Your writing is pretty good.

H. C.—The pattern of shot-silk which you send us is of a pretty colour, but unfortunately an old-fashioned one. We should advise your going to one of the large London drapers, and there endeavouring to find something to make it up with, in either velvet, brocché, or satin. The two first would be best. Have a new coat bodice made, and mix some of the new material with the skirt.

ROSEBUD has "Bunyans," and, judging from her letter, is misty in her ideas of spelling. Buy a dictionary, and inquire for a book called "Pilgrim's Progress." The crochet tassel described at page 207, vol. i., will perhaps suit you.

CLOTILDE.—The East London Hospital for Children, at Shadwell, E., will be thankful for any cast-off clothes.

MAUD W.—Many thanks for your letter and the recipes. Put a little crape on your jacket, in narrow bands, on the jacket and sleeves. Line the bodies with calico.

EDELWEISS.—We do not think bannerette screens are so old-fashioned as you seem to imagine, and consider that you would do well to keep to your original idea.

F. B. F. J.—The "Swiss darning" is quite right, though rather tightly drawn. The "grafting" is also correct.

PORTIA.—You would hardly need a recipe for egg-cosies. Cut out a high cap-like shape to hold the egg and egg-cup both, and make it up like an ordinary tea-cosy, with an embroidered cover, a silk lining, and thick wadded inside.

A KENTISH MAIDEN.—Turn the jackets, and trim with jet passementerie and black Spanish lace, laid on in rows. Your writing would be pretty if your "t's" were better formed and crossed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOSS ROSE.—Put a piece of new wall paper over the inked spot, and use a little pipeclay or whiting to the ceiling.

A BEGGAR MAID.—"My affection is too great to be told in a letter." Your writing is legible.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The lines quoted are by Eliza Cook. Buttermilk contains the sugar caseine and salt of milk, the fatty and more nourishing matter having been taken out. It is a cooling beverage in inflammatory diseases, when more nourishing food cannot be taken.

A. L. W.—An unmarried lady, if young, does not usually tell an unmarried gentleman that "she is very pleased to have seen him" on any occasion. Write an ordinary note of thanks.

MOSS ROSEBUD.—She is a "first cousin once removed" to you if she be your mother's first cousin, otherwise called a "cousin-german."

FRANCES. — There are branches of the Young Women's Christian Association, and also of the Girl's Friendly Society all over England. The central lodge of the last-named is at 245, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W. Address the secretary for all information.

PATTIE.—Please to consult a Manchester directory for the address needed.

AMY (Lewes).—"On the field of glory." We thought you had forgotten poor Amy Robsart!

ANITA.—No danger need be feared, unless the blood be in a very bad and unhealthy state.

"UNDINE" is the heroine of the story of that name, written by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

M. A. F.—You are giving the bird meat, or else some other kind of too heating food.

AUGUSTA.—1. Bodices of velvet or broché are generally worn now. Perhaps a brown one to suit the darkest shade of your striped silk might make the dress look quite new. 2. We do not think you need a varnish for your leaves and flowers, but you might try a little bookbinder's varnish if you liked.

A. J. H.—We should advise your brother to "rest on his oars" until his hands be healed. Soap rubbed on the hands will usually prevent blisters. You write an excellent hand for your age, but your grammar is incorrect.

LITTLE DORRIT.—You should pay your own fare, unless your friend should insist on doing so, when, if she be older than yourself, it would be in good taste to accept her kindness gratefully. Christmas and Easter cards need not be acknowledged except verbally, or by a return in the same way.

MURIEL.—The following are said to be good methods for preserving the freshness of cut flowers. Set the vase of flowers on a plate, and having dissolved a small piece of camphor in the water contained in the vase, or else leaving a piece of charcoal in it, cover the flowers and vase with a bell-glass. Then pour some water round it so as to exclude the air. 2. To restore cut flowers after having been packed, plunge the stems into boiling water, and by the time it becomes cold they will have revived. The ends should then be cut, and the flowers placed in a vase of fresh cold water. Your writing is free and well formed.

MAY FLOWER.—If Jesse had eight sons—as we are told in the first Book of Samuel he had—it stands to reason that he must have had seven. The two accounts were written at different times; one might have died, or was simply omitted in the list.

CECIL BURN. — If we considered it wrong for young girls to read fictitious stories, we should not supply them in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The mind may require diversion of this kind, and can be thereby wholesomely instructed. But the sort of fiction read and the amount of time devoted to it are questions for serious consideration. At the age of fifteen you have too much educational reading to do to allow of your devoting much time to lighter works. 2. You are rather young as yet to learn the organ, as the playing of pedals with the feet is a trying exercise to the back, and has proved very injurious sometimes.

P. M. L.—What you call "high tea" does take the place of a late dinner; and as the dinner hour varies according to the convenience or fancy of the mistress of the house, so may "high tea." With the exception of joints of meat, soup, and vegetables, most viands may be used for it. Cold pies and tarts, cold chickens, ham, brawn, fish, eggs in all forms, omelettes, potted meats, scalloped oysters, stewed mushrooms, kidneys, fruit, cheese-cakes, and tartlets; puddings and hot cakes of all kinds are suitable for it. But tea, coffee, and chocolate are substituted for wine and beer.

A LANCASHIRE LASS.—We thank you for your good wishes and commendation of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Your writing is fairly good and free, but you should take more care to avoid encroaching on one line of letters, with tops and tails of another, as it gives a spider-leg appearance.

GENEVA.— You might make children's tippets, or hand and fire screens of your peacocks' feathers. Observe the spelling of the word "peacock."

FEE-FO-FUM.—The bubbles in the soap-suds do neither good nor harm. A small piece of charcoal in the water is said to preserve the flowers placed in it. "Jolly" is certainly not a "lady-like" word. "Pleasant," "agreeable," "nice," "delightful," and "merry," are all words which might well be substituted for it, and prove more accurately descriptive; for few words are more unsuitably employed than that very word "jolly."

NELLIE ROSE.—You have probably used too hot water to wash your leather. This would have the effect of making it stiff and hard. Gilt frames may be cleaned by washing them with a sponge with a little oil of turpentine or hot spirits of wine, and leaving it to dry on.

RUBY.—Miss Leigh's home in Paris is at 77, Avenue Wagram. You write a pretty hand.

P. T.—There is one of the Virgin Islands called Norman Island, on which the scene of the poem may be; but you must remember that they are not always real names or real places in poetry.

W. D.—We do not understand your question—"If I can obtain a book in which is told whose money is in Chancery, and when it will run out?" When will what "run out," Chancery, the book, or the money? The money probably, but we know no such book.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—If your friend has throat deafness, perhaps the "audiphone" might be of use to her, and would enable her to hear her pupils.

J. G. (York.)—Write for information to Miss A. L. Boyle, 10, Craven-hill Gardens, W. The Flower Mission Depôts vary each year.

SUNSHINE.—Apply to the vestry or parish clerk, or the clergyman of the church, and inquire who has the showing of the registers. It is usual to make a charge for each year, so that the nearer you can guess the exact year, the less it will cost you to search.



VIOLET CAMPBELL.—The Editor is much obliged by your kind gift of a box of nicely-packed flowers, which arrived in excellent condition.

JANE J., S. E., AND OTHERS.—Thank you for the kind offers, but we are too overstocked with articles and stories of all kinds to accept others for some time to come.

O. H. S. G.—Your plant from the mountains above Chamouni is an alchemilla, or lady's mantle. The spelling of the English name is "lady's," not "ladies," as we sometimes see, the popular name dating from old times, when anything pretty was named after Our Lady—Notre Dame, as the Virgin mother was called. From the habitat we should think that the species is *A. alpina*, but the leaf is richer and more divided than is usual in wild specimens. All the species have the leaves beautifully silky on the underside. There is a common field species, *A. vulgaris*, also with silky leaves. The *A. alpina* is found in the highlands of Scotland as well as in Switzerland.

ROSE'S ETHEL.—Perhaps your aunts may have some strong reason which they do not confide to you, and we should advise your being governed by their wishes as far as possible. Your writing is very careless, but we hope you will try and do better.

ALPINE ROSE.—Try at some of the largest and best of the London shops, or else advertise.

AMY L. LEGATE.—A little weak tea, coffee, or saffron-water have all been advised. The first is fairly successful. Do not starch the lace.

HILDEGARDE.—We do not look for dogma in poetry, as the poet gives reins to his fancy. Longfellow probably reasoned from analogy. Nothing stagnates in this life; the law of our being is "progress," and from that he would argue growth in beauty and maturity hereafter. There would be nothing improper in lending a book to anyone.

TADDLE.—Rub the soiled part of the blanket with a little flour, and send the Berlin wool rug to a cleaner. Your writing is neat, but not pretty.

MAY.—1. No; you are probably thinking of the Marquis of Ripon, Viceroy of India. 2. Go to a second-hand music shop to dispose of your music.

CLARA.—1. Perhaps you do not know how to teach, or to make your lessons pleasant. Offer some little reward for attention, and for correct answers. 2. A white muslin and lace fichu for the evening.

GIPSY MAYFLOWER.—We should recommend you to turn your attention to the coast of Wales, and select some pleasant, quiet watering-place at the west rather than the east of England. You will find places as inexpensive there as anywhere, and the scenery usually attractive. Inquire about Barmouth, Merionethshire. Of course you may write to us again. Your hand is firm and legible.

DAVINA. — You should have arranged with the persons from whom you purchased the new piano to allow you a certain sum for the old one.

PETMAN'S DARLING.—We are pleased by hearing that you have learnt crewel work from our instructions. Why do you make a kind of umbrella over the top of every capital "I"? The ends of the necktie would look best if worked in silk. You should consult your mother about finding suitable associates of your own age.

J. D. COLLETT.—We thank our correspondent for the preference given to our magazine as a medium for publishing his MS., but we regret to say that our hands are full, having a large staff of experienced contributors.

A. T. C.—We think if the handle of the churn comes out, you had better wipe it off at intervals, which will prevent its sticking.

PLANTAGENET. — According to the *Lancet*, the great medical authority, the water of a cold bath should never be allowed to sink to a temperature below 60 degrees. 2. In reference to your height, read:—We must only hope that "valuable goods are packed in the smallest parcels." If you "go to bed at 8.30," you may reasonably get up at 6.30.

GERTY.—We have already replied to the question respecting the "vulcanite locket," but owing to the enormous quantity of replies on the printer's hands, and the small space allotted for them, it is sometimes long before they can be inserted, even if set in type.

LATINA.—It is the general custom to put the tea into a cup before the milk and sugar, and when the former is sent round on a tray, the guests supply the latter for themselves. It is the reverse as regards coffee, which should be added to the hot milk and sugar. 2. What is "an antidote to a red nose?" Is the "red nose" some description of poison?

ROSALIND.—We return our best thanks to Rosalind's father for his gratifying message respecting this paper. Pronounce the word as it written ob-sec-que-us. You write a nice grateful letter, but do not imagine that you "cannot help" spelling badly. Look out the words.

A LASS, &c.—We put your letter with its dozen questions into the waste paper basket. You doubt our veracity and ask our advice in the same breath, and we think the tone which pervades your letter flippant and impertinent.

IRIS.—You probably partake of a late and heavy supper, and go to bed too late.

NERISSA.—Your omission about your prize-essay was of no consequence at all. Your sister should be guided in this matter by her pastor, who will say if he thinks she has sufficient experience for district visiting.

LADIE.—You cannot take notice of anything done *anonymously*, unless you have the clearest evidence as to who the person is; besides, rebuffs of that sort are ungracious and unladylike when the offender meant nothing but kindness. You can, we think, manage to convey by your actions and manner that all attentions are unwelcome. 2. Try it. You write a good letter.

HEATHER BELL.—It would be impossible to say. Some localities in Germany are cheaper than others. The English chaplain might advise you when you had made up your mind.

DOROTHY DE VAUX.—You are only one of a large number who wish for "home employment," but we fear there is no such thing to be obtained except a previous training of some sort has made your work valuable.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 85.] AUGUST 13, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XV

FAREWELLS.

A TELEGRAM had arrived stating the hour when Cecily Woodburn might be expected in Portland Place; and Daisy, in her room, was busily collecting all those belongings of hers that had been unpacked with such a heavy heart.

A fire was burning briskly in the grate, and Jane was on her knees upon the floor, filling Daisy's trunk with quick hands that rendered willing service. Drawers and wardrobe were being emptied fast, when Rhoda knocked at her cousin's door.

"Come in," said the soft voice.

Rhoda entered, rather shyly, bearing a little tray with wine and biscuits.

"I came to see how you were getting on," she said. "Jane has nearly finished, hasn't she? Don't tire yourself, Daisy; you have a journey before you."

"Oh, I am not in the least tired!" Daisy answered, looking up with a bright face.



"'GOD BLESS YOU ALL,' SHE SAID."

[*All rights reserved*]

Rhoda sighed. The one girl was going forth into a life of light and warmth and love, while the other would remain shut up in a prison of her own making. There were not many words spoken till Jane had left the room, and then Rhoda sat down by the fire.

"I suppose it will be a long time before we see you again, Daisy?" she said, in a constrained voice. "You will not care, perhaps, to visit Portland Place?"

"Mr. Hurstone and Aunt Cecily will not part with me very soon, I think," rejoined Daisy. "But I don't know why we should not meet, Rhoda. I hope you will come to Woodshire."

A flush of surprise and pleasure tinged Rhoda's face for a moment. The invitation had been so readily and cordially given that she could not doubt its sincerity.

"Thank you," she said, a little awkwardly. "I should like to see your new home. But I daresay you will be too happy to remember us."

"Happiness ought not to make me forget my friends," answered Daisy. "No, Rhoda, I shall often think of you, and I shall write, if you will like to hear from me."

Again Rhoda looked pleased.

"I shall be glad to get letters from you," she said. "I thought that, perhaps, you would put me altogether out of your mind. I—that is—we did not give you a hearty welcome here, and you cannot be very fond of us, Daisy."

Daisy was standing before the fire, resting one little foot on the fender, and one hand upon the mantelpiece. After Rhoda had spoken there was a short pause; Daisy's colour went and came, and then she turned and suddenly knelt down by Rhoda's side.

"Dear!" she said, laying her clasped hands on her cousin's lap. "I think it must have been my fault that you did not like me better. I often wonder why it is so hard for souls to come together; indeed, Rhoda, I wanted to be loved, and I did not know how to make you love me."

Tears were rising to Rhoda's eyes; the ice that had gathered over her heart was thawing fast.

"We were not so kind as we ought to have been, Daisy," she confessed; "and Maud was often rude and cruel in her speeches. This household is not very happy, I am afraid; there always seems to be something lacking."

Daisy's heart told her what that something was. The Garnetts had never yet set foot within that "kingdom of God" which is the rest and refuge for every human soul. They were living a hard, worldly life, unsoftened and unbeautified by the grace of Christ; thinking only of themselves and their own affairs, and totally unconcerned about the welfare of others. But Daisy did not venture to speak the truth just then, lest it should sound harshly in her cousin's ears.

It was not cowardice that kept her silent. A delicate instinct told her that the time for plain-dealing had not come, although it was not far off. And it would, perhaps, be better for many a well-meaning friend if he remembered that a man should hear the truth from his own soul, rather than from his neighbour's lips. Our rebukes can only break the stubborn clods of the hard ground which had best be left to the softening of Divine dew.

But when the dew of heaven has fairly done its work, and the ground is softened, the word of loving warning may be spoken in season. Daisy was not an impatient spirit. Young as she was she had wisdom enough to know that one must not be in too great a hurry, even to do good.

She kissed Rhoda, and repeated her invitation, and Rhoda already found herself thinking of a visit to Woodshire as a great pleasure to come.

"Is all the packing done?" asked Maud, abruptly opening the door. "You are not over-burdened with luggage, Daisy. I suppose you will soon accumulate things when you are at Hurst Hall. What a change it will be! A girl without a penny to become the heiress of a man with fifteen thousand a year! I hope it won't turn your brain."

"Daisy's brain is in no danger," remarked Rhoda.

"Oh, but I think it is; and it's absurd to see her affectation of indifference. It would be more honest to confess that she feels excited and elated."

"I don't see that there is a need for any confession," Rhoda said, coldly.

"I should think a great deal better of her if she were more natural and open," cried Maud, with heat.

"You forget, Maud, that your opinion is not of the least consequence to Daisy," rejoined Rhoda, in a tone of quiet scorn. "In a few hours she will have left this house and all its disagreeables far behind. And you have not made her life here so sweet that she should care what you think of her."

"But she was received here when she was homeless," said Maud, rudely.

"It was not your kindness, Maud, that gave her a shelter."

"Nor yours, Rhoda. You hated the thought of her coming as much as I did, only you took it more coolly."

"I know," said Rhoda, with a frank look at Daisy. "I am sorry for my coldness and prejudice now."

"You are only sorry because Daisy has risen. If she had stayed at the foot of the ladder you would have gone on despising her; and now you are mean enough to try to creep into her favour."

"Nonsense, Maud!" said Daisy, good-humouredly. "You know it is not in Rhoda's nature to creep. Pray let my last hours here be peaceful, and let us all part as friends."

"You will find hundreds of girls willing to be friendly with fifteen thousand a year," sneered Maud.

"You forget that Aunt Cecily will share with me," Daisy answered, patiently. "Nothing will be our own while Mr. Hurstone lives; and I hope he will live very long."

Maud tried to put on a look of incredulity. In her heart of hearts she did not dislike Daisy as she had disliked her once; but she was envious and mortified. The guests downstairs had been talking over Daisy's good fortune, and singing her praises until she was sick of the sound of it all. They had never discovered that Daisy was lovely and clever till she was known to be an heiress. And those two flagrant old sycophants, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Jackson, had suddenly found out evidences of blue blood, and a certain high-bred air that was peculiar to all the Hurstones! Maud had never felt so disgusted with the world and its ways in all her life, and she could scarcely help venting some of her bitterness on Daisy.

Aunt Cecily had arrived in town on the preceding day, and had spent the night in her old lodgings. Punctually at half-past eleven, a fly stopped at the door of the doctor's house, and Cecily Woodburn crossed its threshold for the first time in her life.

The doctor, himself, received her. He had snatched a few minutes from his duties to be present at her arrival, and to say farewell to his niece.

Cecily's beauty surprised and almost startled him. Tall and stately, her cheeks tinged with colour, and her deep blue eyes shining with suppressed feeling, she entered the drawing-room like a queen. Yet there was no haughtiness in her manner; it was perfectly gentle and well-bred—the assured manner of a gentlewoman who had a firm footing in the world.

Even Maud was astonished and subdued, and behaved with unwonted meekness. No one who saw Cecily that day ever forgot her afterwards; and, later on, when she was an acknowledged beauty, and her portrait hung upon the Royal Academy walls, Dr. Garnett's friends remembered with pleasure that they had met her as Miss Woodburn. As to the doctor, when he looked at her and listened to her voice, he wondered if Rose had been anything like this queenly woman.

"If there was a resemblance between the sisters," he thought, "I can forgive poor Andrew for his infatuation."

But Rose Garnett, as we know, had never resembled Cecily.

Daisy spoke her adieux with her usual quietness; even Maud relented at the last, and kissed her with something like affection. The doctor felt a strange pang when it came to his turn to say good-bye. He did not know anything about the Hurstones, and those high-bred airs which Mrs. Allen declared that Daisy had inherited; but he had discovered a strong likeness to his own mother in that gentle little face.

He saw the resemblance still more clearly when he stooped to give Daisy a farewell kiss. All the best and tenderest influences that had ever been brought to bear upon his life, seemed to return at that moment. He saw, once more, the look of parting love that his mother had given him before she passed away—a look that was eloquent with the yearning to speak last words. There was the same mute desire in Daisy's eyes; what was it, then, that the young girl longed to say?

A certain inner consciousness told the doctor that, great man though he was, Daisy's tender heart was not at rest about him.

"Good-bye, dear uncle; God bless you," she said. And that was all.

She followed Cecily into the fly, and was driven away. A few minutes later the doctor entered his own carriage and drove off again; and his daughters went back to their fireside with a depression of spirits that they could not shake off.

"It is just because the weather is so cold," said Maud. "See what an ugly grey day it is! I shall be all the better for a dance to-night."

(*To be continued.*)

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S MOTHER.



FROM an American biography we take the following notes about the mother of President Garfield, to whose history new interest was attracted by the vile act of an assassin:—

"Her maiden name was Eliza Ballou. She is a descendant of Maturin Ballou, a Huguenot of France, who was driven from his country upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

"He joined the colony of Roger Williams, and settled in America. He built a meeting-place at Cumberland, R.I., which is still carefully preserved as a relic of the past, and is known as the Elder Ballou Meeting-house. At the time it was built there were no saw-mills, no nails, and few tools in the country. Its galleries and pews, and even its floors, were hewn out of the solid logs, and put together with wooden pegs.

"Abraham Garfield and Eliza Ballou, both emigrants from the State of New York, were married in 1821. They had gone in 1830 to Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, where a year later their son James was born, being their fourth child. Their log house was built when the heavy forest was but partly cleared away. The fences were not yet made about the fields when the father, in fighting a forest fire that threatened the destruction of their home, overheated himself, was suddenly chilled, and in a few days died. His last words to his wife, as he looked upon his children, were: 'I have planted four saplings in this forest. I must now leave them to your care.'

"A happier family never dwelt in a palace than had been in that cabin home. Little James was but eighteen months old when his father died—too young to understand the irreparable loss, or feel the pangs of grief that well-nigh crushed other hearts. The neighbours came—only four or five families in a radius of ten miles—and wept with the widow and the fatherless. With their assistance the lifeless form was enclosed in a rough coffin and buried in a corner of the wheat field near by. No sermon, no prayer, except the silent prayers that went up from aching hearts. Winter was approaching. Could human experience be more dreary than a woman left a widow alone with her children in a wilderness swept by wintry storms! The howl of the wolves and the cry of the panthers never sounded so terrible as during those long desolate winter nights. It seemed to the weary ones that spring would never come again. But at last it did come, and swept away the snow and ice. The dead things of the field and forest returned to life, save only the dead in the corner of the wheat field, and hope was not revived in the cabin. There was no money in the house, there was a debt on the farm, and the food supply was limited.

"Then Eliza Garfield sought the advice of a neighbour who had been kind in her time of trouble. He advised her to sell the farm, pay off the debt, and return to her friends, believing it to be impossible for her to support herself and children there. Her reply was characteristic:—

"'I can never throw myself and children upon the charity of friends. So long as I have health I believe my Heavenly Father will bless these two hands and make them able to support my children. My dear husband made this home at the sacrifice of his life, and every log in this cabin is sacred to me now. It seems to me a holy trust that I must preserve as faithfully as I would guard his grave.'

"Her neighbour left her, and she went to the Friend that never fails, and asked God to make the way of duty clear to her; and when she came from her place of prayer she felt that new light and strength had been given to her. She called her eldest son, Thomas, to her, and though he was only a child ten years old, she laid the whole case before him. With the resolute courage of his race, he gladly promised that he would plough and sow, cut wood, and milk the cows, if she would only keep the farm. So this brave mother and son commenced their work. She sold part of the farm, and paid every dollar of debt. Thomas procured a horse, ploughed and sowed and planted. The mother with her own hands split the rails and completed the fencing. But the harvest was still far away, and the corn was running low. The mother carefully measured her precious grain, counted the days to the reaping time, and finding it would be exhausted long before that at their present rate of consumption, she resolved to live on two meals a day herself, that her children might not suffer. Then, as the little store rapidly disappeared, she ate but a single meal herself, concealing her self-denial from her children, until the blessed harvest brought relief. That year it was very abundant, and the wolf of hunger never came so near their door again.

"Still, there were many years of hardship and self-denial in which the brave woman had to be father and mother, teacher and preacher to her children. She was the wise and tender friend, guiding them in the right way, and inspiring them to choose the best things in life. She still lives to see her great reward, 'and her children rise up and call her blessed.'"

Now that she is quite advanced in life, after all these long years of toil and hardships have been patiently endured, she is most tenderly cared for and cherished by her son, and lives with him in ease and comfort in the White House at Washington, gently tended by the President's loving and beloved wife, and honoured by the son who is heir of his father's good name. Into such a home was sorrow brought by a crime, which yet was overruled for good in drawing forth the sympathy and good feeling of the whole civilised world.

THE CHILD'S MISSION.

A BALLAD STORY.

By MARY MARK LEMON. Music by ODOARDO BARRI.

Publisher: MORLEY, Junr., 70, Upper-street.

"OF what use am I in the world?" is the unspoken thought of many a heart. Years ago it was often uppermost in mine, but I was brought to think differently by a little story I once came across, and which proved that even the poorest and most insignificant of God's subjects has a mission of some sort to fulfil on earth, whether they are aware of it or not.

On a bitterly cold night in mid-winter, when the blinding sleet had only ceased to give place to a silent downfall of snow that covered the ground with its white mantle, a night on which few would by choice venture out of their homes unless necessity compelled them, a child of some nine years of age wandered up and down a London street, singing over and over again a song she had learnt in happier days, with the vain hope of touching one heart in the crowd by her pleading notes.

"She was only a childish singer, but her voice
was so low and sweet
That it fell like a wild bird's carol, 'mid the
din of that busy street."

The people who passed heard her, and some few noticed the rough golden head on which the gas-lights streamed, and the pale child-face which looked so anxiously round for one friend to pity her. But the night was too cold for dawdling about, and beyond the voice of a policeman, who occasionally bade her "move on," no one spoke to the little outcast, for whom the glory of childhood seemed to have been so soon over-shadowed.

In the same street a very different scene was being enacted. In a room, surrounded by every comfort that love and fore-thought could devise, a child was lying on his pillow, wearily waiting for the angel of sleep to touch his tired eyes with the beautiful flowers that she carries round to the children every night. From side to side the little one tossed, whilst his mother watched, with sorrow too deep for words, the pain no efforts of hers could calm, no words of hers allay.

Rest seemed to have gone from him, and the weary eyes were bright with a strange light nothing could render dim.

The window was slightly open to admit air into the fever-stricken room, and suddenly from the street below floated a childish voice, singing a sweet refrain that the sick child had never heard before.

He turned his questioning eyes on his mother, but she could give him no answer, but 'mid her tears could only watch anxiously and yet thankfully the sudden change that came over the flushed face. He raised his head to listen for a moment, then folded his hands on his breast and smiled peacefully, listening quietly to the cadence that met his failing ears:—

"And it seemed to him that the music
came from the Land above,
"And he fell asleep, to waken in the realms of
Heavenly love."

Down in the street below the little wanderer finished her song, and sat down unheeded on the steps of a house whose door was shut upon her misery. But her mission was completed, although she knew it not.

A child-angel came softly through the darkness, with wings whiter than the snow-drifts, and, bending over her, laid a lovely white asphodel blossom in her hand, whispering as he did so, "As I passed the Golden Gates of Heaven to-night, leave was granted me to return to earth and bring one comrade from its shadow into the Light beyond. Your song was my password into the beautiful Land, and it has gained you the reward that all the weary seek, the endless reward of rest." *Then*—

"Two angel spirits floated, across the golden
tide,
For Heav'n will stoop to cherish what earth
would cast aside."

MARY MARK LEMON.

HOW TO MAKE A GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN.

If it is true that the softer sex carry off the palm in love of luxury and comfort, there is plenty of evidence that men are not so very far behind them as many people are inclined to suppose.

The tailor's and other bills of many fashionable young men, would, we have little doubt, display some curious instances of male vanity and extravagance. Indeed, when a man is extravagant he is often inclined to be more recklessly so than a girl in a corresponding sphere of life—his sister, for example. The item of a silk velvet dressing-gown reads more like the luxurious idea of a fastidious and wealthy young woman, than the indulgence of a man; yet such an item does really occur in the bill of a tailor which has recently been disputed in a law court. This was, indeed, only one among such entries as a pair of silk velvet pantaloons and silk velvet waistcoat, with monogram buttons, which were apparently intended to form part of the "dressing-gown suit," and hunting garments of the most costly description. We need not be surprised that the bill mounted to seventy pounds odd, but we must feel a little bit staggered at the cool repudiation of the tailor's claim by this luxurious young man on the plea that he was an "infant." This being apparently a tenable plea for shirking such responsibility, the only course left open to the legal representative of the unfortunate tailor was to request the judge to decide what articles of apparel were necessary ones to youthful gentlemen. We are inclined to believe that very few persons would consider a silk velvet dressing-gown suit so necessary an appendage to even the most highly-born or luxuriously-reared young man, as to justify him in indulging such tastes when he lacked the ability to pay the prices charged for them.

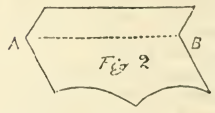


Fig. 2



Fig. 3

But though silk velvet dressing-gowns may seem to us as effeminate as they are unnecessary, there is no reason to go to the other extreme and eschew dressing-gowns altogether. To a man, as much as to his wife or sister, such an article is as useful and comfortable as any he can possess. But we know them to be rather expensive items, and the anxious father, whose pocket is dragged for so many absolutely indispensable garments, shakes his head and declares that John and Robert must wait until they are able to supply themselves with such luxuries. Even his own, which is shabby and discoloured with many years' hard wear, must do service for a long time to come, although he would be glad of a warmer one for winter nights now he is getting chilly and rheumatic.

But what an acceptable present this would be from one of the girls! so much more useful than the endless slippers or smoking caps, or cigar cases, and costing in reality no more than many of these — containing just as much, too, the work of loving fingers, in useful if not ornamental stitches.

"But a gentleman's dressing-gown looks such a difficult thing to make!" I fancy I hear my girl readers say. "All gentlemen's garments have a sort of elaborate finish about them, which seems to display a professional hand, and which, I am sure, we could never copy."

Very easily managed, dear girls! A gentleman's dressing-gown is, to my mind, really simpler than a lady's, unless this latter be of the very simplest description. The reason that a tailor's work has such a finished appearance is that he pays so much attention to small details. Every seam and hem is thoroughly and carefully pressed; every little binding hemmed on with the greatest neatness and accuracy, and carefully flattened with the professional "goose." Let any girl who wishes to be thoroughly expert in such work, examine the way the binding is put on her brother's coat, and try to copy it. It will be the best possible practice for her. The way to begin is to run a tacking thread along the edge of the stuff which will leave a margin exactly half the width of the braid she is going to use. Then the braid must be neatly hemmed on the right side just over the tacking thread, so that it will be hidden, and the other edge hemmed down on the wrong side just as carefully. The braid must be neither stretched nor held too loosely under the fingers, or it will be correspondingly drawn or puckered. The best way to avoid this is to baste the binding on first, so as to ensure its being perfectly flat, for this is the great point. And do not forget the final pressing with a warm, not too hot, iron.

Another secret of tailoring is the fact that men have much more mechanical minds than women, and they bring this quality to bear even upon such work as the making of coats and trousers. With them it is all a question of inches and measurements, not, as is so often the case with magazine patterns, a shape that *looks* as if it must make a becoming garment, but very often, when put together, is anything but becoming. If a garment is required a certain number of inches in the waist, each piece of the original model must be increased or decreased in a proportionate ratio.

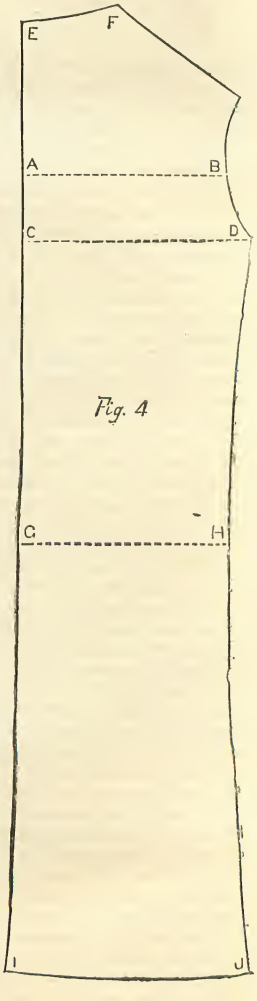


Fig. 4

A dressing-gown, however, need not give anyone apprehensive pangs about accurate measurements, for they are only required to be loose and easy, and have indeed very little "fit" of any description. Those sold ready made are all constructed of about one medium size, which is found to be suitable for the majority of purchasers, the makers very seldom requiring to cut them specially. We shall follow this rule, and give directions for a size likely to suit anyone who is not extraordinarily large or extraordinarily small.

But first a word as to material. The easiest description of dressing-gown for a novice to attempt would be one without a lining. Indeed, it

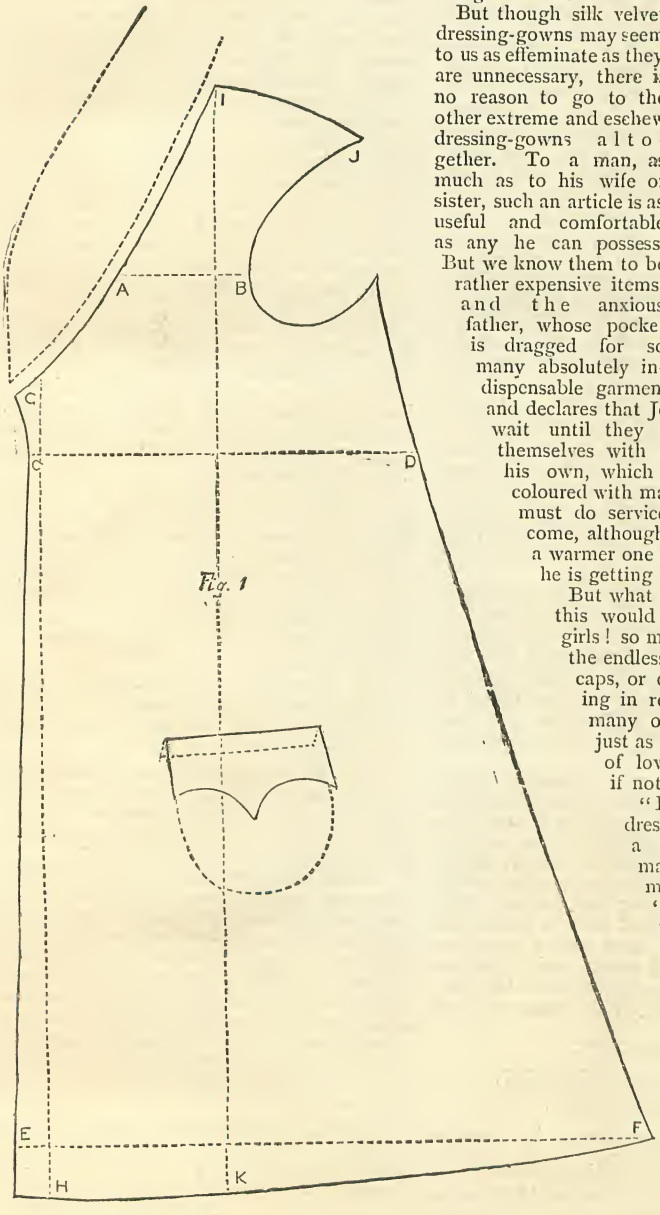


Fig. 1

is not too much to say that the lining more than doubles the difficulty.

The material called batswing is a very favourite one for gentlemen's dressing-gowns, and can be used quite well without lining, even where a warm garment is required. Of course, it will be warmer with a lining of blue or scarlet flannel, but it will also be much more expensive. Batswing can be purchased by the yard of all large woollen drapers, and is usually made in grey or fawn tints, the price ranging from about eighteenpence a yard. There is also the Oriental-patterned stuff, which is more difficult to obtain, and, as it must be lined and wadded, is more difficult to make, and considerably more expensive. A thick, soft flannel in some such pattern as a small grey check or stripe, is sometimes brought into use for these garments, but the two materials first mentioned are most generally used.

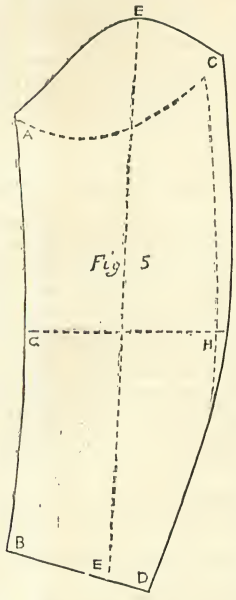


Fig. 5

The lining usually employed is flannel of a colour which predominates in the pattern chosen. A flannel sufficiently good for the purpose can be obtained at about ninepence a yard.

I know of but one shape that male folk patronise, the only variety being in the choice between a single or double-breasted gown. The latter is, I think, the favourite form.

The model which I will now attempt to describe is a very well-cut one, supplied by the firm of pattern-cutters to which I have before alluded in a former article. It takes six and a half yards of material twenty-two inches wide, or three yards of double-width material, forty-eight inches in width. The fronts of the gown are cut in the form shown in fig. 1, which must, however, be enlarged to the following measurements:—From A to B nine inches; from C to D sixteen inches; from E to F twenty-five inches; from G to H thirty-nine inches; from I to J seven inches and a half; and from I to K fifty inches. The pocket flap shown in dotted lines is cut after the model given in fig. 2, the width from A to B being eight inches. An opening is cut in the front portion of the dressing-gown, into which a pocket is inserted, the flap being sewn on, and turned over at the line A B in such a way as to cover the opening. The collar which forms also *revers* is given in fig. 3; it should measure eighteen and a half inches from A to B; three inches from C to D, and four and a quarter inches from E to F. The dotted line shows how it turns over. It may be cut with or without a seam at the back. If the latter, allowance must be made for turnings.

The back pieces of the gown are cut almost straight, according to fig. 4, measuring forty-nine inches in length; eight across the back from A to B; seven and a half from C to D; three from E to F; seven and a half from G to H; and eight and a half from I to J. It may be cut with or without a seam down the middle. We come now to the sleeves, which, it will be noticed, are a somewhat different shape from a lady's, the seam under the arm being as nearly as possible straight, the upper half being scarcely any wider than the under, and the whole sleeve much larger. The model is given in fig. 5, the measurements being twenty-one from A to B; twenty-six from C to D; twenty-six from E to F; nine and three-quarters from G to H. The under portion is indicated by the dotted lines. The cuff is given in fig. 6. This, it will be seen, is meant to go all round the sleeve, the seam of the cuff coming to the back seam of the sleeve. It must exactly correspond in size with the wrist of sleeve, measuring about seven and a half inches from B to D, and three and three-quarters from A to B and from C to D. It would be quite worth while to get each piece of the pattern, according to the measurements given, in paper, before cutting the material, remembering that these, if carefully preserved, will serve again and again. In doing this the number of inches given must be implicitly followed, no attempt having been made to preserve the proper relation of size, one to another, in the diagrams.

We will now proceed to put together the various portions, which we will imagine to have been cut out. Small turnings have been included in the measurements described. Having stitched the various seams, the first point of any difficulty is the collar. In the model given it is faced with velvet, which is also used for the cuffs and pockets, the quantity required for this purpose being a yard and three-eighths of narrow silk, velvet width, or less of a wider material. The collar must be cut out in the stuff of which the dressing-gown is made, and attached to the gown indicated by fig. 1. The two curves will be found to exactly fit together. The collar must be then faced or covered with velvet, which should be carried about two inches further than the collar itself, so as to allow for turning over nicely. The edges of the collar, cuffs, and pockets may be piped with silk or edged with a cord matching the cord and tassels that will be required for the waist.

The cuff must be first joined together the seam coming at the outside seam of the sleeve, then attached to the wrist on the right side and turned up. Two little loops of stuff are usually added at the seams under the arms, through which the waist cord is passed.

If the garment is to be lined, a duplicate gown must be cut out in lining, the seams being arranged to show no turnings inside the garment. Great care must be taken to have this lining perfectly smooth and accurate. It can be attached to the gown itself at the back and side seams. The edges must then be tacked together down the fronts and round the edge of the garment. A facing of the gown material must be placed all the way down the front on the wrong side, to which the lining can be hemmed, or it can be very neatly hemmed down if there be no lining. The



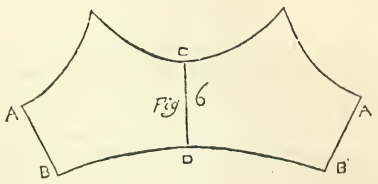


Fig. 6

edges of both lining and gown must be turned in together at the bottom of the garment, and stitched together with one or two rows of machine stitching. The lining of the sleeve must be hemmed in round the armhole, so as to cover all raw edges.


Fig. 7

An examination of a gentleman's overcoat will best show how this is done. The pockets must be sewn in before the lining is arranged, so that they may come between the outer stuff and the lining. The addition of wadding is often used. It should be tacked to an inner lining, and continue about as far as the waist.

The simplest and most inexpensive of all methods would be to have an unlined gown; a plain cuff of the material, edged with cord; flat pockets, ornamented with cord, sewn on to the garment as in fig. 7; and a collar of the plain material, edged also with cord, which should be continued quite down the front. The cord used for this purpose is usually silk, of some one colour, as navy blue, cardinal, maroon, &c., but the waist cords are better if woollen. The seams, when no lining is used, are stitched and felled, being afterwards pressed perfectly flat, on the wrong side, as is also the hem round the edge of the garment.

The measurements given above will require no alteration, except perhaps in length, where the addition or subtraction of a few inches will not in any way interfere with the symmetry of the garment.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

At the siege of Saragossa, in the year 1809, Augustina, a handsome woman about twenty-two years of age, of the lower class of society, distinguished herself in the eyes of her countrymen by her undaunted courage. She was carrying refreshments to the gates, and arrived at the battery of the Portillo at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person who was stationed in it.

The citizens and soldiers for the moment hesitated to re-man the guns. Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and the slain, snatched a match from the hands of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder. She then jumped upon the gun, and made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege, and having stimulated her fellow-citizens by this daring intrepidity to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery and again opened a tremendous fire on the enemy.

For her heroism on this occasion, Augustina afterwards received the surname of "Saragossa," a pension from the Government, and the daily pay of an artilleryman.

BLUE CORNFLOWERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By the Hon. Mrs. ARMYTAGE.

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR has passed away, and Joan still wears the same quiet, steadfast manner, a kindly smile for all who seek her sympathy, perhaps a gentler word to all who may be in sorrow, and in her own face perhaps a sterner resolution betokening a victory over self; while now and then a look in her eyes as if thought had travelled far away from the scenes of present daily duties, and were picturing some spot in distant lands where she feign would find herself. Returning to the same lodgings which she had entered that dreary autumn evening, Joan found a packet from home with a few last blossoms of her favourite flowers, sent by her sister, and among them a few cornflowers, at the sight of which she smiled somewhat sadly.

The reward of her patient self-denial had been the advance Everard had made in his art, and the Summer Exhibition had seen his pictures well hung and well sold.

Many an hour did Joan spend in the studio, while her brother worked with fresh energy and perseverance; and in his last historial picture, which had attracted some considerable notice, she had helped not a little, by painstaking researches into the true historic details of the scene; and the most minute particulars of each article in the costumes and surroundings of the group owed much to her perseverance.

The dreary lodgings had undergone a considerable transformation under Joan's influence. Mrs. Evans had been induced to own to her superior taste, and had not resented the removal of some of her cherished ornaments from the walls and chimney-piece, and had given in willingly to many other arrangements which made Everard's friends, when they occasionally dropped in, exclaim on the good fortune of having a sister like Joan to look after his comfort.

Not long after they had settled in Fitzroy-street, at the close of a dull November day, when the atmosphere had been more like the consistency of pea soup, than the bright fresh air we need to breathe and live in, Joan had stirred up the fire into a bright flame, had drawn the curtains, and had sat herself down in a low basket chair, indulging in half an hour's utter idleness. She knew that Everard would not return till late, as on such an afternoon he would undoubtedly turn into the Artists' Club, all hope of painting being out of the question.

The quiet street was nearly deserted, the noise of distant traffic came with a muffled sound through the fog, and each stray passing footstep was heard distinctly as it passed the house; but Joan expected no friendly call, and the little tinkling muffin bell did not disturb her reverie, till something in the brisk, decided step which caught her ear did attract her notice, as it came nearer and nearer, and at last seemed to stop at the very door of No. 6—yes, surely it did! and now up the step; and then the bell is rung, and without doubt, by the bright flush upon her cheeks, Joan does recognise the visitor, even before the door is opened by Mary (now promoted to the dignity of parlour-maid, in a neat cap and apron of French design, originated by Joan), who says: "A gentleman for you, please, miss." One hearty grasp of the hand, and a few words of common greeting ere the new comer seats himself, and Joan takes up the knitting she had laid aside, while Mary lights the gas.

Robin Caldwell was a good specimen of a thorough-going, honest Englishman. He had no manly beauty to boast of—on the contrary, he might be called an ugly man, as far as features went; but yet a pleasant face withal, and a strong, well-built figure, which ere now had come out first in many athletic encounters. And, above all, there was a winning gentleness in his manner to a woman which ensured their good word, and inspired confidence in all who called him their friend. No unworthy motive or doubtful conduct had ever been attributed to him, and, by sheer perseverance and steady devotion to the study of engineering, he had worked himself up to a position which many older men would envy him.

"I was surprised to find you flown when I got back after my trip to Paris, where I was kept longer than I bargained for, to settle with those foreigners; but it all came right at last, and now I have got the berth of manager of their business in South America. It's a very good berth, Joan, and I think you know why I cared so much to get it?" and he stood up and looked fondly at the face now hidden from him, as at these words Joan bent over her work, while the flush faded from her cheeks, and her fingers grew unsteady, but not a sound passed her lips.

"Put your work away, Joan—dear Joan—and say if this news has no interest for you," and his hand rested on hers as she laid her knitting aside at his bidding. She could not have spoken one word, for great and overpowering emotion kept her silent. She knew what Robin meant; she knew the moment had surely come when by her own act and deed she must refuse the bright, happy future he had come to offer her; and this was the real sacrifice she had to make. Sooner or later she had felt it must come. None the less was the agony of the moment now she had to face it; for Robin's openly-declared devotion had kindled all the true love of her woman's heart, and though till now he had not asked her to share his fortunes, words had not been needed to tell the old, old story to each other.

"Your father told me you had come up to set Everard straight, and I see you have done it, in these rooms at all events; and I shall not need to leave England till the spring, and then you won't let me go alone, will you, Joan?"

"Oh, Robin, don't ask me!" were the words he caught at last.

"Not ask you! Why, what else have I been striving for so long, but to get something to enable me to give you a home worthy of you; and I knew you did not mind a foreign country." And yet as he went on, and she did not lift her face, an uncertain tone rang in his voice, and a doubting look came over his face.

"Robin, I cannot, must not leave Everard. You knew something of our anxieties about him; you know his character, and so you know that he needs me."

"But so do I. And have I no claim?"

Poor Joan struggled hard to keep up her stern determination to betray no wavering in this decision which it cost her much to make; but she was one who, seeing and believing one line of duty to be for her, would not go back from her unflinching resolve to be steadfast to the end.

Robin used much persuasion to extort a promise from her that in three months he might once more ask her consent, and eventually got almost angry that she refused. Men are so unreasonable! Surely he could have seen what it was to Joan thus sternly to choose the dreary life which she had undertaken; surely he knew her better than to believe what at last he said in haste: "Then, Joan, you don't care one bit for me, or for all the misery you have caused me!" and he turned away to leave her; but this last drop overfilled the cup of bitterness, and as she rose from her chair with outstretched hands the expression of intense pain which overspread her features betrayed the truth of her feelings, and Robin stayed, for her mute supplication told all, and though another half hour's conversation left her determination unchanged, Robin seemed content to know how great was the sacrifice she made; and though he would feign have denied the need, he was forced to acknowledge that Everard would soon fall back to his old habits if he were left to himself "just yet."

"But that won't go on for ever, and *then*, Joan, you will come to take care of me."

The two sat on talking more reasonably and quietly than might have been expected, till the banging of the front door announced Everard's return, and he was loud in his praises of all Joan had done and did do, and he persuaded Robin to go round to his studio and see the work in hand, though gas-light was not conducive to their best exhibition; but Robin could judge of the improvements in Everard's steadiness of study, so that he was forced to own that Joan had a clear duty to fulfil, though none the less he considered himself aggrieved by the arrangement.

"What a pretty face that is," said he to Everard, as he turned to a sketch standing against the wall.

"Oh, yes; it's a sister of one of the students. Jolly little face, isn't it?"

It was a sweet little innocent face that he had sketched, a wealth of fair hair shading a pair of eyes which looked at you with an imploring expression, as if asking protection from all the dangers which must surround her in the world; but perhaps a cynical critic might suggest that she imagined the dangers greater than they were, in order to appeal to the sympathies of the sterner sex. As Everard placed the picture on the easel, he looked at it somewhat fondly, Robin thought; but the idea did not enter into his mind then of how great an influence on his own destiny those mutely-pleading eyes should exert.

And so it came about that Robin passed away to his new duties on the other side of the world, and entered into them with all the energy of his nature, and, as usual with men, the distraction of work prevented his dwelling overmuch on his shattered hopes; while Joan, bravely accepting the trial, yet could not but think of what she had refused of her own free will, and at times a sense of loneliness oppressed her.

There came a time when the news from Cumberland told of the old Doctor's failing health; and, after weeks of anxiety, he passed to his rest, assuring the faithful Joan that he felt restful about Everard now that she was with him, bidding her go on to the end and continue his wise counsellor and friend. Of Cecily's future he had no need to fret, for she was shortly to enter a new home as the vicar's bride in the adjoining parish, and the schoolboy, Berthie, would spend his holidays there till such time as the ambition of his life were gratified by entering on his apprenticeship under Robin as a civil engineer.

So it came about that on this first return of autumn Joan, in her deep mourning, looked somewhat sad as she sat down on her return from the shops, and read the letters from home, bright with Cecily's own joyous future, as the new tenant of Dr. Rivers' house had arranged for her and her aunt to remain in it until the marriage was over, which was only delayed till Christmas, when Joan and Everard must go down for the last time, and the final break-up of the old home be faced.

Life is made up of such trials, except in very few instances; and none can deny that a very bitter drop in the cup of our sorrows is the pang of parting with things inanimate, which by time and association are bound-up with one's very being. And yet those who have

been spared the pain of separation by reason of having had no home wherein they have been reared from infancy, with all childish memories of joy and innocence, have lost one of the greatest delights of human life. Old haunts shared with kith and kin, old scenes to which we revert as years pass by, and the golden-haired children have grown grey and old, are links which bind hearts to hearts; and the oft-spoken phrase, "Do you remember when we were young?" has a strangely softening influence over men and women who have grown cold and hard through their struggles in life; and the weary man of business and the worn-out, anxious mother of a family, laugh merrily as they recall some old nursery or schoolroom experience of their old home-life.

For so long a digression my readers must pardon me, and return to Everard and Joan, as they meet at breakfast.

The summer was still in brilliant beauty, lingering with us long into the month of September, and as the window stood open and the sunshine flooded the littleroom, Everard said—

"Joan, it's too fine to be stewed up in London, and I won't paint a line to day. We'll take a holiday. The Bruces have asked me to take you down for a long day at Richmond; their cottage is close to the river, and we'll be off at eleven, and come back late. I'd a very pressing note last night, begging us to come."

"Certainly; let us go. I should like nothing better than a day's outing."

The weather was perfect, and as the train stopped Joan felt the intense relief, which surely all my readers must know, of the cessation of the constant noise and bustle which surround their lives in London.

As the two walked up the lanes which led to Belle Vue, Everard, in a half-shy way, pulled a little parcel out of his pocket, and told Joan it was the little girl's birthday, and so he had got a trifle for her to give.

Joan, somewhat surprised, rather objected to the idea, and suggested Everard had better give it himself; but he overruled the objection, saying nothing of a still smaller packet which was in his waistcoat pocket, and which was destined for the same "little girl."

(Said "little girl" was to-day completing her eighteenth year.)

The Bruce family received their guests with great *empressement*. Joan was made much of, and found the afternoon very pleasant. The little Dora was profuse in her delight at Joan's birthday gift.

"We'll go on the river after tea for another row," was the universal decision; and just before starting, as Joan was getting ready in Dora's room, the latter was loud in her expressions of admiration for Joan, a mode of affection rather distasteful to her.

"Everard"—and she blushed as she corrected herself—"Mr. Everard, I mean, has been telling me all about you, you darling, and I know all you gave up, and all you do. Oh, how delightful to be strong and clever like you are! I could never be of any use to my brothers, I am sure."

It was a pretty little, pleading face that looked up at Joan, and yet somehow the usual loving, warm sympathy for the weak was wanting in her response.

"Perhaps they do not need it; but if they did I daresay you would not fail them," said Joan.

"They tease me, and look down on me because I can't row like some of the girls who come down; and I can't ride; and then they laugh at me because I won't go through a field full of cows. Your brother is very different—he is so kind; and, oh, dear Joan—mayn't I call you Joan?—it was so sweet of you to think of my birthday."

Joan's honesty would fain have confessed that the thought was not hers, but that would not do. But she coloured up, and in her heart felt somewhat vexed; for a vague suspicion crossed her mind that this little, clinging, coaxing Dora had some intentions upon Everard, and it gave her an uncomfortable feeling throughout the evening, as, with awakened suspicions, she noticed the long *tête-à-tête* between the two as they left the boats, and instead of joining the rest of the party at once, dropped in quite late from the garden, when the gong announced the supper on the table. A fly, which had been ordered, came round to enable the Rivers's and others to catch the last train up; but Everad seemed in no haste to depart, and at the moment of starting said, in a voice that tried to be careless—

"Joan, you won't mind going home without me, as Frank Holls has a hansom, and wants me to drive back with him?"

"Oh, no."

And so he stayed behind, and before he saw Joan again his future was inevitably bound up with the little fair-haired syren; as he told his sister next morning, not without some embarrassment, that he and Dora were engaged.

Was Joan's sacrifice, then, complete in this twelve months, and was she free? Oh, no! for on quietly talking the matter over, Joan found that her presence in the artist's home was looked upon as a necessity to the young couple. They in reality only proposed to live in their blissful happiness, and enjoy the fleeting moments as they passed, while Joan was to be "their guide, their help, their counsellor"—so they called it, while in reality it meant she was to be the household drudge! all the cares of life and its responsibilities shifted upon her. But so it was, and the opening of the second year only brought her fresh duties and fresh cares.

(*To be continued.*)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.—CATS.

THEIR "LITTLE TEMPERS."



CATS and dogs are amusingly human in the manifestation of their "little tempers," and perhaps no passion is more frequently displayed by these animals than that of jealousy. The favourite dog cannot bear to see his master in too close converse even with a human friend, and will push himself in between them and assert his right to the first place, regardless of consequences.

But animal pets are still more jealous of each other. Our little terrier and two cats—all females—are constantly giving us very droll samples of their dislike to seeing anything petted but themselves. The two cats lie on the same cushion, and are excellent friends when left to themselves. But Blackie becomes a spiteful fury if I show any affection for her much more amiable sister, Kitty.

One evening I went into the kitchen, and as I stood speaking to the cook, Kitty came and pushed her head under my hand as it hung down by my side. Of course, I stroked and petted her in return, whereupon Blackie rose from the rug on which she was lying, as I had thought, asleep, marched deliberately towards Kitty, and with a vigorous jerk of her fore paw dragged this other cat's hind legs off the ground. This stroke brought Kitty's fore feet, which were resting on my dress, to the floor, and out of reach of my caressing hand. Blackie then marched back to her place with the air of a conquering queen, and no doubt congratulating herself that she had, "settled that forward minx of a Kitty for the present."

On another occasion she marched bodily under Kitty, so as to lift her off her feet and out of reach of some one who was stroking her. What makes her conduct the worse is the fact that Kitty is our very own cat, born and brought up in the house, and Blackie a foundling that *adopted me as mistress*, whether I would or no. She has never done anything but look extremely handsome, and insist on having the best share of everything by sheer impudence, whilst Kitty does the mousing and general business.

The other morning I fed the two in turns with some feline dainty, and was going out of the kitchen, when I saw Blackie fly at Kitty in a fury of jealous passion, and scratch and bite her—for no other reason but that I had served them both alike.

The little terrier "Lady" and Kitty are great allies, and when pussy has a kitten the delight and pride of the dog almost equals that of the mother herself. She spends most of her time beside the basket, and is so fond of reaching over to lick the kitten, that Kitty occasionally gives Lady's ear a playful pinch and shake, when the dog at once turns round and polishes the elder puss with its smooth tongue.

More frequently Kitty throws herself back as far as possible to exhibit her baby to the sympathetic and admiring eyes of her canine friend, who is eagerly waiting until the little one can join in a game of romps.

REVENGE IN CATS.



REVENGE is another passion sometimes seriously, sometimes funnily, manifested by dogs and cats. Lady has two causes of complaint against Blackie. First, she nearly blinded her with her claws when, with the most neighbourly feelings, the dog looked in at *her* kitten in *her* basket. Secondly, Blackie *will* lap water out of the dog's trough, which seems reasonable enough, seeing that the latter drinks milk out of the cat's dish.

Lady has found out a funny way of paying her out. She dare not attack Blackie directly, for fear of those sharp claws; and the cat in turn dislikes to pass the dog.

The cellar door is left a little open, so that the cats may go up and down at any time, and when the dog hears Blackie on the stairs she plants herself in the bit of open doorway, so that the cat cannot pass without coming in contact with her.

You never saw such a picture of doggish fun as she presents when thus keeping watch and ward over her enemy.

Her little fat sides shake, and her bob of a tail is in perpetual motion, while her eyes seem to dance again at the sight of Blackie's, looking like green stars, in the dim light of the staircase.

Our good-natured cook says, "She'll keep that cat on the stairs by the hour together *while she sits shaking with laughing in the doorway*, till somebody takes pity on Blackie and sets her at liberty."

And yet my doggie is not cruel in her revenge.

When, in pain and misery from Blackie's claws, she crept to her resting-place for the night, her enemy's kitten was accidentally shut in with her, away from its mother. She did *it* no harm, but found comfort from its companionship, and in the morning the lost kitten was found coiled up within the circling paws of the ill-used but motherly little terrier.



FIG. 1.

TILE PAINTING AND DESIGNING.



FIG. 2.

POTTERY painting has become such a fashionable and, withal, useful occupation among women and girls that we need not preface our remarks upon tile-painting by any reference to the rudiments of pottery, or, as it is called, Ceramic painting, especially as that subject has been treated of in a former number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We shall take it for granted that those who intend to apply this article practically have either a slight knowledge of pottery-painting, or will take the trouble to read the article in No. 22 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

There is perhaps no branch of pottery-painting more useful than the one forming the subject of this article, for tile-painting, whether viewed from an artistic or practical point of view, must commend itself to art students and amateurs. Painted tiles can be put to all kinds of uses, many of which instinctively suggest themselves to the reader's mind. In many modern houses, fireplaces and chimney-pieces are often ornamented with tiles, usually printed ones; and, at a very small outlay of money, a girl with artistic capabilities might add to the interest, originality, and beauty of the room by painting some tiles in lieu of the printed ones, for anything done by hand is, from its very nature, so much more interesting than work turned out mechanically by a machine. In older houses, where no provision is made for tiles, and where the mantel-pieces are not beautiful adjuncts to the room (as they too often are not), accommodation can be made for tiles by having a casing made of deal to fit right over the stone mantel-piece, and fastened to the wall with brass plates and screws. The front of this casing will, of course, consist merely of a frame just wide enough to take the tiles, which can be kept in their place by beads. We have seen mantel-pieces so treated when the rooms have been repainted and done up, as the casing should be the same colour as the rest of the woodwork, and the effect is admirable and well worth the outlay, which is not great. An accessory, such as a tile fireplace, gives an unique appearance to a room, and stamps it with an air of originality; and, considering the facilities for fostering various arts such as the present one, which a generation ago did not exist, no houses where there are girls with a little leisure and talent should be wanting these artistic accessories. Indeed, it has been one of the chief aims of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to familiarise its readers with some of the useful and beautiful arts, so that they may employ their spare time profitably to themselves by adding to the charms of their homes by their own work. Many people, especially dwellers in towns, have window-boxes to hold flowers and plants, and these are usually fitted with tiles, as earthenware is capable of resisting exposure to the weather better than any other material. It is hardly necessary to add that this affords a splendid opportunity for the display of artistic talent, and one we hope our readers will avail themselves of. The frame is made of iron, wood being clumsy and liable to decay, and there are several places in London where these are made at a moderate cost. Measure the width of the window, and paint your tiles accordingly. If you cannot get an exact number of tiles, you must have one cut. Let the man who makes the frame-work have the tiles when *painted*, and he will fit them in their place. It should be borne in mind that it is



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

better to have the frame made to the tiles, as, if the tiles are painted afterwards, there is more danger of them not fitting. Small boxes for standing in a room or on the table, just large enough to take a flower-pot, also afford opportunities for utilising your work. These, again, can be made after the fashion of the flower-boxes, each side being made to receive a tile. Eight-inch tiles are better for these boxes, six-inch ones being rather small. Wood could be employed in this case for the framework, and girls who have brothers with a turn for carpentering might get them to make them. It is surprising what people can do when they set earnestly to work, and by brothers and sisters joining in a kind of working partnership they would materially help each other to be useful. Many boys are quite expert carpenters, and yet too often spend their time in making useless boxes and rabbit-hutches, when, with a little stimulus and directing advice, they might manufacture some useful and ornamental articles. Teapot stands are things which are not difficult to make, and with a nicely-painted tile in them, form admirable presents. Some black picture moulding does admirably for framing the tile, and with four small nobs at the bottom corners, completes a most useful article for the tea-table.

Wash-stand bricks are often fitted with tiles, and, in fact, we might stay to enumerate their various uses, to the exclusion of more important matters; but we will pass on to other considerations. Having seen some of the uses tiles can be put to, we will just consider what are their advantages from a technichal point of view. To begin with, a tile is the best possible article to attempt when beginning pottery-painting, for this reason, that the surface is flat and the size not too large. Vases and plaques, besides requiring careful designing and arranging, are difficult to paint, owing to the shape of their surfaces, whereas a tile is no more difficult than a piece of paper, and is almost as portable. Then, again, the price is not formidable. Tiles can be purchased at china shops, and also of the tile makers, who have warehouses in London, and are to be had of the following sizes: 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 12 inches, at prizes ranging from 4d. up to 5s., the 12-inch tiles being very expensive in comparison with the smaller sizes. They can also be had buff, cream, and green, as well as pure white. The most useful sizes we may mention are 6 and 8 inches. For panels and large subjects the design is painted on a number of tiles put together; they are then burnt, and are afterwards cemented and the joins coloured over. This is the only way big subjects can be executed, it being impossible to make large slabs of earthenware.

It will be seen that tiles are admirably adapted for learning upon, as, even if a few are spoilt at first, no great loss is entailed, and requiring, as they do, a very simple treatment, are the first steps to more ambitious works.

We now come to the question of the style of design most suitable for tiles, and, in order to better illustrate this part of our subject, we have given several illustrations to elucidate the text: seeing what ought to be done is far better than being told what to do. It will be noticed that in all the designs given none of them are absolutely pictorial, all of them being decorative or conventional. By pictorial is meant a drawing made direct from nature, without any modification whatever, whereas in all the designs given there is a certain amount of *design*—an arrangement and balance of form which would not be the case if the drawing were made straight from nature. In the design of lilies it will be readily seen that a certain selection has been made, so that the flowers shall not all grow on one side, as often happens in nature. In fact, the design shows how a pot of lilies *might* grow under very favourable conditions, and not as they usually bloom. And this selection not only refers to the several parts of one plant—choosing the most suitable specimen and complete of it—but also in selecting plants whose forms are beautiful and whose growth is not too complicated. A daisy would, for these reasons, be far more adapted for a tile than the rarest orchids, for there is a simple beauty and symmetry in the common English flower sadly wanting in the exotic plant.

Draw everything from nature as far as possible, and choose English plants in preference to foreign ones. Our wild flowers alone offer an inexhaustible mine of ideas and suggestions which might well occupy the longest life. Follow nature with a loving carefulness, noting all the marked characteristics of every plant, for the essential qualities of a good design are to give the *chief* facts



FIG. 6.

about the plant you elect to base your design upon. In drawing a lily, for example, let us first note the characteristics of the flower, which we find to be six petals, three large and three small, arranged alternately, so that when looking full at the flower it presents the appearance of two triangles overlapping each other, six stamens and one pistil; and if we impress these simple facts on our mind we shall never fall into the mistake, by no means uncommon, of making a lily with only five petals, such a flower being unknown. In the leaves, again, we notice they are shaped somewhat like a long slender lance-head, and grow around the main stem in a spiral; the veins traverse the length of the leaf, or parallel, as it is termed in botany, and do not branch off to the right and left from the centre vein as in the apple.

We have given these particulars of the lily in order to show how plant-form should be drawn when the drawings are to be used afterwards in designing. It is this quality of careful observation which produces good work, and we should always recommend the student before putting pencil to paper to make, as it were, a mental inventory of the plant to be drawn, to avoid the many mistakes which are inadvertently made while the drawing is in progress, and also to impress the plant on the memory so that on a future occasion the student would be able to know whether the design that was being painted was correct with nature. It is astonishing, if we look at nature *only cursorily*, *how soon* we forget the broad facts about the commonest flowers, even, say, to the number of petals in a wild rose; whereas if we take the trouble to impress these particulars upon our minds it would make our work much more truthful than it is—a quality Ruskin so much admires.

We now come to consider the plants which are most suitable for tile designs, for, next to drawing accurately from nature, it is necessary to make the most suitable use of our drawings. The plant always ought to bear some relation to the size and shape of the tile to be painted. It would be as absurd to choose a sunflower for a six-inch tile, as to attempt to fill out a twelve-in. with a small flower like the sorrel, or to select a flower like the daisy for the panel of a mantel-piece. As a broad rule it is better to draw tile designs the size of nature rather than enlarge or reduce a flower to the requisite dimensions. Nature has made each flower in proportion, she has given every flower its most appropriate size, and by reducing a large flower we are apt to get a cramped, as in enlarging a small one, a coarse, effect. For a six-inch tile select flowers such as the marsh marigold or dandelion, as in figs. 1 and 2, and for a tall panel such plants as the lily, iris, foxglove, and any other whose growth naturally fills out the space. But as our illustrations will help this part of our subject better than words can, we will append a few notes explanatory of the cuts.

In figs. 1 and 2, drawn from the marsh marigold and dandelion respectively, we have plants which fill out the space without reduction or enlargement, and as there are dozens of other wild and cultivated flowers about the same size as these, we can give endless variety to our tiles. Fig. 1 is helped by a suggestion of water as a background, which might be done in blue to give a quaint effect just as in fig. 2 there is an indication of grass to suggest growth, and give the design a more complete appearance. These designs could be worked with dark backgrounds, but are, perhaps, more effective as they stand.

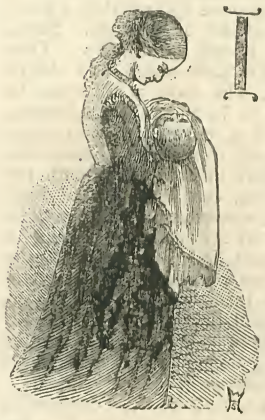
Figs. 3 and 4 require little comment. Founded on two well-known plants, the water buttercups and shortia (a plant used extensively in gardens for borders), they require much the same treatment as our two last designs. Blue-green backgrounds look effective, as both flowers are white with pale yellow centres.

In fig. 5 we have attempted to show how the lily might be treated for a fireplace, and also to show how to combine conventionality and quaintness with natural form. The panel is formed of four 8-inch tiles, and makes an admirable space for the plant, being in good proportion. The background might be a rich blue, with an edging of basket-work also in blue. The leaves should be nice tones of green, inclining to browns and olives towards base, as the lower leaves of the lily are often quite red, even when the plant is flowering. The flowers should be shaded with a greenish grey, and a slight wash of pale yellow obviates the crude appearance the pure white might have.

Fig. 6 illustrates a part of our subject touched on previously, viz., selecting appropriate flowers for the space to be painted. Flowers such as the narcissus, daffodil, jonquil, with their long, straight leaves, form charming panels. We have seen small fire-screens, each leaf containing one of such panels, decorated with tiles, and exceedingly well they look in a room.

(*To be concluded.*)

INFANT CLASS TEACHING.



I HAVE occasionally heard the remark that a lady is not a sufficiently good teacher to be entrusted with an elder class, but that she "will do for the infants."

Poor infants! Of all the classes in the Sunday-school they are the most dependent on the skill of the teacher. As a general rule they cannot read, and therefore all the information they receive is from her lips. Yet frequently a teacher who has neither the knack of gaining their attention, nor the still rarer aptitude of pleasantly imparting information, is allowed to take this important post.

The first requirement is that the teacher should be able to speak simply, use easy words, and be brief. These characteristics are by no means common. It is far easier to get involved in long complicated sentences than it is to use simple pointed language. No one accustomed to speaking will doubt that it is much easier to give a long address than a short one; as a parcel carelessly packed will probably be much larger than one on the packing of which some care has been expended. But however much extra trouble in preparation it involves it is absolutely essential that the lesson should be *short*.

This then is the first requisite—careful arrangement of subject matter, so as to avoid repetition or unnecessary enlargement.

Another essential is variety. A good infant-class teacher will notice it the moment the attention of her scholars begins to flag. This will sometimes happen even though the lesson be both short and interesting. If she is wise she will stop speaking at once, and let the audience do something else for a little while. Standing up while they repeat a single verse of a hymn will often be sufficient, but if they have been sitting still for some time it is better to have a rather longer change. Even the most fidgetty ones can generally be quieted by singing a hymn, marking the time by clapping their hands; they will then go back to the lesson with renewed interest.

In schools where a suitable room can be reserved for the infants it is customary in the middle of the afternoon to let them march round as they sing, either in single file or two or three abreast; but in rooms where this is impracticable they should have as much change of position as possible by standing up to sing or repeat verses, clapping hands or beating time in any other way. Children never sit still many minutes at a time, and cannot be expected to do so at the Sunday-school.

Each teacher generally has a favourite method of her own for teaching texts and hymns. In many classes boxes of letters are provided, with a frame into which the words are fixed; but blackboards interest the children quite as much, if not more. I cannot speak too strongly of the advantage of using the blackboard frequently; it interests the children far more than any pictures and printed texts which they have not seen in the process of making. By attracting the eye the subject is impressed upon the mind more firmly than it would be by hours of talking.

In teaching a text by means of a blackboard the children should be allowed to spell the words, telling the teacher what letter to put next, and occasionally what shape it is, and how to make it, and correcting her when she intentionally puts in a wrong letter. The teacher should be careful that the children thoroughly understand the meaning of the words and the general lesson it conveys. It is better to spend two or three afternoons over one verse than to send them away knowing only the words.

The text is sometimes written on the blackboard somewhat in the form of an acrostic, thus—

Thy is a unto my feet.

Or the principal points of the lesson may be introduced in conjunction with the text.

GOD
is a very present
H elping our
E very cry,
L oving us,
P itying us
in time of trouble.

A new hymn may with advantage be written on the blackboard also; but it is most important to find out, by questioning, how much of it the children understand. It is a good plan to talk to them about the subject before repeating the words, and if possible tell them a story to illustrate it. This part of the teaching is quite as important as the lesson proper, and is much more likely to be remembered, particularly if the hymn is afterwards sung to a lively catching tune; but how little *attention* is paid by many teachers to the understanding of the words is easily seen by listening to the singing of an ordinary infant class; the children will keep more or less to the tune, but the words they sing make utter nonsense, and are often extremely ridiculous. I heard a class of girls the other day singing a Christmas hymn with a refrain, something about the shepherds "watching the sheep," but a girl near whom I was standing persisted in singing all through that the shepherds were "washing the sheets," which, to say the least of it, spoilt the poetic idea.

I must enter a protest, too, against teaching little children hymns describing the deepest

religious experience, or expressing weariness of life, and the constant struggle with temptation and sin. Such themes they happily do not and cannot understand; yet I have repeatedly heard young infants singing such hymns.

On the subject of the address there is so much to be said that it is difficult to say anything which can be compressed within the limits of one short paper, and I can do no more than give a few suggestions.

I have already said *be short*. I would add to that, have only *one main topic*. Impress one thing at a time, and do not try to make your scholars remember many points on one day. If you do they will probably forget all, but by keeping to one subject, to which text, hymn, and everything shall refer, there is at least the possibility that they will remember what has been said.

Then, again, do not be afraid of repeating the same subject, if they do not all appear to have grasped the meaning of it. Every lesson should begin with a short *résumé* of the previous Sunday's work, particularly the text learned; but there is no harm in taking the lesson entirely over again.

I once remonstrated with a child on having forgotten something which I knew I had told her the Sunday before, adding that she remembered lessons at the day-school which were far more difficult. "Yes," she said, "but at the day school we do the same lesson over and over again till we can't help remembering it."

There was a great deal of truth in this, and any teacher who expects children, particularly infants, to remember anything after only once telling, is sure to be disappointed. By constant repetition the idea must be implanted in the child's mind. When once fixed there it will never be forgotten, for even in old age the lessons learnt during childhood are remembered, whilst the events of middle age are often lost.

If the children do not at once catch the meaning of a verse or lesson, a tale illustrative of the subject will probably give them the idea far more quickly than explanations. Children are wonderfully quick at catching the meaning of an allegory, and frequently see a good deal more in it than their teacher. Take, for instance, the verse, "Take my yoke upon you," and so on. A child accustomed in his games to personate anything and everything, from a railway train to a wild beast, will find no difficulty whatever in imagining himself to be a labouring man, bending under the weight of a heavy burden suspended from an awkward yoke. The adaptation is easy; a boy with a very bad temper finds it a burden which is always hindering him; it prevents him making friends with other boys; it makes him always miserable. This is Satan's yoke. The teacher hardly needs to portray to the children, if the previous description has been vivid, how delighted the poor weary man would be if some one offered to take away his uncomfortable heavy yoke, and gave him a light, easy, well-fitting one in its place, with a very small weight attached to it.

Whenever it is possible an example of the simile should be shown the children. For instance, illustrative of the verse, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow," nothing is easier than to have at hand, first, a piece of red paper, which should be talked about and explained; then, when that is understood, a piece of white paper, may be held up, and the two contrasted. Teach them the text afterwards, and they are not likely to forget it. Or, again, if mentioning one of the numerous promises in the Bible that God will give us a heart of flesh instead of a heart of stone, they will perceive and remember the difference better if a stone is shown them first, and they are allowed to feel how hard and cold it is, and then to touch their own warm soft flesh. The contrast will be understood at once.

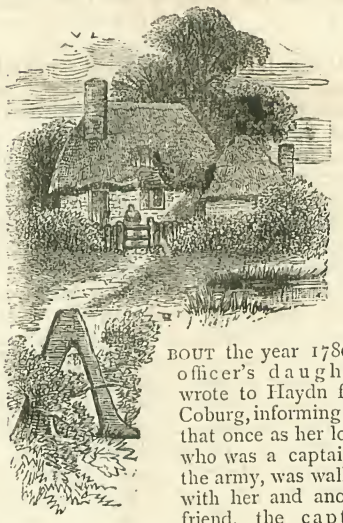
Teachers sometimes find paper patterns a great assistance in interesting the children. There are many subjects in the Bible which can be represented by a cut-out symbol, which, if the teacher does not grudge the trouble, can be given to each child to take home and explain to its parents.

The one just mentioned, a heart, can be cut out in paper; or for any subject, such as the prayer, "Create in me a clean heart," there might be two patterns—one in black paper, one in white. There are many other subjects which may be illustrated in the same way, as a change from the blackboard—crosses, crowns, stars, and innumerable others, and both easy and effective.

In conclusion I will only add, be animated, and speak in a natural voice. One occasionally hears a speaker whose matter is excellent, but his manner spoils it all. He entirely fails to interest his audience, solely through his dull, uninteresting voice and style. Though his language is plain and simple, and his anecdotes just to the point, he talks on and on in a melancholy monotone, till his audience, if seniors, go to sleep, and, if little ones, they fidget and talk till the speaker noticing them, suddenly drops his "Sunday" tone, and startles his audience by abruptly returning to his "week-day" voice, and scolding them soundly for being naughty, poor little creatures.

DORA HOPE.

ANECDOTE OF HAYDN.



ABOUT the year 1780 an officer's daughter wrote to Haydn from Coburg, informing him that once as her lover, who was a captain in the army, was walking with her and another friend, the captain began to extol the sagacity of his poodle dog, which was with them, and boasted that he would hide a dollar under a bush, and when he got home he would send the dog after it, and he should bring the dollar back to him. So the dollar was hidden and they returned home, when the captain said to the dog, "Go back and seek something I have lost." The dog started off immediately, and came to the place where his master and friend had been walking; but it happened that a tailor who had been that way, sat himself down immediately under the bush where the captain had laid the dollar, and as he rested himself there he espied the dollar, and pocketed it. Soon after the poodle came there, and scenting the dollar, fawned upon the tailor, who, highly delighted with his good fortune to find at once a dollar and a poodle dog so much attached to him, took the poodle home with him to his lodgings in the town. The dog, however, kept a close watch upon the tailor's clothes all night, and finding the door open early in the morning, stole off with the tailor's small clothes, and carried them, with the dollar in their pocket, to his master. A poem being written on this little adventure, under the title of "The Cunning and Sagacious Poodle," was sent by the lady to Haydn, with a request that he would set it to music, which was accompanied by a letter with an entreaty that he would accept the inclosed ducat, and hoping, as she had heard so much of his goodness of heart, that he would not refuse to set the music to the poem for so small a remuneration, as she was not rich. Haydn immediately set about composing the music, and returned the ducat with it in a note, expressing his regret that she had not a better opinion of him, as he looked for no reward in exerting his talents for so amiable a person; and, as a fine for her evil opinion of him, requested she would knit him a pair of garters. The garters were in due time sent, knit in first-rate style with red and white silk, adorned with a garland of flowers worked in them, with the motto, "Forget me not." And although he never knew the source from whence they came, Haydn kept them in a little box with his jewels, carefully preserving them to the day of his death. And the story was newly told, with the publication of the music, by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel in 1806.

C. H. P.

WILL any readers of the following contribute a trifle towards giving the children of the Incurables Hospital some drives? Address R. N. C., Baines' Library, Fairfax-road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

JOHNNIE.

ALL is silent in the garden
Through the golden afternoon,
Only bees about the lilies
Hum a soft and drowsy tune.

Little Johnnie looks and listens,
Lying helpless at my feet—
Singing childish hymns by snatches,
In his voice so clear and sweet.

Johnnie's limbs are bent and useless,
And his feet have never trod;
So he sings, and sings for ever,
Of the Paradise of God.

And his tones are always sweetest
When his limbs are racked with pain;
For he cheers himself by thinking
Of some far off flowery plain,

Where he fancies he will wander,
As hymns and stories say,
When the angels come to take him
Through the golden doors one day.

Yes; I'm thinking, Johnnie, darling,
It is almost over now—
All the pain and all the longing,
Of your life with us below;

And I know that if hereafter,
I, too, gain those golden doors
You have told me of so often,
I shall find a face like yours.

But instead of limbs all useless
Will be white wings, broad and strong,
That shall float and soar triumphant,
'Midst the happy angel throng;

And I shall but know my Johnnie
By his voice, so sweet and clear,
And the smile of loving welcome
That so often meets me here.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER XIX.



ELLA ASHBY'S whole earthly love was concentrated on her child. He was a most winning, pretty little fellow, with hair like sunbeams, and a face that was full of lively, playful intelligence, while at the same time there was often a deep, earnest look in his eyes, that told of the waking of the young soul within. Ruby also grew very fond of the boy, and he gave back her affection in a rich childish store, and almost clung to "Aunt Ruby," as she taught him to call her, as much as he did to his mother. Ruby was always a favourite with children; she seemed to have a spell for opening the doors of both their little hearts and minds. Mr. Lindhurst took a decided fancy for the child, and unbent and softened wonderfully at the touch of his baby fingers; Miss Nancy grew stiffly to tolerate him, and all the servants, Mrs. Tredwell at their head, made a pet of him; thus little Harry found a bright and happy home in the old Priory.

Great, therefore, was the uneasiness and grief in the whole house when Harry, in the following spring after Mrs. Ashby's arrival in England (it had been settled by Mr. Lindhurst that mother and son should spend a year at least at the Priory, before they went to a separate home) that Harry began to droop and lose colour in his round, rosy cheeks, and to trot about the long passages and the garden less merrily. A medical man was, of course, at once sent for to see the child; he did not seem to think that there was much the matter with the little fellow; he said it was chiefly the languor, which so often comes on in warm relaxing springs, especially in South Devon, and advised change, for a time, to a more bracing air. It was, therefore, settled that Ella and Ruby and the child and his nurse should go for a few weeks to Stonecroft, which, standing as it did on the borders of Exmoor, had blowing round it the very finest, most invigorating air in the West of England. Ella had not lost her landed property—that was the only thing secured to her by her marriage settlements; so this, though it was not much—for she had never possessed any large estates—was saved in the midst of the ruin of her fortune, and Stonecroft was still hers.

During the first fortnight of their stay at Stonecroft the boy improved wonderfully, and the old busy activity came back into each strengthened limb; but unfortunately one evening his nurse, who was a good-tempered girl, without much thought or experience, kept him out a little too late, after a misty moorland rain had begun to fall; he caught a severe cold, which grew worse and worse, till it ended in inflammation of the lungs. In a few days he became so dangerously ill that only a faint ray of hope for his earthly life glimmered round the bed where the little sufferer lay, still smiling feebly when those he loved drew near. This was a trying time for Ruby, a time of anxiety and responsibility, besides her sharp grief at the thought of losing the child. Miss Chichester, it is true, drove over frequently to speak cheery words, and to give valuable hints with regard to the management of the patient; but Ella was completely overwhelmed and crushed by her sorrow, so that she could only sit in the dressing-room of the room where the child lay, and weep. Thus all the nursing and all the care fell upon Ruby Stanton.

It was lucky for Ruby that she had had some experience and teaching, which made her able to take the burden now laid upon her. She had seen a good deal of illness in the cottages of the poor round about the Priory, and had given active help in many cases. She had also attended a course of lectures in Exeter, delivered for the training of nurses. These things, and her own brave spirit, acting under her trust in God, made her equal to her position. Each day strength was given her for what she had to do. It seemed as if her character grew to meet every fresh call upon her. When she thought it all over afterwards, she could not help wondering at the way in which she herself had behaved. Harry's nurse, the real author of all the mischief, did nothing all day but sob; the farmer's wife, the mistress of Stonecroft, did nothing all day but regale every one in the house, and Miss Stanton especially, with accounts of all the tokens of death, such as cock-crowing at midnight, birds chirping at the window, &c., with which, in true west country fashion, she reported herself to have been troubled. So Ruby got little support or comfort from those about her.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me." With what blessed melody the words ran in her heart, as if chanted by a kindly strengthening angel, as she watched her little playfellow of former days lie there, pale and still, as a broken snowdrop. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Those were the words she breathed into the ear of the anguish-stricken mother, as she knelt beside her, striving to soothe her pain, and not without some softening result; for Ella, now utterly prostrated by her distress though she was, was not unmindful of her God. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." It came borne gently on the breeze over the moorland, as she kept her silent night-watches by the little bed. Oh! thank the gracious Master, who spoke it long ago.

At length, one bright afternoon, the spark of hope that gleamed so dimly was changed all at once into a brilliant flame. All the morning, Ruby had had a trembling half fancy that things were taking a turn for the better, and when the physician, who came out from Barnstaple, arrived, he confirmed the notion. Quickly the joyful news spread through the house. "The child would probably live." Who shall describe the almost wild joy of the mother! What words can give the hymn of silent thankfulness that rose from Ruby's soul.

"And you think that, under God, he will certainly recover?" asked Ruby, looking earnestly into the doctor's face, as he and she stood in the passage, where he was giving her his final directions for the treatment of the patient.

"Oh, yes, he will pull through, now," he answered, cheerily.

"Have you anything more to say to me?"

"No, nothing, Miss Stanton, that you won't know better than I can tell you," was the reply, given with a genial smile. "The boy owes his life much more to your skilful nursing than to my prescriptions. And yet there is one thing I would say," he added, coming back to her after he had turned to go; "the slightest alarm or excitement must be avoided for him for the present. It might prove fatal."

The doctor's face and manner were very grave as he spoke these last words.

"Oh, I can guard him from that!" answered Ruby, with assurance.

A minute after, the doctor's carriage was driving away.

Yes, Ruby did feel very calm and assured when she was talking to the friendly doctor that afternoon, with the spring sunshine pouring in upon her through the passage window, with this good news about the child ringing a merry chime in her heart; but, somehow, that night, when Ella, lulled by happy hopes, was sleeping a sound, tranquil sleep, such as she had not enjoyed for many a day, and everyone else in the house was also retired to rest, and she, Ruby, was the only watcher in the midst of a great, solemn stillness that brooded over the wide moorland outside and wrapped the whole place about with its mysterious wings, she felt more vaguely uneasy and nervous than

she had done since the child was first taken ill. All sorts of uncomfortable fancies and thoughts would go on hovering round her brain, as she sat there in the dimly-lighted room and watched the pale, attenuated features of the slumbering boy, which looked whiter and more shadowy than they really were as the yellow, flickering gleam of the night-lamp fell upon them.

What if the cry of some night-bird, or some other unexpected sound, should waken the child with a sudden start, and bring about the fatal crisis the doctor had warned her against? What if the physician should, after all, have been wrong—doctors are mistaken, sometimes—and the boy should be sinking, and this sleep should end in death? Hark! how the soft breeze which had just risen was sighing at the window, and how like it was to the voice of a sister spirit calling the young soul away! Suppose the child were, indeed, dead already, even as she sat there! His face looked still enough for death. A sudden terror seized her, and she started up, and bent over him. "Thank God!" he was breathing regularly and quietly. She whispered a prayer, and reproved herself for her timid restlessness, and sat down again.

But do what she would, her mind was still in an anxious, excitable state; it was, she thought, no doubt the weight of trouble of the last several days. The many wakeful nights of watching were beginning to tell upon her; but she really must not give way like this till her little patient was in greater safety; she must do something to employ herself, and so she took up first a book and then some needlework, but could not fix her attention upon either. Then she rose and went to the window, and drew back softly the curtain, and looked out. It was a dark night; there were great black patches of cloud scattered all over the sky, and only here and there a glimmering star peeped out and twinkled with a watery gleam. The trees in the garden took all sorts of fantastic shapes in the gloom, and as she gazed out at them, and watched their branches wave in the night wind, as though they were instinct with some strange, unnatural life, it seemed to her that she saw a dark form gliding along behind them; this idea haunted her so, and made her so vaguely uncomfortable, that, feeling quite certain that this was only a nervous fancy, as her reason told her it was, she withdrew from the window, and resolved to approach it no more till dawn.

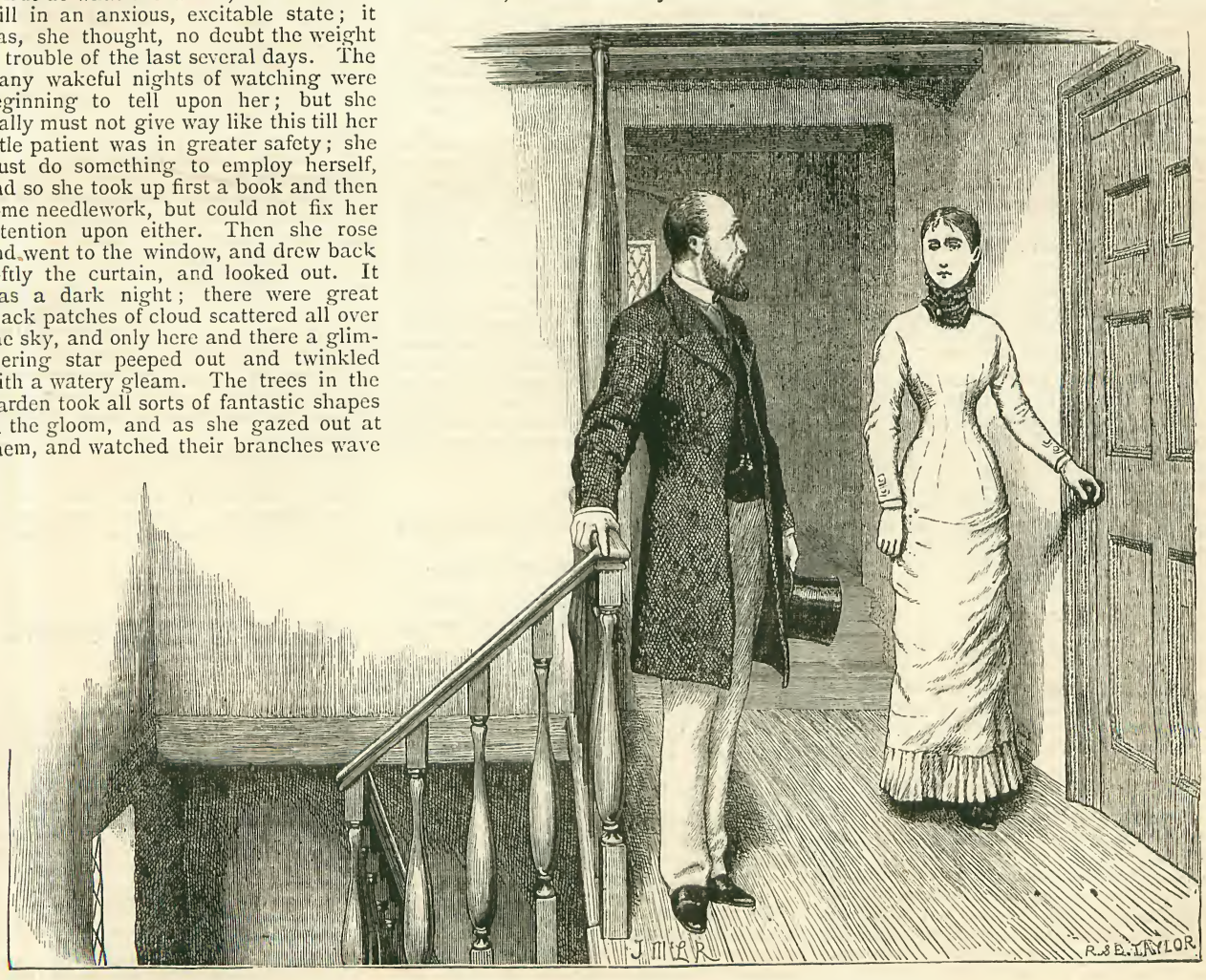
What was that? It was surely someone speaking—it was a human voice in the stillness! Where did it come from? It was in Ella's room, which opened out of that where Ruby watched the child. She glided noiselessly in through the connecting door. Ella still slept, but talked disjointedly, and sobbed in her slumber.

"He is dying! he is dying!" she was murmuring. "His father looked just like that before he went; I knew the angels would not let me keep him."

A chilly feeling stole over Ruby as she listened. The sleeping mother's words woke up afresh her fears for the child. The sad dream, however, passed away again from Ella's pillow, and she once more slumbered peacefully. Ruby crept back to her post of weary watching.

She had sat on quietly for some half-hour or so, when suddenly she became certain that she did hear an unwonted noise somewhere in the house. Her mind, all alert with her dread lest the child should be disturbed, she listened. It was certainly a low, but audible sound, which was more like the very soft working of a saw than anything else. She was utterly at a loss to imagine what this could be. The farmer and his family inhabited quite another wing of the old house, on the opposite side of that occupied by their lodgers. The nurse, Mrs. Ashby's only servant, had gone to bed in a room upstairs, thoroughly tired out, and was not at all likely to be moving; besides, her bedroom was not over that of little Harry. The mysterious noise still went on, and Ruby, fearing that it might end in something louder, lit a candle and stole out into the passage.

Here she paused, and threw every sense into the single one of hearing. She found out now where the noise came from: it proceeded from an unused room which was on the other side of the passage, just opposite that of the boy. It was, now that she heard it more distinctly, very like the sound made by a snail climbing up a pane of glass. Could it be only that? She would go in and see. She was just turning very softly the handle of the door, when she felt certain



"'OH, YES; HE WILL PULL THROUGH NOW,' HE ANSWERED, CHEERILY."

she heard a noise like the raising of a window-sash. Her heart beat faster and faster, but nevertheless she entered. The next moment she was standing face to face with a man.

"A burglar!" Such was the certainty that flashed through Ruby's brain. The sound that she had heard had been his cutting out a pane of glass to insert his hand, and thus he had opened the window and found his way in. Many burglaries had taken place lately nearer London, and Ruby, like everyone else, had frequently read accounts of them in the papers. But such things are always far more rare in the west of England. A housebreaker had not been among the fears which had haunted her to-night. Now she knew that the figure she had seen among the trees in the garden had been no creation of her fancy; but that it was, at this very moment, all too real before her eyes.

These thoughts passed through Ruby's brain with a rush and a whirl. She knew, distinctly, that a burglar was standing there, close to her; but before any realisation of her own danger came the recollection of the sick child. If the man should leave this room, and cross the passage, and, entering the boy's bedchamber, thus startle him suddenly from sleep! And what was more likely than that this might happen? If even Harry was only disturbed by the burglar's heavy step in the corridor, it would be almost certain death for him. With this thought, making both her heart and her temples throb like some busy machine, she turned to the door, and, without pausing to glance at the consequences for herself, locked it; removed the key, and darting forward past the man, who had gone a little on one side at her entrance, flung it with all her force through the open window, so that it fell, as she had meant it to do, into a cistern that there was in the little court-yard into which this room looked, and she heard the splash it made in the water.

All this—Ruby's thoughts; the locking of the door; the throwing out of the key—had happened with almost lightning swiftness; but still it was strange that the burglar had not stirred since she came into the room. In the first moments of her terror, however, Ruby was too bewildered to make any mental comment on the singularity of this fact.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A MEAN WISH. — There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy a wise woman is with herself.

THE ART OF CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerful people are impervious to the hurts and stings of daily life. Nothing takes their happiness from them. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend them if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with if people have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit we may walk therein with comfort and come to the end of our journey in peace.

A PUZZLE WORD BE-TAILED.

In puzzles we have often heard
Of what is called "Beheaded Word."
Has no one tried, or have all failed,
To find "A Puzzle Word Be-tailed?"

I know of one, and this is it—
A man or boy, who's really fit
To do some noble, daring deed,
Or in his country's cause to bleed.

Now this word's tail must be cut off
(Nay, gentle reader, do not scoff),
A pronoun you will quickly see—
Possessive pronoun it will be.

Then try the tailing plan again,
You need not fear inflicting pain,
Another pronoun you will find
Is left in solitude behind.

K. F. W.

WHY BAD NEWS SHOULD BE TOLD BEFORE DINNER.—"Hannah," said a landlady to her new servant, "when there's any bad news always let the boarders know it before dinner; such little things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

RATHER HARD CHEESE. — The cheese made in Cumberland used to be harder than buck-horn; in some places, according to a local authority, where the herdsmen wore clogs shod with iron, it was no uncommon thing to supply the place of the iron with the crust of a dry cheese. There is plenty of testimony to cheese striking fire like a flint. A soldier used a cheese-paring for a flint, and a blacksmith at Cartmel, Harriet Martineau informs us, averred that he struck sparks from a cheese while cutting it up with an axe. A tract of dry heather burned without intermission for three weeks, having been kindled by sparks from a cheese which had rolled from a cart on the road above, and had bounded from crag to crag.

IN ACTION.

When thou hast ought to do that's worth the doing,
Leave unresolve at home and go and do it.

DANGERS AHEAD.—Make not of obstinacy a pilot in rough weather, for she shall run thy vessel on a rock.

A GREAT FORTUNE.—She is rich indeed that is rich in discretion.

WHAT ARE BUSYBODIES? — Busybodies turned inside out are nobodies.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Lost, lost for ever is the day,
Gone, gone the time, past all returning,
When thou at sunset canst not say—
"I've learnt a something worth the learning."

IN THE MIDST OF DIFFICULTY.—Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result.

DIAMONDS WELL USED.



THE Princess Eugenia, of Sweden, is a devoted Christian lady, and very liberal. She had used up all the money she could control, in doing good in various ways. Still, in visiting among the poor, she found a number of sick persons who never could be cured, but who could be made comfortable if they only had a hospital home. She wished to establish a home for incurables; but her money was all gone. It had been used up in doing good in other ways. She said to herself, What shall I do to get money for this home? There seemed to be no way of getting this money. At last she thought of a casket of very valuable diamonds that belonged to her. She said to herself,—"*May I not sell my diamonds?*" She asked her brother, the king, about it. He consented. The diamonds were sold. The hospital was built. It was kept full of patients. With them this noble princess spent much of her time, talking and praying with them, and trying to lead them to Jesus. Among these was an old woman, who was very ignorant, and had been very wicked. The princess had prayed and laboured much over this woman, and was very anxious to see her a Christian. But nothing seemed to make any change in her.

On one occasion the princess had to be absent for some weeks. She was going round among the patients saying good-bye. The matron pointed to the old woman, and said, "You'll find her greatly changed."

As the princess came up to the bedside of this old woman, now near her end, she was greeted with these sweet words: "I thank God that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin,' and that He has cleansed mine." As she uttered these words, tears of grateful gladness flowed down her aged cheeks.

And the princess herself shed tears of joy when speaking of it to a friend, as she said: "In the tears of that saved soul *I saw my diamonds again!*" Yes, and how beautiful they must have appeared, as she thus saw them!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

SKIMMINGS.—To clean white kid gloves, put them on glove-trees, and having soaked a piece of new white (not blueish) flannel in benzine, rub them till clean; and then rub them well with a dry piece, and place them for a time at a little distance from the fire. After this, they should be hung out of doors, or in a strong draught of fresh air, to remove the unpleasant smell of the benzine.

H. B. F.—We thank you for your nice little letter, and the explanation about the baby. All such accidents are taken into consideration in judging for the competition.

MARY WIGGINS.—The celebration of what is called a "Silver Wedding" is a German custom, where, on this occasion, the wife has a silver wreath presented to her. To this she becomes entitled on the 25th anniversary. On the 50th it is one of gold. A wooden wedding and a tin one have been added to the list of wedding anniversaries in

America; the former, after five years matrimony, when presents in wood are made to the wife; and the latter after ten or fifteen years.

A. M. Y.—The directions you desire will probably be given, sooner or later, in "My Work Basket;" but we do not make promises. Your writing needs much improvement before you will be qualified to be a "teacher." Brown will be the most fashionable colour this year, in various shades.

EVALINE.—Your question respecting the washing of crewel-work, in wool and silk, has been answered more than once. Wash it in warm or tepid bran-water, and then shake it dry, and iron while damp on the wrong side.

AMITY.—You can make your watch-guard either of narrow silk braid made for the purpose, which makes the chain square in shape, or else of purse-silk. For the watch-guard see page 420, vol. ii., in the article "Rack-frame Making."

HENRIETTA GREENING.—The intending bride should have her linen marked with the initial of her new surname. The new house-linen should be marked jointly with the initials of the Christian names, and the one surname—as "S. and L. B." Of course, you are still a girl, and not too old to practise writing a prettier hand.

CERES.—The lining of your teapot-cozy should be of the prevailing colour of the crewels, taking the darkest shade, and the cord sewn round the opening and across the arch at the top, should combine all the colours employed in the crewels. It should be well wadded.

CLARA.—See "Work for Little Hands," pages 11, and 358, vol. i.

CONNIE.—We should recommend American cloth for the desk covers, and dark glazed calico for the books. See "Useful Hints," page 405, vol. ii.

ART.

B. B.—We have just received a letter from a lady who, asking help and advice from no one, showed her work at various shops, and at once obtained £15 worth of orders for next Christmas. Instead of writing for addresses to us—which we never give—take your work, and go up to town, as she did, and remember the old proverb, "God helps those that help themselves." We suppose that by "eak" you mean "eke."

MARY NEWTON.—The pens to be used in making sketches in ink are crow quills, or very fine steel ones. Inquire for them at an artists' colourman's. We do not give addresses referring to the works of other publishers. We advise your procuring a little shilling manual on the care of cage birds at one of the railway stands.

HANNAH.—For instruction in reference to learning to draw see "Occupations for Invalids," page 365, vol. ii. You write an excellent hand.

ROMOLA.—We should recommend you to cover your screen with suitable painter's canvas, if you wish to paint in oils upon it. Your writing is legible and fairly good, but rather cramped.

EDUCATIONAL.

LA REINE ROSE.—Write to the Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, London, W. Admission by examination; one guinea fee remitted on the admission of any candidate. The entrance fee is £5, and those for instruction are £10 per term. Classes for languages and deportment are extras. There are three terms, and thirteen weeks of vacation yearly; the hours of study from 9 to 4, in winter, and 2 to 5, in summer. Candidates at a distance from town may be primarily examined by one of the twenty-four examiners, who reside in different parts of England, and in Edinburgh, Dublin, and the Channel Islands.

MAY GOLDWORTHY.—The initials "L.A." after a lady's name, refers to the degree she has taken at St. Andrew's College, and signifies "Literate in Arts." The subjects of examination in connection with this degree are very numerous.

C. P. BARKIS.—Write again and ask him kindly to send you the forms as soon as printed, as you propose to be a competitor. The notices will also appear in the *Times*, probably after the session.

E. M.—You must look at the school advertisements of establishments in foreign countries in the *Guardian* or *Times*, and should you see a vacancy to be filled, make very careful inquiries before you commit yourself in accepting the post. Your brother had better make inquiries at the various musical colleges for advice as to obtaining employment. Procure the price lists of several upholsterers.

HYACINTH.—Apply to the Secretary, at the head office of the "Women's Education Union," 112, Brompton-road, S.W., for the last number of their journal, price 6d. It appears every month, and gives a list of classes, and any changes as to hours, &c.

BLANCHE.—For women over eighteen there is the higher examination of the University of Cambridge held in June; fee £2. Apply to Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College. The University of Oxford holds three examinations for women:—(1) Preliminary; fee £2. (2) Pass, (3) Honours, fee £2 10s. Apply to Rev. S. Edwardes, Merton College. The University of Dublin Senior Local Examination, held in March; fee £1. Apply to J. R. Ingram, Esq., LL.D. The University of Edinburgh Junior and Senior Local Examinations, held in June; fees £1 and £1 10s. Apply to H. Calderwood, Esq., LL.D., Edinburgh University. This last-named university also admits to pass and honour examinations candidates who have passed the local examinations and attended three classes of the Ladies' Educational Association, for information respecting which apply to Miss Louisa Stevenson, 13, Randolph-crescent, Edinburgh. The fee Edinburgh University examinations is two guineas, and there is no limitation with respect to age. At the University of St. Andrew's the examination takes place in June. The junior fee 10s.; the senior, £1. Apply to Professor Birrell, St. Andrew's. This university also grants higher women's certificate (2 guineas) and title of LL.D.; examination in April. Apply to Professor Knight, University of St. Andrew's, N.B., There is no limitation as to age at this university. There are three other colleges where age forms no obstacle, viz., Trinity College, Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, London, W.; the Science and Art Department, South Kensington; and the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Fee 10s.

PAWNEE.—Your letter is fairly well written and expressed, and there are no mistakes in spelling. To learn geography the careful study of maps is the best plan. Make yourself acquainted with the countries in each continent, then the chief towns, mountains, and rivers, &c. To learn grammar begin with the parts of speech; learn the regular and irregular verbs as a beginning. The history of England should be your first study, and take your leisure time for study in the morning, not at night. Your verses are not up to the standard of what is called poetry. We are glad you like our paper.

CECILIA.—We think a "digitorium" quite unnecessary. An hour a day of good careful practising is sufficient.

ELLA RUSSELL.—The College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., holds half-yearly pupils' examinations; the fee 10s. The certificates granted are recognised as guarantees of a good general education.

DOROTHY.—You are too young for any hospital training to qualify you as a nurse. The ages of candidates run up from twenty-five to forty. References are required as to character, health, and disposition. After a test of a few weeks they enter upon a year of probation, during which time their wages average £10 or £12, with or without partial uniform, and they are almost unexceptionally required to remain in the service of the institution for a period of three years extra, in the course of which time their wages rise to £22 or £25. Liberal board, lodging, medical attendance, and washing are always supplied. "Lady pupils" pay for board and training.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANTAB.—Your quotation appears to be right. The ink with which you write is excellent, and is black and glossy too.

SISSIE D.—If the cold bath agree with you, not otherwise.

SUSANNAH.—If you had the means of advertising, you might get music-pupils in that way. But you could, at least, mention your wish amongst all your friends, and also place a card in the shop-windows wherever they may be allowed to lie.

MARTH.—See answer to "Fern Leaf." You might obtain, perhaps, a fairly-good second-hand piano from about £18 upwards.

MARTHA S. FISHER.—We quite approve of your wish to act with perfect propriety, and to be "a lady in mind," although your "hands be rough." Tell your mistress that you do not wish to go out at night with your young man; and that, if she would kindly allow you to take a walk occasoinally in the daylight, you think it would be more respectable than after dusk We think that you will have her full consent and approval.

MILADI.—Were it the custom to eat Yorkshire puddings alone, a fork only should be used. But as they are intended to be eaten with roast beef, the knife and fork are employed together. Your writing is too large, upright, and angular. It has no graceful flow about it.

M. L. M.—Your letter, dated May 22, from Salisbury Plains, Queensland, reached us on July 11. The questions are not of sufficient importance to be answered, but a few sentences of your letter describing an emigrant home, will be read with interest: "Salisbury Plains is the name of a large cattle station, of about 300 square miles. Another station, Chatsworth, an inland station, belonging to the same owner, is 2,000 square miles. The nearest town to my home is about 20 miles off. The harbour is the most beautiful in Queensland. The mail steamers of the new service (B.I.S.N) call there on the return trip. The boat which takes this letter is the *Roma*. To-morrow two buggy-loads of us are going into town, which is a great treat for those who live so much 'in the bush.' You must not think we are exactly savages. We have a splendidly roomy house, with verandah 14 ft. wide all round; besides store, bachelors' quarters, men's huts, and other out-houses. Half a mile off, on the banks of a creek, lives a Chinaman, who keeps a nice garden and supplies the station with vegetables. We have plenty of horses for riding and driving, and often go out when the 'hands,' as we call them, are at home. The *hands are the* gentlemen belonging to the station, viz., the manager, overseer, storekeeper, and others. They have often to be away to distant parts of 'the run,' branding cattle, and seeing about other engagements of pastoral life. I could send photograph of the station, scenery, and sketches of Queensland life." We thank M.L.M. for the offer, but have too many subjects of interest nearer home, though this is a pleasant peep into colonial life. We are glad to hear that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in the form of quarterly packet, reaches to remote stations like Salisbury Plains, Queensland.

K. L.—Your drawings and verses are certainly fair but not up to the required standard for publication. Do look to your spelling.

A FRIEND.—What "advice on patience" can we give you? That it is a Christian virtue, which, we are told in the Holy Scriptures, must "have her perfect work." Look out, in your daily readings of the Bible, all the passages that refer to this grace, and learn them by heart, praying for that strength which may be "made perfect in your weakness." Your writing is very neat.

AGNES.—See "Food for Invalids," page 611, vol. i., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in which we have already recommended a book on nursing, which is suitable for girls as well as older people, "Sick-nursing at Home" (170, Strand, W.C., *Bazaar* Office), unbound, price 1s. Your writing is legible, though not pretty.

LUCIA.—In the book recommended to "Agnes," you will find recipes for food—beef-tea included—for sick or delicate persons.

WINIFRED.—There has been much speculation on the subject of the characters in "Endymion," and the general conclusion is, that the personages are made up of a union of the characters of several people, changed to suit the artistic aim of the author. Thus, Prince Florestan is an amalgamation of Louis Napoleon and King Alfonso of Spain.

MAID MARGARET.—A quarter's notice between a governess and her employer is required on both sides, the salary being a quarterly payment, not a monthly one. The compass of a voice can be augmented by practice, and the strength and steadiness likewise. But the quality and tone depend on the vocal organ of the individual. No amount of practice could give your low notes the full mellow tone of a contralto voice if yours be a mezzo soprano.

FAITH.—Perhaps the cause of your painful diffidence arises from the neglect of your education, as your style of expressing yourself—ignorance of grammar and bad writing—are such as to unfit you, as yet, for leaving the schoolroom. As an example you say, "I begin to speak and act so childish and silly." Set yourself earnestly to the work of your education, and cultivate self-forgetfulness. Think of what people are saying to you, and of how to give them a straightforward answer, in such a manner as befits their age and position and your own youth. Do not abbreviate words in either writing or speaking.

MARLBOROUGH AND COPENHAGEN.—We will certainly do what you ask, and print a pianoforte solo one month instead of a song. It is more important to cultivate Christian graces than "an æsthetic taste."

STICK-IN-THE-MUD.—We thank you very much for the well-packed box of such lovely flowers. They reached us quite fresh, and are now luxuriating in a tumbler of water, and we are luxuriating in the sight and odour of them. Thank you also very much for the very pretty stamp case. The hand-writings of yourself and sisters are not sufficiently free and flexible. You should practise writing quickly, but at the same time taking great care to form your letters carefully and gracefully.

QUEEN MAB is also thanked for a box of really beautiful flowers. We wish that such gifts were rather sent to some poor invalids.

MARGUERITE.—Make a curtsey, and say nothing. But the answer will scarcely be of use this year, as our paper is always printed some weeks in advance.

HIC HÆC HOC.—You had better learn from the public school primer, and then you will be able to teach either in the scholastic or empiric way, the latter not beginning with grammar rules by rote, but explaining them as they occur, in easy translation. It is common now to require a governess to be able to teach the rudiments of Latin. Except for helping boys with their school lessons, we prefer the method of reading a simple phrase book at once, and explaining grammar as the learner proceeds.

TWO FRIENDS.—We are much gratified by learning that our paper gives comfort to the inmates of a hospital, and to any who are distressed. The questions are not such as we can fully answer, except as to the mode of drying ferns. The fronds are usually pressed between ordinary unsized sheets of paper, such as you can get at a grocer's shop. Blotting paper costs more. Some fern fronds make pretty ornaments when *dried*, without pressing.

DONAGH.—See "Shells," page 543, vol. i., and "Shell Collecting," page 386, vol. i. A bookseller would tell you.

PAULINE.—A little book, "The Heavens and the Earth," by Mr. Milner, will tell you all about comets and other heavenly bodies.

HOPEFUL.—Speak to the Protestant pastor, or English chaplain, if there is one near. Your character will be lost for life if you stay; and although not known now, all will come out afterwards. You ought to have asked such questions before going abroad with one who may be a convict for anything you seem to know.

NAOMI.—If there are general school prizes, it would be better for you not to give special ones to your class. But you can show your approval of industry or good conduct by gifts, although not called prizes.

FANCY (Ontario).—We cannot print in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER songs which are copyright. The question about the German song we cannot answer. We are glad that our paper gives pleasure and is useful to girls in Canada.

OPAL.—No one pronounces marriage as a word of three syllables, except it came at the end of a line in a comic song.

DAISY.—In some future number we may give some designs for fret-work and wood-carving. There have been articles in the *Boy's Own Paper*, but, in case you have not access to the volumes of that magazine, we will try to help you.

SNOWDROP.—There are no fixed scales of payments for assistance in shops. They vary in every town, according to the service required and the competition for the places.

ROSARINO.—Remedies for headache are as numerous and varied as the causes of headache.

DAISY.—Get any volume of the *Sunday at Home*. The "Pages for the Young" in that magazine will assist you in your charge. Or get the *Peep of Day* scripture stories for very young children.

ELEANOR.—The use of the words electric, magnetic, and so on is merely to attract ignorant purchasers. There is no real electric power in such things, beyond that which may be excited by any friction, or any mechanical action.

MARA.—We could not give any useful advice by a brief note. Consult the good vicar, or one of the Sunday-school teachers, or a lady whom you think prudent and kind. Every true Christian is willing to help a sister in mental anxiety, such as you describe. As to poetry, you may write any amount if it gives you comfort and occupation, but what you send is worthless for publication.

UKOZIYAMTU.—THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can be sent regularly to any part of the world, if prepayment is sent for the papers and the postage. We are glad to hear that you find the hints on cooking, washing, and other domestic work useful, as you say that "in South Africa, ladies do almost everything but the very rough work." From Cape Town, or whatever town you are nearest to, you can get the paper in quarterly parts, there being an edition prepared in this form for colonial use, as it saves cost and risk of loss in more frequent transmission by post. We seldom get a letter more clearly, as well as sensibly written, and will attend to your requests.

BELLA.—Give your dormouse some oats and oatmeal. Too many nuts may be hurtful.

A. B. C.—We know no solution by immersion in which the colours of plants can be preserved when dry.

ANNETTE.—The exact number of languages spoken in the world no one can tell. Besides, there is a difficulty in deciding what are separate languages, and what are only dialects, or varieties of the same tongue. These are often as unintelligible as different tongues. The Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society issue publications in more than a hundred languages.

CORNISH GIRL.—Your questions have been answered in previous numbers. Get vol. i., and all back numbers, if you can afford to do so, ordering through any bookseller.

INDIAN GIRL.—The subjects and rules for the next competitions have been clearly described, and we cannot repeat them.

P. H.—At any postal telegraph office you can see what duties are performed by girls, and you can make inquiries there, when you see the superintendent disengaged.

DOLORES.—If you have a written invitation from the mother of your friend it may be proper to go, but not if you are merely told that she wishes to see you. In a place like Edinburgh, you can easily obtain the advice of a good minister or district visitor, who would make inquiry for you.

LAUREL.—We will give the legend of the Wandering Jew, as many other girls may like to hear it.

MYRTLE.—Vol. i. can be ordered through any bookseller. The Latin motto means, "not tossed by any tempests."

LOUISE.—Concluding that you are living under the protection of some respectable person, who has "nice and suitable acquaintances" herself, why not ask her to introduce you to them? The clergyman of the parish in which you live, or the minister whose church you attend, might give you advice on this subject. We know nothing of your position and surrounding circumstances. 2. We refer you to the articles already given, and the answers to correspondents on the subject of 'profitable employment."

ETHEL A.—You should not say, "Mrs. —— wanted Amy and *I* to go and see her." You should say, "Wanted *me*." Your handwriting would be good were the letters sloped properly. We are glad that you value our paper so much.

ETHA BARROW.—The names about which you inquire are pronounced thus:—"Tann-hau-ser," "Satin-ella," "Fra De-a-vo-lo," "Der Frischutz." To restore black lace turned brown try the recipe given in "Useful Hints," page 303, vol. ii.

AMYAS.—When a clean spoon or fork is laid on a plate it should be with the back downwards. We thank you for your good wishes. You may be between fourteen and sixteen years of age.

A THORNLESS ROSE.—You might restore the colour of your teeth by first having them thoroughly cleaned by a dentist, and then using plain powdered chalk in the morning, and Castille soap at night. You may be about fourteen years old.

MONTE CHRISTO.—1. "Shrewsbury" is very commonly pronounced as written, the feeling of the present day being so to do with all words. But the fashion of pronouncing certain names in the o'd style which obtained amongst the aristocracy of former generations, and was significant of their position and associations, is still invariably kept up in that class of society, and the "e" is sounded as if it were an "o." 2. The Black Gown is a purely academical and not an ecclesiastical garment, and was first adopted by the Protestants of Geneva.

HOPE.—If you have consulted "four London doctors of note" within the last year, without deriving any benefit, you are unreasonable in expecting help from us. You appear to require rest, and we advise your endeavouring to obtain admission into a hospital for your disease. You should be extremely careful in regard to writing to others.

SHIRLEY.—We are glad to hear that you have derived so much benefit from our dress articles, and are now able to make your own. With regard to "earning money," we have answered the question very often, and you may find your answer in the correspondence columns. Lucrative employment is almost unattainable, and all such occupation, at home or outside, needs looking for, bravely and patiently. If your voice be "beautiful," and worth cultivation, the National Training School for Music, Kensington Gore, London, W.C., offers free instruction on certain terms. Write to the secretary for particulars.



NURSERY BALL.

SOFT woollen balls are playthings always highly appreciated; little ones, from baby upwards, delight in their gay colours, and, above all, in their fluffy substance, which is so peculiarly attractive to infantile fingers. We all know the spirited tugs pussy's coat and the fleece of the toy lamb receive in consequence. Mothers and nurses, too, like the soft ball, for they can leave the children to have capital fun with it, and be in no fear of broken windows or ornaments. Like most home-made playthings, the ball costs a mere nothing, as odds and ends of every kind of wool can be used for it; in fact, the more colours introduced the better. To make one, proceed as follows:—Cut out two circles of cardboard of about the size you intend the ball to be, varying, say, from 4 in. to 12 in. in circumference. In the centre of each cut out a round hole from one-third to one-fourth of the cardboard; for instance, a circle 4 in. in diameter will have a hole from 1 in. to $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. across. Place these two rings together, thread a needle with doubled wool, and pass it through the hole, over and over the ring. At every fresh needleful let the ends of wool come outside, and continue to wind till there is no more room to pass the needle through the hole. The winding finished, hold the covered circle in the left hand and, taking sharp scissors, insert one point of them between the two cardboard rings at the outer edge, then cut along, splitting the several layers of wool loops, as shown in the illustration (fig. 1).

These loops, when separated, spring back, and stand out like two little brooms on either side. Now pull the two rings of cardboard a little apart, just to allow winding a piece of

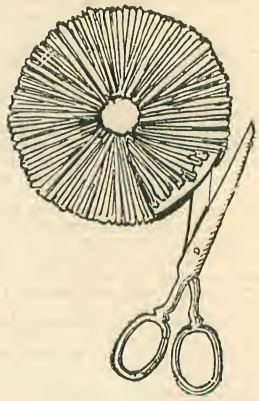


FIG. 1.—CUTTING LOOPS OF BALL.

strong twine round the wool in the centre; after passing the string four or five times, knot it very tightly, and you may then with safety remove the supporting cardboard circles by snipping them here and there, and withdrawing the pieces. In fig. 2 the ball is seen tied in this way.

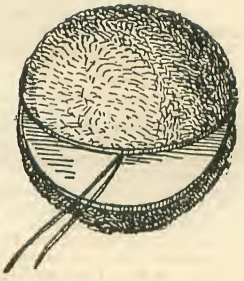


FIG. 2.—TYING BALL.

The separating cardboard being withdrawn, and the ends of twine snugly tucked inside, the bristling wool is combed or rubbed together, when it presents a solid ball that is trimmed till the shaggy surface is as smooth as velvet (fig. 3).



FIG. 3.—BALL COMPLETE.

If not utilising stray skeins, shaded wool might be chosen as the simplest medium of obtaining a mottled appearance. In other ways regular stripes, spots, and various markings can be reproduced by winding each round, or each half and quarter of a round in distinct and well contrasting colours; in short, numerous little freaks can be tried for fresh diversity.

In the same manner are made the small fluffy balls which are now so abundant in the finish of embroidered valances, small table covers, trimmings of baskets, &c., besides the peak of Neapolitan caps, and many woollen garments for children. The closer the entwining of the cardboard and the thicker the wool, the more compact and glossy the outside of the ball.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 86. AUGUST 20, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ON SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

BY JOHN C. STAPLES.

BEFORE bidding my readers farewell and good speed, I desire to say a few words on composition; a large subject, which can only receive here a very inadequate and simply suggestive treatment.

Composition, in its more restricted sense, deals with those laws of arrangement which bind the various parts of a picture into one organic whole, in which each line, each tone, and each colour exercise a favourable influence, more or less direct, upon all the rest, from which nothing could be taken without occasioning a sense of loss and deterioration, to which nothing could be added without redundancy.

Taken in its higher sense composition is intimately connected with the ethics of Art, and with the poetry of Art. In this sense it



SUNDAY MORNING IN AUGUST.

(From a Water-colour Painting by John C. Staples. Exhibited in the Dudley Gallery.)

[*All rights reserved.*]

is the measure of the genius of the artist; and, inasmuch as *poeta nascitur non fit*, so the great composer possesses intuitively, or by the gift of God, his power of composition. We may admire and appreciate and understand his work, and in so doing shall be elevated by it; we may even arrive at a comprehension of the methods by which the result is attained; but when a study of the laws of prosody has sufficed to make a poet, then, and not until then, will a study of the laws of composition suffice to make a great composer.

Indeed, the rules of arrangement, or, to use the bigger word, *composition* which I shall endeavour to outline for your guidance bear much the same relation to a fine picture as the rules of prosody do to a noble poem: though they are not of the essence of the finest qualities in any work of art, yet their non-observance is an almost fatal blemish. To the unambitious, but pleasant and profitable work, which I presume to be the aim of most of you, the comprehension and judicious application of these rules will give an additional value; but I would warn you to use the greatest judgment in consciously applying them as yet, though it is certainly well that you should know them. In your best work, when it is finished, I hope you will find many an example of their successful application, but you should, I think, rather find them in the Nature that you are copying than forcibly import them into your representation, lest you make an unprofitable exchange of simplicity and truth for the artificiality of the school and the studio. By seeking them in Nature honestly and without afterthought, you will insensibly be led to a comprehension of her deeper meanings, but by wresting them to your own purposes you will only succeed in giving the dead framework, the dry bones of art, without the living grace and, so to speak, the soul of the scene.

The first of these laws to be considered is that of *Principality*. Mr. Ruskin, in his "Elements of Drawing," from which I have ventured to borrow in part the order in which these rules are set out, and in part their nomenclature, says:—"The great object of composition being always to secure unity, that is, to make out of many things one whole, the first mode in which this can be effected is by determining that *one* feature shall be more important than all the rest, and that the others shall group with it in subordinate positions."

It is not, however, necessary, nor is it well, that this "one feature" should overpower the others by too obtrusive a prominence. It should be the constitutional monarch, not the despotic tyrant of the composition. And you are not for a moment to imagine that the other constituent parts of the picture are not, each in its place, essential to its well-being. They are so, but this is the key-note; this rules, with however gentle a sway; this governs, however modestly, the whole composition.

Next in a finely composed picture the eye will be led onwards insensibly from this starting point through the subordinate divisions in an orderly sequence, just as, in a finely composed piece of music, the ear follows the motive through all its woven intricacies of harmonious variety to the end, and recognises a rounded and perfect whole where each note and each phrase bears its part and has its value, and where no part, however small, could be spared without impairing the general effect.

Now in the laws of *Repetition* and of *Continuity* we find two methods by which this relationship and interdependence of the various parts of a picture may be suggested, and the first of these is a very favourite method with the best artists.

It consists of a *repetition* in a descending scale, not of identical but of similar forms and effects. Thus, if we suppose, for example, that the leading effect is a ruined tower standing out against the sky, this might find its form repeated in a group of poplars in the middle distance, and these their reduplication in a far-off village church. Observe, however, that in the best pictures the symmetry of such arrangements is never too obvious or too accurate. That, indeed, is an error into which those who follow Nature reverently, in place of disturbing her audaciously, are in no danger of falling.

The second mode by which this end may be attained is by the suggestion of *Continuity*

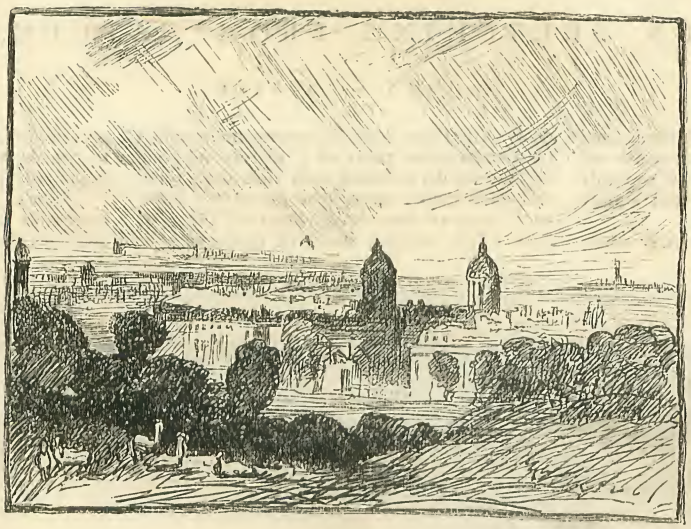


FIG I.

of similar forms bound together by the nature of their growth or construction.

Thus the eye is led on by the receding succession of waves breaking on a shelving shore. Here they may, perhaps, be thrown back by a projecting groyn, where they may spread smoothly on an expanse of sand, but they all evidently obey the impulse of a common origin; and while the mind in contemplating them is pleasantly conscious of the accidental departures from a too rigid uniformity, it is none the less, but rather, perhaps, the more, strongly influenced by the feeling of continuity—of unity in variety—expressed by gradual growth of change in the size and in the apparent force of the waves as they recede from the eye and lead it onwards into the picture. A similar appearance may be noted in the strata of clouds, or in the arches of a bridge receding in perspective, or in the columns of some cathedral aisle.

Next in most pleasing landscapes you will find a balance of lines which are opposed in direction, so that if, on one side of the picture, a line slopes downwards from left to right, you will be pretty sure to find somewhere on the other side a line sloping downwards from right to left, and so on with a rhythmical interlacing of corresponding forms; but note once more that this is never by way of accurate symmetry, but by a delicate suggestion rather than an assertion of harmony in opposition. And you will find, moreover, that sets of lines in a well chosen landscape will often seem to radiate from a common centre, whether from the effects of retreating parallel forms seen in perspective, as is so often the case in a fleecy cloudy sky, or from the influence of a common origin, as is seen in the branches of a well grown tree. All such arrangements are eminently suggestive of that unity which is the end and aim of good composition, a unity which in these cases springs from the manifestation of a common origin or a common cause.

The principles which guide the grouping of lines into such dispositions as those spoken of in the above paragraph may, for the aid of your memory, be included under the head of a law of *Radiation*.

But the qualities of unity and consistency which underlie every good composition must not degenerate into monotony. To avoid this fault another element of effect must often be employed, one which is, indeed, indispensable where strength and emphasis are desired. I speak of contrast.

To the influence of the law of contrast may be traced almost all that is vigorous and striking in composition. A bright light is, as I have already several times pointed out, set off and made still brighter by the opposition of a strong dark in its vicinity, and the light itself reacts upon its neighbouring dark, making it still more forcible. Thus each mutually enhances the value of the other.

So again a curved form may be contrasted by an angular one with similar results, a rugged form by a graceful one, strength by weakness, simplicity by complexity, and so on. But in proportion to the usefulness of the device is the temptation to abuse it. It is ever to be used with the strictest reticence; and if in Nature or in art you meet with a scene where harsh contrasts prevail, I trust your artistic instinct will be sufficiently strong and cultivated to prevent you from admiring indiscreetly.

Contrast is very usefully employed when it is spread unobtrusively through the picture, combining the principle of repetition with that of opposition; carrying, for example, small portions of the darks among the broad masses of light, and fragments of light into the darks, thus exemplifying another rule of composition—that of interchange. This is a principle which may be employed with special advantage and pleasantness in your management of colours.

In illustration of this law I will copy for you a portion of what Mr. Ruskin says in his "Elements of Drawing" on this subject:—

"If you divide a shield into two masses of colour all the way down—suppose blue and white—and put a bar, or figure of an animal partly on one division, partly on the other, you will find it pleasant to the eye if you make the part of the animal blue which comes upon the white half, and white which comes upon the blue half."

One of the most curious facts which will impress itself upon you when you have drawn some time carefully from Nature, in light and shade, is the appearance of intentional artifice with which contrasts of this alternate kind are produced by her. The artistry with which she will darken a tree trunk, as long as it comes against light sky, and throw sunlight on it precisely at the spot where it comes against a dark hill, and similarly treat all her masses of shade

and colour, is so great that if you only follow her closely, everyone who looks at your drawing with attention will think that you have been inventing the most artificially and unnaturally delightful interchanges of shadow that could possibly be devised by human wit.

Two principles of composition yet remain to be mentioned: breadth and harmony. These are even less tangible and less expressible by the somewhat clumsy machinery of written words than the rest. I shall endeavour to give you a hint of the meaning of the terms, and will leave you to search out the nature of the things in works of art and in the book of Nature.

Breadth, then, is that quality in a picture which results from the massing or subordination of discordant details. It eschews strong contrasts; it brings together in gently graduated masses the darks on the one hand, and the lights on the other; or it inspires the whole picture with one prevailing sentiment, as of tenderness or of grandeur, of sadness or of cheerfulness; and this by an assemblage and compilation of sympathetic elements, relieved by at most one or two points of contrast, and these not strongly accentuated. And even where this breadth does not pervade the whole picture, it should at least prevail in the principal masses or divisions, so that, the main purpose of the picture being enunciated in its grand divisions, the force of such enunciations may not be frittered away by a frivolous repetition, or a superabundance of distracting detail.

Harmony consists, in part, in a truthful relationship between the tones of a picture, so that all have the precise relative value which they possess in Nature; in part it belongs also to a consistent treatment. For, if one part of a picture be drawn or painted strongly and energetically, and another part timorously and with indecision, the whole will surely be inharmonious; or again, if, for example, a sentiment of repose is intended to prevail, then an incident expressive of violent action (unless, indeed, it is introduced judiciously, and with due subordination, as a contrast, to enhance the effect) will inevitably throw the picture out of harmony of feeling. Lastly, harmony results from nothing so much as from a clear and complete conception, from the first, of the aim of the work, together with a thorough knowledge of the means most proper to attain the end proposed.

These hints on the principles of composition, brief and incomplete as they are, will yet, I hope, to some extent direct you as to a few of the qualities, most of which may be sought and found in every fine work of art.

Now it may occur to you, and naturally, to walk through one of our great galleries, if there is one within your reach, or to look studiously at such reproductions of noble works of art as may be at your command, in order to trace the occurrence of examples of these principles, and it is likely enough that the immediate result of such a course may be to cause you much bewilderment and disappointment, for although these rules are of the widest application, and examples of their application occur, as I have said, in all the best work of the masters, yet their influence is often so skilfully disguised on the "*celare artem*"* principle that it is difficult of detection by the untrained eye. Indeed those pictures in which the employment of these principles is at once manifest are never those which grow upon us, as the saying runs, and win our lasting approval.

Space fails me to analyse, as I had wished and intended, one, or perhaps two, well-known pictures, and to trace in them the occurrence of these laws of composition; but if you have read carefully and intelligently, I think I can trust to your ingenuity to supply the omission.

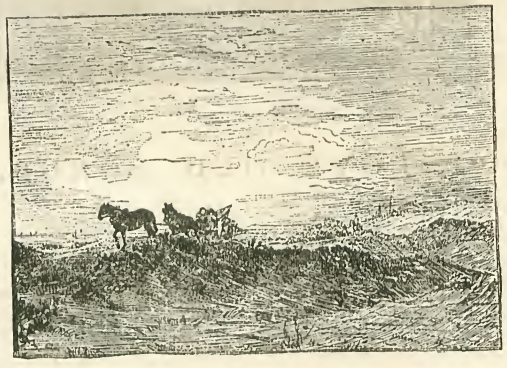


FIG. 2.

Even in the illustrations to this paper, rough as they are—the first and last mere "impressions," rapidly drawn under unfavourable circumstances in pen and ink—and another kindly lent by Mr. Blackburn, from his illustrated catalogue of the National Gallery—the action of the laws of arrangement set forth above may be traced. In fig. 1, Greenwich Hospital, from the Liber-Studiorum Series, "principality" and "repetition" will at once be noticed, and in the original you may see, if you can get access to it (it hangs in a room in the basement of the National Gallery), some of the qualities grouped under the head of "law of radiation." Contrast and interchange are made to contribute subordinately to the general effect, and the whole is finely harmonised.

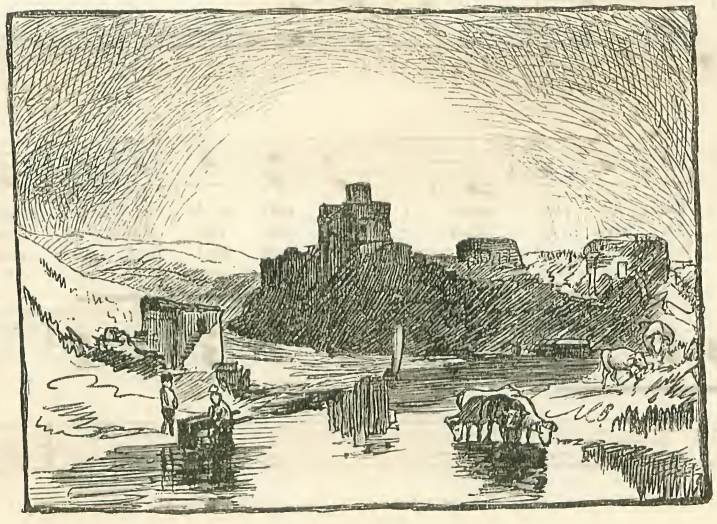


FIG. 3.

In the second illustration, from the picture "Showery Weather," by F. R. Lee, R.A., contrast is boldly employed, and the lines of the landscape cross and recross in well-balanced opposition, their rhythm just relieved by the faint flat line of the horizon. They seem, too, to radiate from the cart and horses, and so serve to lead the eye up to the point of greatest interest. Breadth is a striking characteristic of this picture: breadth of light in the sky; breadth of shade on the landscape, harmonised and brought together by the delicate tones of the distance. No. 3 resembles this last. The motive is not dissimilar. A broad mass of dark castle thrown up in vigorous contrast against the clearest portion of a gently gradated sky. The minor incidents of the picture (which I fear cannot be traced in the illustration) are admirably designed to relieve, without detracting from the grand simplicity of the main idea. Several of the "laws" are here well exemplified.

As I prepare, not without regret, to write the last words which I am now to address to you, my mind turns to the sentences with which I opened my first paper in October of last year, and I reflect with satisfaction that in following the course which I have marked out for you it can scarcely be but that you have found some measure of pleasure and of profit, and that the purpose of honest self-culture which you then proposed to yourself as one of the ends of your study must surely, in some degree, have been served.

For the pure and simple pleasures which arise from the contemplation of Nature by an eye and mind trained to close observation and ready sympathy with her moods, cannot fail to refine the taste, to fill the memory with a store of lovely images and recollections, and to attune the heart to all tender and chaste emotions.

But chief in value among the lessons you will have learned is that which has, I trust, made for you a living active reality, to bear fruits in every phase of your life, of the conviction that in Nature and art, and not less in every moral and æsthetic system of which the human mind takes cognisance, the true and the beautiful are ever one.

* "*Ars est artem celare*"—the art lies in the concealment of the artifice.

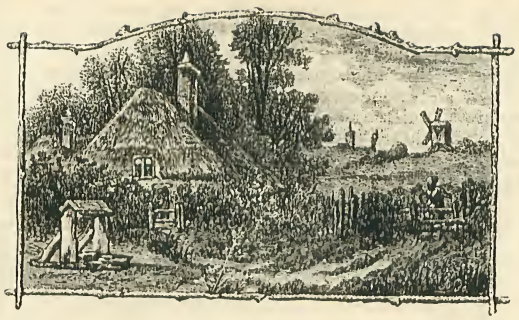
THE EAGLE'S NEST.

Dr. Rush, who has been called the American Sydenham, mentions the following incident, as showing the effect produced by cheerful impressions of the mind:—

When a youth Rush was educated in the country, in a very remote part of which he was in the habit of visiting, in company with a farmer's daughter, various scenes of beauty and sublimity, and, among others, the nest of an eagle in a romantic situation. For some time these visits were very frequent.

Rush soon after left the school and settled in Philadelphia, where he found his former associate a married woman. Many years passed, and at last she had an attack of typhus fever, under which she lay in a complete state of insensibility, apparently lost to all surrounding objects.

In this state Rush, then a physician, was called to visit her. He took her by the hand, and said, with a strong and cheerful voice, "The Eagle's Nest!" The words revived an association of ideas comprehending the actions of her youth. She immediately grasped his hand, opened her eyes, and from that hour began to recover.



"I LOVE OLD SONGS."

Words by ANNE BEALE. *Music by* J. W. HINTON, Mus. D.

VOICE. PIANO.

Moderato cantando.

mf *p*

1. I love old songs! less for the mirth they bring me Than for the mem - 'ries with each ca - dence strung. Then lay the
2. I love old songs! but not with child - ish fol - ly, Or sick - ly yearn - ing for the sha - d'wy past; They but re -
3. I love old songs! just as we love the e - ven, When all the day - light toil and heat are o'er; They soothe the
4. I love old songs! for plea - sant re - col - lec - tions Of fa - ces paint - ed on my mem - 'ry yet; They lull us

new ones by, and soft - ly sing me Those which in bright - er hours we gai - ly
- call, with ten - der mel - an - cho - ly, The part - ed friends with whom we sang them
soul, and draw her near - er hea - ven With thoughts of those "not lost, but gone be -
in a dream of re - tro - spec - tions That will not let us, if we would, for -

Last verse.

* sung. last. fore." - get.

5. Then lay the new ones by, and soft - ly sings me Some

* D, Fourth verse ending.

accentuare. *piu subito.* *poco a poco.*

cher-ish'd strain that to the past be - longs; You can - not know the sad, sweet joy they bring me; I love old songs—I

piu subito.

cres. *p* *rubato.*

dear - ly love old songs! You can - not know the sad, sweet joy they bring me; I love old

p

songs— I dear - ly love old songs!



FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER XX.

RUBY'S situation was a sufficiently alarming one. Here she was, locked in a room of which she had thrown away the key, in the dead of night, with a burglar, with no one besides herself awake, as far as she knew, in the whole house; and even if she did cry out, with no one likely to hear her except a timid woman and a sick child. Her position stood out with sudden, *dreadful* distinctness before her, as she turned away from the window, after flinging out the key; and yet she did not regret the act done to save Ella's boy; and, mindful of that child's dear life, she sent forth no scream of terror that might arouse and startle him.

It now, for the first time in the midst of her fear and confusion of ideas, struck her as remarkable that the burglar had hitherto stood by perfectly passive; and, breathing a prayer for strength and guidance, she glanced timidly at him, there where he stood leaning against the wall, not many yards from her! Then she saw that his eyes were fixed upon herself with a strange expression in them—an expression which was one of extreme wonder and almost of fear. His attitude, too, was a singular one for a housebreaker who had just entered the place he had meant to rob. His hands were clasped upon his broad chest in a tight, convulsive way, and his head was hanging down. The light which Ruby carried illuminated fully his face, and as she gazed at it something in it seemed to strike a spark of memory in her mind. For some moments, during which the burglar still neither moved nor spoke, her mind went groping about, then she exclaimed—

"Ben—Ben Bryant!"

"Miss Ruby; who would have thought of seeing you here?" he answered, in a tone which was half surly, yet full of abject shame.

"Oh, Ben," she cried; "and you on such an errand as this!"

"It is as good, perhaps, as many other errands," he replied, doggedly, evidently struggling to overcome the impression the first *sight of* Ruby had produced upon him, and partially succeeding.

"Ben, you once knew a better way; remember it to-night, and give up this wicked design."

Her hand which held the light trembled a little, but her voice was quite calm as she spoke. She saw that all hung on her regaining something of her old influence over Ben, and she sent up a cry for help from her inmost heart.

"Now, Miss Ruby," said Ben, recovering more and more his hardened self-possession as he grew accustomed to her presence, "I'm not going to stand here all night for you to preach to me. I have something else to do in this house. You are entirely in my power—besides, there are two others, just the like of me, waiting behind yonder wall—so show me at once where all the valuables in the house are, and I won't harm you."

Ruby's breath went and came, as if she were carrying a heavy load up a steep hill; but her eyes met his unflinchingly, as she answered—

"Ben, you shall go no further than this room. That door is locked, and you cannot find the key. Thank God that you are stopped before the full committal of a crime, and can go back to your companions."

"Thank God!" he repeated, mockingly, and yet his voice was not quite firm, as he spoke thus the sacred name. "Come, Miss Ruby, no more of this. Show we where the plate is."

"I will show you nothing beyond that door," she replied, with intense resolution in her tone.

There was, in truth, in the house very little worth a burglar's taking, but still she feared for little Harry, the one precious treasure which Ella possessed. If she could prevent it, the child's life should not be put in danger by his being startled and disturbed.

"You will not!" cried Ben. "We will soon see about that. Look here, Miss Ruby; do you know what this means?" and he drew a revolver from his pocket.

She was as pale as the rays of the gleaming star which had just stolen from behind a cloud, and was looking down upon the old house. As pale, but yet as steadfast, she stood before him, without a quiver of lip or eyelid. She drew closer to him, and laid her hand on the arm which held the weapon. Again a strong prayer rose up without words. Then she said in a calm, low tone—

"Ben, you will not commit a crime to-night. You will not, because Bessie is looking down on you from above."

As she spoke Bessie's name, the man trembled like a leaf touched by the breeze; she could feel that as she held his arm, but his tone was still sullen, as he said—

"I don't want to hear about old bygone things, Miss Ruby, so have done with them."

"And Bessie," went on Ruby, without seeming to have heard his last words—"Bessie seems even now to be whispering softly to you what she said when she was dying in your arms, 'Come and trust in Christ who died on Calvary,' and the dear Lord, who gave Himself so freely, is calling you, too, in love."

"Those words are not for such as I am now, Miss Ruby," he said, hoarsely, trying to avoid her steadfast *gaze, and* sliding the revolver back into his pocket with a sudden, rapid movement, as though his mind had just wakened to the shame of having thus threatened with it a defenceless woman.

"But the thief the Lord pardoned on the cross was a greater sinner than you are. I used to teach you about Him at school, Ben. I do not think you have forgotten."

"There can't be any turning back, Miss Ruby, for a man that has gone as far down hill as I have," he said; his voice, lately so stern and defiant, faltering and trembling, his face quivering and softening, until he almost looked like the boy in whose arms Bessie had died.

"There is joy in heaven, Ben, over one sinner that repenteth; and Bessie is one of the angels that are waiting this very night to rejoice over you."

Ruby's voice rang out very clearly and solemnly. As she spoke, her eye kindled, a soft glow overspread her cheek, lately blanched with fear. She looked as if an angel were standing by her, strengthening her, and telling her, in soft whispers, what to say; and so, doubtless, there was.

As she spoke, the strong man seemed stirred and shaken as by a whole tempest of feeling. He covered his face with his hands, and for upwards of a minute stood there silently before her. Then he fell on his knees, and cried out—

"Oh, God! help me."

And great, terrible, bitter sobs broke from him.

Then Ruby knew that, by God's grace, she had conquered, and that the evil spirit was gone out of him. She breathed a short, heartfelt thanksgiving. The struggle had been a hard one, and the sudden relief made her almost break down; but she controlled herself with a strong effort, for she recollected the two other burglars waiting behind the wall, and felt that prompt action was still needed on her part.

"Ben," she said, stooping over him, and touching him on the shoulder, "the dear Lord be praised, who has taken away to-night your heart of stone. Now, I want you, at once, to show some fruits of your repentance by getting your companions quietly away from the neighbourhood of this house."

He hesitated a little, for a touch of false shame was aroused within him at the thought of meeting his old comrades in crime, with his newly-awakened

conscience; but good, at length, obtained a final triumph in his soul.

"I will go, Miss Ruby," he said, rising to his feet, "and do my best to get them away without their making any further attempt upon the house. They will be two to one, and I cannot be sure that I shall succeed. They are rough fellows, and may very likely use me hard enough; but it will only be a just punishment for me, Miss Ruby."

"The Master will be with you; you are on His side now, Ben," said Ruby, earnestly.

Then she asked him one or two hurried questions, from the answers to which she learned that he and his companions had come down into Devonshire for what they called "a spree." That being very short of money, they had resolved to break into Stonecroft, where they had heard some rich lodgers were staying. They had all been engaged in burglaries near London, and so were well up to the trade. Ben little thought that Ruby was in the house. They had found a ladder in an outhouse, and by its means Ben, the most active of the three, had easily reached the window. There was a hasty, silent parting between Ruby and Ben, and he left the house as he had entered it. It was settled between them before he went, that if he could succeed in getting his companions away quietly, he should make known to her the fact by three low whistles given beyond the wall.

And now there came a time of terrible suspense for Ruby; it seemed to her as if it must have lasted the whole night, but, in reality, it perhaps only lasted about a quarter of an hour. There she stood at the open window, gazing out into the little courtyard, which was full of nothing but silence and black shadows —there she stood, with a million fears and misgivings thronging round her. What if the child should wake, left alone and unwatched as he now was—should wake and be injured by fright at finding himself thus alone? What if Ben's good resolution should fail when he had reached his companions—such things used often to happen to his better resolves when he was a boy—and the three men should be even now breaking into the front of the house? She strained her ears to listen for any sound which might make known to her that such was the case, but she could hear nothing except the rain-drops falling slowly from the eaves, for a heavy shower had just come rattling down. What if—even if Ben were true—his two comrades should refuse to heed his words, and should have fallen on him and overpowered him, so that he could do nothing in her cause? Oh, why did not those three longed-for whistles come? Why was there no noise inside the house or out, save those monotonous rain-drops ever falling, falling?

Yet, in the midst of that weary, restless waiting, One was with her. She lent on prayer, and it upheld her, and bore her close up to Him who never leaves or forsakes. More cheering thoughts came to hover round her. Were not angels sent down by the Father of the fatherless to watch around the widow's child while she was away? And surely that same Lord, by whose Almighty guidance Ben Bryant had been led to break into no other house in the neighbourhood, but just this house where she, Ruby, his old teacher, and Bessie's friend, was—that Lord who had put into her mouth, even in the midst of her extreme anxiety and fear, the very words which could best rouse up the man's conscience — that Lord of love and strength, would give Ben the power to keep true to his promise to her, to give up, to-night, the evil way.

Thus supported in her fear and suspense, the brave woman waited on, and still the moments dragged slowly by, and still the ceaseless rain-drops kept falling, falling, falling. How she longed to be able to get through that locked door, and to stand, if it were for but an instant, at the side of Ella's bed or the child's! There would be companionship even in listening to their breathing while they slept; it was so terribly lonely here in this solitary room, with the great, empty, four-post bed, and the high-backed, old-fashioned chairs standing about in grim order, as though they were always expecting visitors who would not come.

At length there was a sound beyond the wall of the courtyard: a sound like confused voices speaking — voices of several men at once; then the report of fire-arms rang out upon the midnight air, breaking fearfully the stillness.

What had happened?

Ruby felt literally sick with terror; but yet her very anxiety prevented her fainting. Suppose it should have awakened the child, and given him the deadly fright which she had striven to preserve him from? She had scarcely time to frame this thought in her mind, when she saw, as she leant out of the window, a dark figure advancing through the gloom.

Had that shot killed Ben, and was this one of the other burglars coming to enter in the same way that he had done? "Oh! Father in heaven help me in my sore need."

That prayer had but just left her lips, when she heard some one calling softly beneath the window—

"Miss Stanton! Miss Stanton!"

"Who's there?" she answered, a little reassured by hearing her own name.

"It's John Ridler, Miss Stanton." John Ridler was the farmer who rented Stonecroft. "They be took't to their heels, those rascals, and there be no danger now. Thank God, Miss Stanton, that He ordained that there should be such a bold Christian woman as you are in my house to-night, or else who knows how it might have gone with me and mine."

She knew, as this man was here speaking these words, that all must be well, and she fell a-weeping in the reaction of the sudden relief, as she had not wept through all she had so lately gone through; and the farmer, the while, not seeing in the darkness those tears, told her briefly what had happened. He and one of his men had risen in the middle of the night to go to see a sick horse, and they had come upon the burglars just when Ben had been shot by his two companions, who, however, had fled at Ridler's and his servant's approach. Ben had been very badly hurt, but he had been able to tell the farmer the story of himself and Ruby.

A few minutes after, Ruby, having been released by Ridler with another key which suited the lock, was holding in her arms, first Ella—who, knowing now the whole story, was sobbing and thanking her for the self-devoted courage she had shown for her child — and then little Harry himself, who had slept calmly with trouble and danger all around him, but was now awake, with his small thin hands clasped round Aunt Ruby's neck.

(To be concluded.)

ALL ABOUT COFFEE.



BEFORE my young housekeepers have a purchase of coffee to make for the family use, they ought to know something about the article required—not only as to the respective excellence of the various descriptions, their several prices, and the quantity that would suffice for the consumption of a certain number of people, in a given time, but they should have some acquaintance with the history of the plant itself. Common things are not, necessarily, without an interest attached to them; whether concerning their growth or manufacture, or their respective histories and surroundings. The best coffee is that imported from Arabia, grown in the districts of Aden and Mocha, in the province of Yemen—the climate, soil, and method of culture rendering it superior to any grown elsewhere. Our own colonies produce a larger berry in their respectively richer soils, but the flavour is much inferior. Each tree yields from twelve to sixteen ounces of coffee, when grown on a deep, rich soil; but the poorer, drier land, that can yield but half that quantity, produces grain of a much finer quality. You may know Mocha coffee by the small size and rounder shape of the bean, which is of a yellow colour; and by the superior perfume, or aroma, which it gives forth.

Should the best prove too expensive for you to purchase, perhaps the next best might suit you; and this coffee is grown in Ceylon and Java, the beans of which are of a paler yellow than the Mocha. The inferior kinds are imported from the French colonies of Martinique and Bourbon and also from British Guiana; while—last in degree of excellence—those of Jamaica and St. Domingo are the commoner and cheaper descriptions. You may distinguish the latter importations, not merely by their loss of perfume, but a difference in the formation of the beans,

which are more pointed at each extremity. The West Indian Rio coffee bean has a bluish or greenish tint.

The tree is of Abyssinian origin, and has been cultivated there from time immemorial. It has been in use for ages in Arabia and Persia, having been introduced into the latter country by a Mufti of Aden, in consequence of reports respecting its wakeful-making qualities. It is said that the Superior of some Eastern Monastery tried an infusion of it on his monks, to keep them awake during some nocturnal services, having heard from the neighbouring shepherds that their flocks were more lively after feeding on this shrub than at other times; and this led to its adoption by them. After the Turkish conquest of Egypt, it was introduced from thence into the former country, but did not become a publicly-sold commodity in Constantinople till the year 1554. As the Mahometans were forbidden the use of wine, you may understand the value they attached to this rather exhilarating drink. At one time it was prohibited by the Mufti, and afterwards restored by Solyman the Great, who put a tax upon it. The Venetians procured it from the Levant as early as the year 1615, and, last of all, it came to us. By the French and Dutch the trees were imported to the West Indies and South America; and they flourish in various parts of our own dominions, as I have said.

The gift of such a tree, in early times, was regarded as worthy of a king's acceptance, for the magistrates of Amsterdam sent one from Holland, where they had been naturalised, to the magnificent Louis XIV., which was placed at Marly.

The tree, or shrub, grows to a height of from 12 ft. to 18 ft. It is an evergreen, and its leaves are rather like those of the laurel, though more pointed and thinner. Its pretty star-like blossoms are white, and much resemble those of the jasmine, only they grow out of the stem, like the leaves. A red berry, not unlike a cherry, succeeds the flower, and encloses the seed, which is composed of two oval-shaped beans, surrounded by a glutinous pulp of a yellowish colour. You only know what they look like when roasted, and the strong odour that comes from them. This scent has properties in it which render it valuable for disinfecting fumigation.

Katharine of Braganza was the first of our queens who patronised tea, and set the fashion of employing it as a substitute for malt drinks and wine, soon after her marriage with Charles II., and both she and the refined decoction in which she indulged were eulogised by the poet, Waller, as representing, respectively

"The best of queens and best of herbs."

It was shortly after that time (1650) that coffee was introduced to this country by Daniel Edwards, a Smyrna merchant; who also brought home a Greek servant accustomed to roasting it. But about twenty years elapsed before coffee-houses were established in any numbers. Neither tea nor coffee were taxed in the leaf or grain; but while both continued very scarce, their infusion in water, prepared as a drink, was taxed, together with that of chocolate, at a charge of 8d. a gallon.

In the year 1662 coffee was cheaper than tea. It was sold in powder at from 4s. to 6s. 8d., while that only pounded in a mortar was to be had at 2s. 6d.

In the British Museum there is an original handbill of Pasqua Rosee's, the Greek servant of the merchant, Edwards, brought from Ragusa, who set up the first coffee-house in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, which gives a wonderful list of all the advantages gained by its use, and all the ills it claimed to cure:—

"It is good against sore eyes; suppresseth Fumes exceedingly; good against the headache; very much stops any defluxion of Rheums; cures the dropsy, gout, and scurvy, the King's Evil, the spleen, hypochondriac winds," &c.

The origin of the establishment of this coffee-house was that the merchant was overrun with visitors, who came for the luxury of a cup of that beverage; so he got rid of his besiegers by setting up his man in the business of selling the commodity which had become so popular. "Afternoon coffee" soon became an institution at these houses, as may be gathered from an old paper of that time, called *The Public Advertiser*, in which we read that, "in Bartholomew's-lane, on the back side of the Old Exchange," the drink called coffee was sold "at three of the clock in the afternoon," as well as in the morning. In 1686 there is a notice of this comparatively new luxury, and, in a bill of Mr. John Bragges, for attendance at the Dorchester Assizes, in those early days of coffee-drinking, his cup of this beverage is charged at "twopence." This Mr. Bragge was the Town Clerk of Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire.

I said that "afternoon coffee" became a custom in England, the fashion having been imported with the grain, as the Turks drink their "*Cauphe*" at three o'clock in the afternoon. Its popularity in France, since its introduction by the Turkish Ambassador at Paris, 1668, has been equal to that of tea in this country. Ladies especially were tempted to adopt it, being charmed by the beautiful china cups employed, the gold-fringed napkins, and the spectacle of the kneeling slaves who presented the beverage—on their knees—to the ladies, seated on cushions laid on the floor. The novelty, as well as the picturesque effect of such entertainments, took the higher classes in Paris by storm; and, in less than four years since its first appearance, an American started a coffee-house, and his example was speedily followed. But the selling of wine and beer in these places led to the introduction of a low class of customers; and a Florentine of more refined taste opened one of a superior kind, and provided ices instead of beer. His coffee-house led to the opening of others like it, and they became the favourite resorts of artists and literary men. Amongst the upper classes of French society coffee became exceedingly popular, and the cost of the supply provided for the daughters of Louis XV. is said to have amounted to £3,000 sterling per annum.

Coffee-leaves, though not utilised in England or France, are adopted as a substitute for tea-leaves in the Eastern Archipelago. There, they are laid over a clear, smokeless fire, and roasted; then picked from the twigs, and a decoction made from them by pouring boiling water over them, which is said to produce an agreeable drink.

The adulteration of coffee prevails to a great extent. Chicory is often mixed with it, and it is a mistake to suppose that this is a harmless ingredient. The plan for detecting it is to place the powder in cold water; if the water be coloured, the presence of chicory is proved, for coffee alone would not colour it. The deeper the shade, the more of chicory.

Probably my young housekeeper will preside at the breakfast-table, or, at least, prepare the meal. In this case, accept a few words of advice as to how the coffee should be made:—Allow one large tablespoonful of ground coffee to each person, and one over; beat up an egg—including the shell—in the powder, and then pour boiling water on it, allowing three pints to seven spoonfuls of coffee. Let it boil gently for about fifteen minutes, and let it settle where it will keep hot. Do not shake it when pouring it out. Fill the cups half full of hot boiled milk before you add the coffee. But the egg, though a great improvement, and very desirable for an invalid, is not necessary. If you have a "Percolator," or any new appliance, or method for making it, the requisite directions will be supplied. Of course, you will have to consult each person as to the quantity, if any, of milk and sugar desired.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

VARIETIES.

DARK THINGS MADE LIGHT.

Of what he dimly understands,
"It cannot be!" the fool will say:
Know thou, to-morrow in his hands
Will hold a lamp to light to-day.
Sophocles.

ON THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.—My daughter, I needed once a pilot for my vessel, and there came one and said, "I will steer you within an ell of any rock; and there came another and said, "I will steer you within an hair's breadth of anything," and there came a third and said, "I will keep thy vessel evermore in mid channel." And the last man I chose to be my pilot.

THE SLUGGARD'S PHILOSOPHY.

The sluggard says, "I'll take mine ease,
And wait till heaven rains bread and cheese."

TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.—You live but once, so make your best of life.—*Euripides.*

HOW TO KNOW A FOOLISH WOMAN.—By six qualities a foolish woman may be known: anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

HANDEL MADE SIMPLE.—A tourist wandering round a village churchyard in Hampshire, a few years back, fell in with some rustic members of the choir coming away from their Saturday afternoon's rehearsal. He asked one of them what music they were singing. The answer was "Handel." "Well, but," said he, "don't you find Handel rather difficult?" "Why, no, sir," the Hampshireman replied; "not very. You see *we alters him!*"

LITTLE WORDS.

A little word is not a little thing,
For it may make and it may mar a king.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.—If you have nothing worth saying, say nothing.

THE ORIGIN OF SALUTATIONS.

A large, if not the largest, class of salutations can be traced to intercession. The deeply religious character of the Orientals shows itself specially in their salutations. The Hebrew word Barak, "to bless," had all the meanings of saluting, welcoming, and bidding adieu, the person spoken to being in such case commended to God. "Blessed be thou of the Lord;" "The Lord be with thee;" "And Jacob blessed Pharaoh and went out from before him;" are instances which illustrate the usage of the word. They are paralleled by the Arabian "God grant thee his favours;" "May God strengthen your morning;" "May your morning be good;" by the Persian "I make prayers for thy greatness;" and by the Ottoman "Be under the guard of God;" "My prayers are for thee;" "Forget me not in thy prayers;" and we cannot be surprised that this kind of salutation is found to exist in some shape or other among all national greetings. Our religion has come from the East, and some of their religious salutations still survive; as, for example, in the Esthonian "God guide you," the "Adieu" of the French, the "Go with God, Senor," of Spain, and our "God be with ye," corrupted into, "Good-bye."

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By Sarah Doudney.

CHAPTER XVI.

"PARKS WITH OAK AND CHESTNUT SHADY."

ONE morning Daisy woke from a deep sleep, and fell to wondering vaguely where she was.

She found herself lying in a room with panelled walls, furnished with quaint chairs and chests of drawers that would have fetched a fabulous price in the antique furniture shops in town. Over the carved oak chimney-piece hung an old sampler in a black frame, and on the shelf below were two tall brass candlesticks of ancient make, shining in the gleams of wintry light that made their way into the chamber.

Daisy's slumber had been broken by the merry crackling of a fire; yellow flames were darting and curling round such mossy logs as one only sees in the country; and the warm glow was reflected by ancient brass handles and old polished wood, dark with age. It was time to get up; and as she rubbed her sleepy eyes she began to realise that this day was the beginning of life in her new home.

It was a sharp morning, bright with the sunshine of a clear January; and Daisy, now fairly awake, longed to get a glimpse of the country that surrounded Hurst Hall.

Drawing up the blind, she looked down upon an expanse of soft turf, all the greener from a light fall of snow that had lately melted; and beyond this smooth sward was a great wall of trees. Such trees! in all her life Daisy had never seen anything so beautiful as that mazy network of boughs; she understood then that her room was at the back of the Hall, and that the stately old house stood in the midst of its own far-stretching park.

There were long sylvan aisles, crossed by winter sunbeams, and leading into sweet wildernesses where wild creatures made their homes. As Daisy tried to look deep down into their mysteries she thought of all that poets had sung of scenes like these. Surely that dim green path might have opened out before the feet of the Prince when he went to wake the Sleeping Beauty from her enchanted slumber! And somewhere in those glades might be standing that mighty oak that hid his knotted knees in fern, and babbled to the lover of his lady!

Beyond the far-reaching acres of woodland, now delicately frosted by the breath of January, a chain of low hills bounded the view. Over the whole landscape hung the faint white haze which the morning sun, growing stronger and stronger, would soon dispel; and Daisy knew that a thousand undreamed-of beauties were lurking in the scene that lay before her eyes. It would take a lifetime, she thought, to find out all the charms of this new home of hers; and her heart was full of thanksgiving.

There are some souls that thank God passionately for the beauty of His earth and take delight in His fair hills and woods, even when the garden of their own life is laid waste. There are poets (no matter whether they can rhyme or not) who can turn bravely from the disappointments of the working-day world and find a boundless satisfaction in the world of nature. While sunbeams shine and leaves and grasses grow, life is sweet to them; and they see the outward signs of a Divine love where others behold only the common sweetness of rural scenery. Daisy had read God's love in her Michaelmas daisies, hemmed in by smoky walls; but here it was written in larger and fairer characters. Yet, if she had held no spiritual communion with her daisies, it is doubtful whether the broad woods of the Hurstones would have given her any lasting joy.

Still, in a mood of quiet happiness she dressed and went downstairs; and Aunt Cecily met her in the hall.

"Uncle Charles will forgive you for being late this morning," said Cecily with a kiss. "He is in the library with the steward; so you and I can have a quiet hour in the breakfast-room."

She crossed the hall, and Daisy followed her, casting an upward glance at the massive oaken roof which had been indistinguishable last night. On each side of the hall-door was a quaint old window, filled with stained glass; and soft rays of purple and red fell upon Cecily's grey gown and Daisy's black garments. It seemed to Daisy that she had never seen Aunt Cecily in her proper sphere until that moment; and yet there was little change in her bearing or attire; the latter, perhaps, was more costly than it had been in former days, but it was as simple as ever.

She was wearing a gown of squirrel-grey cloth, trimmed fully with fur of the same hue. At Lady Jessie Boyd's request she had ceased to dress in mourning; Lady Jessie had seen too much of mourning, she said; and when Miss Woodburn wore black it must be relieved by just a faint touch of colour. The grey cloth gown had been a gift from Lady Jessie herself; and Daisy was fond of it. In Daisy's eyes those soft borderings of fur round the neck and sleeves gave her something of an antique look, and harmonised well with the old oak carvings and emblazoned windows. Cecily, with her regal grace and beauty, was the worthy successor of those grand dames who had dwelt in Hurst Hall centuries ago.

The breakfast-room was a small apartment, communicating with the great dining-room, and forming in winter one of the cosiest nooks in the old mansion. A bright fire flung its cheery light over the sober colours of the room, and shone on the polished margin of black floor and rich old Turkey carpet. Daisy sat down to her morning meal with a better appetite than she had ever brought to Dr. Garnett's table.

She sat facing the mullioned windows with their thick wreaths of ivy, and looked out upon the sunny lawn. Cecily had taken a low seat by the fire, and was busy with some plain sewing.

"Aunt Cecily," said Daisy at last; "how is it that Uncle Charles is so rich? I heard Mr. Alderstone say that no Hurstone had ever been so wealthy before."

"He made a fortune abroad," Cecily answered. "He was a coffee planter. And then, too, his wife left him a good deal of money."

"He is the gentlest, kindest old man I ever saw," Daisy said, warmly. "It is very easy to love him, for there is a look of you in his face. He has your deep blue eyes, faded and dimmed, of course, but still beautiful."

"He is wonderfully like my mother, Daisy. And he was her favourite brother; she used often to talk of him. How happy it would have made her if she could have foreseen my coming to the old hall!"

"It is such a pity that so many are dead who might have been made happy," Daisy sighed. "Grandmother and grandfather Woodburn, and my own father and mother—all are gone. Only you and I are left to enjoy the good things of this life."

"And what are our good things, compared with theirs who have entered into rest?"

"True, Aunt Cecily. But I should like them all to know how comfortable we are now."

"Perhaps they do know, Daisy; we cannot tell. It is enough for us to be sure that they are at peace. My own past is so full of graves, dear, that I always feel I must rejoice soberly in the present."

Daisy was silent, neglecting her coffee-cup and watching the sparrows flying in and out of their ivy-home. Suddenly glancing at Cecily, she was struck with the gravity of the beautiful face that bent over the sewing, and her heart gave a little throb of anxiety.

"Aunt Cecily," she said, "were you sorry to come here, and leave Lady Jessie?"

"I love her very much," replied Cecily, her colour deepening. "It was a pang to say good-bye, although she is only in the next county. And they were so fond of me."

"They, Aunt Cecily?"

"Yes; did I not tell you that little Lord Bracy, the son of the Earl of Hazlewood, was with us? He is a delicate child, and his father sent him to Lady Jessie; and so he became my pupil, Daisy—my pupil and my pet."

"You did not say much about him in your letters," rejoined Daisy, thoughtfully. And then she remembered that Cecily's letters had been filled from beginning to end with answers to her own questions.

Life at Portland Place had been altogether so trying and difficult to Daisy that she had scarcely given a thought to the kind of life that her aunt was leading. She had been constantly seeking help and counsel from her dearest earthly friend, and it never occurred to her that Cecily could ever take a deep interest in anything beside her Daisy.

It seemed strange and almost unnatural that Cecily should feel a pang of regret at leaving Lady Jessie; and the little lord, what was he to her?

Her breakfast came rather abruptly to



a conclusion. At first it had been pleasant to linger over cup and plate and watch the sparrows fluttering about the ivy; but now a sudden fit of restlessness had come upon her, and she rose from the table.

"There is a great deal of unpacking to be done," she said in a serious tone.

Cecily glanced at her and laughed outright.

"Why do you look so grave about it, Daisy?" she asked. "As yet, you and I have never been burdened with many earthly possessions, and the whole of our property is easily contained in four travelling trunks! They can be emptied, I think, and their contents stowed away in about two hours."

"Did I look grave?" said Daisy, smiling. "I daresay I am feeling a little lost and overwhelmed; but I shall get used to everything by-and-bye."

As Daisy had remarked, it certainly was very easy to love Uncle Charles Hurstone. He was a gentle-mannered and

"IN ALL HER LIFE DAISY HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL."

gentle-natured man, who had always been snubbed by his two elder brothers and not much considered by his parents. They had all been fond of pomp, and had carried their heads very high in the world, while he was a shy youth, with quiet habits, and a decided leaning towards mercantile pursuits. And he was a youth still when he said farewell to the old hall, and went out to the coffee-plantations of the Brazils.

A lifetime went by before he set foot on his native soil again. Very few letters ever went to him from Hurst Hall after his sister ran away from her home. She had been the only member of his family who had returned his affection, and at last he ceased to hear even from her. Then he himself married and formed fresh ties, and new interests began to twine about his lonely life and make it beautiful. He found royal compensation for the coldness of parents and brothers. God was good, and earth was kind to one who had known but little kindness in his youth.

There is often an Indian summer for those who have been chilled in their spring-tide. If we look closely into the lives around us we shall see that many who sowed the seed in tears are now reaping a golden harvest. We meet men and women, known as liberal souls, giving freely of the treasures that their own honest hands have won; and then we remember the forlorn boy who was the ugly duckling of his home nest, or recognise in the genial woman that pale girl who used to be the trampled one of the family.

And we shall find, too, on fairly thinking of it, that when there are only thorns and thistles in the home-garden the heartsease is sure to bloom outside its walls. Some of God's singers have had their songs despised, ay, and even stifled, by those who were the first to hear them. Afterwards, when the world shouted applause, the home circle swelled the burst, and admiring relations followed in the train of one who had been "without honour" while he sojourned among them. Well is it for them if their genius has a kindly nature, and is willing to overlook the past. They, at any rate, are seldom too proud to crawl to his feet, and pick up the scattered laurel leaves that have fallen from his crown.

Charles Hurstone had never been a genius, but he possessed certain serviceable gifts, which he turned to good account. He was making one fortune when his wife brought him another; and, better still, he had received the blessing "that maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow thereto."

Many and many happy years were spent in that tropical home; children played among its rich flowers and gathered its wealth of fruit, but they did not live to see manhood. At last, in the decline of his days, Charles Hurstone found himself a lonely widower; and then came the summons to the old hall, whose empty rooms were waiting for the last of the Hurstones.

A happy man was Charles Hurstone when he had found the child and grandchild of his dead sister. The house was theirs; his wealth was theirs; all that he asked in return was love, and a few of those attentions that are so sweet to the old. But he was by no means an exacting man; affection and tenderness had been so scantily doled out to him in his boyhood that he would have been content with but a small portion in his age.

Cecily and Daisy, however, were cheerful love-givers, and Mr. Hurstone's life seemed to be growing brighter and brighter as it neared the close.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.

The middle of August found the Colville family home again, and settling down to work, each in his or her own direction.

For Tom this was an important epoch in life, for he had now left school, and was to begin business as clerk in a commercial house in the town. Not a very exalted position, it is true, but Tom, though not altogether free from the little conceits and follies usual with boys of his age, had wit enough to perceive that by industry and careful attention to his work he might confidently expect promotion and ultimate success, though the beginning was but small.

Knowing how easy it is for a youth to pick up undesirable acquaintances, and by joining in their pleasures to become careless and neglectful of home, Margaret determined that this should not be the case with Tom if she could prevent it. Always eager to hear anything he had to tell of the affairs of the day, and to help him in any little difficulty, and always ready to join him in any amusements or walks in the evenings, she proved such a pleasant companion and confidante that there was nothing which Tom did not tell her about. She would see him off in the morning with a cheery word and smile from the doorstep, and make a special point of being at hand on his return in the evening. A sister's loving attention in little matters like this, bestowed judiciously, but not obtrusively, would in many cases keep a young man straight when otherwise, feeling there was no one at home specially interested in him, he might be led astray.

Dick meanwhile was developing a somewhat roving spirit. Never too fond of study, during the past year or two he had found school life irksome, and now implored his father to let him leave with Tom, and go to sea. This idea of going to sea, however, was considered by the authorities to be merely the transitory whim which seizes nine boys out of every ten, and was promptly quenched, though Mr. Colville consoled him by saying that after a year's steady, earnest school work, he thought it possible that Dick might go to join an uncle who was coffee planting in Ceylon, and who was anxious to have one of his nephews with him. Dick was delighted with the idea, and forthwith set to work at his studies with a will during school hours, though to work overtime, as the more studious Tom had occasionally done, was too much to expect in his opinion, and his half-holidays were still spent in long rambles and prowls round the country in search of "fresh fields and pastures new."

One Wednesday, in September, he arrived home with a large basket full of capital looking mushrooms, which he had hitherto sought far and wide in vain.

"I had to go over the hills and far away for them. Aren't they beauties?" he cried, turning them out on to the table.

"Yes, but are they all really mushrooms?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, they are all right; see how easily they peal," he answered.

"Yes, they do, but that is not always a true test, and I should feel more easy to try them in my own way, which is to sprinkle the underside with salt. If they soon turn black, I shall know they are all right, but if they turn yellow, or any other colour, they are poisonous."

Finding them all to be real mushrooms, Margaret had some cooked for tea in the nicest way she knew of. Selecting some large ones, free from grit and insects, she removed the stalks and skins, and laid them on a dish. Then she put on each several little pieces of butter, sprinkled them with salt and pepper, and put them in the oven. The fire being very hot, she covered the dish with an old plate, and when the juice began to run out, and the gills fell down, the mushrooms were taken out and served at once.

A second supply of the small button mushrooms, brought in by the invaluable Dick after an early morning walk, were stewed thus:—The peel and the ends of the stalks being removed, they were left a minute or two in a basin of water, slightly flavoured with lemon juice; next they were laid in the stewpan with a little butter, pepper, salt, and lemon juice, covered and stewed for nearly half-an-hour. Then a sauce of milk, thickened with flour and slightly flavoured with nutmeg, was added, and the mushrooms stewed till perfectly tender, when they were ready for serving.

The skins and stalks, it should be said, were saved for ketchup, in which Margaret was particularly successful by following a recipe, the combination of several which she borrowed from her usual advisers in these matters. To a gallon of mushrooms, stalks, and skins, a quarter of a pound of salt was allowed; the mushrooms were put in a pan in layers with a sprinkle of the salt between, and left for two days. At the end of this time they were well stirred up, and the whole squeezed through a cloth till all the liquor was out. To this was added half an ounce of bruised ginger, of whole pepper, and of allspice, and a morsel of garlic, chopped fine; and then the liquor was put on the fire to boil for three quarters of an hour. Finally, when quite cold, the ketchup was put away in well-corked bottles, and sealed in the same way as bottled fruit.

Perhaps it was the pleasant holiday that had braced Margaret up to a state of unusual enthusiasm in domestic matters, but at any rate she was full of reforms in the culinary department, and was resolved to have everything cooked as well as had been done at the hotel which they had visited, and set herself to find out how things were done, and to give Betsy the benefit of her researches.

"Betsy," she said one morning, "our vegetables are not so nice as they should be. It is partly because we cannot always depend on those we buy being quite fresh, but you can revive them very much before cooking by laying them in a pan of water with a handful of salt in it."

"Well, miss, I always puts them stalks upwards in salt and water, to get out any insects there might be in, but I haven't noticed no particular reviving in them after it."

"No, but then you must leave them in the salt and water an hour or more to freshen them up, whilst a quarter of an hour is all you allow them to wash out the insects. Then you must always use soft water for boiling green vegetables in, it preserves the colour wonderfully more than the hard; and also let them boil as quickly as possible."

"I haven't always got the soft water, though, miss; it often runs short this dry weather."

"But I can always soften the hard water for you by adding a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda to a saucepanful."

Betsy opened her eyes very wide at this, but made no remark. She did not altogether enjoy her mistress's reforming moods. Though she always listened to and acted on whatever she was told, still she listened in a silence which betokened disapproval.

"I have ordered some damsons for making damson cheese, which will be coming soon, and I want you to do the first part for me, Betsy, and I will finish them off in a few days. You have only to pick off the stalks, and put them into some of those wide-mouthed glass bottles from the store cupboard, without water or anything; cork them loosely, and put them in a very slow oven for four or five hours. Then drive the corks in firmly, and set them aside with the mouth downwards till I have time to finish them."

At this moment a discordant shout outside the kitchen window announced the arrival of one of the tradesmen, who proved to be the greengrocer with the said damsons.

"Why, them's nothing but bullaces, miss," Betsy exclaimed with scorn, as she took them in, "they're no damsons. Why, these here things grow wild by the bushel down home, and nobody troubles to pick them."

"Oh, Betsy, do they *really?*" said Margaret, in a melancholy tone, "I thought they were so nice, and they are certainly the best to be had in the town. Perhaps they will do for preserving and for the damson cheese."

"Oh yes, miss, well enough for anything of that; but a real damson is as large as a small plum, and full and plumpy-looking—quite different from them poor little hard things. As they're here so early, perhaps I can finish them off for you, miss, if you will please to tell me the rest of the way."

"You take them out of the bottles as soon after they are cold as you like, and press them through a sieve to keep out skins and stones. Then boil up the pulp till it becomes stiff with half a pound of this broken loaf sugar to every pound of fruit. Then pour it on to some of the common dinner plates, buttered, and put it in a warm dry place till the cheese is quite dry and firm."

"Well, it don't sound over much like cheese, miss, though no doubt very nice. And what about them birds master brought home last night, please, miss? There's one of them, in particular, won't keep above a day or two."

"Oh, the partridges! We cannot use more than one for tea to-day, so you had better half roast the other, then it will keep several days longer, and will be just as good as ever when re-roasted. The bread-sauce for to-night is very simply made: break up some stale bread, taking off all the crust and hard pieces, till you have three-quarters of a pound of crumb, then pour a pint of milk over it, and leave it to soak. While it is soaking get a small onion, cut it across twice, and put it into hot water for about a quarter of an hour, to steam out the strong taste and smell."

"Well, I never! Why, it will wash all the goodness out, miss."

"No, it leaves in quite as much flavour as anyone likes. Very few ladies will eat onions at all, simply because the strong taste and smell are so disagreeable, while if they would only soak them first they might have them in all sorts of dishes without any unpleasantness. But to finish the sauce. When the bread has soaked long enough, put it in a clean saucepan, and simmer it gently for an hour; when it is about half done, put in the onion, and a little butter, salt, and pepper."

"How long must I leave the onion in, miss?"

"Oh, you can leave it in all the time, and serve it up in the sauce. Many gentlemen like it, and in that way they can help themselves to it if they like."

"Yes, miss; but there's three birds, and one of them—well, he really do seem as tough as an old goat, and his legs is as blue as your new bonnet, instead of nice and yellow, like the other two. I were thinking as perhaps you'd have him made into soup, or something of that."

"I never heard of partridge soup," said Margaret, dubiously; "but I will look in the cookery-book, and if it says anything about it we will certainly try it."

The quest proved successful, and the tough old partridge furnished an excellent soup, treated in the following way:—It was cut into pieces and fried with a little butter and a slice of ham cut small. When the butter was thoroughly melted, a little flour was added, and all kept well stirred till it was lightly browned. Then the breast, legs, and wings were taken out and put aside, and the other contents of the pan put into a stewpan with a pint of stock flavoured with onions and celery, and a half-pint of water. It was then strained, and the fat carefully skimmed off, the breast and other portions put back, together with a lump of sugar and a little salt and pepper. The whole was boiled up once more, and skimmed, and the soup was ready for serving. Betsy was very anxious that one of the partridges should be boiled, instead of roasting them both, for the sake of a change; but Margaret declined spoiling the birds, even for the sake of variety, murmuring to herself, as she left the kitchen, the old cook's adage:—

"By roasting that which our forefathers boiled,
And boiling what they roasted, much is spoiled."

During the first weeks of September, Margaret and her brother were much occupied in the arrangement of a boating excursion to be made on Margaret's birthday, which fell during that month. The spot chosen was a good way up the river, where the woods came down almost to the river bank. The day came—fortunately, gloriously fine and sunny; the lunch, consisting of cold joints, fruit pies, and so on, all cold, was packed into the hampers before breakfast, so that all was ready by the time the party assembled at ten o'clock. They landed for a very early lunch on the river bank, and the long afternoon was spent in rambling through the woods by the lazy ones, and in a long walk to look at the ruins of the old abbey by the energetic ones. The tea was fixed for five o'clock, and of course it was the duty of the hostess to see that it was ready at the time; but when the guests came to the trysting place, all with excellent appetites, Margaret was not to be found. Mr. Colville was quite anxious, and feared she must have got lost in the woods; but Dick, who seemed to be struggling, not altogether successfully, with the desire to go off into fits of laughter, assured him she was all right, and proceeded to play such ridiculous pranks during the business of getting tea ready, that one old lady, who had been invited because she so seldom had the chance of a little pleasure, whispered to her neighbour a fear that "Richard's mind would not bear the strain of going to business so young; and she hoped poor dear Mr. Colville would not have the grief of seeing one of his sons go crazy."

At last, seeing that the party were really being kept waiting unreasonably long, Dick volunteered to go and fetch Margaret, and he appeared to know where to find her, for they soon returned. He must have met Wilfred Trent in the woods, for he came too, looking as beaming and happy as though he had been doing his duty, and attending to the other guests all the afternoon.

Everyone was sorry when it was time to return; and as they floated gently down the stream, more than one of the party noticed how silent Margaret was. And yet her eyes gleamed, and her face was flushed with a radiant happiness which made her sweet face beautiful, and left no need to inquire if the day for her had been a happy one.

The next day, after a letter to her sister had been written and despatched, Margaret commenced one to her friend, Dorothy Snow; which, as it may throw some light on the mysteriously radiant and rather excited state of our young heroine, we may be allowed to intercept and read. It ran thus:—

"My Dearest Do,—

"I have a wonderful piece of news for you. I do not know how to tell you, for I can hardly believe it is really true myself. On my birthday, yesterday, we went for a picnic, and what *do* you think happened? Mr. Trent asked me to be his wife. You can just imagine how surprised I was, for I never thought such an idea had entered his head. I am not half good enough for him. He ought to have married somebody grand and beautiful—you have no idea how good and noble he is; but, oh, dear Do., I am *so* happy! And father is very pleased, and says he could not wish for any happier lot for me; so we are *really* engaged. As to dear Mrs. Trent, she seems nearly as happy as I am, which is saying a great deal. But I am really too happy to write any more. I must go and have a long talk with Mrs. Trent; but I do wish I was clever and good and lovely. I am not a bit fit to be his wife; it makes me feel so dreadfully ignorant and stupid when I think how clever he is.—Your loving MADGE."

(*To be continued.*)



DURHAM DEGREES FOR WOMEN.

THE University of Durham has for many years past conducted examinations of girls, as well as boys, on a system very similar to that of the Cambridge local examinations, and has lately decided to make women eligible for the actual degree of B.A.

To obtain this degree, it is necessary for the candidate (*a*) to pass a matriculation examination; (*b*) to reside for not less than two years in a house provided by the University, attending lectures and conforming to special discipline; (*c*) to pass a second examination at the end of the first year, and the third and final examination after the conclusion of the required period of residence.

The subjects of all the examinations will be the same for women as for men, and they may either take a pass degree, or enter for honours—classical or mathematical.

Matriculation examinations will be held on October 11th, and at the beginning of each term afterwards.

As yet no entrance scholarships are open to women, but it is probable that the friends of higher female education, at whose request the University has decided to admit this class of students, will shortly come forward with the funds necessary to establish a suitable college endowed with adequate scholarships.

Anyone intending to become a student ought to write to the Registrar of the University of Durham.

BLUE CORNFLOWERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.

CHAPTER III.

Yes! he lay dying. A few short years of married life, and now Everard must leave it all. Dora and he had plighted their troth, and the little clinging bride had come home to brighten with her youth and gaiety the painter's home.

Yet amid all the joys which they experienced, a stronger mind and braver heart had been the mainspring of their life. Content with the lot which she had accepted, Joan worked patiently on during the years that passed. Once, indeed, the strong temptation had been offered to leave it all and join Robin in his distant home. "Let me have a line to meet me on arrival if you care to see me, and will give me one ray of hope," had been the words written to her one spring day when Robin's business brought him home for two months. He had explained to her how matters were—that he was *en route* for Germany, but should wait her reply for one day. More time he could not spare. The letter was duly posted, the mail safely brought it to England, the postman safely delivered it at Joan's door, and the maid-of-all-work placed it securely on the mantelshelf to wait Joan's return from the North in a day or two; but, alas! the sweeps were coming, and the papers, &c., were shovelled out of the way, all in a heap, one fell into the grate, one was swept away and burnt, and that one's loss wrecked Joan's earthly happiness. The letter had been registered, and Mary had duly signed its receipt, but thought nothing of its value; and when, on rearranging the room, she did not actually miss it, the matter quite escaped her memory, and if once conscience pricked her, she thought it safest to say nothing unless asked; and of course no inquiries were made, as Joan knew nothing of its past existence. Everard did not work more than he could help in the early days of his marriage, for the little wife required amusement and constant excursions out of London; and day after day pictures were set aside, and the studio was full of unfinished work, and in vain did Joan offer remonstrance to continued idleness.

"You are hard on Everard! See how white he looks! He must not sit over those nasty paints all day," said the wife; and Joan, with a sigh, felt how difficult it was to do the work set before her. Once she went away up North to see her sister, wearied and worn; but scarce was she gone than everything fell into greater disorder than ever in the home she left behind, and imploring letters came to entreat her speedy return, for Dora was ill. Everard had an order he must finish in order to get the money to pay the butcher and baker; the maid-of-all-work was dirty and careless, and all went wrong without Joan. She returned to find Dora laid up, and before many days to welcome Everard's first-born babe, a little, fragile infant, who passed away within a few days of opening its eyes upon this world, and, turning away from earth, only lived in Heaven. Dora's grief was like that of a passionate child's, and all Everard's thoughts were for her; but, like many others who lament loudly at first, the summer season found her bright and thoughtless as ever, and none save Joan ever gave a passing thought to the little one who had just smiled upon them, and then been laid to rest in the London cemetery.

Among the few treasured relics of her parents, Joan was the possessor of a really valuable necklace which had been her mother's—a single row of pearls of no great size, but of regular shape and purity. Joan held it as it were in trust, as, accompanying the bequest, Mrs. Rivers had left it to Joan's discretion to dispose of it should need be. This provision was in a note to Joan which she had kept to herself; but it had prevented her giving the necklace to Dora on her marriage, which the little bride thought decidedly mean and stingy.

"It ought to belong to your wife, Everard," she would say when, on going out soon after her wedding, she had coveted such an addition to her toilet. But it was still locked up in Joan's strong-box, for she knew it must not be disposed of till a time of dire necessity arose. To-night the doctor who had been in attendance had asked for further advice, and an eminent physician was summoned, only to confirm their worst fears, that a very few weeks must, in all human probability, end Everard's life. He had been ailing for some time, and had caught a violent chill, which settled on his lungs, and the worn cheeks, the racking cough, the unnatural brilliancy of his eye bore all the sure signs of a rapid decline.

"Miss Rivers," said Dr. Pratt, "we" (bowing to the great authority) "thought it best to tell you instead of Mrs. Everard the state of our patient. She is so delicate that she could not control her agitation, and all such excitement would be very injurious."

"Certainly. Pray tell me the whole truth, and exactly what is to be done for my brother."

The truth was easily told; for it was evident that no hope existed, and Joan had felt this for some days.

"What is to be done for him?"

"Well, there is little to be done except to give him all the nourishment he can take. Let him be kept as quiet as possible and free from all that could worry or distress him," and Dr. Pratt and Sir James took their leave.

Joan sat on quite still for a few minutes after they were gone. Not a tear came to relieve her aching heart, as she realised what was before her. Weeks, surely weeks, they had said he might live! A few short seven days, and then——. And on her must devolve the task of preparing the wife for the coming blow. But even as she sat and thought of all that lay before them, the door opened and Dora burst in.

"Oh, Joan, I thought those stupid doctors never would have done talking; and now Everard is so tired, and he asks for some soup. I'll take it up; he must have lots of nourishment, they say, and then he'll get all right. But you look very down, Joan; what's the matter? The doctors haven't frightened you, have they?" and then, as if she feared to hear the answer in words, she ran on to another subject. "Everard's pillows are not right; he must have larger ones. I should like to go and choose one at Heals', but I think he don't like me to go out again."

"I'll go," said Joan, "directly I have seen about the soup."

Not long after, when she carried it up, she saw Everard lying half asleep, with the little wife's hand firmly held in his, and as she came near so quietly, and put the soup close to the bed, Everard only moved a little and said, "Thanks, Dora, darling," as if there were but one in all the world who could be ministering to him. Half-an-hour later, as Joan sat writing, a ring at the bell, followed by some loud conversation in the passage, roused her curiosity; for it was unusual to be thus disturbed. The good landlady's voice could be distinguished alternately in angry tones, and then apparently mildly expostulating.

"It's no use pretending to me that the gent's so very ill, 'cause if I doesn't see him or the lady 'twill be worse for them."

Joan, at last, fearful of Everard being disturbed, went to inquire its cause.

"Oh, ma'am, I beg your pardon; but if you are the lady, perhaps you'd just settle this matter."

"What is it?"

"Oh, it's only a matter of sixty-eight pounds."

"Sixty-eight pounds! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean this. I advanced some money to Mr. Rivers on three unfinished pictures, promised to me more than six months ago, and I've waited till I'll wait no longer; and I'll have the law of him to-morrow. So you see, mum, you'd best make an arrangement at once."

Joan was posed. "Make an arrangement!" What could the man mean? Besides, if making an arrangement meant settling £68, she might as well try to extract the money from the Man in the Moon's pocket (if he has one).

Still, there was a fixed, dogged determination about the man that made her tremble.

"You'd better walk in here and explain yourself more clearly," and she opened the sitting-room door, and by the light of the lamp she could judge better of the visitant—a short, thick-set individual, whose manner and appearance was decidedly offensive to Joan.

"Sorry to trouble a lady, but right's right, and no one can be surprised that, after being put off and off by the gent, and now for the last three weeks getting no answer to any of my letters, I come here and am told he is ill in bed. That won't do. I must have the money or the pictures, whichever he chooses. I am at a dead lock myself, and if one or the other is not handed over to me within twenty-four hours, Mr. Rivers will find himself sold up." Joan put a determined face upon the matter, and said, in a quiet voice, "Mr. Rivers is dangerously ill, and can neither be spoken to upon such matters, nor can he open any letters. I am his sister, and if this claim is correct I will see what is to be done about settling it; but I shall do nothing without legal advice."

The man looked at her keenly, and the rough impertinence of his manner was somewhat quelled by her dignity and calmness.

"Beg pardon, miss; no legal advice is any good. I'm only acting under orders; and these are very straight. Pictures or money within those hours."

"Give me the address of your employer, as you say you are only acting under orders, and state the claim;" and Joan drew a sheet of paper to her, and prepared to take down his reply.

This quiet manner under circumstances that would make most women tremble and cry was of immense importance at the moment. Self-possession and dignity are virtues all women should cultivate, for they will tide over many a difficulty, and never fail to impress those you are with. *Au contraire*, a frightened, nervous manner forfeits all respect, and brands your position as very weak, and if in presence of a bully, he never fails to take advantage of it.

Giving Joan the address of a firm in some out-of-the-way court near Chancery-lane, and stating that Mr. Rivers had been employed in painting pictures at a certain price, which he was bound to deliver to date, and on which he had already received half payment, proofs of which Joan's unwelcome visitor said might be seen at the office, besides some awkward written promises which he had with him, after some demur he departed with a written note from Joan, stating her brother's alarming illness, making an appointment to call and arrange matters the next day; and then she was left alone, and for a moment the room where she sat, the scene she had gone through, and everything about her seemed to swim before her eyes in a confused dream, from which she was just wakening; but no, it was a reality, and going up to her

brother's door, Dora appeared to say he was sleeping quietly, and had said he wished no one but her to be with him. As it happened, Joan could not have stayed, for the business was urgent. Still it came across her mind that she was no longer necessary to her brother's comfort, and that now, in his dying hours—for such she knew they were—another hand would minister to his wants, another voice would soothe his agonies, and her part was only to sit by—alone!

But the work before her must be done; and, first passing into the studio, she turned the half-finished pictures round, and compared them with the list which had been given her. How unworthy of Everard's real talent were the badly-composed, carelessly-drawn paintings in hand, for which he got a few pounds, and which were now the subject of delayed payment. Still, there was more to be explained before Joan could accept the justice of so large a debt. As to any one of them being of any value now, that was absurd; and no artist could have finished the set within three months. Sadly Joan closed the studio doors, feeling that never again would Everard take up his work in that room, and feeling sadder as she thought of bright prospects faded, and life ebbing away so surely and so swiftly.

In her hand Joan carried a small packet, for she had quickly resolved that the moment had come when her mother's pearls must be disposed of. She had noticed a large jeweller's in Oxford-street where second-hand jewellery was often displayed; and, with a sort of idea in her own mind as to the value of the necklace, she entered the shop and asked for the manager. This was another painful experience for Joan, as Mr. Spry came out of his private room, and in a supercilious manner asked her business, which he had shrewdly guessed as he looked through the window when she came in first and laid her parcel on the counter.

"I have a necklace to dispose of, and have brought it to you, as I believe you purchase good jewellery; and I know this is valuable."

"Well, ma'am, these are very bad times for the trade, and unless it is anything exceptionally good we should scarcely be justified in making an offer."

"Perhaps you will look at it, and then say if you will buy or not."

"De-lighted to oblige a lady! Mr. Samson! step this way. Here is a necklace this lady has brought for sale; do you consider it a saleable article? Very pretty! very pretty! but—" and he shrugged his shoulders—"the price we should offer would scarcely tempt you, though I should, of course, give its full value; but just now these simple things are quite out of date. Really, miss, I fear we must decline."

Of course, Mr. Spry never meant to let the pearls go if he could get them at his price; he only thought to impress Joan with the idea that the necklace was of no great value. She quietly waited, though a flush came into her cheeks as she noticed the whispering consultation that went on, and then Mr. Samson, as spokesman, said—

"We would purchase it, to oblige you, at £35, but could give no more." And saying this he replaced them in their velvet case, as if convinced the matter would end there.

"Certainly, if that is your offer, I shall not part with it," said Joan, very resolutely, and as if it were really not the great importance it was to her to find a purchaser.

"Well, ma'am, I'm sorry we can't say more. What was your idea of the value?"

"Double the sum you named."

"Oh really, miss, that is unreasonable. Of course, if you would make it a matter of exchange, we should say more, and can show you the latest novelties in jewellery."

"Thank you, no. Good morning."

And she stepped out of the shop.

"You ran that too fine, Samson. I wish we had taken them at a fair price, for I could have placed them at once. Perhaps she'll come back to us."

But, no! At that moment Joan fortunately remembered an old Cumberland acquaintance—a farmer's son he was—who had gone to London many years ago, and was high up in the business of a West-end jeweller; and though she would rather not have betrayed her need to one of the old country folk, she thought it best to put that scruple on one side, and resolutely walked on, little heeding the passing crowds in the busy thoroughfares; for she was alone! And where more alone than in London? There is nowhere that the sense of loneliness is more keenly felt. Each passer-by has some miserably absorbing interest, and you are to him as nothing. The very next-door neighbours in a London street know nothing of the lives lived so very near, and only separated in perhaps the hours of bitter sorrow by the narrow wall which divides our houses.

James Cornack, now foreman in Mr. Ruby's great warehouse, was much surprised by a request to speak to Miss Rivers, and quite blushed with shyness when she opened her business.

"I'll ask the principal what its intrinsic value is, Miss Rivers, and then you shall know what they will offer."

And, shortly returning with one of the firm, he informed her that, though the real value of the necklace was over £90, they could only offer £75 for it. Joan could not refrain an exclamation of thankfulness that she had not parted with it earlier in the day at so ridiculously small a price, and told James Cornack what had been offered.

He smiled, and said he could easily guess where she had already been, and named the firm, well known for their sharp practice.

Joan soon left Bond-street richer by £75, and without her mother's cherished jewels; but the relief was great as she got near to the place of appointment, and felt she could discharge the claim. It was her first experience in dealings of the kind, and Joan felt almost dishonest towards Everard, when she had to listen and understand the dealings he had had with the money-lender (for such he was) she now faced. Alas! in black and white, in Everard's own writing, were the records of the transactions and the obligations he lay under. But it was no moment for trifling or raising disputes; and Joan did not leave Chancery-lane till she was in possession of a full discharge of all her brother's liabilities in that quarter.

Weary, and with highly-strained nerves, she reached home, and, passing quietly upstairs, was met by Dora, who repeated the wish for Joan to leave her with Everard, "as he likes to have me best," was the sole remark. "When he's asleep perhaps you'll sit by him, and I'll rest."

The two-year-old daughter, who had followed the one who died so soon, was Joan's most constant companion now, and the purling prattle and winning ways of the little one soothed poor Joan in many weary hours.

Slowly and surely the last evening approached, so noiselessly, so gradually that it was scarce noticed by the anxious watchers. Dora loved to say how much better her husband looked and was, and often upbraided Joan for her grave fears.

Robin was in England, and, hearing of the hopeless state in which Everard lay, had written a brief note to Joan, saying he should be glad to see him once more, and, if possible, to be of any use to wife or sister, and, "Of course, in coming once more to his house, I shall forget the past, and we must meet as if it had never been." What a mysterious ending; and how easy it might have been to have sought an explanation! But Joan would take him at his wish; and, with cold unmoved manner, she met him and welcomed his frequent visits to her brother's sick room. Often he would go upstairs with Dora, and Joan sat on by the fireside, *apart!*

There came, at last, the dread summons which surely waits us all, and Everard must look his last on the wife he loved so dearly and the little one whom he would never see grow up. Hour after hour they watched his breathing as it came so feebly that they, trembling, thought him gone. Dora's was the hand which soothed his pillow, Dora's was the name he breathed in his disturbed slumbers, and it was for her his anxious thoughts of the future were harassed.

"Joan, you must care for her and the little one for my sake! You will promise this? She'll want you more than ever when I'm gone." And so once more Joan made a promise to watch and tend another's life, and sacrifice her own.

'Twas over!—the last day of anxiety and the first of utter blankness, when no more can be done, and we stand by the side of our dead, gone from our sight—gone to the great account, and we are left to take up the daily duties of life—to go on without the living presence of one who was bound up with every action, every thought of our existence.

Robin was ever at hand to help the two lone women. The child clung to Joan at this time, for Dora indulged in weeping so violent and loud that the frightened little one was terrified, and wept in fear, which to her mother's never strong nerves was constant irritation; and so many quiet hours the aunt and niece spent alone, while the faithful friend came and went, and did his best to cheer the widow in her overwhelming grief. Joan had to face the stern realities of present arrangements and future plans. True to her purpose of staying with Dora till she wished otherwise, Joan made her resolutions quickly, and the night after poor Everard was laid in the grave, and the other mourners had left them alone, she drew Dora to her and told her all she thought best. Like a petted child, Dora laid her head on Joan's shoulder in hysterical weeping, and vowed they must never be parted, and, like a tired child, Joan soothed her to sleep; and when, wearied out, she fell into a deep slumber, Joan turned once more into the room sacred to the dead, now, indeed, bare and cold in all its dreary desolation, and as she stood a few moments where he had lain so long, her eye fell on the vases which had been lovingly placed about, and again it was a bunch of blue cornflowers which she carried away and closed between the leaves of the diary which marked the day of Everard's burial.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MAIDEN HAIR.—We think you must have made some mistake, as the fee is four guineas for a *year's course*, and two guineas for a course of four months. There is a Society for the Encouragement of Home Study (secretary, Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham; fee, 1 guinea) which may be of use to you.

LADY WHITE.—The *Te Deum* is usually ascribed to St. Ambrose, being composed by him for the baptism of St. Augustine. From this it is sometimes called the "Ambrosian Hymn."

HAM FRILL.—The expenses at Girton College amount to £105 per annum. The entrance examinations take place in March and June. Your feelings are your best guide in such a matter as mourning.

DI GUIOMAR.—Your plan for self-improvement is excellent, but we could not act as advertisers to any private scheme.

LEHRERIN.—Address, for instruction by correspondence, Miss Shore, Orchard Poyle, Taplow, Maidenhead. We think you require advice from a doctor, and probably a tonic.

MARIE ROSS.—The "Handbook of English Literature," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., will be of great use to you. Cover the gooseberries with a thin layer of melted tallow, which will prevent any air getting to them.

HOPE.—Inquire of a bookseller. We do not know what you mean by your last query. For the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations two grades of certificates are granted—"Honour" and "Ordinary." Write for papers and information to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

HILDA OSMOND.—1 John iv. 7 is the nearest version you need. The earnest and loving epistle is addressed to "little children," and when St. John grew too old and feeble to preach, he is said (by tradition) to have exhorted his hearers in the words "Little children, love one another."

FAITHE.—If possible, go through the Senior Cambridge first of all, and then matriculate in June at the University of London. You are only a child at fifteen, and could not be expected to converse like a grown person. Everyone is nervous when very anxious to play well before an audience, not merely through vanity, but from great anxiety to please those who have had you taught to play. As you grow older you will gain more confidence in your own powers.

BALBUS.—"A," "an," and "the" usually termed "articles," are also called by Angus, in his "Handbook of the English Tongue," "definitive adjectives."

JEANETTE.—The word "umbrella" comes from the Latin *umbra*, a shade, and the French word *ombrelle*, a sunshade. *Sinister* means on the left hand, or the side of the left hand, in opposition to *dexter*, or right. The left being usually regarded as the unlucky, or wrong side, we have the word *sinister*, disastrous, evil. Ask your brother to desist from doing what your father dislikes, but remember that you have no authority.

WORK.

MINNEHAHA.—When black straw, chip, or felt hats lose their blackness they must be sent to be re-blocked; but if the two first-named have only become limp, make a thin solution of gum-arabic, and with a broad flat brush paint the outside, to stiffen it. You write a good hand, and we are glad you so kindly appreciate our answers to our correspondents.

NELLIE H.—As we said to "Minnehaha," so to you we can only say, send your white straw bonnet to be properly re-blocked. To you also we owe our best acknowledgments for an opinion of our paper so kindly appreciative.

A CONSTANT READER (I. of W.).—We thank you for your kind letter respecting the cleaning of gold lace. You are quite right in reference to the necessity for ascertaining whether the foundation be of wire or lace, before using the hydrochloric acid to clean it. A silk foundation would be destroyed by it.

THISTLE.—We thank you very much for your nice letter, pattern of crochet work, and recipe for the "shell pattern." Of the latter we hope to make use when we have the required space.

PRIMROSE.—"Walking jackets" are untrimmed, and are made in coat-shape. Unless you have a good pattern, and know how to cut out, it is best to have it done by a tailor. Use buttons of the size of a shilling.

J. J.—Consult "My Work Basket," and "Crochet for Little Workers," in vol. i. We trust you look through the columns of the correspondence with attention. We have had several complaints of "no answers," and have found them easily on referring to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MINUETTE.—If intended for a dress, add a dark silk to the pattern, of the colour of the selvidge at the edge. If it be for the summer, you might use the shade of the gold-coloured dots.

MINNIE WEBB.—The embroidery you mean is probably cross-stitch embroidery on linen, a very ancient style. We have given several examples in "My Work Basket" of border designs. Your writing is very good.

KATIE.—Use Roberson's "Medium," to be found at any artist's colourman's. Silkworms may, we believe, be purchased in Covent Garden.

VENUS.—Red terra-cotta vases are cheaper than the stone ones. If these be too expensive, use wooden tubs, and cover them with cork, so as to hide the tub completely. You write very badly for twelve years of age.

EUGENIE.—For a child's wool girdle, or rolled scarf, cast on thirty-six stitches, using 3 thread fleecy, and fine ivory needles. Knit alternately three stitches, pearl, and three plain, two yards long.

CALLIOPE.—See articles on crewel work in vol. i. It would show both good taste and feeling if you called first on him and his family.

SANS SOUCI.—The "Mother Hubbard" mantles are much worn. We have no means of knowing your circumstances, but we advise you to find a suitable companion for any summer excursion.

VIOLET.—Match the green cloth with serge, diagonal, or velveteen, for the mantel curtains.

A FACTORY GIRL.—You deserve great credit for your industry and cleverness. At any good fancy shop you may obtain the transferable patterns for braiding, which may be ironed. Also the coloured tracing-paper, in blue, red, green, and white, with which you may trace the patterns which you have in stock for yourself, by laying it under them next the material, and drawing over the outlines with a pointed instrument.

BIRDIE.—We do not consider the "Mother Hubbard" cloak a good shape for a little girl, for, as you say, it "ties up the arms." A long plain and well-cut jacket of stockingette cloth is quite as fashionable, and more suitable. Your writing is very legible.

L. S. A.—The dress would look well laced with the cord, but you should repeat the blue somewhere on the skirt. Combine the brown velvet with the silk on the hat.

MUSIC.

BLANCHE.—We should advise you to select from either Mendelssohn's (which you misspell Mendlesson) or Schuloff's works, but as we do not know your powers as a pianist, we cannot help you. Write and inquire of the secretary, Trinity College, Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, W. Pronounce as "bak," with the German guttural.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The articles on music run all through the first volume, which we should advise you to procure for yourself. See the article on "Terra-Cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABIGAIL.—We thank you much for the kind thought of telling us of an instance, under your own observation, of the effect produced on the behaviour of a young lady by the counsel given in our paper. It is indeed encouraging to hear of the good fruit already produced from the seed sown.

G. P. K.—This correspondent says, "Will you kindly tell me what causes teeth to drop out, and for what it is used?" We really cannot inform her "for what it is used," not having been told its name. Sometimes a severe cold will loosen the teeth; and salivation will also injure and loosen them. If a bad cold, we cannot tell the use, except as a trial of patience, and to replenish the doctor's and apothecary's purse.

GRANNIE.—We cannot give either addresses or prices. White writing paper and envelopes may be sold by the cwt., and so may newspapers and circulars, each separately allowed for; the highest price being given for the former. Pronounce as if written "Chriss-to-well"; the emphasis on the first syllable. You write very well.

HELEN.—For the description of a certain kind of meal called "Mummet" by the Berkshire people, a clue may be found in the fact that "mum,"—written "mumme" in Danish—denotes a kind of malt liquor, which is much used in Germany, which is made of the malt of wheat, seven bushels, one of oatmeal, and one of gound beans. Thus, "mummet" is probably a very old name for a mixture of wheat prepared as malt, combined with oatmeal, and ground beans. You spoil your writing by using a bad pen.

SIMON STYLITES appears, indeed, to have exalted herself on a pillar from whence to proclaim her views, and make her complaints. But her self-elevation appears scarcely to have been effected for the purpose of self-humiliation, like that of her namesake! If Mistress "Simon Stylites" had about 1,000 letters a week to consider, reject, or answer, we imagine she would be sorry to undertake the task which, of our own free will, we endeavour to fulfil. Moreover, girls are perpetually grumbling that replies have not been given, which they would have found had they taken due pains to look for them, either directly addressed to themselves, or already made to others on the same subjects. The publication of the names of successful competitors is made as early as possible.

MADELINE.—Try to prove to your sister, by your kindness and gentleness, that you are much nicer and more worthy of her love and respect than she has hitherto imagined. This will serve your cause far better than a perpetual effort at self-assertion. If so plain in features, it should be your effort to improve your expression. Probably your feelings of annoyance are only too well reflected on your countenance.

AURELIA.—1. If your income be under £150 per annum, simply state the fact on the printed notice which will be sent you to be filled up, and pay nothing. 2. Beat the fur with a small stick, brush it well, and into the box in which you lay it by place a piece of brown paper on which you have dropped some turpentine. Take the fur out once or twice in the course of the summer, and repeat the process.

IVY.—We have many times informed our correspondents that old postage stamps, excepting of great rarity, are of no value. We hope that your hand is not yet formed, as it is a poor one.

WYCH HAZEL.—Children are not legally bound to pay their parents' debts. Your writing is rather careless, some lines written in a larger hand than others, some close, and others wide apart.

ORANGE AND BLUE.—If you have no ice, wrap the butter in a piece of wet canvas, and place it in a strong draught at the north side of the house. Your writing would be prettier if smaller and rounder.

HEADLY.—If there were burglars outside your house trying to effect an entrance, which plan would you adopt to secure safety, to open all the doors and windows, or to shut them? Treat the lightning in the same way. We do not think much of you wiseacre friend's advice.

VIXEN.—String, cord, and rope are sold at hardware and at oil shops. Tell the person who waits on you for what purpose you require it. The articles sent up to the competition are all retained for charitable purposes.

ALECTO.—It is no recommendation to your verses to tell us they are the first you have ever written. After some years you may do better, but this is not certain.

S. J. S.—You cannot have seen our articles on handwriting, with specimens. Get the first volume before you propose any other subjects.

MAY C.—Why not consult the clergyman in whose house you are residing?

FERN.—We do not give trade addresses or prices. There must be florists in your town who can tell you the cost of fern cases, if you explain what size and sort you want.

ALICE.—You had better give the work to a working silversmith, asking what he will charge.

ANNIE.—See our notices to correspondents. We can reply to only a few out of the multitudes of questions sent, some of which could be answered by friends at hand, and others are not on matters of sufficient importance. What your questions were we do not know, as we sometimes get 200 letters a day.

EDITH.—Your canary may forget its fright in time. There may be other reasons for its not singing. Wait and see—or, rather, wait and hear.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The postage to France is the same as at home, generally three-halfpence a monthly part; but you had better ask at a post-office when the weight is doubtful.

IGNORAMUS.—The adjective "progressive" applied to nations surely needs no explanation. Any country where progress is marked, as Japan in the East, or the United States in the West, *is* progressive, while others, like Turkey, are declining. To dry seaweeds float them in shallow water, so as to let the fronds be well spread, and dry upon paper as with land plants.

SCHOOLGIRL.—In conversation you may use contractions like wasn't or didn't, but not in writing.

LOUIE.—Patterns of woollen shawls can be easily seen in a town like Ipswich.

M. C.—We have more contributions than we can use.

DIAMOND.—Novels and stories differ only in size, novel being usually applied to larger works of fiction. Whether stories are profitable depends on their character.

SORROWFUL.—Your letter gives a deplorable picture of weakness of character and moral principle. If you could be industrious on behalf of your young brothers and sisters, you could be so—by the same effort of will—to please your husband. Put aside all your amusing books for the next six months, with the exception of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and some good cookery or needlework book (of course, the Holy Bible, and any educational work connected with it, excepted), and apply yourself to your household duties, learning those of which you are ignorant. Portion out your day for each duty, watching the clock, so as to be very exact, taking so much time for superintending and directing the servants; so much for the repair of your husband's and your own wardrobe; so much for practising in turn with drawing; so much for out-of-door exercise, shopping, and visiting, as also for letter-writing and accounts. You will thus be a happier woman, and retain your husband's respect and affection. At the end of six months a habit of industry will have been formed, and you might indulge in an hour's reading daily with advantage.

RHODA.—The Bishop of Sodor and Man is so called because his diocese includes the two islands so called. Sodor is given precedence to Man, although so small as to size, because the cathedral and castle are situated upon it.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—Your letter gratified and interested us much. We are very glad that our various recipes have proved so successful. Your writing is too upright, but you make a proper distinction between the "u" and the "m" and "n," so perpetually confounded with them.

ROSEMARY.—The title "lady" is derived from Saxon *hleafdian*, contracted into *lafdy*, and then into lady. *Laf*, or *hlâf*, or loaf, means food or bread, and *dian* means to serve, so that the title "lady" means "bread-server." The feudal lord supplied the food for the guests, or the poor, and the ladies used to carve and distribute it. In the present day it is so misapplied that the title has become of no significance, and it is even regarded as a vulgarism by real "ladies" to use it as a distinguishing term. Those to whom it was formerly accorded, as a distinction correctly describing them, decline so to style themselves. Not knowing what branches of your education have been neglected, nor your position as to gaining a living, we cannot offer you advice.



"FRIENDSHIP BEYOND THE GRAVE."

"We meet again," how often said,
E'en by the fluttering breath,
Words uttered round the dying bed,
The whispered hope in death—
"We meet again beyond the tomb,
Where tears and partings cannot come."

'Tis sad to grieve one aching heart,
To give one mourner pain,
But oh! how many loved ones part,
Nor meet in joy again;
For friendship that endures in heaven
Is rarely on our pathway given.

Oh, ye who bow at beauty's shrine,
And dream the gentle tie
Will cheer thy weary path, in time,
And soothe thy failing eye,
Deem not thy thoughts of earthly love
Will ever wake again above.

How many hearts that seem to dwell
In fond affection here
Will sadly breathe a last farewell
Beside the silent bier!
Their friendship with existence o'er,
Severed on earth to meet no more.

When God's unfailing scrutiny
Reads in the soul within
The secret of each hidden tie,
Its bond of truth or sin;
When each vain thought is swept away,
How little earthly love will stay!

"We meet again." Oh, blessed they
Whose friendship shall endure,
Who cheer each other on the way
With feelings true and pure;
Who mingle oft in praise and prayer,
Their dearest hope and deepest care.

For them cold death no sorrow brings,
For they will join at last
The glorious band on high that sings
Of death and parting past;
To them alone belongs the strain,
"We part on earth to meet again."

M. M. P.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—No. 87.] AUGUST 27, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

BY ALICE KING.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME months had passed away since the night of the burglars' visit to Stonecroft. Little Harry had fully regained his strength and his pretty looks, and his merry laugh and pattering feet were making a playful chime once more in the old Priory, from which he and his mother had not yet removed to any other home. Mr. Lindhurst, in the new light of Christian kindliness which had of late years risen upon his soul, had resolved not to let the poor young widow leave the home of her girlhood until her son's health was entirely restored, and so he had made them stay on with him till the autumn. Miss Nancy had made grim faces over the matter, but had at last acquiesced. Ruby had glided back into all her old ways and works at the Priory. The world in general had called her a heroine ever since it knew the story of that night at Stonecroft; but the grand title changed nothing in sweet Ruby's gentle bearing.

Ben Bryant was still in the hospital at



"SHE STARTED ROUND, AND SAW THAT IT WAS MR. LINDHURST."

[*All rights reserved*]

Barnstaple, whither he had been carried after that eventful night, very slowly recovering from the effects of his dangerous wound. At first, small hopes had been entertained of his recovery, but now he was likely to get quite well. But a more precious cure had been going on in his heart and mind. Helped by the good offices of the hospital chaplain, who soon found out that there was pure gold left under the rust of sin in his nature, Ben had now, with God's grace leading him, got back to the steep upward path; and sincere repentance and a waking up of the good teaching of old days were making the way easier and easier for him. His parents had been to visit him; and, though his mother's eyes had filled with tears as they rested on the wasted features of her once bright, handsome lad, she knew that our Father in heaven was doing all things well for this child, even as she had learned to know He had done for that other child of hers whom He had taken to Himself. Then she laid Bessie's Bible softly on the coverlet of his bed, and thought that it would make Bessie glad, even amid the joy of the Eternal City, to look down and see with what reverence he opened the sacred book, and how his pale face shone as he bent over its pages. As for Ruby, when she heard how the bread cast upon the waters long ago, when she taught Ben in the village Sunday-school, was at last bringing forth good fruit, she thanked God, and took courage.

One stormy autumn afternoon, when the wind was tearing off the yellow leaves by handfuls and whirling them about in rough play, Ruby, having spent an hour or so with a sick woman, caring in turn for her body and her soul, was taking a little brisk exercise up and down the dry garden gravel walks before going in. She had always retained her girlish love for fresh air and active movement. As she gazed at the front of the old grey house, seen, as it was to-day, through a curtain of misty rain, her mind went wandering back to that wet, windy evening long ago, when she had first come to the Priory; and she thought how strange it was that she, who had entered those doors then as a poor dependant, should now pass in and out through them as a daughter of the family. When Ella married she had offered to go and look out for a situation as a governess or companion, but Mr. Lindhurst had at once, and most peremptorily, forbidden such a proceeding on her part. He had said that she was to remain with him, for he could not do without her, and he had continued to pay her the same ample yearly salary that he had given her as Miss Ringwood's companion. Ruby had told him that this was no more her due, but he had said that it was her own, and that she was to take it, and say no more about it, or he should be very angry with her. She was, in all respects, now like a child to him, he added, as far as duty and as affection went, and as a child of his own she should be treated in the Priory from henceforth.

A few minutes after, she felt a hand on her shoulder. She started round, and saw that it was Mr. Lindhurst.

"Do you want me?" she began, and then stopped, for she had looked into his face, and it was strangely pale and troubled.

"Oh! guardian, what is the matter?" she cried.

"Ruby, I have just received a telegram," he said; "a telegram which deeply concerns you."

"Concerns me!" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Child," he went on in a low tone, "you must put on mourning. A near relation of yours is dead."

"But I did not know I had any nearer relation than you and Miss Nancy," she answered, her heart beginning to beat quickly, she hardly knew why.

"Yes, Ruby; though you never knew it, you had one, and your mother was once very dear to her."

"And you never told me this before!" cried she, her agitation increasing every moment.

"I could not help it, child," said the old man, with grave sadness. "I tried to persuade her to act differently towards you, but she thought your mother wronged her, and she could not quite forgive that in you. She was a strange, stern woman."

And as he spoke those last words Matthew Lindhurst breathed a long sigh.

"I cannot believe that my mother ever wronged anyone," cried Ruby, her cheeks flushing and her words coming quickly and vehemently; her mother's memory was a very sacred thing to her.

"She who is just gone thought much more tenderly of your mother as years went on," said the old man, laying his hand soothingly on her shoulder. "And, Ruby, you must never speak in any way except gently of this unknown relation of yours, for she has been a kind friend to you, though you have not known that the kindness came from her."

"Did she send me my mother's letter, and all those other things?" asked Ruby, in a low tone.

"Yes she did," he answered, softly, drawing her arm within his, and beginning to lead her back towards the house; "and, Ruby, her death has given me much to tell you. In the first place it has placed you in a very high and responsible position. But come with me into my study, and I will soon make it all plain to you."

Ruby began to breathe quicker; a strange, waiting feeling was upon her, joined with an indistinct awe. It seemed to her as if her future was now going to be revealed to her—as if she should now know for the first time the full meaning of the secret. She was very pale, and a slight shiver passed through her frame, as though a sudden cold blast had swept by. When they reached the house, Mr. Lindhurst made her sit down at his side. She murmured a low prayer for strength to meet whatever might be coming, as she obeyed him, and then was calmer. After that the old man began to speak in a voice which faltered a little at first, but which grew steadier as he went on; and all the time the twilight shadows were gathering on that autumn afternoon as those two sat there together. We will tell, in as few words as possible, what Ruby now heard.

Ruby's grandmother on the mother's side had had a sister, a Miss Carew, who was one of the richest heiresses in the west of England. She was only a half-sister, however, to Mrs. Litchfield—that was Ruby's grandmother's name—and her large fortune and wide estates came to her entirely from her maternal relations, so that Mrs. Litchfield was comparatively poor. But this did not prevent a strong affection growing up between the two sisters; and though Miss Carew was a good deal the elder of the pair, and though Mrs. Litchfield had married young, while Miss Carew remained a single woman, there was a wondrous tie of love between them. Miss Carew was the stronger character by far of the two, and ruled Mrs. Litchfied entirely, where her husband's will did not interfere.

Miss Carew's clinging attachment for her sister was increased in singleness and intensity by certain circumstances which had darkened her youth. She had once been engaged to be married, and the man who was to have been her husband was none other than Matthew Lindhurst, who was then in the prime of early manhood. But the connection had been entirely broken off between them, never to be resumed, on account of certain bitter misunderstandings on both sides, into the nature of which it is quite unnecessary to enter here; it suffices to say that Lindhurst's selfish pride and narrow, suspicious disposition—these faults were already, even at that time, beginning to dawn in him—caused him to do his full part towards making the breach, while Miss Carew's wilfulness and unforgiving sternness worked, too, their share of mischief in the matter.

Mr. Litchfield died at a comparatively early age, leaving his wife with two children, a son and a daughter. His income had chiefly been a professional one, for he was a doctor, and his widow was left in somewhat straitened circumstances. She was soon, however, relieved of one of her children, for Miss Carew adopted the girl. Miss Carew, who had been growing more self-willed in character and very eccentric in her habits as years went on, insisted on most strict conditions being made when she did this; and the mother had to give up every legal right over her child. It was a painful task for the widow, but, poor as she was, and accustomed as she was in everything to bend to her sister's imperious will, she submitted. She was not long in following her husband into another world; then the boy passed into the care of his father's relations, and Lucy, the girl, grew up at her, Miss Carew's, side as the acknowledged future heiress of all her large possessions.

Nothing happened to loosen the tie between aunt and niece until Lucy married; then, through Miss Carew's arbitrary nature, it was suddenly torn asunder. Mr. Stanton, Lucy's husband, had no profession when he married her. Miss Carew wished him to take to agricultural pursuits and to settle down in

the country near and manage her estates; but he resolutely refused to be anything but a merchant. The matter ended in a complete rupture between the aunt and the young pair. She was especially angry with Lucy, because she thought she ought to have held to her, her second mother, instead of siding with her husband. She declared her intention of entirely disinheriting her, and from that time forward sternly kept her resolve of never seeing her or even writing to her again.

Then followed quickly the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, Ruby's parents. The people of the London lodgings where Mrs. Stanton died, finding Miss Carew's address in her desk, sent her several things belonging to her, and among the rest that letter which she had left for her child, should it be a daughter; and at the same time they wrote to her, making known to her the orphan's desolate condition. But Miss Carew, still burning with wrath against her niece and her husband, chose utterly to ignore the child's existence. Then little Ruby, as we know, was handed about from one distant relation to another, for her uncle, young Mr. Litchfield, who had always been very sore at his aunt making Lucy her heiress instead of himself, entirely refused to have any share in her bringing up.

Stern and cold outwardly though she was, Miss Carew never ceased to yearn in her inmost heart after Lucy's child. Time somewhat, by degrees, softened the asperity of her feelings, and when she heard that Ruby, over whom she had always kept a sort of distant watch, was gone to live with Mr. Lindhurst, she made a sudden resolution to know more about the girl.

She wrote, therefore, to Matthew Lindhurst to make the first overtures, and also appointed an early meeting with him near his house. She had taken one of those new villas near the Priory for a time, and so she was able to manage this. Great was the emotion caused in Mr. Lindhurst by seeing her again. He felt how much his selfish pride had once done towards separating them, and this new, unexpected agitation had the happy result, as we have seen, of breaking up the ice in which his heart and mind had been frost-bound for so many years. No doubt God, in His mercy, sent this awakening to the old man's soul.

Years had made Miss Carew yet more singular and eccentric than she had ever been before. She refused, in spite of all Mr. Lindhurst's persuasions, to have a personal meeting with Ruby; but she made Matthew Lindhurst bring the girl that evening outside the villa, that she might see her without being seen herself; and Ruby's great likeness to her mother had so struck her that it had caused her to cry out and faint. After that she conceived a decided liking for Ruby, but still she would not make herself known to her. Guided in this by morbid feelings and fancies, and by the remains of her enmity against Ruby's parents, she remained, however, for some time at the villa, and kept her eye constantly, but secretly, on all Ruby's actions. It was Miss Carew who had sent that parcel in Ruby's name to Bessie Bryant, in whom she found out the girl took a close interest, and Miss Carew who haunted her on her return home that night. She was a tall woman, and she looked yet taller in the uncertain evening light. It was Miss Carew also who had sent Ruby that letter from her mother, and, from time to time, those other things belonging to her, and who had supplied her with that large sum of money for a charity, and had caused Mr. Lindhurst to give her a liberal yearly allowance, paid by herself. She loved the girl in her heart, though she steadily refused, to her last hour, to see her; and at her death she left her her sole heiress, as she had often told Matthew Lindhurst in her lifetime she should very probably do. She did not, however, quite make up her mind on this point until just before her end, and she made Mr. Lindhurst promise that he would never reveal to Ruby anything of the brilliant worldly prospects that might possibly lie before her, or even let her know that such a person existed as her aunt, Miss Carew. Such was the story of the mystery which had hung round Ruby Stanton's life.

* * * * *

Several years have passed by since the events just related took place. To-day, as the traveller, on foot or in his carriage, winds along the lovely shores of the Tamar, which separates Devon from the sister county of Cornwall, he sees a large, stately house standing amid wooded, undulating, park-like ground, not very far from the river, but somewhat raised above it on a softly-swelling slope; and when he asks what the place is called, and who lives there, the farmer or farm-labourer of the neighbourhood whom he interrogates stares at him wonderingly, as if he had inquired if in these parts the sun ever shone or the rain ever fell, and the answer comes forth in a tone of pity for his grievous ignorance—

"Why, hav' ee never heard, then, of Miss Stanton, that do do such a sight of good with the power of money that she have? Why, they do know her up to Lonnon, they do tell us, and in a rare lot of places besides. That be Calstock Hall, and there she do live when she be down here, and a blessing sent straight from the Almighty we do all say that she be."

And a blessing from the Almighty is just what Ruby Stanton is humbly striving to be with the large income which yearly passes through her hands—with the wide estates which call her mistress. It is quite true that she is well-known in London, where her still slight, graceful form is often seen gliding between the beds in a hospital ward or bending over the babies in some orphanage; for she can never forget that she herself was once poor, and an orphan too. And still better is she known on her own property, especially on that part of it which is in Cornwall, and which has those rich mines in it. There the rough miners gather round her with loving loyalty whenever she goes among them; and she tells them, in Bible-class and at evening school, of the Light of the World, and they take the precious tidings down with them in their gloomy underground work, and for them day and night become full of brightness; and these men love her, too, as a friend as well as a teacher, for she often sits by their cottage firesides with their babies on her knee.

When she is at home at Calstock Hall she has one constant companion—a pale, gentle-looking lady—whose name is Ella Ringwood, and who often gives quiet, personal help in many a noble work of love done for God's glory. At Christmas time, or in the golden midsummer holidays, the two ladies always have a lively addition to their party—an addition that goes flashing and sparkling round them like a sunbeam; and it comes in the shape of a cheery-voiced, handsome lad, who has fair hair flecked with gold, and dark blue eyes that dance with airy fun. But, notwithstanding all his tricky play, that makes the old home of the Carews ring with laughter from garret to cellar, there sometimes comes a grave, sweet light into his face, as he sits at Miss Stanton's feet, and says—

"Aunt Ruby, I think I should like to be a missionary, and to carry the standard of God's word into distant heathen lands; it must be the best sort of soldiership after all."

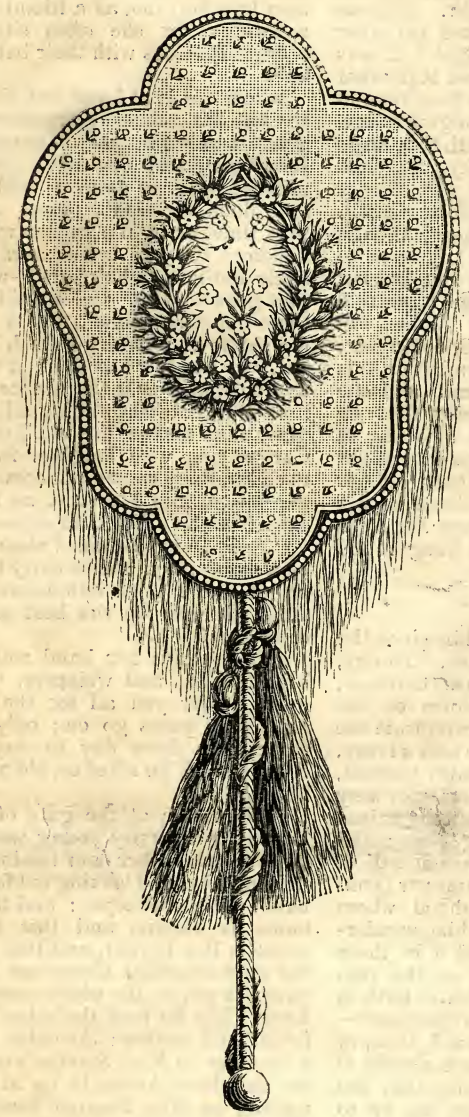
And she lays her hand softly on his bright head, and whispers, "God will guide it for you all for the best, my Harry, as years go on; only strive to serve Him from day to day, that is enough work for all of us, old and young, both."

In the lodge at the gate of Calstock Hall lives a pretty young woman, who often stands at her door tossing a rosy, riotous baby, and looking out for her husband, the gamekeeper; and this baby's name is Bessie, and this husband's name is Ben Bryant, and Ben is one of the most steadfast Christians that ever strove to put on the whole armour of the Lord. Not far from the lodge live Ben's father and mother: the elder Bryant is a labourer on Miss Stanton's estate, and his daughter, Annie, is up at the Hall waiting on Miss Stanton herself, whom she loves more as a sister than as a mistress.

It is always a joyous day in Calstock Hall when Blanche Chichester comes driving up to the door, with a pair of ponies looking as frisky and fresh as when they started from home in the morning, and says she can manage to stay a few nights to see all her dear Ruby's brave doings. It must be confessed it is not quite so bright a day when Miss Nancy arrives with her crowd of bandboxes and army of umbrellas; but Ruby is, nevertheless, a very gentle smiling hostess to her. As for old Matthew Lindhurst—a really old man now—he loves nothing better than sitting on the terrace of Calstock Hall on a summer afternoon; and, as the voices rise from the children of Ruby's village school below in that woody hollow, he knows that his child, his Ruby, has taught him to know what on earth is most like the music of the angels—the music of earnest work done heartily for God and man.

THE END.

MY WORK BASKET.



THE DUCHESSE SCREEN.

The screen is made of fine silk canvas, and has an oval of shaded straw-coloured silk, bordered with moss green reps tacked on the centre, on which the design (fig. 1) is embroidered. The small flowers are worked in satin stitch, with shaded blue silks, and orange colour in the centre. The leaves are also worked in satin stitch, with several shades of green; the branches are in *point russe* in moss greens, mixed with red browns, brown, pink, grey, and yellow. All this light and graceful foliage harmonises well with the rep border, and produces a very pleasing effect.

The canvas is embroidered with small blue flowers in shaded silks. When worked the canvas is stretched over a cardboard cut to the shape of the illustration, covered with a thin silk, and edged with a fine blue silk cord. It is then fixed in a cane or gilded bronze handle, and trimmed round with a deep fringe of blue silk. Two long tassels to match are attached to the handle.

HONITON MEDALLION AND FINE CROCHET COTTON LACE BORDERING.

Commence for the edge by one double crochet on the bar which separates the medallions—two chains, one double, into second *picot*, * three chain, pass two *picots*, one double into following *picot;* repeat three times from the sign *, two chain, repeat from the commencement of row.

1st Row.—For upper edge, one triple in the *picot* at the beginning of the bar between the medallions, one chain, one triple at end of bar, four chain, pass five *picots*, one double crochet into following *picot*,

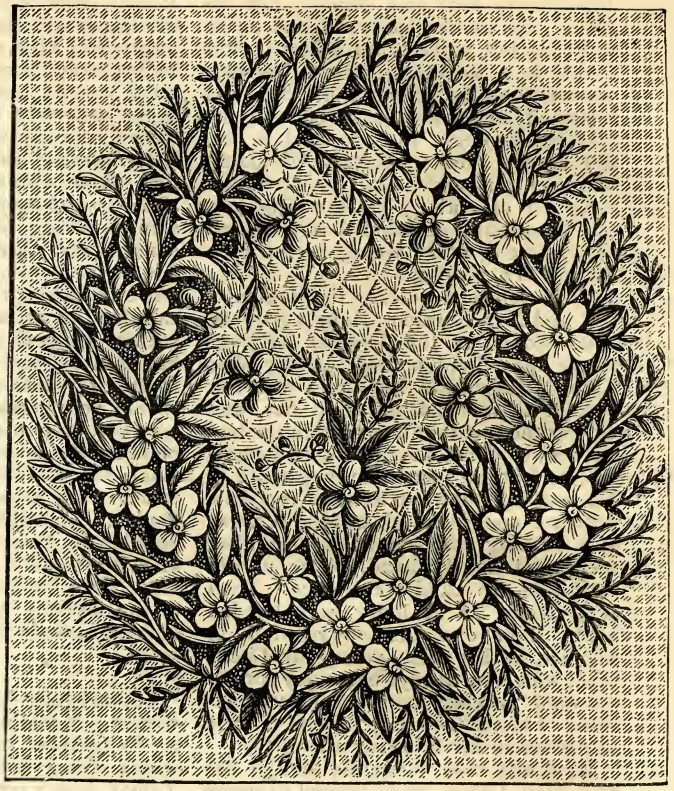
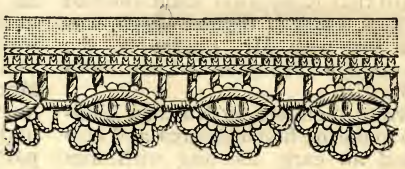


FIG. 1.

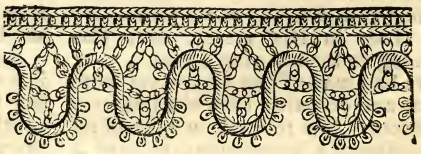
pass three *picots*, one double crochet into next *picot*, four chain, repeat.



2nd Row.—Of double crochet with one chain between each, in every second chain in last row.

MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET EDGING.

Form the waves of mignardise by working single crochet into seven single following *picots* on the inner edge of the braid; pass the cotton behind, and work 7 chains in the outer edge for next curve. Continue the same for the length required.



2nd Row.—One single stitch in previous row, one chain, one triple crochet in the middle chain stitch of scollop, 1 chain, one single crochet in last row, pass the cotton behind the braid, and repeat.

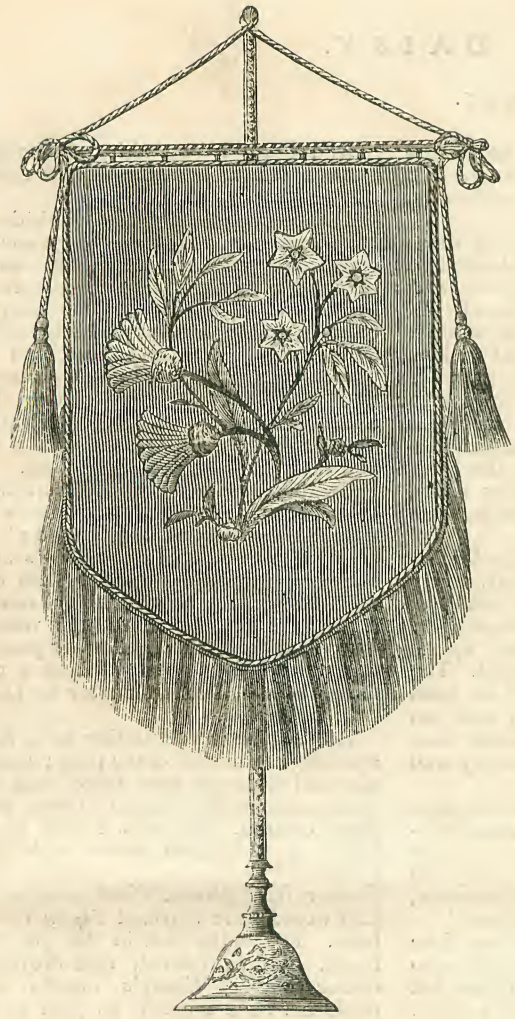
3rd Row.—One long stitch, taking two *picots* together on the right side of the upper wave, 2 chain, one double into following *picot*, 2 chain, one double into next *picot*, 2 chain, one long stitch into next two *picots;* repeat.

4th Row.—Of long stitches, separated by 1 chain in every other stitch in last row.

BANNERET SCREEN, WITH CRETONNE EMBROIDERY.

The banneret is worked with embroidery over cretonne on good cotton-backed satin.

The cretonne flowers must be selected, cut carefully, and arranged with taste. They are then tacked on the satin and the edges fastened



down with very fine silk in a colour which will show as little as possible.

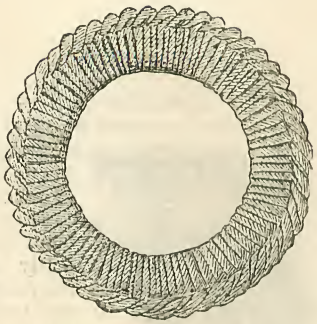
The veining is worked with crewel silk, and the cup of the flower with small French knots in gold and green coloured silk. If a good cretonne is chosen the work will have the appearance of chenille work, and produces a remarkably good effect. When the embroidery is done, the satin is cut to shape and lined with a firm piece of holland or union, and neatly slipped stitched to the plain satin back.

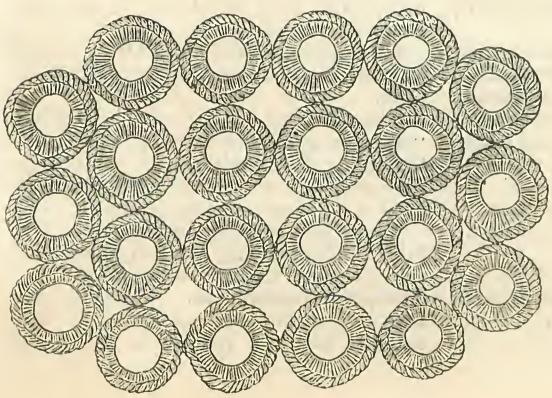
The cord is then sewn on round the edge, and a fringe added across the bottom, ascending half-way up the sides to meet the tassels which are attached to another cord and fastened to the arms and upright bar of the mounting.

The bannerets may be hung on the mounting by hooks or sewn in each eye with gold-coloured silk.

Novel Mats for the Dinner Table.

These mats are made of small brass curtain-rings, worked over with double Berlin wool in double crochet. The stitches must be made close together and very evenly. When a sufficient number of rings have been worked for the mat, they are sewn together at the back with cotton to match the colour of the wool. Each ring can be fastened with a crochet stitch as they are completed, but we think it will be found better to sew them together, so as more easily to replace any that may become worn. The mats for the dinner plates are easily formed with one in centre and six round the edge. These round mats are very useful for hot-water jugs, and preserve the table from blistering. The colours should be selected to look well by gas or candle light.





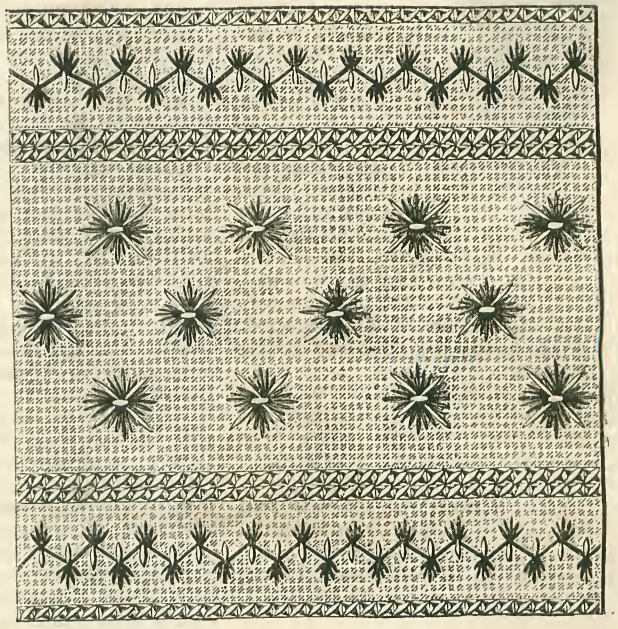
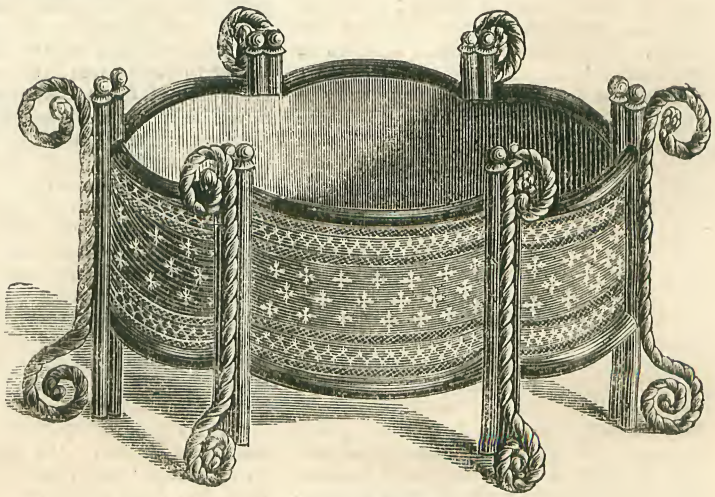


FIG. 2.

A Jardiniere, or Receptacle for Work or Waste Paper.

The stand is made in coloured wood. The lining is of cardboard, cut to fit, and covered with cotton-backed satin. This can be easily removed, and replaced by a zinc vase when used for flowers. The exterior is trimmed with a band of canvas worked as represented in design fig. 2. The straight lines are made in cross stitch over four threads in silks of two shades of blue. The flowers are in long stitch in several shades of blue, and the crosses of yellow silk. The appearance may be greatly improved by adding silk tassels to each division.



A JARDINIERE.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THROUGH THE LONG REACH OF DESERT WOODS."



THREE days after her arrival at Hurst Hall, Daisy found herself perfectly at ease in her new home and on the best of terms with its master. It was difficult to believe that they had never met in some former state of life, so perfectly did his young niece understand all his ways and enter into all that interested him. As to Cecily, it was sometimes hard to realise that she was not, verily and indeed, that bright sister who had been the friend of his boyhood. But she was handsomer than her mother had ever been.

The fourth morning was one of those radiant days that January sometimes gives us in her best mood. Every tree glittered with the silver filagree work of the frost-fairies; every inch of greensward twinkled with their pearls and diamonds. Uncle Charles rose from the breakfast-table to go straight into the library, where his steward awaited him; and his nieces were left to their own devices.

"What a perfect morning for a walk," said Cecily, looking out across the glittering lawn.

"Let us go out, Aunt Cecily," cried Daisy, in delight. "It is an age since we have had a good long ramble together. Our last was in autumn—just before poor papa died," she added, gravely.

"Come, then," Cecily answered; "the beauty of a winter day does not last long, and we must wrap up, Daisy; it is well that our sealskin paletots arrived last night. How kind of Uncle Charles to get them!"

They were soon dressed and ready to start. The sealskins admirably became them both; the little cap of rich brown fur sat as gracefully on Daisy's fair head as on her aunt's dark braids. It was cold indeed; the keen air met them in the carriage-drive, and made them plunge their hands into the depths of their muffs. Uncle Charles, looking out of the library window, caught a glimpse of those two figures, and for a moment forgot to listen to his steward.

Other people looked at them too, with much respectful admiration. "A pair of beauties, that they be," said the coachman to the gardener. Labourers, going through the park, saluted them with shy pleasure, and a rosy maid pointed them out to her companion with a deferential whisper. Everybody in the village of Hurst Gate felt that he or she had some right to criticise, in a humble way, the new ladies at the Hall.

On they went, through one of those long aisles which Daisy had desired to traverse. On the right and left lay that bewildering maze of woodland, all glorious with the jewellery of winter; and once or twice they paused to look deep into the shades. They could see velvet moss and polished ivy clinging to mighty old roots, and heard the light rustle of little furry feet across the carpet of dead leaves; and then they continued their way with quicker steps, longing to go farther and farther into these beautiful solitudes.

There was no change in the brightness of the morning. The clear, wintry blue was flecked with thin flakes of white cloud, and the air was still—so still that the fall of a dry twig by the roadside could be distinctly heard. The road had evidently been kept in good repair; it was hard and dry, and ran evenly through the dark woods that seemed to grow denser as Cecily and Daisy went on.

"I don't want to keep to the straight road," Daisy said at last. "An adventurous mood has come upon me, Aunt Cecily; let us find some turning that will lead us out of Uncle Charles's demesne, and bring us to mysterious regions."

"We are likely to lose our way if we are too venturesome," said Cecily, who had, however, quite enough girlhood left in her to sympathise with Daisy's spirit.

"Never mind; it would be rather nice to be lost," replied Daisy gaily. "Because, you know, we are sure to be found again."

It seemed as if some listening woodsprite had heard Daisy's wish, and had opened a magic way of egress; for at that moment they did indeed come suddenly to a turning.

It was a narrow path, moss-grown, and rough with knotty roots; the kind of path that would be half hidden by dog-roses and brambles in summer-time. But even on this wintry day it was inviting to young feet, and promised such treasures of ferns and mosses as could never be found in the open road. Neither Cecily nor Daisy could be proof against its enchantment, and both entered it, Cecily leading the way.

The sweet scent of moist earth and evergreens came up with every step; and then a hare suddenly leaped across their way, and was lost in the underwood. Cecily turned her head and spoke laughingly to Daisy—

"If we were superstitious, we should turn back," she said. "There is an old wives' fable that says it is unlucky to meet a hare."

"It is too pretty to bring ill luck," Daisy answered. "I have never been so near to a 'merry brown hare' before. Lead on, Aunt Cecily."

And Cecily led on, although the path grew narrower and the thicket denser as they proceeded.

The silence of the woods had hitherto been broken only by those forest sounds which are familiar to all rustic ears: the gentle flutter of dry leaves stirred by unseen wings, the fall of decayed boughs, the soft noises made by rabbits and squirrels in their haunts, and the occasional chirp of a bird only seemed to deepen the hush that prevailed. But all at once a long moan met their ears—a wail that pierced the still winter air, and set their hearts wildly beating.

Another wail, a pushing and crashing of branches, and then a tall woman confronted them. Poor Daisy uttered a little cry of terror and clung to Cecily's arm, and Cecily herself began to wish that they had not extended their ramble beyond the safe bounds of the village. They had done, she felt, an imprudent thing in coming so far without a protector, but she feared far more for Daisy than for herself.

The woman was standing in a little opening by the side of the path; here a tree had evidently been felled, and the space around the stump had been partially cleared. She was a wild, gaunt figure in a tattered gown, with hair hanging loosely over her shoulders; but neither torn garments nor dishevelled hair would have alarmed Cecily Woodburn. It was the look in the eyes, half fierce, half bewildered, that drove the colour out of Cecily's cheeks and made her for a moment as pale as her niece.

"They are a bad lot, those Hurstones—a bad, wicked, cruel lot," said the woman, looking savagely into Cecily's face. "What are you wandering in their woods for? They'll murder you if they find you."

"We are strangers here," Cecily answered, pressing Daisy's hand, and speaking in a quiet tone.

"Strangers are you? Then you haven't heard that Frank Hurstone murdered my husband. It was here, just here, that he gave him his death-blows. I tell you, if you value your lives, you must get out of these woods," she added, raising her voice almost to a scream. "Keep to this path, and go on till you come to the hedge, and there you'll find the gap that I came through."

Mechanically Cecily and Daisy moved forward, and she drew aside to let them pass.

"Make haste, make haste," she cried. "There's another Hurstone at the Hall, they say. But don't fear, he sha'n't follow you. I'll stay here and turn him back if he comes—go on, go on!"

There was nothing for it but to obey. Still holding Daisy's hand, and half dragging her, Cecily went on and on, not daring to turn her head. She could hear Daisy's panting sighs of agonised fear, but she did not venture to speak an

encouraging word till the hedge came in sight.

"She has not followed us, Daisy; she does not mean us any harm." Cecily murmured the words as she pulled Daisy through the gap, and out into a high road. But the mood of an insane woman might change in a moment, and already she might be on their track.

At that instant Cecily Woodburn would have given anything that she possessed to see a friendly human face. But the road was quite deserted, and she could only drag the trembling Daisy onward in sheer desperation.

The way was bordered by woods on the right and left, and those on the right were the Hurstone woods which they had just quitted. On the left the timber did not grow so thickly; trees had evidently been cut down, and the brushwood had been cleared away.

Daisy's face and lips had lost all vestige of colour, and her slight frame trembled from head to foot. Had Rhoda and Maud been near her, they would not have scrupled to call her a coward and laugh at her fears; but Daisy was constitutionally delicate, and her nerves had never recovered from the shock of her father's sudden death.

Moreover the woman's aspect had something terrible in it. She was as tall and strong as a man, and the fierceness of her look might well have made even a stout heart quail. Cecily felt it would be impossible to lead Daisy back into the Hurstone woods again, and she dreaded the effect of the woman's re-appearance. Relief, however, was very near at hand; a sharp turn in the road showed them a little thatched lodge and a large white gate.

The gate yielded to Cecily's hand at once, and they found themselves in front of the little lodge. A knock at the door was answered at once by a motherly dame in a white cap, who saw at a glance that something was amiss.

"Walk in, ladies," she said, kindly, and her firm hand helped poor Daisy over the threshold, and led her to a chintz-covered easy chair by the fire. The sense of comfort and safety soon brought back composure, and Daisy began to fear that she had been silly and weak.

"Indeed, Aunt Cecily, I am sorry to have been so foolish," she said. "But that woman's face was terrible, and she was so big and strong! And then, too, she said such dreadful things."

"Be quiet for a while, Daisy," Cecily answered, soothingly. And, turning to the dame, she gave a brief account of their adventure,

"It was Martha Weever," said the lodge-keeper, gravely. "She has broken out into one of her mad fits again. Poor soul, she has had trouble enough to turn her brain, and it seems to me that she gets worse and worse. Still, ma'am, people say she is harmless; I hardly think she would have hurt you. Her spite is all against the Hurstones."

"What have the Hurstones done to her?" Cecily asked.

"Well, ma'am, it's a sad story. About two years ago Martha's husband, Harry Weever, must needs go a-poaching in the Hurstone woods. Harry was a lazy fellow, and not over-honest in his ways; he never bore a good character in these parts, but, for all that, his wife dearly loved him. Nothing would stop the poaching, and at last Mr. Frank Hurstone, who was then living all alone at the hall, got furious. He was a big, resolute sort of man, Mr. Frank was, without a bit of fear in him. He went out one night, with three or four keepers, and then there was a fearful fight."

"And Martha's husband?"

"Harry Weever wasn't one who'd give in, ma'am; and Mr. Frank Hurstone dealt him hard blows. He could hit very hard, Mr. Frank could. Any way, Harry got the worst of it, and was so badly knocked about that he couldn't be taken to prison. Two men who went poaching with him were sent to gaol, but Harry was let alone to die."

"And did not Frank Hurstone show any pity?"

"No, ma'am, the Hurstones never did show pity. The man, he said, had brought it all upon himself; and when Harry died poor Martha lost her senses. Still she's pretty rational at times, and, being a very strong woman, she can work in the fields, and do a good many things to earn a living. The folks pity her hereabouts; she has three children, and she's always gentle to them, even in her wildest moods. But she had a bad sickness last autumn, and her head got worse. And she's been told, I daresay, that another Mr. Hurstone has come from foreign parts to the hall, and that has just set her raging."

"Has she ever attacked any one in her fits of madness?" Cecily inquired.

"No, ma'am, never. For some time after her husband's death she was only melancholy-mad. I don't know how it would have been if she had ever met Mr. Frank Hurstone, but he didn't long outlive poor Harry. He went travelling soon after that poaching affair; and six or seven months ago he died in the South of France."

"I never saw Mr. Frank Hurstone," said Cecily; "but he was my mother's brother. And we have come to live at the hall with Mr. Charles Hurstone."

"I'm afraid, ma'am, I've been letting my tongue run too fast," said the good dame, with a curtsey. "But I'm truly glad, indeed, that poor mad Martha didn't suspect that you had come from Hurst Hall."

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

BREAKFAST DISHES.

To Warm up Cold Meat.—Cut rather thick slices of meat, then pepper and salt them, and spread a little mustard over, with some Harvey sauce and a little butter; season in this manner both sides of the meat. Then put the slices into a frying-pan, and fry them a light brown, serving very hot.

Omelette.—Take from three to five eggs, according to the size of your omelette, beat the yolks and whites separately, and add the whites just as the dish goes into the oven. Half a pint of milk, chop up a little ham, parsley or onion, red pepper and salt. Mix all together and pour into a flat dish. Bake in a slow oven for about half an hour.

Scotch Potted Meat.—Boil an ox-cheek and two calves' feet, stewing them slowly till the meat comes off the bones, then chop it fine, season with pepper and salt, mix with the gravy and put into moulds. It is eaten with a fresh lemon and mustard, or with vinegar, brown sugar, and mustard in Yorkshire; and, if well boiled and carefully made, will keep a week.

Breakfast Rolls.—Add one teaspoonful of baking powder to a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, and the yolk of one egg; mix with sufficient milk to make into a stiff dough. Roll it out, and make up the rolls into any shape you may prefer, and bake in a rather quick oven.

Kidney Toast.—Chop up very finely two or three mutton kidneys, and season them with a little suet, pepper, salt, and cayenne. Toss them then over the fire in a stewpan with a little butter till done. Have ready some slices of hot buttered toast to put them on, but before doing so add to the kidneys the yolk, well beaten, of one egg, and a squeeze of lemon, stirring well up. Spread the mixture on the toast, and place for a moment in the oven to get quite hot.

Fish Cakes.—Any kind of cold fish and mashed potatoes beaten up in a mortar together, after taking the bones and skin from the fish. Flavour with pepper, salt, and a little cayenne; mix with the yolk of an egg. Then roll each little cake separately in the white of the egg and bread crumbs; fry them in boiling lard.

Scones.—Prepare the flour for them thus—To 5lbs. of flour, add 1oz. of carbonate of soda, and 1½ozs. cream of tartar. This flour, ready mixed, will keep for weeks in a dry place. For making the scones—take one pound of the prepared flour, as above, and rub in 2ozs. of butter, take sufficient milk to moisten to a stiff paste, and a little salt; roll out in rounds, and bake immediately, marking the quarters before baking, or cutting them into quarters as desired.

Curry for Breakfast.—Take 4oz. of butter, two onions peeled and sliced, and one large sour apple peeled and sliced; fry in a pan until a good brown. Add one tablespoonful of the best curry powder, and stir all over the fire for five minutes. Now put in about 2lbs. of cold meat of any kind cut in small squares, and continue to stir over the fire; lastly, add a pint and a half of warm water, poured in all at once, and let it simmer till the water is all boiled away, keeping it covered, but stirred often. Add the juice of half a lemon just before serving.

Curried Lobster (A Supper Dish).—Mix in a basin a tablespoonful of flour and a dessertspoonful of curry powder, with half a pint of milk. Fry one onion, chopped fine, with a little butter till brown, then add the curry powder, mixed as above; keep stirring until the sauce thickens. Then put into it the contents of a tin of lobster, and let it remain in the frying-pan long enough to get thoroughly hot through. Then turn into a dish and serve.

Savoury Rice.—Take some plain boiled rice, put it into a saucepan with a lump of butter, and add as much tomato sauce as the rice will take up, and plenty of grated cheese. Mix well, and keep stirring on the fire till hot. Serve piled high on the dish.

To Boil Rice (Indian Fashion).—Wash ½lb. of rice in salt and water, and put it, with a small pinch of salt, into plenty of boiling water. Boil twenty minutes, drain into a colander and set near the fire to dry; then shake into a dish without touching it with spoon or fork.



FIG. 2.

SEASONABLE DRESS, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.



FIG. 1.

THERE is certainly one comfort to be gathered from the fashionable dress of the moment, and that is that it is nearly all inexpensive; and that these inexpensive toilets are worn where more costly dresses were formerly used. This is particularly the case in the country, where *sateens, foulards, and ginghams,* or zephyrs are worn the whole day long, even at afternoon tea, and are never changed till a late dinner or evening visitors render the change necessary. But we must give our young readers a word of caution on the subject of these dresses, which is, be careful to wear only clean washing dresses; not those that are tumbled, half soiled, or thoroughly dirty. We have lately been much struck with the utter carelessness of some people, both young girls and older ones, who ought to have known better, in this matter. We were asked out to luncheon, to find the daughter of the house in a dress of pink gingham, which was more than ready for the kind offices of the laundress. Never wear any dress in this state, as it shows a want of proper respect both for yourself and your visitors. It is, however, wonderful how long washing dresses will last, with careful wear and the aid of a hot iron to smooth out the inevitable creases.

For the benefit of those who may be in trouble about the washing of these said dresses at home, we subjoin an excellent recipe. Make a lather with the best white soap and rain-water. Use it when lukewarm. Dip the dresses in it, but do not rub them—only squeeze them up and down in the tub. When one lather becomes dirty put the dress into another, and so on, till the dress is sufficiently clean to be rinsed in clean soft water, finishing with cold water, adding a little blue to it. If you have a "wringer," by all means use it, but do not wring the dress by hand, except in a towel. When washed, hang by the fire or in the shade to dry, and iron on the wrong side.

Perhaps some of my readers may like to know that the Princess of Wales—who always dresses in charming taste—wore a short dress of grey satin, with a white chip bonnet and white feathers in it, at a large garden *fête* the other day. The young Princesses were all three with their mother, and were dressed alike in sateen costumes of peacock blue, with shady straw hats and cream-coloured feathers. The three daughters of our Princess Royal, the young Princesses of Germany, were there too; but their handsome dresses of rich cardinal velvet, with hats and feather to match, were more magnificent and less sensible and girlish than those of our own fair young Princesses. Our first illustration shows a pretty shady hat trimmed with gauze, and a small feather tip at the back. This hat is peculiarly pretty in brown, the hat being a white or fancy straw, or cream-colour, is also pretty, the advantage of these two colours being that they go with any dress, and do not look ill with any other colour.

Our next illustration is a more important one, and shows five young ladies in pretty summer toilettes, not too light, however, to be worn in the advancing days of autumn; alas that it should be stealing on us once again, so quickly and steadily, before we seem to have half enjoyed the bright and blessed days of summer! The black dress at the left hand is a very useful and pretty dress of grenadine cashmere, or nuns' veiling.

The overdress is a long princesse, made quite plain, the two fronts being turned back with embroidery or painted *revers*. The under skirt is formed of alternate flounces and puffings, and may be very easily made from old

materials if desired; a small toque hat to match completes the costume. Seated by the sad sea waves the next figure is clad in one of the striped cambrics or sateens now so much worn, the only trimming being what is known as *broderie Anglaise* which many girls make for themselves, the home-made being far more lasting than the purchased. The hat worn is made of the same material as the dress; a shape being easy to procure and to cover, this style of hat is easy to make.

The dresses of the two centre figures are perhaps more exclusively summer-like, the first being of *écru tussore* silk, or a plain sateen. The bodice is made tunic fashion, or may be *en princesse*, if that style be preferred. A deep puff heads the sleeves, and the front is cut square for the insertion of a gathered piece of the material. The front is trimmed with alternate flounces of the material and coarse lace, and the edge of the petticoat is trimmed with one deep flounce. The next figure wears a costume of plain and flowered sateen or cambric. The bodice is short and pointed in front, and the skirt is trimmed with two deep slightly-gathered flounces of the flowered sateen, and two lightly draped scarves of the plain. The more distant figure wears a dress of a mixed silk and wool material; the bodice has a long plain *basque*, over which the scarf tunic is draped; the skirt has the flounces six inches deep.

The third illustration shows a pretty mantelette for the autumn, of black cashmere and jetted lace, the back plain, the sides straightly fulled into it. The two little children show the fashionable way of making the dresses of the smaller members of society, on which a good many stitches in the way of gatherings are lavished.

Cambric collars edged with lace, lace frills, and frills of muslin, thick and thin, appear to be universally used for the house; small white batiste and muslin fichus are also used, and also cuffs to match, which are very long and nearly reach the elbow. With woollen dresses a large round linen collar is often seen, like those worn by children; they are trimmed round with embroidery or a frill of muslin, and tied with a bow of bright ribbon at the throat.

The *ombré* or shaded silks are much used for woollen materials of plain colours as trimmings, in which case they are gathered in small gathers, and used for the plastron in front of the bodice, the cuffs, scarves on the skirt, and the tablier. For instance, a brown cashmere, or nuns' veiling dress, would be trimmed with an *ombré* silk of rather a brighter brown, shaded to yellow. Many ladies preparing for the cooler weather have had complete costumes of one colour made of some all-woollen material with a slightly roughened surface. The dress is generally of the *princesse* shape, and the mantle is a small visite such as we have just illustrated, which is often lined with a colour. This will be warm enough when the chilly weather comes, and the dress can be worn either without or with it. It seems more than likely that bonnets of the dress material will form a part of our autumn and winter costumes, as they already have of our summer ones.

Very large flat hats are beginning to be worn; they are generally of black straw, and are trimmed with black Spanish lace, bent down at one side and turned up at the other with a cluster of red roses without leaves, or some poppies with black jet centres. Many hats for the seaside and the autumn are tied down over the ears, gipsy fashion, and poke down very much over the face; they are only becoming to the young, as they cast too much shade over the eyes. Side by side with these large shapes the small shapes seem to reign in peace without quarrelling, and the small toque, which everyone can make, is as fashionable as ever. The rage for jetted bonnets is very great, and they are very expensive, but to those of our readers who have learnt to make their own bonnets, they are quite obtainable at a very small amount of money, for the crowns can be purchased ready embroidered, and they form the chief part of the bonnet, as



FIG. 3.

the fronts are trimmed with a scarf and a knot or a large bow over the front, either of beaded gauze or net to match. No flower or feather is worn on them, and for so pretty and stylish a bonnet they are singularly plain, and easy to manufacture.

The skirts of dresses are still very clinging, but look much more voluminous, on account of the many draperies which are added to them. Many wide loops of the material, lined with a colour, are the favourite trimmings for the back of the skirt. The arrangement most in vogue for scarf draperies is two long scarves crossed in front and going over the hips, terminating in a large bow behind. These scarves are not of the material of which the dress is made, but may be of silk or wool, and of wool on silk, or of grenadine or gauze on coloured or black silks. They are put on over deep basque bodices and long cuirasses, and form a very excellent way of restoring fashion and freshness to an elderly costume. The mantelets in preparation for the autumn for young ladies are very small pointed capes, Mother Hubbard capes, and small scarf mantles, which tie at the waist in front in a single tie.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PIANO AND KEEP IT IN GOOD ORDER.

By a Professor of Music of sixty years' standing.

MRS. GLASSE is credited with saying in her cookery book, "First catch your hare, and then encase it." So with regard to a piano we may say, "First obtain an instrument, and then learn how to keep it in good order." The question, however, will be, if we have already got one that is not so good as we may desire, how shall we be able to get a better? For it is most important that to make a good player we should possess a good instrument. There are nowadays such a multiplicity of pianoforte makers, good, bad, and indifferent, that, unless we have a friend to help us, we are sometimes puzzled to make a choice. The surest way, therefore, to get a really good pianoforte, and made of the best materials, is by purchasing one of a good maker, whose reputation would suffer by putting his name on an inferior instrument. One friend advises to buy a Broadwood: nothing like Broadwood; another an Erard, a Collard, or a Kirkman, &c.—all very good, but all rather expensive. It is true there are *cheaper* makers, and unless we have the means to go to the best, we may be induced to try a cheap one, or to purchase one that we have seen advertised at a low price, which "has all the modern improvements, and is only offered for sale because the advertiser is about to leave the country;" or "has no further use for it, and is willing to dispose of it at a low price"; or upon some other specious pretence. Now our advice is, never buy an advertised pianoforte, unless you can be certain of its being what it pretends to be, or you will assuredly be taken in. If, therefore, you cannot spare the money for the purchase of a really first-rate instrument all at once, you may obtain one that would do credit to the maker, and service to the purchaser, upon the plan of the three years' system, originated by Messrs. Cramer and Co., whereby periodical small payments are taken until the whole amount is paid.

Having got a first-rate piano, the next thing required will be to show the best mode of taking care of it; and we may just remark that a really well-made instrument cannot be sold *cheap*, as the materials of which it is composed are the very best that can be procured, and the workmanship is most carefully put together by the best workmen; therefore, a well-made instrument cannot be sold at a low price. On the other hand, the so-called "cheap pianos" are frequently made of inferior materials and workmanship, and are constantly requiring reparation, and very seldom stand in tune. It is true that *in the selection* of a piano even good judges may be sometimes at fault; few persons are therefore able to decide correctly until an instrument has been in use for some months, and you are fully satisfied of having a really good one. The piano that may sound well in a warehouse,

when transferred to a carpeted and well-furnished room may sometimes lose the brilliant tone which it appeared to have where it originally stood. Care should therefore be taken to select an instrument with a *sustaining* quality of tone, so that when struck about the middle part, with the key held down, it should have a continuity of sound, which will ensure its being equally good and sweet in any room. The best instruments are more substantially put together, and are consequently more durable, and will stand in tune, and admit of being more worked than inferior instruments without injury—although it is not good for them that children be allowed to thump on them, which should never be permitted. To keep a piano in sound condition, then, it should stand in a room the temperature of which should be as equal as possible—neither too cool nor too warm. And it should never be placed against an outer wall, or between windows, or a window and a door; but, if possible, it should stand some little distance from an inner wall, not too near a fire, or against a chimney. There is nothing so destructive to a piano as damp, and it must be kept free from dust. Pins or beads should never be allowed to fall into the instrument, as they are apt to obstruct the action, and thus to create a jarring noise. The case should be carefully rubbed with a soft duster every morning. A damp duster may be used for cleaning the keys occasionally. There are so many different materials used in the construction of good pianos, that more care is required in keeping them from injury than most people are aware of. Damp will affect almost every portion of the mechanism, and seriously injure the freedom of almost every part of the action, by causing the swelling of the woodwork, the leather, the centres of the mortices of the hammers, and also the keys; and too much heat will cause the contraction of them, and make them rattle unpleasantly; therefore, care should be taken to prevent an instrument from standing on a damp floor. The piano should be closed constantly when not used; and it is a good plan to make a wadded silk cushion to place upon the keys when closed, as it preserves the whiteness of the ivory, and prevents it from turning yellow or being discoloured. Still, a piano should not be locked up for any length of time together. The door and windows should not be left open, so as to allow a current of air to flow through them to the piano. A blanket or woollen cover should be thrown over the instrument every night, and at all times when the room is cleaned and dusted, as dust is also very destructive to a piano. Should dust accumulate, a pair of bellows should be used to blow it out. Books, music, and other things should never be allowed to be put on the top of a piano, as they deaden the sound, and are apt to cause an unpleasant jarring. A new instrument should be tuned five or six times for the first year, and should never be allowed to drop below concert-pitch at any time, as by so doing it much deteriorates from the brilliancy of the tone. But after the first year a piano should be tuned every three months at least, and if it should be necessary to remove it to any distance, it should be tuned again immediately after its removal. Never allow an itinerant tuner to touch your piano, as it not seldom happens that such tuners do mischief rather than good. It is by no means economical to have your piano left untuned more than three months; especially at the change of the seasons, when pianos require more looking to. If any portion of the action does not work freely, ask your tuner to regulate it when required, and see what is the cause. There should not be too frequent a use of the soft pedal, as it is not good; although the new check action only removes a portion of the mechanism, yet by frequent use the strings are apt to flatten, and consequently become discordant with the others.

We may remark again that children should not be allowed to use the piano except for their regular lessons and practice, as much injury is done by indiscriminate thumping. Yet it is a grand mistake that most people make when they assume that any old piano will do for children to learn and practice upon; for the fact is that children, as well as adults, should be taught from the earliest period to have their lessons on a first-rate piano, as they are apt to get into a bad habit of fingering by the use of a worn-out instrument, which they scarcely ever after recover. And they should never be allowed to suppose that a piano is to be *played with*, but is intended seriously to be *played upon*, if in after life they are expected to be *performers*. It will frequently interest young children to be allowed to see the mechanism of a piano, and by what means the tones are produced on striking the keys.

NEW MUSIC.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Night and Morning. Sacred song. (C to G.) Words by the Rev. F. L. DOWNHAM. Music by J. BUTLER FORTAY.

THE words of this song are simply delightful, and the music, which is equally fine, is evidently the work of a thoughtful composer and sound musician. The enharmonic changes on pp. 2 and 3 are most happily conceived.

GODDARD AND CO.

The Wild Bird's Song. Words by JOHN SAFFERY. Music by ALFRED RAWLINGS.

ONE of the prettiest songs we have seen for a long time, the music and words being equally charming. As published, this song requires a good soprano voice, the compass extending from E to G sharp. On page 5, an awkward misprint occurs in the words, "through" being evidently meant instead of "though."

The New Graduated Method for the Pianoforte. By JOSEPH GODDARD.

THIS is a most comprehensive work, dealing thoroughly with touch, fingering, and technique generally. We cannot but think that the pupil who will carefully journey through these seventy-five pages of letterpress and music will emerge from the task with a sound knowledge of everything appertaining to the groundwork of pianoforte playing.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Dear is My Little Native Vale. Trio. Words by SAMUEL ROGERS. Music by J. L. HATTON.

CHARMINGLY written for two mezzo-soprano and contralto voices, with a characteristic pianoforte accompaniment.

The Cavalier. Trio. Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Music by C. A. MACIRONE.

WE have heard better compositions from the pen of Miss Macirone, who, even on the first page, seems to have borrowed a very familiar phrase from our old friend, "Hail! smiling morn." It is, nevertheless, prettily put together, and will be sure to please. On page 2 a misprint occurs in the third bar of the last line in the pianoforte part, where B is written for C.

Bon Soir. Chorus. By CARALLI. Adapted for female voices by HELEN BIANCHI TAYLOR.

THIS well-known composition is capitally adapted, the French words being in this edition retained.

BLUE CORNFLOWERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By the Hon. Mrs. ARMYTAGE.

CHAPTER IV.

"AUNT JOAN, do come out," was the prattling entreaty from the rosy lips of Lettice Rivers, as she toddled across the little garden plot in front of the window where Joan sat working. No longer obliged to live in London, and averse to remaining a day longer than necessary, Joan had persuaded her sister-in-law to settle for a while, at all events, in a little farm cottage, not far from London, but yet far enough removed to possess all the enjoyments which true lovers of nature ever delight in. It was cheerful enough to suit Dora, who utterly refused to bury herself in Cumberland, as was once suggested; but, here, just in the outskirts of the town of Bromley, it was bearable, for the pretty young widow attracted universal sympathy as she passed along, and all were ready to show her a kindness when Robin Cardwell had introduced Mrs. Everard and her sister to some of his relations living in the neighbourhood, through whom these lodgings had been found. It had been Joan's satisfaction that none had ever known the history of the sale of the pearl necklace. The price received had enabled her to satisfy the angry creditor, and to provide Everard all the luxuries he needed at the last. Dora never thought how or where the means were found. That was Joan's business and when, after his death, the contents of the studio were disposed of, many brother artists came forward and secured what there was at prices far beyond the intrinsic value; but there is a kindly feeling among artists which ever leads them to acts of generous kindness towards one another. So the unfinished sketches, &c., were carried away by old friends, and Joan found herself free to leave Fitzroy-street to go wherever might be best, and so finally the move was made, and before long Joan had arranged their few treasures and made the rooms look snug and home-like. Dora's mother had made it very apparent that the young widow must not look for a prolonged visit to her old home. There were too many younger ones coming on there for Mrs. Bruce to suggest that scheme. It was quite evident that, left to herself, Dora and the child would soon starve, and Joan, true to herself, was quite ready to add her small income to the general fund, and thus make a home together.

The first year had passed, and Joan had found herself some work to do to increase their means. Like many others, she found there was work to be got by women if only they are steadily in earnest about it, and are willing to drop all false shame and resolutely determine to earn something by brain or hands. The convenient distance from London where Joan must go occasionally was one advantage in their present residence, and an old friend or two sometimes came to see them. None more welcome than Robin Caldwell whenever he was within reach, and he contrived to make his business fit in with a visit to Dale Farm pretty often as the spring of the year advanced. Joan's heart beat with pleasure when she greeted him; though never by word or look did he revert to past days. His was the hand that guided her young brother when he first set out in life; he was the kind friend who had found this little house; he was *the* adviser when Dora had any difficulty; he it was who bought a new book, or an order for some sight to be seen, which otherwise the two lone women must have missed, and it was not odd that he should be their escort on any such expeditions.

The little Lettice had dubbed him Uncle Robin, and was often found nestling to his side when he was at the farm. So the days sped on in quiet peace; and Joan was fain to let it be so, though at times longing that some chance word from Robin should clear up the mystery which still puzzled her, and had she been less reticent, not to say less proud, she would have sought the explanation. Dora's gaiety sometimes troubled her. It seemed as if, after the first few months of ungovernable grief, she had very quickly recovered her usual spirits, and was quite ready to join in any of the amusements which lay within reach. To a nature like Joan's this was incomprehensible as well as trying; but she at last fell into the way of treating her sister-in-law like a wayward child, watching over her for his sake, whose memory she cherished so fondly; all the more, perhaps, because it seemed as if she alone in all the little household ever gave a thought to the dead. Are those the happier ones who thus put aside the griefs of past years, and seek employment and happiness only in the present? No! the love which has become a part of our very being, and can never die till our own heart shall cease to beat, may, indeed, be the cause of unutterable sorrow, and yet has brought to mortals the highest of all human joys, and we would accept the crown of sorrow for the sake of the bliss which that heaven-born gift has given.

It was now the merry month of May, and all nature was rejoicing in the opening days of summer sunshine. The lark, as he left his lowly nest, soared upwards with a burst of song; the woodland songsters join in joyous chorus; the tender leaves have unfolded fresh beauties, and the orchards are white with the falling blossom, which betokens rich harvests to follow of ripened fruits. Gleams of sunlight across the little copse at the end of the meadows invite wandering footsteps to stray along the mossy paths now bright with the blue hyacinths of spring, and here and there, where there has been a clearing of some of the trees, we come upon great tufts of primroses with their crinkled leaves sheltering the blossoms. Who can wonder that little Lettice should entice her aunt to come into such a paradise of childish pleasure, and the two were soon deep in the delights of the coppice wood, finding countless treasures at every step, till at last the little feet grew weary, and, with tiny hands tightly grasping branches of primroses and wild violets, a plaintive request to "sit on your lap, Aunt Joan" found a ready response; and, sitting herself on the bank against the stem of a hawthorn tree, with Lettice in her arms, Joan indulged in a long day-dream, for the little head soon sank upon her shoulder, and the laughing blue eyes closed in the sweet sleep of infancy.

Unwilling to disturb the child, Joan took no heed of the passing hours; and when at last Lettice roused herself and expressed the fact of being "velly hungry," Joan was surprised to find how late it was.

"Mummy will think we're lost if we don't go home quick, Lettice."

So the two turned homewards, to find Dora had certainly not waited for them, but had gone out, leaving a message that the Dacres had called to ask her to go on an expedition. So she was gone to lunch first, and "Joan need not wait tea" was the end of the message.

Another visit to the wood was Lettice's demand when she found there was no one to interfere with her undivided appropriation of her aunt's company. So to the wood they went, this time taking a basket, which was soon full of spoils. Truth to say, the flowers picked by Lettice were somewhat bruised, and with stalks of such diminished length that it was hopeless to try and arrange them; but they were tumbled in with every sort of treasure that took her fancy—an old acorn shell, a tiny stone of imaginary beauty, "a snail's house," and what not, all found their way into the basket, till the time came for Joan to return to tea—a meal which she shared in the nursery, much to Lettice's delight, and then read quietly by the window till the daylight faded away. Presently she heard voices in the lane, and at the gate cheery good nights were said, and then Dora's slight figure came in view, and she ran up the little path clad to-night for the first time since her loss in some pale grey material, which somewhat surprised Joan.

"It was so hot, dear, that I looked out this cool dress, for we have had a long walk, and I wish you had come. Mrs. Dacre would have been so glad, but it was only settled quite suddenly when her son came down from town with some friends; and what have you been doing, dear Joan? I hope you have not missed me very much, and has baby been quite good?"

All in a breath, as a person does when they don't want an awkward pause, or fear a question might be asked which it would be inconvenient to answer.

It did not take long to recapitulate the doings at the farm, and so Dora being very tired, the two soon separated for the night, as Joan had to go next day to London.

"What a pity the expedition was to-day instead of to-morrow, as I must be away till nearly nine. I know I shall not get everything settled till so late, and you will be very dull; but perhaps one of the Dacres would come to you."

"Oh, never mind me, I'll take care of myself, and I shan't want to stir out of the garden alone."

Sometimes one's business is got through quicker than we expect (not often, though), and Joan was able to catch an earlier train than she thought, so that it was scarcely dusk when she left the train and walked across the meadows which lay between the station and the farm. It was a lovely night, all so still around, only the distant sound of a tinkling sheep bell, till she reached the bridge which crossed the little stream, and then the burst of a nightingale's thrilling note caught her ear, and she stopped to listen, and then the song was answered by another bird in the neighbouring trees.

Joan's step fell silently on the grass lawn as she crossed to the open window of their sitting room. The lamp was shaded, so no brilliant light guided her steps, and she was very near the casement ere she distinguished the inmates of the room. No voice fell on her ear; but she saw what caused the blood to rush from her cheeks and left her deadly pale, while for a moment she felt she must fall to the ground, had she not caught at a hanging branch which was beside the path.

Yes! Surely all was clear; for there before her eyes, unmistakable evidence of a shipwrecked faith, she saw Robin Caldwell standing by the fire-place; while at his side Dora, looking into his face with the old bewitching expression she knew so well. Her two hands were laid upon his shoulders; and even, as Joan stood transfixed, she saw him gather her into a fond embrace.

Alone she sat in her room, to which she had crept—when or how she knew not; but she had turned away from the scene of which she had been an unwilling witness, and leaning against the little, low palings which skirted the flower garden, had bowed her face upon her hands in silent despair. And then, after a time, she gained her room, locked the door after her, and sat in the darkness, alone indeed.

How often we talk of being alone, and liking to be so, with other like words; but few realise the utter depths there may be in that one word "alone."

"Alone she sate, alone! that worn-out word,
So idly spoken and so coldly heard,
Yet all that poets sing and grief hath known
Of hope laid waste, knells in that word alone."

The window was open near which she sat, and that evening sky which looked so beauteous an hour before, those scents and sounds which had stolen over her senses with a delicious sweetness, were all changed. The light air struck with a chill upon her, and she shivered slightly; the fragrance of the lilac trees had a faint, oppressive effect, and the distant note of the nightingale seemed fraught with sadness instead of joy—so complete is the effect of any change in ourselves. Nature is ever the same, but it is the heart which we carry with us that makes her beauties in tune, or causes them to vibrate in jarring discord.

It must have been long past the hour when the latest train would have brought Joan home, but neither the two who were sitting together downstairs, nor the sad heart battling with herself to conceal any evidences of the misery it endured, took any count of time. And they might have stayed on for hours more had the maid not looked in at last to know how much longer they would wait for Miss Joan.

"Oh, dear! can it be late?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is very late—later than I ever knew Miss Joan to be away; and Missus Read and I were getting quite anxious this long time, and we thought, maybe, you were too."

Dora only blushed, and replied that she knew Miss Joan had a great deal which might detain her very late; but when the door was shut she looked anxiously at her companion, who seemed troubled too.

"Can anything have happened? Is it really past nine?"

"Yes, dear, it certainly is; but don't distress yourself. I'll wait a little longer, just to keep you from fidgetting yourself, and Joan will certainly turn up by the next train."

"Easily content, and with little wish to lose her companion, Dora sat quietly by his side, and as she listened to the words of love, no thought, save of present happiness to herself, disturbed her mind.

"But, Robin," she was saying, "I thought you and Joan were something to each other, and I often thought you would propose to her."

"Joan is too proud, too cold, and I doubt if she could fall in love like weaker mortals."

The weaker mortal had no objection to the imputation, and was too full of herself to notice any change in Joan's appearance when, at last, she summoned up her courage to leave the room.

"Oh, dear! where have you been? What makes you so late? Robin waited and waited for you, and I have been in such a state, and Robin at last had to go to catch the train; but he would make sure about you before he got into the train. Only, how could you have missed each other?"

"I came in a little time ago, certainly, and took a turn round the meadow; it was such a lovely evening."

Evidently there was no intention of taking Joan into her confidence: but the mere fact of her still deep mourning might prevent her mentioning the engagement, particularly as the most careless observer must notice that whether or no the widow cherished constant thoughts of her young husband, to Joan grief had left a shadow on her face which time had not yet effaced. Once more Robin came to the farm ere the brilliant summer days had flown, and no trembling in Joan's voice, no coldness in her manner betrayed the secret of which she was in possession.

It was perfectly natural for her to leave the sitting-room and get on with some work, so the two were left to the undisturbed enjoyment of each other's society, little heeding the quiet misery of Joan. How often it is so in our own lives! Close beside us hearts are aching, hearts are breaking, tragedies are enacted more touching than any we may see in print, and yet we touch hand to hand, and know nothing of it all. A loving instinct may lead some sympathising soul to guess the hidden grief, and by a look or word they may give a ray of comfort to the stricken one—comfort often far more precious than outspoken words.

"Aunt Joan," again said the little voice, "they want you to come down. Uncle Robin is going away, and I think mummy is 'cy-ing.' Why does she 'cy'? Has she been scolded?"

"All right, my darling; I will come in a moment."

And Joan went, and quietly said adieu, hearing that Robin was going away on business for some weeks.

"Don't forget me, Lettice. I'll carry you down to the lane, if mummy will walk down and bring you back."

Of course, both mother and child were willing enough.

Joan resolved at last that she would break through the silence Dora elected to keep on the subject, when day after day she saw her eager look for the postman, and the avidity with which she seized any letters before Joan saw their address.

Dora was not very sensitive, and was glad enough when the subject was mooted to confess her engagement, and then to talk incessantly of the charms of Robin to a patient listener, who knew too well how she had loved to dwell upon the thought of his sterling worth and many virtues. The great cry from her heart went up of the dearly-loved artist-brother—her own, indeed, in death, for none save her gave thought to his memory.

"Joan takes our marriage very quietly," were the words next written to Robin, "so it is all right, and we may speak of it openly. How stupid I was to think she and you had ever cared for each other."

True to her trust, Joan stood by the little widow as she gave her hand to Robin one fine day in early autumn; and as they started for a short tour, leaving Lettice in her aunt's care, Joan and the little one journeyed down to Cumberland, and revisited the old places and scenes so dear to her; and on the very spot where first I introduced her to my readers she sits again on this lovely evening. The self-same sounds, the self-same unchanging scene lies before her, all unchanged, save the living ones in whom her life was bound up.

And is her life a wasted one?

No, indeed. Look on that steadfast face; see the peace which passeth understanding that is settled there; all but the index of a heart, which in unselfish love has found its own reward, and which in the school of adversity has learnt the true lesson of the Cross of Christ.

There is work all round for willing hearts, and those who are free to devote themselves to any labour of love will find it very near their daily path, and Joan had taken her resolution to devote herself from henceforth to the service of the sick and suffering, and thus turned homewards on this peaceful evening marked by the last blossoms she now picked of Blue Cornflowers. FENELLA F. ARMYTAGE.

A DOLL'S LETTERS TO HER MISTRESS.—III.

By JAMES MASON.



"IT WAS NOT MUCH ELLEN GOT FOR A HALFPENNY."

YES, sure enough, Ellen had lost her way! But she thought she was all right, and hurried on.

She passed an old woman with a basket of cabbages. The old woman looked after her, and said, "What a bright face that little girl has, and her feet are running a race which will be first at the end of their journey."

Ellen saw nothing, she was in such haste; she even shut her eyes for a while, thinking in that way to get along faster. She went humming to herself a song she knew about a king who once fell in love with a poor maiden, though the king had money and the maiden had none.

Suddenly she stopped short. "I seem never to be coming to that stream," she said; "but surely I am all right." She gave a little jump to see over the hedges, but no stream could she catch sight of. "Ah, well, I shall come to it in a minute, I daresay." So she went ahead again.

In about a quarter of an hour she stopped again, pulled out the doll's letter, and read it all over.

"What a mistake I have made! and what a trouble to go back all that way! But I am sure this is a short cut," and Ellen dived into a sandy lane that lay away through a wood. On either side were fir trees, and under the trees grew ferns and heather, furze bushes and brambles. Some men were cutting wood, and they were singing at their work. "They seem very happy," thought Ellen. She saw a squirrel running up a larch tree, then another squirrel, then a third. Then she heard a chorus of birds. All nature seemed full of life and fun.

The sandy lane brought her out on a broad road just at a sign-post, but the names painted on it Ellen did not know. She now felt very hungry.

"My last and only halfpenny!" she said, looking at one which she took out of her pocket. She counted it over and over but could never make it more than one. "I am a little pressed for money," she said; "but the first village I come to I shall buy some gingerbread."

She began to call herself stupid for leaving home, and thought she heard a voice saying, "Those who are happy at home should remain there;" but it was only imagination. She did not like to be beat, however. "The first thing is to find the stream; and of course for that I must go down the road, for streams do not flow uphill." So down the road she went.

She passed a cottage, and a woman was standing at the door washing clothes. The door was open, and Ellen, looking in, saw the clean country kitchen, with the dishes all ranged on a rack over the dresser. The fire was burning brightly, and everything looked uncommonly cozy. Then she passed a cart loaded with hay, and on the top sat a little girl about her own age as happy as a queen.

At last she got to a village, and at the far end of it was a shop opposite a tree. She went in and spent her halfpenny in gingerbread. The woman who kept the shop seemed very glad to find a customer. "It is such a quiet place," she said, "I don't as a rule sell threepenceworth of anything in four days."

It was not much Ellen got for a halfpenny, so she said, "Perhaps you would not object to giving me another slice on credit."

"No, no," said the woman; "no credit system for me! Pay as you go, say I."

"But what if you have not another halfpenny," said Ellen to herself, as she walked away, eating what she had paid for.

Just as she finished eating she came to the entrance to a fine house. There was a man a little way off in the shade of a faggot-stack, breaking stones.

"Please tell me if there is a stream anywhere about here?" asked Ellen, going up to him.

"Speak a little louder, for I am very hard of hearing."

Ellen repeated her question at the top of her voice.

"Not that I know of," answered the man. "There are not many streams in these parts."

"Where is the nearest?"

"In the next parish."

"And where does that begin?"

"Down the road, just beside yon beech trees. But the stream is beyond that a long way."

"Thank you," said Ellen. Then curiosity tempted her to ask, "Whose house is that?"

"It belongs to the wealthiest man hereabouts."

"Where did he get his money?" asked Ellen, wondering whether he might not have found it under a stone in a ditch.

"It dropped upon him just by accident, as it were," said the man. "He was, you see, miss, once a labourer in a cottage, like me, and a relation he had hardly ever heard of died out in foreign parts, and left him five hundred thousand pounds."

"That is almost as good as finding the money under a stone," thought Ellen, and she said, "He must surely be happy with so fine a house and so big a sum."

"He has no more sense, miss, to use either than you would have."

Ellen thought the man very rude.

"What does he do with his money?" she asked.

"He tries to hoard it, but he has a son

who does his best to squander it. Both of them are miserable fellows."

"Can they read?"

"Well," said the man, "the son can read;



"THEY SAT DOWN ON A TURF SEAT."

but the father would be hard pushed to tell a B from a bull's foot."

Ellen's curiosity now was satisfied. "I must be off to the stream," she said. "It is beyond the beech trees, I think you told me."

"Yes, far beyond them."

She wished the man good afternoon, and went on her way. When she got to the beech trees she climbed up on a low wall, but no stream could be seen. Then she listened, but she could hear no sound of running water; she only heard two thrushes and a blackbird.

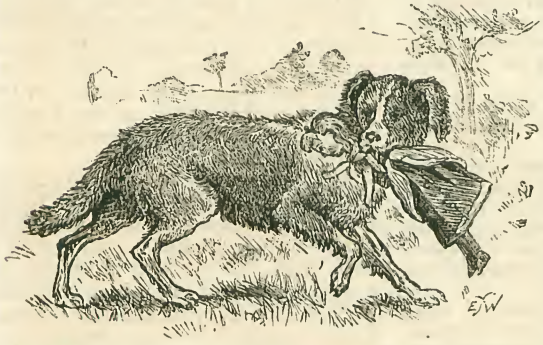
"It must be too far to get to it to-day," she said to herself. "Oh, what dusty boots I have!"

She stooped down and gave her boots a rub with her pocket-handkerchief. As she raised her head she saw something bright in the distance far up on the hill-side. She took a good look at it; it was shining very bright.

"Oh," she cried, "perhaps that is the gold at last. If it is not, I shall give up the search, and try to find my way home."

Ellen took a lane that seemed to lead right to the gold, but she had not gone far when she saw that it was nothing but the sun shining on the window of a little cottage.

"Alas!" said Ellen, "I have had this expedition for nothing. But, after all, I am



"ROVER WITH THE LITTLE BARONESS IN HIS MOUTH."

not so eager to get at the treasure as I was in the morning. People seem very happy without money, so let the gold lie in the ditch for me. I shall go to that cottage and ask the way home. Perhaps they will let me rest, too; for I am tired, and very hungry."

Thus Ellen, reasoning much like the fox when he found he could not get the grapes, walked towards the cottage. It was a little whitewashed cottage, with a porch covered with roses. All behind it were high, wooded cliffs, and before the door was the well, and beside the well was a comfortable seat.

Some one in the cottage was playing on the piano.

"I never heard anyone play so well as that before," thought Ellen.

She knocked at the door. The playing ceased. The door was opened by an old lady, as nice-looking, Ellen afterwards said, as her playing was splendid.

"Well, my little friend, what do you want?"

"Want!" said Ellen. "I want you to be so kind as to tell me the way to Chippermount." That was where her father lived.

"I can do that; but it is a long way. And what brings you so far off the high-road?"

The old lady's looks were so friendly that Ellen felt she could confide in her.

"I just came," she said, "after what looked like gold glittering on the hill-side, but it turned out to be only the sun shining on one of your windows."

"Are you much disappointed?"

"Not so much as I thought I would have been. When I left home this morning I expected to have found a great treasure under a stone in a ditch behind an old castle."

"Come, sit down. Tell me all about it."

Ellen, won by her gentle ways, followed the old lady through the garden.

At the end of the garden were two tall stones set on end.

"Who set these stones here?" said Ellen. They looked so odd, she could not help asking.

"No one knows, and what they mark no one knows. All that can be said about them is, that if you look between the two you have one of the loveliest views that ever was seen."

Ellen looked, and saw that was really the case.

They sat down on a turf seat beside the two stones, and from that they seemed to survey the whole world. Then Ellen told all about the little baroness and her letters, and of her leaving home, and of all that she had seen.

"Well, Ellen," said the old lady, when she had finished, "people would have called you fortunate if you had found the treasure, but I am not so sure about it."

"The little baroness says riches are hardly worth having," said Ellen.

"That," replied the old lady, "is a narrow view to take. Riches are worth having if we use them wisely."

"Were you ever rich?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, very," said the old lady; "but my wealth took wings to itself one day and flew away."

"Are you poor then?"

"Almost."

"And are you happy?"

"Yes, child, the happiest of the happy. When one is waiting in this beautiful and happy world to go to another far more beautiful and happy, who would be miserable? But



"GO ON, ROVER."

you must be hungry. Come in doors and have something to eat."

Ellen said that she was not thinking of eating at the moment, but that at the signpost, before she had bought the gingerbread, she had been about ready to eat her shoes.

The two went indoors. Ellen looked about. It was a humble interior, but everything was in good taste and as neat as a new pin. What struck Ellen was the piano, in a curiously-carved case, and the books—there were hundreds of them on the wall and on the tables.

"I live alone," said the old lady, busying herself laying a substantial tea.

"Perhaps you have no relations?" said Ellen.

"No, not any; I have outlived them all."

Little was said during tea, but when it was about over, "What a lot of books you have," said Ellen.

"More than most people," said her hostess; "I find in them wealth worth having. My advice to you, Ellen, is to be a great reader of good books. You may never live in a golden house, but you may have a well-furnished head. If you have noble thoughts—and a great many of these are to be got from books—you may make any place seem splendid in which you live."

"Then you will be like the sorcerer," said Ellen, "who changed humble huts by magic art into the most magnificent palaces."



"FLOURISHING WILDLY HER WOODEN ARMS."

"Ignorance is the only real poverty," said the old lady.

"The rich man, whose house I saw to-day,

is in that case," Ellen remarked, "not rich at all."

"Just so. If ever you get to my age you will think money is of very little consequence. I have met, indeed, with rich people who have wished all their wealth at the bottom of the sea. And now we shall talk about something else, for a word is enough to the wise."

"But I am not wise," said Ellen; "I am only in the third standard."

"In any case," said the old lady, laughing, "we shall change the subject. You have heard as much to-day as you are likely to remember. I shall play you a tune."

Ellen said she would like that above all things. So the old lady played. Ellen had never heard such playing. "I think you must be the finest player in the world," she said.

"Oh, you will play as well as that some day. But, Ellen, you must now be going home. Your people will wonder where you have been."

"Yes, very much."

"Then I shall give you a note for them, and when they see you have been with me they will be quite satisfied."

"But do not say anything about my doll's letters, or they will just laugh at me.

"Not a word," said the old lady.

Ellen put the note, when it was written, in her pocket, got full instructions as to how she was to go, and said good-bye to the old lady. "Though I am going home I am almost sorry," said she; "I think I could stay with you for ever."

"Come back soon, then."

"Won't I!" said Ellen.

She set out, and was soon down the hill and far along the road she had come. When she felt a little tired she sat down on a stone.

"What a long shadow I have now!" she said to herself; and as she was looking at her shadow a little boy ran past crying.

"What is the matter, little boy?" said Ellen.

"A big dog frightened me," sobbed he.

"A big dog ——" but before Ellen could utter another word she caught sight of her own big dog, Rover, with the little baroness in his mouth. Rover laid the doll at her feet, and jumped up upon her, wagging his tail for joy, as if he would wag it off.

The little boy ran away faster than ever.

Ellen was sure the doll must have spoken to the dog. "You are both of you very good to come," said she, "and I shall have no difficulty now in getting home."

She tied a bit of string that was in her pocket to Rover's collar. "Now," she said, "instead of your following me I shall follow you. Go on, Rover; and don't frighten any more little boys."

Rover marched gravely on, and Ellen, carrying the little baroness, followed. Ellen was impatient now to get home. "How I wish," she said to the little baroness, "that I had ten feet, that I might run very fast, or that I could fly like a bird, with you under one arm, and Rover under the other."

The little baroness said nothing. "Bow, wow," said Rover.

Nothing happened on the road worth speaking about, and Ellen at last came in sight of the inn with the hanging sign, at which she had gone astray in the morning. She then went through the wood and over the common, and turned to the left at the mill. Then she went down the lane and past the sand-pit and up the road, and there, within its own garden, stood her own house.

Tom was at the gate. "Why," said he, "we have been looking for you everywhere. No one had any idea where you had gone."

"Is mamma in?" asked Ellen, giving Tom no information about her wanderings. "I have a note for her."

"Yes," said Tom, "and there she is."

Ellen's mother just then crossed the lawn. She was overjoyed to see Ellen again safe and sound, as you may readily suppose, but I don't think she had been particularly anxious about her, for our Ellen had an aunt living on the other side of the hill, and she would often walk over to spend the day with her, disappearing mysteriously in the morning, and coming back all right at night.

Ellen gave her mother the old lady's note. When her mother had read it, "That's all right," she said. "Now you had better have supper, and go straight off to bed."

After supper, then, Ellen went to bed, but she found time to write a note in pencil, and slip it into the doll's pocket. "My dere litel barronness," it ran, "you wer rite and i was rong. i am quite wiling to here all about your relations now.—Your loving ELLEN." She lay down to sleep. And, to be safe at home, after all her adventures, was so pleasant, that she felt as if the angels were fanning her with their wings.

"Fire! fire!"

Somebody shouted that out in the middle of the night, and Ellen awoke with a start.

"There is not a minute to lose," cried her father, bursting into her room, and catching her in his arms. He hurried with her out into the garden, where he laid her, wrapped in blankets, beside the very rose tree under which she had left the little baroness to sleep all night.

What a noise and confusion there was! There was the gardener, with the garden hose, throwing water on the walls, and there were her father and Tom and all the servants carrying buckets from the pond to the house. The smoke came rolling out of the windows, and Ellen heard the crackling of the woodwork inside. Once she thought she saw the little baroness in the midst of the smoke flourishing wildly her wooden arms, and then falling back into the fire.

Before long, however, the fire was got the better of. Two rooms were quite burned out, but the rest of the house fortunately was saved.

"The fire must have begun in your room, Ellen," said her mother, when the excitement was nearly over. "But I don't see how that could be. Everything was safe when I looked in on you about midnight.

"It is very odd," said Ellen. "How could it have happened?"

As she spoke a scrap of paper was borne by the breeze from one of the windows. It came floating gently down, and landed just at the feet of our Ellen. She picked it up. There was writing on it, but it was almost all burned. Ellen, however, could make out quite plainly—

". . . . our family tree. The first of my relations, of whom I know anything, was th . . . . " The rest was burned away.

It was in the handwriting of the little baroness.

Ellen saw it all now. The doll had been writing, and had overturned the taper, and so set the house on fire.

The little baroness was burned to a cinder, and Ellen never saw her any more, and, of course, never heard the story of her relations. Thunderthumps Castle was also totally destroyed. All that remained of it was the yellow-painted iron knocker that had been nailed on the bright-green door.

Ellen had many a doll after that, but never one of them so clever as the little baroness. They all lived in a new Thunderthumps Castle, which was even better furnished than the old, but it was noticed that Ellen never provided any of them with either tapers or lucifer matches.

And about the treasure. Did Ellen never look for it again?

No, never. She is going to follow the advice of the little baroness and the old lady, and look first to the wealth to be gained from books. And she bids me say that if any regular subscriber to the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, by following the directions in the doll's letter, can find the treasure, she is welcome to keep at least half of it. But if nobody finds it, then Ellen will very likely herself go in search of it when she is out of the sixth standard, and wise enough to turn the treasure, whatever it is, to the best possible account.

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

NOT ALL LOSS.

"The athlete nurtured for the Olympian games
Gains strength at least for life."



DURING the next week Eleanor had a hard battle to fight with herself. She had never known so much of the miseries of indecision as she did now, when two paths lay before her, and she had to choose which she would take.

Her better judgment leaned towards the one that her sister had commended to her, yet her inclination was for the track she had so long pursued, albeit she was growing weary and discouraged.

Yet I cannot say that the other was not growing in attractiveness. No, the longer she looked at it the more did she wish to essay it. If only the mind could have taken advantage of its ubiquitousness and been in both. But that was an experiment Catharine would not be a party to.

We must allow that Eleanor was in a hard case. It was impossible to concentrate her thoughts upon her studies while caught upon the horns of a difficult dilemma. Her chance of passing was accordingly lessened. Then, if she resolved not to go in, she had had so much toil for nothing, and money had been unnecessarily expended upon books and correspondence fees.

Still, she reflected, that to persevere would leave her little or no time to assist Catharine with her trousseau, nor could she by filling up gaps set her free for her own work, or for the relaxation and visiting among the friends of youth every girl should enjoy before she leaves her father's home for her husband's.

Eleanor felt that it would commit her to a course of great apparent selfishness. So the more she looked at it the more the conviction grew that the book and pen must give place to the bibbed apron and the keys.

But it was a struggle—a struggle no less severe for being unseen.

She had resolved she would never ask for Frederic's assistance in any of her difficulties, but that was under the influence of wounded pride. Yet if Catharine's kindly-intentioned proposal was unreasonable, or had any flaw in it, Frederic would be the most likely one she knew to see it. He might be unjust upon occasion, but never when his sense of justice was appealed to.

And then Eleanor had a notion that she held one of Frederic's most sacred secrets, and the sorrowfulness of it and the inference that outwardly he bore a gnawing anxiety like a hero revived all the old loyal, sisterly feeling towards him. She forgot the long distance between them in the kindness of these last few days. She did not know that the sweet reticent way in which she had spoken to him in that embarrassing *rencontre* on the stairs, her readiness to oblige Catharine and Harry, and her self-denial in taking that tiresome little Ada Fitton out of her sister's way, had renewed his belief in the goodness of her heart. Her intellectual absorption was less selfish than he had supposed it, and he was anxious to atone.

So one evening when she came for Ada to put her to bed, and the child, tired out with a long romp with Harry, flung herself into her arms and fell asleep in a moment, she found it nice to sit still for a while with the pretty creature nestling there undisturbed. Frederic put down his book in the growing twilight and looked at them lovingly.

"I like to see you so," he said; "it looks so natural."

Eleanor laughed.

"The combination, woman or girl and sleeping child, will go on repeating itself to the world's end."

"Yes," said Eleanor, "it is reasonable to suppose it will."

"I'm thinking that I shall not see an unchanged home much longer," he added. "A year seems a long time to look forward to; but I shall not spend all my vacation time at Tuftonhurst, and Catharine's marriage will make a sad blank. We shall miss her. Indeed, I can't imagine things going on the same without her. Mamma will again be the mainspring, I suppose, and I hope it won't be too much for her. She keeps all right, does the little mother, but she doesn't look very strong. I can see she's more glad of her ease than she was when I was a boy."

"Well, Frederic," said Eleanor, "do you know Catharine's been consulting with me about it. She has offered to train me to take her place, and I am quite willing, though I shall be a poor proxy; but she won't do it unless I'll give up the next examination."

"Catharine knows what she is about."

"But that seems very hard," said Eleanor. "Look at all the study and money that has gone for nothing."

"Nay, it has not gone for nothing because you miss the credentials. What you have learned and can remember you will always have."

Eleanor sighed. "What would you advise me to do, Frederic?"

"*Do, cara mia?* Article yourself to Cathy with right goodwill. Cultivate your mind a little less and your heart a little more, and you'll reach your mind through your heart. You've a heart worth cultivating. Let it have full play amongst the sweet sanctities of home and in the fellowship of fireside communion."

"A woman may do all that, and yet——"

"And yet if she has uncommon powers, both of body and mind, achieve scholarly distinctions and satisfy a hundred other claims. Granted. But ask yourself if these last two years the high ideal has been realised in you. You have injured your health and weakened some few of the bonds existing between you and your friends. Now, to be candid, isn't it so?"

"I fear it is. I thought I could raise them like trodden-down tendrils, and train them anew, some day."

"Mr. Cooke, of Boston, says that 'all character tends to a final permanence.' Whose esteem do you care for most—ours or the world's?"

"Oh, yours! I am not so far gone in this self-seeking as to prefer the world's."

"Then do not seek to have your intellect patented for our sakes, Eleanor. We are all prepared to estimate it at its true worth. At the same time, we want your real bodily, spiritual, emotional self in our midst, not an intellectual abstraction. And we do want to see you in better health and spirits, if that may be. I quite justify the course poor Anna Filton took. I don't justify its extreme. Her motives were noble, but the result reminds one of what Kirke White said when he had reached one goal of his ambition: 'Were I to paint a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished undergraduate after the Senate House Examination, I would represent her as concealing a death's head under a mask of beauty.' While, after a similar triumph, Henry Martyn writes, 'I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow.'"

Mrs. Townsley coming in interrupted the confessor and his *Beicht-Kind*. She told Eleanor she should not have allowed Ada to fall asleep in her arms. She would be sure to be very cross while she was being undressed. Ada justified the prediction, but Eleanor went through the performance as gently and as quickly as she could. And all crossness subsided when the little tired head was laid upon the pillow.

Next day Eleanor was very busy in arranging her room, writing notes, and making a list of the books she meant to read.

Ada sat near an interesting litter in the middle of the floor, tearing up waste paper with great satisfaction. Catharine brought them some lunch, as there was to be an unusually late dinner.

"Why, Eleanor!" she exclaimed, "are you turning your house upside down?"

"No, dear," answered Eleanor, "I am putting it in order for a new beginning."

Then the two understood each other well enough to seal the compact with a kiss; but as both were busy they did not waste many words upon it.

"Going to take Eleanor in hand?" said Mrs. Townsley next morning, when Catharine had told her how matters stood. "You will never make anything of her."

"We will see, mamma; only whatever blunders she may perpetrate, no one but myself is to notice them. It will spoil everything if she is laughed at."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A STUDENT.—You will require a master at first, and will have to be guided by him as to the grammar you will require under his teaching. No acquaintance with French, German, or even Latin will assist you in acquiring Hebrew.

MILDRED DAISY.—1. The "Addled Parliament" sat between April 5, 1614, and June 7, 1615. It was so nicknamed because it remonstrated with the King on his levying "Benevolences," but never passed any Acts. 2. A girl who had learned to play the harmonium might be strong enough to play the organ, when eighteen or twenty. But, on account of having to play on the pedals with the feet, it is by no means a desirable instrument for any young girl, as it tries the back.

FLO.—Thank you for your letter. The term "Women" in the answer you quote would show that the examination was *not* for girls under eighteen. The "Higher local" is usually called the "Women's Examination."

LITTLE IGNORAMUS.—We thought that everyone knew that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. If you stand with your right hand to the sun-setting, your face will be to the south.

FIFTH YEAR P.T.—A small manual, price 1s., called "The Book of Common Prayer, for the use of schools," is published by W. Collins and Sons, New Bridge-street, E.C. The author is the Rev. Coleman Ivens.

MUSIC.

NEMOPHILA.—You do not name the instrument which you are learning. Unless a fair opening and undoubted talent rendered it likely that you could make music a profession and means of support, you should be content to regard it as a mere recreation, which should not be allowed to throw you out of a fair situation as a servant. Civil Service clerkships are much sought, and hard to obtain. If you obtained one, your leisure time would not suffice to educate you as a professional player. Two or three hours in a fortnight may be sufficient for learning the concertina, so as to afford pleasure to yourself and your friends.

MERCY.—Musical examinations are held in the English counties by the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W.; and also by Trinity College, Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, W. Address to the secretary in both cases.

WILFRED WILLIE.—The Gavotte you mention resembles all others of its kind in the time, and the air is rather prettier than usual. Thank you for your kind wish.

MAY GOSLING.—The pile of the leather may be raised by a gentle scraping or rubbing with a penknife; but to do any permanent good the notes must be re-leathered.

ART.

M. M. M.—1. If you use a pen and Indian ink, we cannot see how it "rubs out." 2. Use serge for your curtains. You are quite right in your criticism. We suppose it is a poetical licence.

A CUMBERLAND LASS.—We do not know where the fault lies, as everyone uses either size, Chinese white, or white of egg. Your colours are perhaps too wet when you put them on.

DOLORES.—Paint with ordinary oil-colours, and varnish.

CAIA.—For painting on glass, use only transparent colours:—indigo, Prussian blue, rose madder, crimson lake, lamp black, gamboge, Indian yellow, &c. They may be prepared either as water or oil-colours; but the first are recommended to the amateur as the least expensive and most manageable.

MARY H. S. L.—The oven was too hot. The heat should have been very gentle indeed. Read "Terra Cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii.

CASSANDRA.—Size the screen before putting the pictures on. Flour and water paste is used for pasting. Send the screen when finished to a good

house-painter, as they are very difficult to do properly.

WILD ROSE.—We do not think a screen made entirely of portraits would be pretty, unless you knew the subjects of them very well indeed.

H. E. M.—We think that, unless you intend to photograph it, there is no question of copyright; but you may inquire at the shop where you purchased the photograph.

CATHIE and TOM THUMB.—Wash over the photo with a large brush and clean water first, to see whether it be in a state for painting. If the water rolls off in globules unevenly, wipe off the water, and then pass the tongue upwards over the whole picture twice, then try the water again, and if it lies smoothly on every part, the picture is ready for painting. Nothing is so good as the tongue, though many other experiments have been tried. Ordinary water-colours are used. An article will be shortly given on this subject.

EMELIE MARIAT.—We think the colouring of photographs an excellent means of making a livelihood for ladies.

MABEL.—Paint the basket with black enamel paint, and vein the leaves with gold paint.

BANTAM HEN.—A coating of gum arabic would be more suitable for your frame than varnish.

CAROL.—Size would not be needed, if you used your paints *very dry indeed*. *Wash* the stockings in very nearly cold water afterwards, and wring them thoroughly dry. It is the use of hot water and soda which spoils black stockings.

WORK.

ECHO OF LUCERNE.—See page 511, vol. ii. Also see page 144, vol. i. Between the two recipes you will obtain what you require. Your hand promises well.

C. E. GRAY.—We think that you have not written so as to express what you really mean. "Oblong" means that two sides of the square opposite each other are longer than the two ends—an unequal square. If you can crochet a square, you have only to continue your work until of the length desired. We are glad that our paper has proved so useful, in reference to work and cookery.

THREE AMERICANS.—Yes, but you must cut it out yourself. The *coda* is a certain number of bars added to the end of a piece of music, to produce a more complete and effective termination.

QUEEN O' THE MAY.—Poppies or cornflowers would look very well for your grey dress. Your writing is irregular and unformed as yet.

X. P. T.—1. The tucks and insertion of the front of the infant's robe should run horizontally. 2. If you happen to be exceedingly quick in learning "shorthand," the acquisition of the art would be of much service to you; but otherwise it would occupy so much of your time that it would prove in this way a greater drawback than assistance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CANTAB.—We think, as the dormice belong to children, it would be best to replace them by others, or else by some more amusing pets. Your writing would be improved by writing copies in a running hand, which would give more freedom.

IRENE.—See articles on terra-cotta painting, page 225, vol. ii.

ADELINE.—Gargle with a little alum water; but, as your general health may need attention, consult a doctor.

J. T.—Keep the apples on separate shelves in a dry, cold place. A cellar might be suitable; they are sometimes packed in sand.

VIOLET MURIEL R.—There are, of course, temptations in every situation in life, but we must not "be overcome of evil"; and in whatever place we are, we can show by our demeanour and conduct that we "serve the Lord Christ."

ENIREHFAC.—See "Pies and Tarts," page 244, vol. ii. Thank you for your kind letter.

GOLDA.—Try cork as a covering for your flower-pots. It has a very pretty effect, and is moderate in price.

LAURA.—The patterns enclosed are of silk blonde lace, and are of little value. "Laura's" writing is very ugly and unformed.

DORA.—An excellent book on home nursing is recommended at page 111, vol. i., which contains clear directions for what to do in every case of illness, sudden or otherwise, as well as for accidents.

NELLIE.—See our articles on "Occupation for Invalids," of which we have three of the series.

HARRIET GOSSET.—The invalid's table to which you refer, named at page 76, vol. ii., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, may be of any dimensions preferred for each individual case, from three feet long and two wide upwards; only it should be large enough to serve as a dining table, holding a plate and glass well.

A SUBSCRIBER (St. Bees).—Respectable women are received at the Liverpool Home for Incurables, 96, Upper Parliament-street, Liverpool, on payment of five shillings weekly.

MARY FAIRFAX.—Have you ever read Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks"?

BUNNY RABBIT.—Cramp usually arises from acidity in the system, and probably you are fond of eating "candies." *Persons* who write for many hours continuously sometimes find it a relief to the hand to employ a large cork penholder.

A HOPEFUL AMATEUR AND STEPHANIE.—No one individual possesses the copyright of all existing songs. Write to the publisher of any song you wish to sing in public, and inquire of him who has it of that particular publication. In reference to your desire to go on the stage, we can only say, we strongly urge you to abandon the idea. It is a position of terrible danger. Remember the prayer that you daily offer up, "Lead us not into temptation." If you pray thus, and wilfully run into it, you must be a hypocrite.

CLOCHETTE and HALTON.—Use a little lip salve, and abstain from moistening your lips with the tongue.

THE CHUMS.—There is an asylum for aged governesses at Chislehurst for pensioners of the Governesses' Benevolent Society at 47, Harley-street, The office is at 32, Sackville-street. There are other homes to be had under various conditions.

TIGER KLOOF.—You can procure suitable cards for painting upon at any artists', colourman's or even ordinary stationer's. Your writing is exceedingly good. We are glad that you mean to take home THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to Africa.

EMILY.—See pages 400 and 496, vol. i. Rheumatism proceeds from various causes, and we should be quacks if we presumed to prescribe for an individual case, without having seen the patient and his or her surroundings, ascertained the state of development of the disease, the age of the sufferer, the peculiarities of constitution, &c. Consult a good experienced doctor.

ARLEY CHAY.—A "gurgoyle" is a grotesque but ornamental finish to the end of a water-pipe, the spout, which may still be seen in old Gothic churches and houses at the roof, or round the parapet.

OLIVETIE.—See how to make an Æolian harp at page 335, vol. i, of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

ANNA.—The flower of the lotus somewhat resembles a water-lily.

A. J. W.—Perhaps you might obtain an engagement if you were to learn book-keeping, and endeavoured to improve your writing. We feel most sincerely for you in the terrible accident and loss you have sustained.

B L. B.—The poem entitled "The Leper" was by Nathaniel Parker Willis, an American poet It is to be found in "Readings in Poetry," brought out by the Christian Knowledge Society, and published by John W. Parker, West Strand.

HEPSIE.—St. Anthony's day is January 17th; that of St. James, the great patron saint of Spain, is July 26th; and of St. Denis (or St. Dionysius), the first Bishop of Paris is October 9th.

JENNY WREN.—Augustina, "the Maid of Saragossa," took her lover's place when he was shot, mounting the battery to defend the town against the French in the siege of 1808; she took charge of his gun (cannon), and, by her encouraging words, untiring efforts, and heroic example, she mainly contributed to the saving of her native city, and drove the besiegers from the walls. She was only twenty-two years of age.

DAISY.—Inquire at the nearest post-office, taking a copy of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER with you. Your writing is very poor indeed for thirteen years of age.

DOROTHEA.—The translation of your Italian sentence is "like the first kiss of Aurora." This goddess was fabled amongst the Greeks as the forerunner of the sun; who, with her rosy fingers opened the gates of the East for the dawning of day.

KATHLEEN.—The only instructions which can be given on the subject of your complaint may be found at page 272, vol i. We are sure you find it a trial, and do not think you at all foolish in your anxious endeavour to render your walking powers better.

GRACIE.—Mildew may be removed from linen by rubbing it well with soap and then scraping upon it some fine chalk, and rubbing that also into the linen. Wet a little then, and lay it on the grass, and it will come out after once or twice of so doing. Your writing is certainly very wretched, the letters uncertainly formed.

INO.—Not being necromancers, we cannot tell what caused the strains, unless you tell us. Perhaps it was only plated, or gilt which is worn through. Take the locket to a jeweller's to be cleaned and polished. For a bread and butter pudding, see page 64, vol. i.

STEPHANOS.—We are much obliged by your offer, but our staff is complete. We prefer our own explanation to any we have heard.

CANARY.—Your will find difficulty in getting your verses into any paper, unless of exceptional originality, not being a known author. If you should send them anywhere, keep a copy, as it is not usual to return unaccepted poems or articles.

E. A. C.—If the men out of work were handy, there are many things that might be done in bad weather, such as going on errands, sweeping up the grounds of gentlemen's places, carting, and so forth. They should learn mat making, garden-net making, clothes-horse making, chair mending, tinkering, knife-grinding, shoe-cobbling—one, at least, of these should be learnt in every labourer's cottage, and every child should be early taught some home-trade suitable to his class and to his hands, that no weather, however bad, should deprive him of work. The sooner that the boys are taught the better.

MARIAN.—Read "Girl's Own Societies," page 239, vol. i. When a widow marries again she has no right to wear the wedding-ring of her deceased husband. Should her husband permit it, she might wear it on a different finger, but to retain it on the wedding-ring finger would be in very bad taste, even if he yielded the point You write a pretty hand, and it is not too small.

DAISY.—Certainly not. It is a great vulgarism to apply the name of the husband's vocation, his military, naval, or civil rank to the wife. She only takes her husband's hereditary title when it is above her own. Would you say "Mrs. Pork-butcher Jones?" or "Mrs. Oculist Abrahams"?

SIDNEY CORYN.—We thank you for your obliging offer.

EDITH M.—Any member of the Phonetic Society will correct exercises gratuitously through the post, if sent with a stamped and directed envelope, Pitman's system being used. The address of one member who is thus obliging is Sidney G. P. Coryn, 68, Acre-lane, Brixton.

PEARL OF P. H.—1. We are sorry that no suggestions of ours have whitened and softened your hands. If they will look red and feel hard, we suppose Dr. Watts would say it is because

"It is their nature to."

2. It should be the married woman's place first to call on the unmarried girls, not theirs to call on her. But if their brothers live with her and her husband, the exchange of visits might easily be arranged.

F. B. E.—We regret that our rules forbid our supplying addresses. Joining some religious society engaged in useful work would, no doubt, be desirable under certain circumstances, and probably aid you in your effort to become a more consistent Christian, and to live more worthily of your heavenly birthright as such.

RUFUS.—The father of the bride, or his substitute, should propose the health of the bride and bridegroom, and the "best man" that of the bridesmaids—not the clergyman.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.—The first letter, "a," is mute. It is only used in that word in a diphthong, and the "es" following make the first syllable.

A CHOIR GIRL should subscribe herself "Yours respectfully" when writing to the clergyman under whose direction she is employed. Her writing is not yet formed; some letters slope one way, some another. She grumbles over the delay in answering these queries, and adds, "questions *much more simpler* than mine have been answered."

FRANCES EVANS inquires "how it is that some girls have nice soft voices, and others harsh and hard ones." Perhaps she can tell us why some people's noses turn up, and others turn down?

PANSIE.—Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, is one of our best places for the finding of fossils. The blue lias of the cliffs is very soft, and with a chisel and hammer you may open it in layers, like slates, between which fossils are embedded. But beware of the sudden falls of these cliffs, as accidents have occurred to geologists underneath them. It was here that the celebrated Mary Anning had her museum, and made her splendid discoveries.

A CHILD-GOVERNESS.—We think your salary should be about £25 per annum. Accept our thanks for your kind letter.

JUDY SMALLWEED.—We are interested in all you tell us, and, while sorry you cannot enter the petticoat competition, agree that out of so small a salary the cost could not be spared, as your claims at home should be first considered. We wish you success with your essay.

A. B. C.—We are glad that you see how improperly you behaved to your stepmother, and undutifully to so kind a father. Try to make up for the past to both, and acknowledge your fault. But you need not be desponding, for any sin regretted and forsaken, or systematically striven and prayed against, is sin forgiven, through the merits of Christ.

ISABEL.—The syllable "en" in a French word must not be pronounced as in English, viz., like a single "n," but with a nasal sound, as in "envelope." "Slough" (of Despond) is pronounced as the word "plough," which is sometimes written as sounded, "plow." "Hough," a joint in animals, is pronounced as "hock," and is sometimes so written. The 4th of January, 1864, was a Monday. Say, "My brother," not "Brother says." Your hand is good, but too large.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—His hands are already engaged on your behalf: turn the leaves of your song yourself, and, of course, thank him. 2. Always pay for yourself, unless the offer be pressed by a much older person—such as an old relative—but decline very graciously.

LAHA.—From your account we imagine that you have had a slight attack of intermittent fever, often attacking visitors to Paris. If so, avoid walking out when the steam rises from the hot ground after rain, or at sunset. Cold baths are unsuitable for you. Supposing that we are right in the mere guess made as to your ailment, quinine in considerable doses would do much good. Suggest the idea of malaria to your doctor. A smooth piece of pumice-stone might be used daily with possibly, good effect.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 88. SEPTEMBER 3, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BOTH IN THE WRONG.



[*All rights reserved.*]

"'WELCOME TO THE TOWERS, DEAREST,'" HE WHISPERED.

BOTH IN THE WRONG.

CHAPTER I.



ARTHUR TREMAINE was bringing home his bride.

The autumn sunlight was slanting through the trees, whose foliage was changing from green to gold and russet brown; the broad, shallow river crept silently through the meadows and the cornfields, from which the harvest had already been gathered; the afternoon breeze blew damp and chill as the carriage drove through the high street of the little village, where the people were standing at their doors and windows, with smiles and bows and curtseys, to see the bride pass.

From the tower of the old church came a peal of merry bells, ringing a glad welcome, and startling the solemn rooks, whose homes were in the tops of the trees that grew in the churchyard.

The little children shouted with glee as Mr. Tremaine laughed at them and flung them handfuls of copper; while their elders regarded curiously the dignified, handsome girl at his side, who was to be the mistress of the Towers, and their future Lady Bountiful.

"She's handsomer than our first dear lady," said one old woman, with a doubtful shake of her head. "Yes, no doubt she's more of a beauty than our dear dead lady, but she don't look as kind and gracious, to my thinking."

"Oh, but she's just lovely, Mrs. Drake," responded a young mother, holding her first-born in her arms. "Did you never see how she looked at my little Harry and smiled, as kind and pleasant as you please?"

"Ah, but you don't remember the first Mrs. Tremaine, Molly," answered the old woman; "it's six years since she died, poor dear! and you hadn't come to live here then. Ah! *she* was an angel, if you like!"

Meantime the carriage had passed swiftly down the village street, passed the porter's lodge, where the porter's wife, with a brood of shy, apple-faced little children, curtseyed her smiling welcome, and up the winding drive that led to the entrance to the Towers, an ancient red-brick building, turretted and lichen-grown, with a noble façade that gave upon a broad sweep of velvet lawn, dotted over with magnificent timber. Beyond the lawn, and divided from it by a sunk fence, was a stretch of park land, with a distant glimpse of a herd of fallow deer.

In the entrance-hall was assembled a whole *posse* of servants, radiant in new liveries and white satin cap-ribbons, men and women, waiting, with pardonable curiosity, to greet their new mistress.

Mr. Tremaine sprang from the carriage almost before the footman could open the door, and then turned to hand out his wife.

"Welcome to the Towers, dearest!" he whispered, as she alighted with her hand on his arm; "and may it be a very happy home to you!"

He had a smile and a pleasant greeting for the servants as he passed through their midst, while the bride smiled in gracious condescension in return for their respectful greetings.

"Lead the way to the drawing-room, Martin," said Mr. Tremaine to the housekeeper, bustling and important. "Mrs. Tremaine will like to rest by the fire for awhile and have a cup of tea. We have had a long journey, and the afternoon is turning very chilly."

So, with his bride on his arm, he passed down the hall, and led her up the shallow oaken staircase to the drawing-room, with its range of windows overlooking the lawn and the park. It was a stately room, draperied in pale amber, with furniture of ebony and rich stores of rare and costly china. A cheerful fire, burning in the wide, old-fashioned grate, with its brass "dogs," lent a pleasant light and warmth to the apartment, and upon a low table drawn up in front was set out a dainty tea-service, with the silver kettle bubbling and hissing.

"You won't refuse a cup of tea after your journey, Evelyn!" said Mr. Tremaine, as he placed his wife in a luxurious easy-chair, and prepared himself to fill her cup and bring it to her with tender care. "I wonder where Sophy is? She would have come to meet us, I thought. I want to introduce you to your new daughter. Martin," turning to the housekeeper, who was standing by, smoothing her hands over her black silk gown, "where's Miss Sophy?"

"She's in the schoolroom, sir," answered the old lady, with perceptible hesitation. "May be she don't know you've arrived, sir."

A shade of annoyance crossed the master's face as he heard the reply.

"She *must* know we have arrived," he said, half to himself; "she is always the first to run out to welcome me." Then, in a louder tone, "I will go and bring her to you, Evelyn, if you will forgive my leaving you for a few moments. I dare say the poor child feels shy."

CHAPTER II.



THE schoolroom at the Towers was a long, low room, with mullioned windows, a broad, blue-tiled hearth; light oak furniture, upholstered in well-worn green morocco; a cottage piano, and rows of book-shelves plentifully supplied with volumes, mostly bound in faded calf.

By one of the windows, absently watching the little pink-edged clouds that were scudding across the darkening blue of the sky, stood a young girl—a girl of sixteen, who had scarcely yet grown out of childhood; with a slim tall figure, a proudly-poised head crowned with a crop of short brown curls, that shone here and there with golden threads; small brown hands, and a sun-burnt face lighted by a pair of large-limpid blue eyes.

The blue eyes were brimful of unshed tears, though the head was thrown back proudly, and there was a look of angry defiance upon the childish mouth.

An elderly lady in widow's dress sat near, watching the girl with an expression of tender anxiety. Neither of them had spoken for some time, but at length the elder lady broke the silence—

"It is ten minutes since we heard the carriage drive up to the door," she said; "I think, Sophy, you ought to go and meet them."

The girl's only reply was to toss her curly head and avert her face still further from the speaker.

Then the elder lady rose from her seat, and approaching, laid one hand caressingly on the child's shoulder.

"I think you ought to, my dear," she said, gently. "Mr. Tremaine will miss you, and I am afraid he will feel hurt at your not going to meet him."

"Oh, no he won't," answered the girl, speaking sharply and quickly to hide a quiver in her voice. "He'll never miss me; he's got some one else he cares for far more than he cares for me now. Leave me alone, please, Mrs. Gray; you can't understand how things are." And she moved her shoulder away impatiently from the gentle touch.

"I know you have got a kind and most affectionate father, my love," replied Mrs. Gray, in gentle reproof; "and I am afraid he will feel that you are unkind in not going to meet him and bid him welcome."

"And so I would," cried the girl, facing round suddenly, and speaking in a tone of suppressed passion—"so I would if he were alone; but he isn't; he's got someone else—someone who has come to take my own dear dead mother's place, and to make my life miserable: for I shall hate her always—I know I shall, for teaching papa to forget my own mother!"

"Hush, Sophy! hush, my child! You must not say such things; it is very, very wrong, and you will be sorry for it afterwards. You surely cannot suppose that your papa has ceased to love you because he has found some one else who is dear to him? My child, you *must* know him better than that!"

"I don't care!" cried the girl, rebelliously; "I was first to him until she came between us, and now I can never be the same to him again. I have lost my father, and he will never be the same father to me that he was. And you know it, too, Mrs. Gray, though you are like everyone else, and side against me. But I'll never, *never* call his wife mother; never, as long as I live!"

"My love, my love!" replied Mrs. Gray, in a tone of pained reproach, "how can you say such things? Do go and meet your father, my child. He will be grieved, I am sure, if you are not there to give him a welcome."

What reply Sophy might have made was cut short by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Mr. Tremaine himself. Sophy turned hastily, hesitated a moment, and then, springing forward, flung her arms round her father's neck, and, hiding her face on his shoulder, burst into a fit of passionate tears.

"Why, little one," he said gently, as he smoothed the brown curls, "were you never coming to give me a welcome? How was that?"

She made no reply, only clung the closer to him, with convulsive sobs.

"What, not a word of welcome?" he went on, a trifle reproachfully. "I shall begin to think you are not glad to see me home, Sophy. Is it so?"

"Oh, papa, I am so glad to have you back!" with a scarcely-perceptible emphasis on the "you."

"Then why did you never come to tell me so? Why do you leave me to seek you out? That is not like my own little Sophy."

"I did not think you would want me, papa," answered the girl, in a low voice. "I did not think you would ever miss me, and so—I did not come."

Mr. Tremaine raised the tear-wet face, and looked at his little daughter searchingly. "Was it jealousy?" he asked himself, and the idea perplexed and annoyed him.

But all he said was, "Come and be introduced to your new mother; she is longing to make your acquaintance, and you will soon be the best friends in the world," speaking with a confidence he did not quite feel.

"Thank you, papa," Sophy answered, withdrawing herself from his embrace, "but I think I would rather not. Mrs. Tremaine will not care to see me, and you will not miss me. I would rather stay here with Mrs. Gray."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Tremaine, sharply.

"I will not hear of such a thing. Don't be shy and silly, child, but come with me without any nonsense."

The tone was sharper than he had ever used to his little daughter, and the girl winced at it. But she made no reply, and followed her father in perfect silence from the schoolroom which had felt such a safe refuge to her. Down the corridor they went, up the oaken staircase, and into the amber drawing-room, where Mrs. Tremaine, in her tasteful travelling-dress of Paris manufacture, was warming herself before the fire, and toying with her fragile cup and saucer, while she glanced round the room with pleased curiosity.

"Here, Evelyn, I've brought my shy little girl to make your acquaintance." And Sophy, as the words were uttered, caught a glimpse of the graceful figure, fair face, soft brown eyes, and golden hair. Then the lady arose, and with gracious condescension, held out both hands to the shrinking girl, and, drawing her to her side, kissed her on both cheeks.

Sophy did not return the embrace, nor did she lift her eyes from the ground after that momentary glance. She felt as if she hardly could have done so if it had been to save her life. The gracious kisses seemed to burn her cheek; her whole being revolted against the caress. To her unreasonable young prejudice, the very beauty and graciousness of the young bride were so many offences.

Young Mrs. Tremaine's face showed some little surprise at the manner in which her salute was received. She was unaccustomed to have her favours met so coldly; besides which, her husband had given her a very different idea of his only child. He had always painted her as a gentle, timid little creature, docile and meek, and capable of being led by the least kindness, so that his bride had come prepared to greet her step-daughter full of kindly benevolence and gracious condescension, and at the outset she was met by this chilling rebuff. Arthur had deceived her, or else he was egregiously mistaken in his estimate of his daughter's character.

This latter conclusion was the right one. Sophy entertained a most profound love and admiration for her father, which had always made her meek and submissive in his presence. It was her absorbing affection which made it her pleasure to wait upon him meekly at all times, try to anticipate his slightest wish, and find her greatest happiness in making his will her law.

But it did not follow that this ready and loving allegiance was to be transferred to his bride—to her whom Sophy regarded as an interloper between her father and herself, and the destroyer of her own happiness. The girl's heart was far too full of angry jealousy and impotent rebellion to dream of submitting meekly to the new rule, and her father had yet to learn the strength of purpose and stubborn will in his daughter's character, whose existence he had never guessed at hitherto.

He marked Sophy's cold reception of Mrs. Tremaine's advances, and his brow clouded over with vexation at her treatment of his bride. A flush of annoyance had spread, too, over the young wife's face, but it faded almost immediately, and she addressed the rebellious child as calmly as if she had greeted her with ordinary politeness—

"Oh, you and I will soon be very good friends, Sophy; you will be such a nice companion for me when your father has to attend to his duties and engagements away from home. Won't you have a cup of tea with me, by way of commencing our friendship?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Tremaine," answered the girl, in a cold, constrained voice, "but I am going to have tea directly with Mrs. Gray in the schoolroom. I am going back to her now, and so will say good-afternoon to you."

"Nonsense, Sophy!" cried her father; "I'll not have you running away directly you have come. It's absurd for you to pretend to be shy. You shall dine with Mrs. Tremaine and me in honour of its being our first evening at home; and see if you cannot dress yourself to a little more advantage. You might have honoured us by paying a little more attention to your toilette, my dear," eyeing with disfavour the well-worn serge dress, usually devoted to the schoolroom, which Sophy had made no attempt to lighten or embellish.

"Very well, papa," she replied, meekly. "I had not thought you would care about seeing me; but I will dine with you if you wish it."

"Of course I wish it," he answered; and he watched her as she left the room, with a puzzled, anxious expression on his face. He hardly understood the girl's manner, and wondered vaguely what ailed her, and whether his marriage was going to bring trouble and dissension into his household. Mr. Tremaine was a kind-hearted, easy-going man, who hated trouble and annoyance with all his heart, and would have sacrificed almost anything rather than see the domestic horizon overcast and its peace broken. Surely he was not going, when he least expected it, to find his daughter a thorn in his side.

Sophy came down to the dinner-table very cold, very pale, and very silent. She had followed her father's wish, so far as putting on another gown went, but the black velvet was plain almost to severity, relieved by nothing but a simple collar and cuffs, and innocent of the least ornament of lace or flowers.

She was a striking contrast to the young bride in her pale blue dress, pearl ornaments, and the knot of gloire de Dijon roses at her throat. She looked very young, very bright, and very lovely; but to poor Sophy's jealous heart her every charm was an offence, for, with grudging admiration, she was bound to confess to herself that her new mother was both charming and beautiful.

The poor girl was in no enviable state of mind as she sat through the courses of dinner, listening in stony silence to the light talk which her father and his bride kept up between themselves, after sundry ineffectual attempts to draw her into the conversation. She was lonely and sore at heart, at war with herself and all around her, and feeling—unreasonably enough — that she had been grievously ill-used by her father.

Dinner came to an end at length, and as Mrs. Tremaine rose to go to the drawing-room her husband rose too.

"You don't fancy I'm going to sit alone over my wine, Evelyn, do you?" he said, as he passed his hand through her arm, and went upstairs with her, Sophy following behind.

"I do not want to show you over your new home until to-morrow," he said, as they seated themselves by the hearth, on which a goodly pile of logs was blazing cheerily. "I want you to see it by daylight; besides, you will be tired after our journey. Come and sit down by my side, Sophy," holding out a hand to his daughter, who stood sullenly aloof, "and we will tell you all we had not time to write about."

Sophy could not resist the invitation, but she came slowly and unwillingly, and could scarcely summon up any show of interest in her father's talk. She was longing to get away all to herself, where she could relieve her feelings by a hearty fit of tears. She did not care to hear what her father said, when his young wife kept chiming in with her clear, soft tones. She had no pleasure in holding his hand in hers, while his attention was diverted from her, and all the time he was looking with fond admiration into the bright, animated face, with its crown of golden hair. She did not care to have her father unless she might have him all to herself. It broke her heart to think he could be happier in the company of someone else, rather than in that of his little girl. So she slipped quietly away to the other end of the room when at last, at a request from her husband, Mrs. Tremaine rose, and, going over to where the piano stood, sat down and began to sing.

And here, again, Sophy was compelled to give a grudging admiration. Her execution was brilliant, and when she began to sing her voice, powerful and well-trained, was full of subtle sweetness and tender, pathetic melody. She sang a song which was strange to Sophy, a song with a wild, weird accompaniment, whose mournful refrain caught the girl's ear, and seemed to harmonise with the feelings of her heart:—

"Happy sound of a byegone day,
It rings in my heart for aye."

She caught herself repeating the dirge-like lines to herself, and they seemed to bring back a past long since dead—a past when she was a merry little child, and when her own mother, who was lying in a shady corner of the old churchyard now, was sitting in that very same low chair by the hearth, the loving sharer of all her childish joys and troubles, her friend and companion, whose memory was still as green as ever in her daughter's heart, though it was six long years since she had bidden good-bye to husband and child, and gone to sleep, with folded hands, under the long green grass of the churchyard. It seemed treason to the girl's fond heart that anyone else should have come to fill the place left vacant by her dead mother; treason to her memory that her husband should find comfort and pleasure in the society of another.

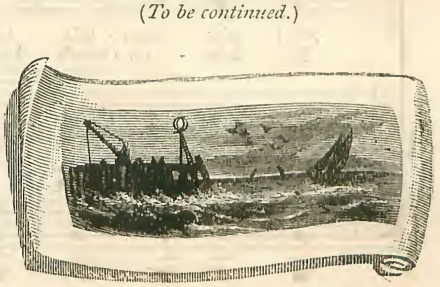
The blue eyes filled with tears, and a choking sob rose in the girl's throat. She could bear it no longer—she must go away, and be alone somewhere; she must slip away from the brightly-lighted room, with its cheery fire, its flowers and its music. They would never miss her. No; they were too full of each other to have a thought to spare for her. Her father was bending over the piano with looks of the fondest love and admiration at his bride; while she, with her jewelled fingers straying over the keys, had changed the song, and now, with suppressed passion and feeling, was singing the time-honoured old air,

"Du, du liegst mir in herzen;
Da, da, hast du dein tron,"

as if her whole heart were breathed forth in the words.

Sophy felt as if she could not bear it another moment, and, slipping quietly past them, she opened the door, and fled to the sanctuary of her own little room, where, kneeling upon the broad window seat, she gazed up at the cold, star-lit sky, feeling desolate, lonely, and forsaken, while her whole heart went up in a helpless, passionate, yearning cry—"Oh, mother, mother, come back!"

(*To be continued.*)





THE CONSTANCY OF LOVE.

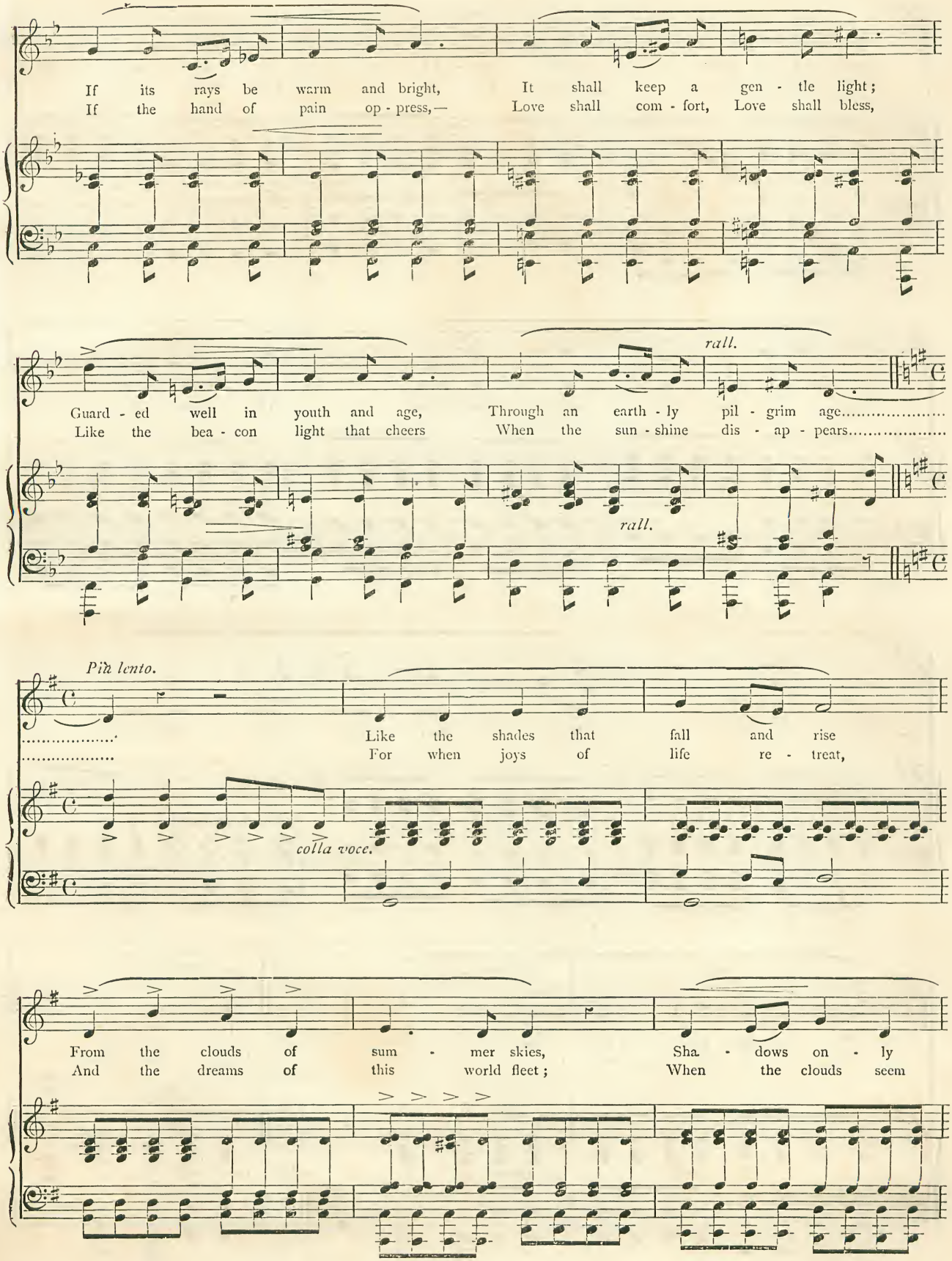
Words by ANNE BEALE. *Music by* ALMA SANDERS.

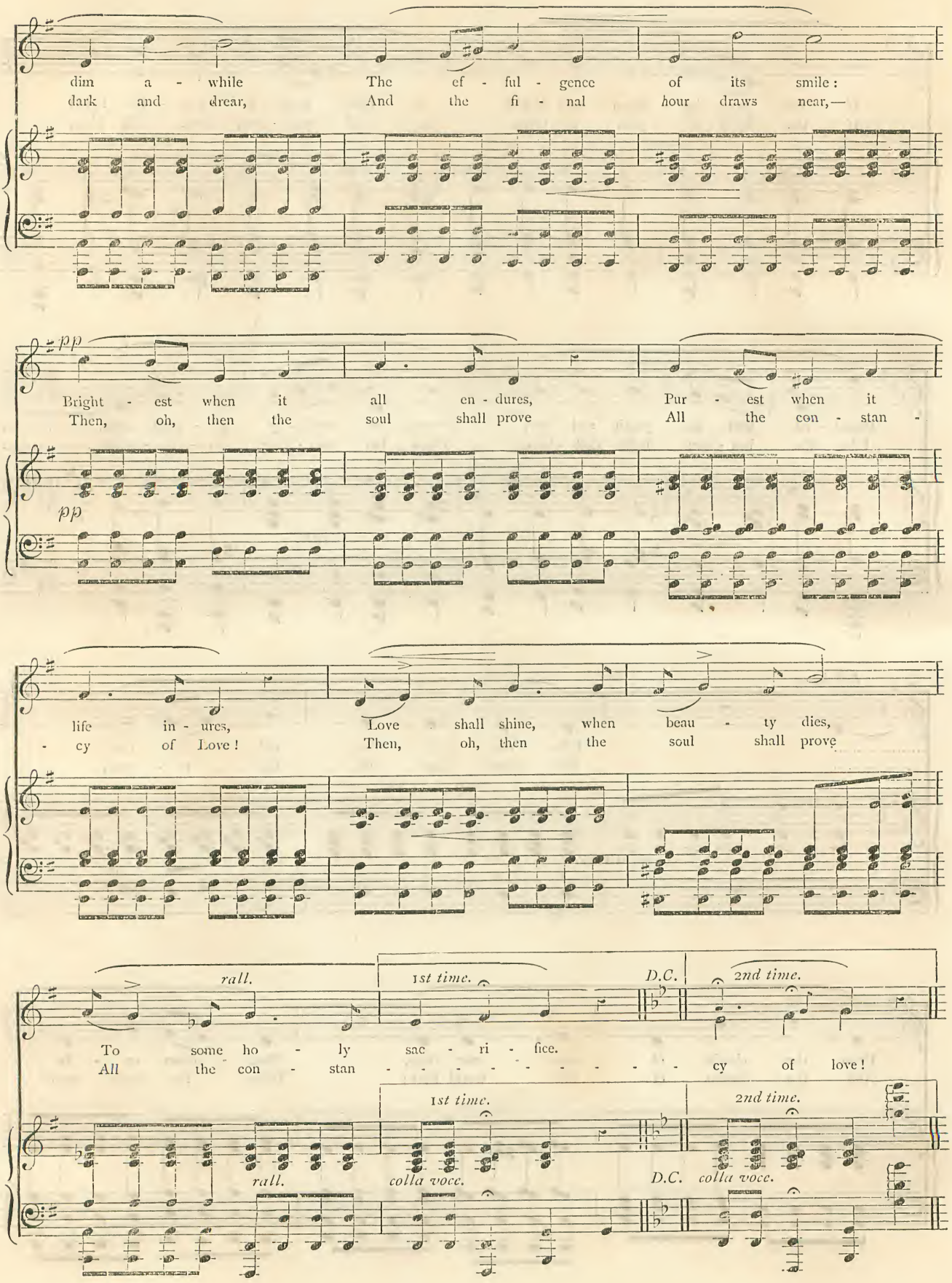
Andante con espressione.

PIANO. *pp*

1. Tell me, tell me, what is Love?— 'Tis a ha - lo from a - bove,
2. For 'tis grief's un - cer - tain hour Tries its na - ture, proves its power:

Shed o'er mor - tals here be - low To il - lume the paths of woe.
If mis - for - tune's blasts as - sail, If the friends of sum - mer fail,


If its rays be warm and bright, It shall keep a gen - tle light;
If the hand of pain op - press,— Love shall com - fort, Love shall bless,
rall.
Guard - ed well in youth and age, Through an earth - ly pil - grim age.....
Like the bea - con light that cheers When the sun - shine dis - ap - pears.....
rall.
Più lento.
Like the shades that fall and rise
For when joys of life re - treat,
colla voce.
From the clouds of sum - mer skies, Sha - dows on - ly
And the dreams of this world fleet; When the clouds seem


dim a - while The ef - ful - gence of its smile:
dark and drear, And the fi - nal hour draws near,—
pp
Bright - est when it all en - dures, Pur - est when it
Then, oh, then the soul shall prove All the con - stan -
pp
life in - ures, Love shall shine, when beau - ty dies,
- cy of Love! Then, oh, then the soul shall prove
rall.
1st time.
D.C.
2nd time.
To some ho - ly sac - ri - fice.
All the con - stan - - - - - - - - - cy of love!
1st time.
2nd time.
rall.
colla voce.
D.C. colla voce.

"JUST OUT."



COMING out is an expression often used for leaving school, and the regular hours and routine of school-room life, and many a girl when she reaches this fresh stage of her existence asks herself the question, "How can I best employ my time and the talents which God has given me?"

To some the answer is clearly indicated. The eldest sister in a large family, where, perhaps, means are small, and the mother overburdened with cares, need not look far for her duties. To lighten those cares, to be a good friend to her younger brothers and sisters, to be practically helpful in the home, will surely be her aim.

The daughters of a busy clergyman, too, will usually find duties awaiting them on leaving the schoolroom. Schools, classes, choirs, clubs, and other parish work will offer scope for their energies; and many a father, be he clergyman or layman, will be glad to find a young secretary always at hand ready to help him by copying and writing letters, &c. But although some girls look forward to leaving the schoolroom as a time for beginning a more practically useful life, this is not the case with all. Many a girl wonders how she shall employ herself when her regular hours of study are over. With perhaps three or four sisters above her, her share of going out into society will not be great, while they have already appropriated the various duties which the home offers. "Now if only I can find something useful to do," I heard a young girl, who had just come out, say the other day. To such an one I would say, although you do not see any sphere of usefulness opening before you now, employ your time in preparing yourself as well as possible in case it should do so at a future time. In order to do this do not let any of your talents rust from want of exercise. If you are musical, practice diligently. Some day you may be required to play the organ in church, the harmonium at meetings, to accompany friends in part or solo singing, and at all times you will be able to give a great deal of pleasure to those around you who are fond of music. Drawing, too, may be turned to account. Christmas cards, *menu* cards, painted needle-books, paintings on wood, china, and silk will always find purchasers at the numerous sales held for charitable objects. Improve yourself in these arts, and some day you may be able to lend a helping hand to those who have not had your advantages. Besides which, "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well"; and you will have a satisfaction in doing the work, however trifling it may appear, which "thy hand findeth to do, with all thy might."

But, apart from accomplishments, do not let the powers of your mind rust. This should be the rule for all girls, whether they are engaged in active practical work or not. Make up your mind that as you grow older you will grow wiser. Do not let a day pass without devoting a portion of it to mental culture. "But," you will say, "this is so selfish, it will benefit nobody but myself." This is not the case, and regarded from two points of view the culture of your mind is an important work given you to do. From a religious point of view is it not more to God's glory that the gifts He has given you should be developed? Are not these gifts one of the talents committed to you with the words, "Occupy till I come." A cramped and twisted limb cannot perform its proper functions, neither can a cramped and distorted mind.

"Culture proposes as its end the carrying of man's nature to its highest perfection, the developing to the full all the capacities of our humanity."

Looking at it from a social point of view the same author* says that culture aims at "a fuller, more harmonious development of our humanity, greater freedom from narrowness and prejudice, more width of thought, more expansive sympathies, feelings more catholic and humane, a high and unselfish ideal of life." If this be the case, will not each hour you devote to self-improvement render you more useful to your fellow-creatures, more able to form a right judgment, to advise, to sympathise, and to occupy any sphere that may open before you with more power and intelligence than you would otherwise have done.

The means of mental culture in these days are numerous. To begin with, there are lectures. In many towns courses of lectures are given especially to women. The lecturer usually recommends a course of reading on his subject, and gives themes for essays which he will revise and criticise. Such lectures if taken up with spirit and a determination to derive the utmost benefit from them are among the most enjoyable means of self-improvement.

The system of instruction by correspondence offers some of the same advantages to those who are unable to attend lectures, and is a great help in self-education. The correspondence classes may be entered with a view to passing some of the Local Oxford or Cambridge examinations, which undoubtedly give a stimulus and thoroughness to the work done, but entering the classes does not necessarily involve going in for the examinations. The corresponding tutor draws out a scheme for reading which he sends to his pupil, telling her in what order she is to read the various books named. After this he sends, fortnightly or monthly, a paper of questions and subjects for essays to be answered within a certain date. The answers are sent to him and he returns them fully criticised, sometimes accompanied by specimen answers of his own to show how they should have been done. This system has a great advantage in providing a regular course of reading, whilst the fact of writing for the tutor makes the pupil think, teaches her to express herself clearly, and gives her the benefit of the criticisms of one well up in the subject of the class.

Anyone wishing to join such a class should apply to Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge. The fee is £3 or £4 the course, which lasts from October to June. For those who are unable to pay these fees or to give the time requisite for joining these classes there are other and simpler modes of self-culture. Essay clubs, in which a certain number of girls agree to write on the same subject monthly, and to submit their essays to the criticism of some older and intellectual friend, are useful in leading to researches and the expression of the result on paper, but are less satisfactory as being less systematic, more desultory, and flitting from one subject to another from month to month.

Apart from all these aids to mental culture a girl may do much for her own self-improvement. Determine that a certain portion of your day, if only half an hour, shall be devoted to study. Choose your subject. Draw out a course of reading for yourself. If you choose English history, for example, begin at the beginning, take it period after period in chronological order, reading all you can find bearing on each period. Try to grasp the constitutional, political, social, religious, literary state of England during each period. Or if your subject be English literature, get a general view of it first, then choosing some particular part of it, say, the Elizabethan literature, study the influences which helped to produce it, the dramatists, the poets, the prose writers. Try and read some work by each author.

Any such course of study must enlarge your mind, train you in habits of attention, thought, and perseverance, help in fact to make you

> "A being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A traveller between life and death,
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
> A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

* "Culture and Religion," by Professor Shairp, of St. Andrew's.

VARIETIES.

AN IMPORTANT RULE IN MANNERS.—One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence with regard to yourself.

CHARMS AND KNOTS.

Who read a chapter when they rise
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes;
Who goes to bed and does not pray
Maketh two nights to every day;
Who looks on ground with humble eyes
Finds herself there and seeks to rise.

George Herbert.

THE HOURGLASS.—Coming hastily into a chamber I had almost thrown down a crystal hourglass. Fear lest I had made me grieve as if I had broken it. But, alas! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hourglass was but crystal, each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that but casually, this done wilfully. A better hourglass might be bought, but time lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hourglass, not to be by me but to be in me. Teach me to number my days—an hourglass to turn me—that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.—*Thomas Fuller.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two very black places! I have not a doubt,
If you seek through the world you'll not find
Such other black towns, where, within and without,
Gritty coal-dust and smoke are combined.

A town in India—a repeating name;
If you pronounce me you are not the same.

An island, where (in the old way, spell)
One of our noblest seamen, murdered, fell.

Oh, fatal fight! the young king and his peers,
Chivalrous Rupert and his cavaliers,
Are thrust from out this city's streets and lanes,
Which Cromwell, with his Independents, gains.

A season more observ'd abroad, I fear,
Than 'tis by very many persons here.

Here flourish'd once a monastery, famed
In Southey's poem: now corruptly named.

"Your banner be my snow-white plume to-day!"
Here a heroic king was heard to say;
Where, 'mid death-grappling, blood, and sore fatigue,
The Huguenots prevail'd against the League.

Mysterious diocese; to southern eyes
An explanation not e'en man supplies.

XIMENA.



LED BY A CHILD.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy."

DAISY GRAHAM was a quaint little maiden with a pair of questioning brown eyes and a winsome way with her that made her perfectly irresistible. Often have I thought, when looking at her, of the child who, on being asked how it was everybody loved her, replied, "I don't know; perhaps it is because I love everybody!"

Eight years have passed since I paid a long and memorable visit to my cousin, Henry Graham, who had lately bought a small estate in one of the eastern counties. It so happened that I arrived at Mildenham a day or two before his daughter Daisy's ninth birthday, and as it was the "leafy month of June," and exceptionally warm weather for the time of year, we agreed to celebrate the important event by a family picnic.

Very early in the morning the whole household was astir, and after the usual exciting preliminaries - the packing of hampers, the arranging and re-arranging of crockery-ware so that it could not possibly break, the filling-in of corners and crevices, so that nothing could possibly shake—we started. Our picnic was to be a very unsophisticated affair; we were not going beyond our own domain. The earlier hours were spent in the hayfield, afterwards we roamed about in an adjacent wood until our appetites warned us it was time to make our way to the spot we had chosen for a dining-hall, a part where, the trees having been somewhat thinned, we had both shade and air, whilst the glad gleams of sunshine peeped down upon us here and there between the branches, as if to do honour to our sunny-hearted Daisy.

Our banquet was soon spread, the soft green turf our table, the wild flowers we had gathered its appropriate decoration.

"I wonder if Joe Simpson enjoys his bread and cheese as much as I do my dinner," said Harry, the elder boy, to whom this part of the day's proceedings seemed especially interesting.

"Enjoy!" exclaimed his father. "I am inclined to think he never enjoyed anything in his life; grumpy individual!"

I looked up, wondering who could have called forth such a remark from my good-natured cousin, and saw an old man seated a short distance from us, whom I recognised as a labourer whom I had met with in my walk the day before.

Now, I am afraid that, though sincerely desirous of being helpful and useful, I rather prided myself on my tact in speaking to the poor. Being fond of old people, I stopped to say "Good morning" to Joe Simpson. A kind of grunt was the only response. Slightly daunted, I ventured, in orthodox English fashion, upon a few original remarks concerning the state of the weather. No answer all this time. "Ah!" I thought, "I'll try a little praise," for I could see he was very careful over his work—clipping stray shoots from the hedges.

"What a neat hedge you are making!"

"Much a fine Lunnun lady knows about such things," grumbled he, with such a sarcastic expression on his really good-featured face that I felt considerably—well, were I relating this to *boys* instead of *girls* I might use the ugly, but expressive word—*snubbed*.

Still I persevered. "Oh, but I often stay in the country, and like it much better than town."

No remark; and after another trial on my part and sullen silence persisted in on his, I turned away, feeling completely defeated.

I had just finished recounting my yesterday's experience to my cousins when the Rev. Herbert Shalders, the curate at Mildenham, made his appearance; he was a special favourite with the Grahams, and had promised to make one of our party as early as he could. After mutual introduction, for he and I were strangers, he was told of my ineffectual efforts to win a civil word from Joe. Turning to me, he said—

"Had you been successful, Miss Graham, I should have felt quite jealous, for ever since I came to the village I have tried to win his confidence, but hitherto in vain."

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Graham. "After all he is to be pitied; trouble seems to have soured him. He lost both wife and daughter within a few weeks of each other, and since then has lived alone; his only other child married and went to Canada." During our conversation Daisy had remained silent, but now, jumping up, she whispered something to her mother, whereupon Mrs. Graham, smiling, piled a goodly supply of chicken and ham on a plate, which the little girl carried off to old Simpson.

"Why!" exclaimed Harry, "if Daisy isn't going to take some dinner to Joe! I'm sure I would not take the trouble to do it—she will get no thanks!" We watched Daisy as she offered the plate with the simple grace born of self-unconsciousness. It was not taken; she placed it, however, on the grass beside the old man, and then came tripping back to us.

"Well, Daisy, what did Joe say?" inquired her father.

"He said he did not want it; bread and cheese was good enough for him."

"Then why ever did you leave it, Daisy?" cried her brother, no doubt thinking it a waste of good things.

"Oh! I told him he must take it to oblige me, because to-day is my birthday, and so I left it."

"Didn't he say 'Thank you'?" asked the younger boy, Philip.

"N—n—o," answered his sister, hesitatingly; but I don't mind that:"

Ah! Daisy, your unselfish way of doing a kindness taught me a lesson which I scarcely knew I needed. Had not some of my failures been due to my minding about the *thanks*!—the craving, at any rate, for some modicum of appreciation of the *doer* of the kind act?

This visit proved an eventful one for me; when the next birthday came round I had be-

come the wife of Herbert Shalders, and we were on our way to India, there to take up a work very dear to both of us—that of missions. At the end of seven years it was considered necessary for us to return to England for change, and soon after our arrival, finding that a clerical friend of ours was anxious to travel for two or three months, my husband offered to take duty for him. Hence it is we are now domiciled within twenty miles of Mildenham.

We had not been here many days when Herbert, returning from the village where he had been making some calls, greeted me with—

"Little wife, I have just had the day of our first meeting most vividly recalled."

"Indeed! what a painful reminiscence!" said I. (The conversation which ensued for the next minute and a half between "married lovers" may be easily supplied by the imaginative reader; to the unimaginative it might prove uninteresting.)

"Pray what brought it to your remembrance, Bertie?" I asked.

"I have met with an old friend of ours who shared that birthday dinner."

"Do you mean that cross-grained old man? I forget his name."

"Yes, Joe Simpson. It seems that his daughter and her husband came back from Canada last year, and the son-in-law took the blacksmith's place here. He appears to be a very respectable man, and the old father is living with them."

"It is to be hoped his temper has improved—they are not enviable."

"Indeed, Louey, he seems quite altered. I was noticing him as I stood talking to his son at the forge. The old man was seated on a wooden armchair in the porch of the cottage, a little girl, a grandchild, sat on the doorstep reading from a large Bible which she held on her knee. When I heard who he was I went up to him, and, wishing him good-day, said I was glad to see him taking pleasure in hearing the best of books read. 'The best of books,' he said, with emphasis, '*that's true*, sir, but I sadly grieve that I have only begun to think so at the end of my days. Ah, sir, I used to think it wasn't meant for such as me. I was that hard, I was, I used to say that God Almighty didn't care for me, or he wouldn't ha' sent me such a peck o' trouble.' 'What makes you think differently?' I asked. 'It was all through a little lady not bigger than Lizzie here,' pointing to his grandchild. 'She had such a pretty way of asking me to let her read something out of the Bible because it made her so happy, and she would like me to be happy too, and so it made me feel kinder like, and my hard heart got softer, and now, sir, I *know* God is love, and that He gave His Son to die for me.' He said this so reverently and with his eyes filled with grateful tears, I could not but contrast him with his former self. After a moment's pause I said, 'Don't you remember me, Joe?' Fixing his eyes on me, 'Why, sir,' he exclaimed, 'baint you the young parson as was at Mildenham, and that married Miss Daisy's cousin? I'm sure I ask your pardon for not knowing you;' and then he was profuse in his apologies for all his former rudeness."



"HE SAID HE DID NOT WANT IT."

Very soon after hearing this interesting account of my old acquaintance I went to see him; and for several weeks seldom allowed many days to pass without paying him a visit, he so thoroughly enjoyed hearing little anecdotes of our life in India, and never tired of talking of Daisy's goodness. Three days ago, when I was with him, he told me he had been reading the 5th chapter of Matthew, and when he came to the 45th verse he thought "Miss Daisy is a real child of our Heavenly Father—good or evil, just or unjust—all the same to her, she is ready to do a kindness for everybody;" and then he went on to say in his amusing way: "Excuse me, ma'am, for saying so, but some gentlefolks talk to us poor people as if they felt they was doing something extra out o' the common — and because they're up there and we're down here, they'll ask us all sorts o' questions that they'd think themselves right-down impedent to ask one another."

I could not help laughing, as I expressed my hope that was not true of many. "No, no, ma'am," he replied; "though I once thought they were all alike; but I was very high-minded then."

As I bade him good-bye, I told him I hoped Daisy would be coming to see me soon.

"I shall be rare pleased to see her once more, if so be it should be God's will," he said.

But this was not to be.

Yesterday morning we were summoned to the dying bed of our old friend. He had been failing for some time, but was suddenly taken worse in the night. When we entered the room he appeared to recognise us, but was evidently sinking rapidly, though quietly. His daughter and I sat by the bedside watching him and trying to catch the few words which he murmured now and then. Presently a shower came on, one of those heavy, sudden showers that are not uncommon on a sultry day. I rose to partly shut the lattice window,—the movement aroused him, for his hearing was unusually acute. Opening his eyes, he smiled, and bending over him, I heard—"just, unjust—Our Father in Heaven"—

evidently the rushing sound of the rain had brought to his memory the last words he had spoken to me. Closing his eyes again, he appeared to fall into a peaceful sleep, and thus he passed gently away to the home prepared for him by his Heavenly Father.

THE TRAVELLING CAT.



When in Cumberland last August, I made the acquaintance of a remarkable cat, which has probably travelled more in human society than any other member of the feline race out of a show.

I was just entering a pretty little house at the foot of Helvellyn, which was to be the temporary abiding place of the family—including a pet canary, whose cage was in my hand—when I caught a glimpse of a huge cat lying on an easy chair. He was at the moment the sole occupant of a room exactly opposite to that in which Dick's cage would have to hang, and would be, I thought, a most undesirable neighbour.

So thought pussy's mistress, who joined me at the moment, and expressed her anxiety for the canary's safety, as *her* favourite had been used to the run of the whole house prior to our arrival. I put Dick in a safe place, and returned to make acquaintance with the cat, called Tiny, "because he is so big," said his mistress; though, I suppose, he received his name when a kitten. As he sat there, calm and dignified, like a very monarch of cats sitting for his portrait, and with a handsome collar and bell round his neck, he could not fail to attract notice and admiration, both on account of his great size and beauty. He is grey and black striped, like a tiger; but with nose, breast, and paws snowy white.

Tiny's peculiarity is his doggishness, he being the personal friend of each member of the family in which he resides.

He accompanies them—father, mother, and son—in all their travels; though he is nominally the young gentleman's cat, and sleeps in his room. Up to the time of my making Tiny's acquaintance, he had stayed in one hundred and six different places.

He travels in a basket, with door and window, and large enough for him to rest in quite comfortably, but not with so much space as to allow him be shaken about during the journey. He generally sleeps on the road, and on his arrival at a new place makes himself as much at home as though he had spent his life there. He trots about the neighbourhood, takes walks with his human associates—doggie-fashion—and manifests a dignified amiability to mere acquaintances.

It was pretty to see Tiny skipping up the side of Helvellyn with his young master, sometimes in advance, when he would bound back to meet him, and then again lead the way, and making a stout looker-on almost wish that *he* could be a cat for the time being, that he might ascend the mountain in like manner.

In the evenings Tiny would sometimes take leave of absence on "urgent private affairs," such as little mousing expeditions to a neighbouring barn, or a playful ramble in search of birds. "But he kept himself to himself," and made no cat acquaintances. When bed-time came, he was summoned by the sound of a whistle, and after a few calls the tinkling of his little bell was sure to announce his arrival at the door.

Sometimes he manifested a little bit of pussy-cat nature when there were signs of packing, which he knew meant a removal. His owners, to spare his feelings, strove to do the packing when Tiny was out, so that he might not become uneasy. On one or two occasions, when he had stayed rather longer than usual at a place, he was not to be found when the time came for him to enter his travelling basket, and the train was lost in consequence. Greater precaution became necessary, and packing and preparations were carried out gradually and secretly, so that Tiny might be "to the fore" when wanted. Once in his basket, he became resigned and sleepy, and woke up at the journey's end in good spirits, and quite ready to make himself at home at the next stopping place.

I am glad to say that Tiny and I parted with much regret, though this may sound rather contradictory. I was sorry to lose the cat, and glad that he had behaved like a gentleman as he was, and never tried to attack the canary.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By Sarah Doudney.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THEIR LIVES HENCEFORTH HAVE SEPARATE ENDS."



Listening to the lodge-keeper's tale had almost made Daisy forget her fear in pity for Martha Weever's sorrows. The dame begged her to drink a glass of home-made ginger wine, and did her utmost to show her guests respectful attention.

"'Tis a world of changes, ma'am," said the good woman. "My old master died just before Christmas, and his heir is coming to-day to look at the place."

"What is the place called?" Cecily asked.

"The Thicket, ma'am, and well named it is. Mr. Warleigh was related to the late Countess of Hazlewood, and at his death all this property passed to the earl. Not a very large property, nor in any way to be compared with the Hurstone estate; but there are some good covers here, and the Earl of Hazlewood will use the house for a shooting-box, likely enough."

In after days Daisy remembered that Cecily seemed to have suddenly regained her colour, and that the carmine on her cheeks was richer than it had been before the fright. The deep blue eyes were shining as they gazed earnestly on the speaker's face.

"My name is Rachel Spence," the dame went on; "I've been a widow twenty years, and my son was Mr. Warleigh's groom. They say the earl is sure to be kind to the old servants, so I hope, ma'am, I shall end my days in the lodge."

"So the earl is expected to-day?" said Cecily.

"Yes, ma'am, this afternoon. And as the little lady seems better, perhaps you'd both like to step up to the house and take a look. Not that there's much to see; it's but a poor place after Hurst Hall."

"Thank you," Cecily answered, "but we must be going homeward."

"Take my advice, ma'am, and let my son see you safe to the Hall. He's a stout fellow, Bob is, and he knows poor Martha well. If you should chance to meet her, Bob would soon send her about her business."

"We shall be glad to have a protector," Cecily replied.

"Bob is in the stables, ma'am; I'll call him at once. But 'tis only a step or two up to the house, if you'd like to come."

Not unwillingly Cecily and her niece followed Mrs. Spence up the carriage drive, and soon found themselves in front of a long, low house, quaintly and irregularly built, and smothered with ivy from end to end. They went in through a doorway with a Gothic arch, and learnt from their conductress that The Thicket was really part of an old monastery.

They were first led into the drawing-room, a long room with small church-like windows at each end. It was full of faded yellow satin and old needle-work, telling its own quiet story of womanly hands, now resting from all labour; and Daisy, at the far end of the apartment, soon lighted upon a water-colour drawing of two girlish figures, in sashes and white frocks. It was an enchanting picture, she thought, falling in love at once with the soft oval faces and brown eyes, and the masses of dark curls. Who were these girls, and were they still living——?

Her questions and speculations had got no farther than this when she became conscious of a slight stir near the door. Turning her head, and looking towards the other end of the room, she saw a gentleman speaking to Aunt Cecily.

It was all strangely like a dream. The adventure in the woods, the dim room, and now this stranger advancing to meet her as if he were an old acquaintance. As he drew nearer, she saw that he had a long, thin, oval face and brown eyes, that somewhat reminded her of the eyes in the water-colour drawing. His manner was very quiet and almost sad; but he took her hand frankly in his, and Daisy heard Aunt Cecily saying that he was the Earl of Hazlewood.

Poor Mrs. Spence was in quite a flutter outside the door, feeling that she had done nothing but take liberties all the morning, and horrified that the earl should have arrived on foot, and before the expected time. But the matter was soon explained. Lord Hazlewood had not come from London, as previously arranged, but from his sister's house in the next county. The journey was not a long one, and when he reached the little country station, the bright weather tempted him to walk to The

Thicket. His valet was left at the station with portmanteaux, and a carriage must be sent for the servant and luggage.

It was quickly decided that Cecily and Daisy should go back to the Hall in the carriage; and while they waited the earl talked to Cecily about his little son. His tone was earnest, and often very low; so low, that Daisy instinctively went back to the water-colour drawing, and left the speakers at the other end of the room.

"Here is the brougham," said Lord Hazlewood at last. "I see you are interested in that sketch," he added to Daisy. "Those two girls are my mother and sister in their school days. I am very glad the drawing has come into my possession."

Cecily was silent during the homeward drive, nor had Daisy any wish to talk. They returned to the Hall to find luncheon waiting, and Uncle Charles beginning to fidget at their prolonged absence.

It was no hard matter to move Charles Hurstone to pity, and the story of Martha Weever produced a deep impression upon his mind. Something must be done for the woman, and done quickly; and her children must be objects of his especial care. And as Cecily watched her uncle's anxious looks, and listened to his earnest words, she thanked God that the old family sin of heartlessness could not be laid to his charge.

The afternoon brought two visitors. The first was the Earl of Hazlewood, who came to make a formal call on Mr. Hurstone. The Thicket was only a mile from Hurst Hall, and Lady Jessie Boyd had entrusted her brother with a letter and a book for Cecily.

The second caller was Miss Alderstone, who was Mr. Hurstone's nearest neighbours and lived in the old farmhouse that Mr. Alderstone had described to Daisy.

Daisy knew at once that this call was especially intended for herself, and she met Janet Alderstone with real pleasure. Janet was twenty; a sedate, comfortable-looking girl, with an air of being able to take care of herself and other people too. They had a good opportunity for becoming acquainted, for Lord Hazlewood had stationed himself by Cecily's side, and had drawn her into his conversation with Mr. Hurstone, and Daisy and Janet were left to themselves, with a little table and cups of tea between them.

"My brother George gave me a good description of you," said Janet, with a frank smile at her new acquaintance. "He has a power of word-painting, I think."

"A wonderful power," Daisy answered. "How well I remember the evening when I first met him! It had been a wretched day to me—all loneliness and gloom; and he led me out of my dreary little self, and into a bright world."

"That was like George," said Janet, well pleased. "But there are some people who can never be led out of themselves, and on them his power is thrown away. By the way, do you recollect a Miss Sandon, who was staying at Dr. Garnett's?"

"Yes, perfectly well," Daisy replied. "She was at my uncle's house on the very evening when I first saw Mr. Alderstone."

"George told us about her. He said she was as great a contrast to you as could well be imagined. I should think she must be an excellent specimen of the girl of the period. Well, we shall have her in this neighbourhood by-and-bye, I suppose."

"In this neighbourhood! Is Gertrude Sandon coming to Hurst Gate?"

"Yes; she will be coming to Clover Mead in the autumn to stay with my cousin, Mrs. Bellister. Clover Mead is a large white house, standing in a pretty meadow near the railway station. I daresay you have noticed it."

"I think I have," said Daisy. "And Mrs. Bellister—is she anything like you?"

"Oh, no; she is a rich widow of thirty-five, very gay and fashionable. She met Miss Sandon in Brighton, and they took a great fancy to each other."

"Poor Gerty!" Daisy said, with an involuntary sigh.

"Did you like her? Were you friends?" Janet asked.

"I can hardly say that we were friends; we saw so little of each other. But I should have been glad to have seen more of Gertrude Sandon."

"You puzzle me," said Janet. "George spoke of her as a frivolous, light-headed girl."

"She must have appeared frivolous to him. But I believe she has had many disadvantages, and no guidance at all."

"Don't you think guidance is always to be had, if we will only seek it?"

"Yes," Daisy answered; "but all have not patience to wait for a guiding voice. The voice is long in coming, perhaps; and then they grow rash, and follow their own impulses."

"You think that is Miss Sandon's case?"

"I do think so; I cannot help feeling interested in her."

"If there had been anything solid in her character, I hardly fancy she would have found favour with Mrs. Bellister," said Janet. "My cousin is the veriest butterfly I have ever known. We like her pretty well, and when she does settle here we are always on good terms. But Harriet Bellister is one of those women who never will take life in earnest. '*Vive la bagatelle*' is her motto; and she does not seem to understand anything serious. Amusement is her sole aim."

"It is a pity that Gertrude has found such a friend," sighed Daisy.

"But Miss Sandon would scarcely have been happy with any one of quiet tastes," Janet remarked.

"I don't know," Daisy rejoined. "It is so difficult to tell what will make people happy."

"And happiness lies within us and not without us," said Janet. "You remember that book of George's, called 'Without and Within'?"

Daisy did remember. It was the very book she had been reading when she had overheard the conversation between Gertrude and the dressmaker. When she looked back to that afternoon, it seemed at least a year ago since she had been at Portland-place. Yet it was only last month; and here she was, sitting in the large old drawing-room of Hurst Hall, and talking to Mr. Alderstone's sister.

It was not difficult for Janet to follow her thoughts. Mr. Alderstone had learnt more of Daisy's life than her lips had ever dared to tell him, and he had no secrets from his sister Janet.

As Miss Alderstone watched the changes on that fair young face, she felt a presentiment that Daisy would be drawn very near to her by-and-bye. The guide and companion of Daisy's childhood was not destined, she fancied, to stay long at Hurst Hall.

Presently the *tête-à-tête* was broken up. Cecily, feeling perhaps that she had allowed the other visitor to engross her too much, came to Janet's side. The conversation became more general, and after a little while Janet took her departure.

As she walked homeward in the winter twilight her mind was full of Daisy. She pictured the little figure moving all alone through the chambers of the great hall, and ministering to the wants of the old man. And as the lighted windows of the old farmhouse came in sight, she vowed within herself that Daisy should never lack a sister's love while she, Janet Alderstone, lived at Hollyoak Farm.

(*To be continued.*)

A GENEROUS SACRIFICE.

A NATIVE of Aberdeen, like a great many more of his countrymen, left his native land and came to England, where he realised a large fortune. With his wealth he made extensive purchases of property in his native country. At last he died, after a long life of miserable penury, leaving only collateral relations.

These relations had fully expected to be benefited by their kinsman, so that their surprise was very great when they learned that he had executed a conveyance of his whole property to a legal practioneer of Aberdeen who had been accustomed to manage it. It appeared that the old man, under the influence of mere crotchet, or some temporary irritation, had resolved to disappoint them, at the same time that he enriched a man who had no natural claim upon his regard.

They had hardly recovered from the first sense of discomfiture, and the friends of the lawyer had scarcely begun to congratulate him upon his good fortune, when he announced to the heirs that he had destroyed the deed, and that the property would consequently pass to them as if the deceased had been intestate. He had, with reluctance he said, consented to allow the deed to be drawn up and only for the purpose of securing the property for the rightful heirs.

The relations consequently entered upon full possession of the old man's estates and effects, and the first step they took thereafter was to press upon the agent's acceptance a gift of about six thousand pounds in gratitude for his honourable conduct.



AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

NOTE.

THERE are few habits so conducive to a well-regulated mind as the careful writing down of one's thoughts and sentiments in black and white, and our God-given power of influencing others for good is extended, if we are able to express ourselves clearly and correctly. These amateur compositions are inserted with a view to encouraging our girls in the practice of committing their thoughts and experiences to paper for the benefit of their sisters. Nothing thus printed is to be looked upon as perfect in composition, and the Editor wishes it to be understood that he will print only such verses or papers as shall be written in correct taste, interesting in subject to the general reader, and shall contain the age of the writer and be certified as her *bonâ fide* work by a parent, minister, or teacher.

VANITY OF EARTHLY THINGS.

How vain is all beneath the skies,
How transient every earthly bliss,
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!

The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
THE glory of a passing hour.

But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears,
If God be ours, we're trav'lling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

E. W. (aged 18).

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A FEW weeks ago I went to the Academy, and the pictures which have left most impression on my mind are—"The Symbol," by F. Dicksee; "Sappho," by Alma Tadema; and Mr. Long's "Diana or Christ."

"The Symbol" represents a group of young Florentines advancing through an archway, while on the left crouches an old vendor of relics, who holds out a crucifix to the gay pleasure-seekers passing before him. This explains the further title, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

The two foremost figures have come out hand in hand into the full sunshine, the others being still under the shadow of the deep stone arch; and the young man apparently half pauses, struck by the thought suggested by the symbol usual in these lands, while his companion turns her head lightly away, stretching up her hand to reach an orange growing on a tree at her side. The idea thus conveyed is carried on throughout; the dark complexion and thick brown hair of the youth, together with the rich reds and olives of his dress, contrasting with the fair skin and golden hair of the blue-eyed maiden, clad simply in white. Another feature in this most beautiful picture is the splendid painting of the marble seats on the right: you can hardly believe that such a wonderful effect of reality can be produced on a flat surface.

"Sappho" is entirely different. This is a much smaller picture, the scene being laid on a terrace overlooking the sea. The poetess is sitting in the centre of a semi-circular range of marble seats, leaning forward on to a kind of desk, and listening intently to the song of a young musician before her. On higher seats behind Sappho are three or four female figures, in various attitudes of listening, and the young man, lute in hand, is seated in an easy position before them, the profile of his dark, handsome face standing out in relief against the deep blue of the sea.

Not a detail of the picture has been slurred over—all is thorough and brilliantly painted, and the introduction of the blue Mediterranean gives a pleasant suggestion of cool sea-breezes to counterbalance the great heat of the sun on the exposed and open terrace.

There was such a crowd about Mr. Long's "Diana or Christ," that it was difficult to see the composition of the whole, but some of the faces of which we were occasionally able to catch a glimpse were very striking. The scene is at Ephesus, where a young Christian girl is being urged, before the Roman rulers, to give up her religion, and to worship once more at the shrine of the goddess Diana—hence the name of the picture. A young soldier, probably her lover, is holding her wrist, and imploring her to cast one grain of the incense he offers her into the sacred fire; but evidently in vain, as the girl turns from him, striving for courage to hold out. On the left, leaning forward with grave interest, sits a Roman ruler, and a little behind the girl stands another Roman, her accuser, whose expression, as he lifts his head slightly from the paper in his hands, narrowly watching his victim from beneath his eyebrows, and half-triumphing at the evident truth of his suspicions, is most powerfully given. A negro figure on the right is also very prominent, standing majestically with folded arms, watching unmoved the touching scene before him; while in the distance there are glimpses of a vast coliseum, suggesting the horrible martyrdom in store for the victim if she persist in her denial of the goddess.

There are many other pictures I long to describe, they come back so vividly to my mind, especially the following:—"Whispers," by Sir F. Leighton, two lovers sitting on a bank in the soft evening glow; "Viola," a charming head, by the same artist; Mr. Millais' "Cinderella;" and Miss C. Montalba's "St. Mark's, Venice," which shows the mighty building rising out of a flood which has covered the Piazza; but I can only hope that very many of "the girls" have seen all these and many more for themselves.

A. M. J. (Leicester, aged 16).



FAIRY BELLS.

THROUGH the woodlands when the breezes laugh, and play, and sing,
Come the tintinnabulation of the fairies' festal ring:
Harebells, bluebells, honeysuckle, and the lily of the vale
Ring their blossoms, oh, so sweetly, on the gentle evening gale.

Fun and frolic, mirth and sunshine, fairy bells so sweetly ring,
As they shake their bonny blossoms when the breezes gaily sing;
For the fairies love sweet music; over valleys, hills, and dells
I can hear the merry tinkle of the lovely fairy bells.

Fairy bells to earthly mortals ring the same, the glad refrain—
"Cast off darkness, gather sunshine, Spring hath visited earth again;

Leave your cities, towns, and alleys, hurry
out to Nature's court,
Pay your homage to Dame Nature; thank
her, mortals, as ye ought—

Thank her, and her great Creator, for the
flowerets, for the trees,
For the sunshine, for the showers, for the
lovely evening breeze;
Gratitude all nature teaches, thanks and praise
sweet Nature tells.
Love and praise are even echoed in the merry
fairy bells.

But some say they cannot hear it—hear the
music Nature sends;
Maybe they can only hear it who are lovely
Nature's friends;
For the air is full of music, melody that falls
and swells—
'Tis, perchance, the angels singing, though I
call it fairy bells.

EDITH ELIZABETH SAYERS (17).

MUSIC.

MUSIC is a science of melody and harmony. Musical sounds are the result of rapid and periodic vibrations of the air. We first read of it in Genesis iv., where Jubal, the son of Lamech, is called the father of all who handle the harp and organ.

Music is sometimes justly called a language, for it has an alphabet of its own. It has a soothing effect upon the weary and careworn spirit, as it had upon Saul, who was unhappy because God was angry with him. When David, "The Psalmist of Israel," softly touched his harp, and the holy sound fell upon the ear of the unhappy monarch, gradually his deep despair left him, his soul was refreshed, and his health returned.

The favourite instruments of the ancients were the cornet, harp, flute, and timbrel. The Italians are a very musical people. Their favourite instrument is the violin. The Germans, and the inhabitants of the Tyrolean Alps, excel in vocal music, which has a double charm, having words as well as harmony. Besides the usual instruments, the mountaineers of Switzerland have crystal glasses, which, on being struck, produce the sweetest sounds.

Music is a charming pastime, and it often makes a great impression on the mind. A simple tune has been known to stay a sinner in his downward course, by reminding him of his home and childhood. It also stirs up the hearts of strangers who, far from their native shore, hear a familiar tune.

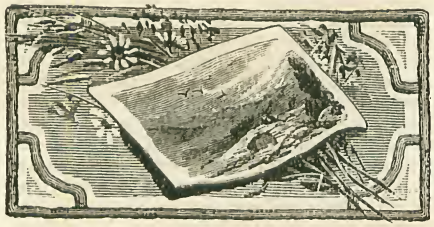
Music has not only power over men, but over animals and reptiles, especially serpents, who are often charmed by a kind of instrument like a flute. Shakespeare, England's greatest dramatic poet, says:—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

Some of our greatest composers have been Germans. Handel was born at Halle, 1684. He was an excellent performer on the organ and harpsichord.

Beethoven, who was born at Bonn, composed the oratorio of the "Mount of Olives," and the opera of "Fidelio." Geminiani and Gaparino were celebrated Italian musicians.

"IRIS" (aged 16).



SUNRISE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

GHOSTLY, and cold, and white,
In the uncertain light
Of the grey dawn,
In weird and solemn state
The snow-capped mountains,
The glorious morn.

Around, above, beneath,
Grim, stern, and dark as death,
Tall fir-trees sway,
Clasping those mountains white,
Like the dread king of night
Guardeth his prey.

In the deep vale below,
Restlessly to and fro
Rolls a grey mist.
Sudden—a flash of light
From the horizon bright
The mountains kissed.

Then the cold gleaming snow
Caught up the glorious glow,
Crimson and gold.
Each still, blanched mountain brow
Quivers with beauty now,—
Beauty untold.

Slowly the grey fog-wreath
Yields to the morning breath,
Pure, fresh, and fair:
Whirls, eddies, rolls away,
Ushers in glorious day,
Leaves the vale clear.

Oh! words must fail to paint
Aught but a picture faint
Of such a sight.
Snow peaks, before so cold,
Now gleam like burnished gold,
Dazzlingly bright.

Sky that before was grey,
Yielding to Phœbus' sway,
Shines one vast sea
Of rich and varied hue,
Rose, golden, white and blue,
O'er hill and tree.

* * * * *

Are not men's hearts the same,
Till the Almighty flame
Of God's great love
(Changing the dark to bright,
Gilding e'en clouds with light)
Shines from above?

Is your heart cold or sad?
Say, would you have it glad?
Oh! let Him in
Whose entrance bringeth joy,
Deep peace without alloy,
Pardon for sin.

FIDELITÉ (aged 16).

A DAY AT ASSISI.

FEW travellers in Italy go out of the usual route of Florence, Rome, and Naples; but those who wish to see Italy as it was, should visit the old towns, now falling into decay, once the scenes of the factions between the nobles, and bloodshed among the lower orders. During our travels in Italy last March we spent three days at Perugia, and while there made an excursion to Assisi, a short description of which might perhaps interest the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The day was beautifully fine, so we made up our minds to drive, and set off about nine o'clock. The scenery the whole way was most lovely, the sky of a brilliant blue, here and there dotted with little white clouds, and contrasting with the different tints of green stretching in the plain beneath, while in the distance towered a grand range of mountains, some of which were still capped with snow. Assisi is situated on the slope of a hill, not so high up as Perugia, and commanded by a fortress. It is rather a melancholy old place, many of the houses are in ruins, and are uninhabitable. It owes its chief interest to St. Francis, who was born here in 1182, and who, after spending his youth in frivolity, became a monk, and founded the monastic order of Franciscans. We went first to see the church of St. Francis, which is in reality two churches, built one upon the other, and erected by a German named Jacob. As we entered the lower church the organ was playing, and its grand tones, in this dark and sombre place, scarce penetrated by the day light, sent a thrill of sadness through one, and a feeling hard to explain. An old woman, with snow-white hair, and almost bent double with age, was kneeling devoutly before a figure of the Virgin, and the solemn music seemed to move her very soul, for she was trembling with agitation, and continued to pray with the utmost fervour. This church contains four beautiful frescoes by Giotto over the altar, and one lovely Madonna, also by him. In the sacristy are some valuable ivories, and a portrait of St. Francis, said to have been painted by Ginuta Pisano, soon after the death of the saint. A crypt has been built under the church, and contains the rude coffin of St. Francis. We had lunch at the little "Albergo Subasio," so called from the mountain which towers over Assisi, and then a guide accompanied us round the town, and showed us the principal things. We saw the house where St. Clara lived, and also that in which St. Francis was born; but a chapel has been built over the latter, and only the porch remains. The place where St. Francis first saw St. Clara, and persuaded her to leave her father's house and devote herself to the church, is shut in with iron rails, and is considered most sacred. The church of St. Clara contains some frescoes by Giottino, and they show one the body of the saint, which is preserved in a convent adjoining the church, and which is looked upon with the greatest veneration by the nuns who have charge of it. The body, of course, is embalmed, and the face is enclosed in a mask, which has become black with age. On our way back from Assisi, we stopped at an old Etruscan tomb, which formerly belonged to the family of Volumni, and is most curious. It is hewn out of the side of a hill, and is surrounded by chambers in which are placed the miniature sarcophagi, for holding the ashes of the dead. One still sees the burned bones in one of the sarcophagi, which gives one an idea of what cremation must be like.

Going up the hill towards Perugia we had a splendid view of Assisi, for the sun shone full on it, and spread a rosy hue over all the plain, while it lit up the mountains in a bath of gold. KYMLA (aged 15).

GENTLEWOMEN AS DRESSMAKERS.

AMONG the various employments whereby women of the present day may earn their livelihood, few persons appear to have thought of dressmaking—actual dressmaking, not plain sewing—as an occupation peculiarly suited to a gentlewoman. Before discussing the advantages or disadvantages of such a calling, it may be as well to state distinctly that by the word "dressmaking" I do not mean the kind of business carried on by West-end *modistes* with wonderful French names, who visit their customers in broughams, and whose charges range from 10 to 100 guineas for a single gown. To compete with such persons as these would require far more capital than is at the disposal of any gentlewoman who has to work for her own living.

Setting aside, then, these highly-fashionable people on the one hand and the village dressmaker (whose earnings are very small) on the other, let us consider for a moment the average middle-class dressmaker—the person who asks from 15s. to £2 for making an ordinary gown (including the little etceteras of lining, buttons, and such things), and who is usually, though not by any means always, kind enough to say that "ladies' own materials will be made up."

Now, whatever may be the good qualities of this estimable woman, all who have had practical experience of her work will, I believe, agree that the faculty of tastefully arranging a dress is not usually one of them; that the art of adjusting the folds of any material to the curves of the human figure is chiefly conspicuous by its absence, and that for her to send home a really well-fitting gown, made in strict accordance with the wishes of the lady who ordered it, is emphatically the exception rather than the rule.

On this last point I would lay particular stress. Among educated, cultivated women, there are many (and the number is increasing every day) who wish that their style of dress, without being painfully "æsthetic," should express, to a certain extent, their own personality, and should harmonise with their surroundings. They feel as a real hardship the difficulty of finding a dressmaker able and willing to follow out their plans, and the possibility of employing a competent gentlewoman with taste and refinement equal to their own. One who could be trusted to carry out an original idea without vulgarising it, and who did not depend wholly on fashion-books for assistance, would be hailed as a blessing by hundreds of cultivated women to-morrow. Of course there will always be—at least, there will be for many years—a large class of persons perfectly content to appear as imitations, more or less (usually less) exact, of the last coloured fashion-plate. Their own eyes never having been trained to appreciate the beauty of symmetrical lines and harmonious colouring, they are not likely to feel the want of such appreciation on the part of those who work for them. Yet even these ladies are by no means insensible to the advantages of being well-dressed; and if they once saw the costumes made by a lady dressmaker to be a success, they would probably be anxious to employ her.

Now, coming to the actual practical part of the subject—the matter of pounds, shillings and pence. What income might a well-qualified gentlewoman hope to earn as a dressmaker? In every case so much depends on individual ability, locality, old-established connexion, &c., that it is almost impossible to give a precise and definite answer to this question; but, after careful inquiries (made, I should perhaps say, in a large provincial town), I believe it would be fairly accurate to say that the average income of the "middle-class dressmaker" varies from about £200 to over £300 a year; clever and energetic women frequently earning more than the latter sum. Of course, it is not pretended that this is a large fortune, more especially when food and clothing, to say nothing of rent, taxes, &c., have to be paid out of it; but it is enough to live on—enough to make the worker independent at any rate, and, at a time when so many women have no one *but* themselves to depend on, that is worth thinking of. One point to be noticed here is that the dressmakers who make the most money are not always those whose charges are the highest. Unless there be a really marked difference in workmanship, the cheaper worker frequently succeeds in getting so much employment that she actually makes a larger income than her expensive rival, whose customers are few and far between. One reason for this is that a dressmaker whose services are in great request, can employ a large number of apprentices, and every apprentice means, not only an additional helper in the workroom, but an additional premium. In some cases young women prefer to "give their time," *i.e.*, work for an extra six months or so without salary, instead of paying a round sum of money; but as a rule these "premiums" form a large item in the profits of every dressmaker, and when they are *not* paid the apprentice's work must, of course, be considered as an equivalent.

To ensure (as far as foresight can ensure) to any gentlewoman a reasonable amount of success as a dressmaker, the observance of four conditions appears to be essential:—

1. She must be a really competent worker, able to fit different figures easily and well, and to send home a well-finished dress. To do this she must have had (say) six months' training under a first-class private dressmaker or in a large fashionable shop.

2. She must have enough capital to supply her for a year or two until she gets sufficient employment to be independent.

3. She must be employed as a matter of business, not as a matter of charity.

4. She must not think that (to quote a recent writer on this subject) "she is conferring a favour on her employers by working for them at all," but must attend to their wishes—to their fancies, even—and be prepared to give a day's honest work for a day's wage.

It may be noticed that nothing has yet been said of those business habits which are an indispensable condition of success in any undertaking: punctuality, order, method, accuracy—all these are invaluable qualities in a dressmaker, as in every other woman who has her own way to make in the world; but it is just because they *are* essential everywhere that they can hardly be reckoned among the conditions of success in any particular calling.

The question, too, of natural aptitude for needlework seems scarcely to need discussion here, for it is only reasonable to suppose that unless a lady had some real taste for such work she would not elect to make dresses for her livelihood, but would turn to some more congenial occupation. It is to those who have already some practical experience of the matter—such experience as they may have gained by making their own and their sisters' gowns, for instance—and who are both able and desirous to qualify themselves for something better than amateur work, that the possibility of undertaking dressmaking as a profession may be suggested. Their success could not be certain, for certainty attends no human effort; but it would be more than probable if, in addition to persistence and energy, they brought to bear on their work that instinctive refinement and purity of taste which I would fain believe to be the birthright of every English gentlewoman.

ELIZABETH S. LISLE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LADY EVELYN.—We fear you will not pass the Cambridge local examination for some time to come in composition, spelling, or what you call your "writting." If your arithmetic be still more defective, we advise your improving yourself at home for the present.

IGNORAMUS.—You have only named three of our poets, and we have no idea what else you have read. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopedia" is most interesting and instructive, and is full of illustrations. It is to be had at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Are you well read in history, geography, and natural history? Procure the General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, and select one of these.

EXCELSIOR.—"The College of Preceptors," 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., holds half-yearly "Pupils' Examinations," the certificates of which are recognised as guarantees of a good general education. The fee is ten shillings. Apply to the secretary for all further information. Your hand is good but peculiar.

SIBYL HAUGHTON.—If you wish to study Natural History, "The Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas (56, Paternoster-row), would suit you. Brush your teeth often with flowers of sulphur; keep them very clean, have all stopped that need it, and avoid eating sweet things that produce acidity.

AN IGNORANT GIRL.—We consider the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus, is a most admirable and exhaustive work, and you would do well to study it. Two hours of study weekly would be sufficient. In any case it might not be expedient to devote more time to it. We rejoice to hear of the good work accomplished by THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER amongst "the girls."

QUEEN O' THE MAY.—Apply to Miss Winscom, Sandwell, Birmingham, School for girls under 18, at 23 and 25 guineas a term. Five open scholarships from £10 to £50, and exhibitions for the daughters of gentlemen and clergymen, from £25 to 50 guineas. The school is connected with the college at Sandwell. There is a girls' college at Huddersfield, the fees for which are from 4 guineas to 10, and the year is divided into four quarters. For information respecting this training school write to Miss Cheveley.

TYRO.—An hour's practice daily would be quite sufficient if you keep time very carefully and have an ear and taste for music. Your composition is defective. You cannot change from the first to the third person in one letter; you should keep to one person throughout. Write copies. You make three "u's" instead of two "m's" in the word "grammar." We thank you for all your kind and good wishes.

WORK.

IVY and MINOLA GREY.—We are grieved to hear that you have been so unfortunate as to receive no answers to your letters, but we are comforted in the thought that you did not need them to help you to be charitable and kind. We think that you and your friends would enjoy helping Mrs. Hilton's *Crèche*. They need clothes for the little ones there very much. Write for the "*Crèche* Annual," enclosing a stamp to Mrs. Hilton, Stepney-causeway, Commercial-road, E. Any clothes, as well as boots and shoes, are welcomed. Ivy's writing is not pretty, but might be made so with more care.

T. B. O. P.—We did not acknowledge the arrival of any of the shawls or bags by post, as it would have entailed too much labour. You have seen the result of the competitions by this time. We do not answer privately.

QUEEN BRYNHILD.—Thank you for your pleasant letter, and the recipe.

K. E. H.—Take the collar apart, wash the lace, and make it up again. Perhaps if you sent it to a cleaner he would wash all together.

GLOIRE DE DIJON.—Inquire of a chemist.

E. D. B. (Lewisham).—We thank you for your appreciation of our Needlework Competition, and have laid by your letter to consider its suggestion.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—1. Some description of brown "Pompadour" material would suit your peacock-blue dress as a trimming when turned. 2. "*Je vous adore*" is the French for "I adore you." Silver may always be gilt, but it will need repetition after a while.

A. C. H.—"Counter-hemming" is an untidy method of "felling." Two edges of material are placed together, one over-lapping the other, just as you would draw two leaves of a table together, only lapping one edge over the other. But the wrong side of one piece must lie on the right side of the other, just so far as to make an ordinary seam, if hemmed and felled, in an article of underclothing. Nothing need be turned in if one side have a selvage, but if either have a raw edge, fold it in once only. Then tack down the seam and hem it, turn the work and hem the other side in the same way; so making the "counter" hem, or hem on the opposite side. You write well for your age.

Corisande.—For all directions, such as you require, see "My Work Basket." A case should be made of cardboard, whether in the form of a blotting-book with a pocket on either side, or a box, as no limp case would be suitable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Isolated Hetty.—It is difficult to advise when possessing only partial information. Sympathising with you as we do, we are not sure whether your duty be not, for the present, in the home provided by your old relatives, and by Providence, which overrules all human arrangements. Are you useful to them, and so making them some return? Would they be inconvenienced or annoyed by your seeking another home and other employment? Answer these questions to your own conscience first. Supposing you had their approval, we advise you to apply to some hospital for nursing. Look at the addresses of such in The Girl's Own Paper. Much has been said about them. A small salary, uniform, board and lodging, &c., are supplied at once in many.

Sybil.—The "h" is aspirated in the words named. Accent the third syllable in the word "advan*ta*geous," and the first in "controversy." Write copies.

Nancie Grey.—Perhaps a slight rubbing daily with pumice-stone might be of use. We are obliged for your kind letter.

Snowball.—You might change the water once in two or three weeks. You ought to write copies in a small round hand.

Eunice.—High heels and narrow toes are exceedingly injurious. Your handwriting is very good.

Thistle.—Read all our replies to numerous correspondents who have asked the same question.

A Hopeful One.—We have ceased to prescribe for persons having skin complaints, but may observe that it is highly dangerous to take cold baths under such circumstances. We are glad our paper has been so useful and agreeable.

Venerable Eighteen.—According to a very general rule, when an "e" is followed by an "i," or *vice versa*, the second is sounded. But the word in question is made an exception by many highly-bred people, if only a minority amongst them.

Blackberry.—There is a difference between "a love of admiration" and what we might have described, perhaps, more correctly speaking, as "love of approbation." The latter desire is not "wrong," as you imagine. "Study to show thyself approved." .... "Unto all well-pleasing." Could it be wrong to feel gratified at success in effecting what you are to "study" to obtain? Do not confound "use" and "abuse." Many feelings and qualities with which God has endowed us are good and pure in themselves. Our business is to beware that we do not debase them, either by misuse or excess of indulgence. For instance, beauty is His gift, yet it may "lead to vanity," as you say. Would it be right on that account to mar His work by cutting off your nose? We should rather advise you to pray for humility and preservation from snares, to maintain a modest demeanour, and a simple style of dress, trying to adapt your conduct to your circumstances. 2. Your "t" and "f" are spoilt by a crabbed-looking flourish across them.

Italian Girl.—A peeress, or honourable "in her own right," retains her title after marriage with a commoner.

Ethel.—There is but one plan, which is to tie one hand so as to prevent its use while at play for some portion of every day. But it should not be done while the child is running about, as it would lose its natural balance, and, if it fell, could not protect itself.

Toney A. Daunie.—We feel for you much in reference to the state of your relative's mind. Without telling him so, you had better consult a doctor. Change of air and scene might be of service to him. Has he no friends who could afford him this change? You might tell them he appeared so low-spirited that it would be a kindness to invite him for a little time. A walking tour with some cheerful strong-minded companion would also be of use. Bodily exercise and daily work of some sort are also desirable. 2. Once, in the course of an interview with a peer, you may say "Yes (or no), my lord," clipping the word "my." Your bow or curtsey should not be "lower to him than to anyone else," but never squeeze nor shake the hand of a superior in rank, but leave your own passively in theirs. It is for them to make any demonstration of familiarity. Eight questions cannot be answered.

Blotting Paper.—All men holding the Queen's commission may use cockades, viz., naval and military men, esquires "by birth," that is to say, the elder sons, in perpetual succession, of the younger sons of peers, who, in every country in Europe but England, would have a right to bear, as an honorary distinction, the title belonging to the family. It should be played moderately slow.

Winnie.—The term "middle class" is usually supposed to belong to shopkeepers, tradesmen, clerks, skippers of merchant ships &c.; but the increasing difficulty in finding suitable and lucrative professions for gentlemen's sons has, more or less, confounded two distinct classes. Some professions raise a man above his condition by birth; some lower him; and, again, some callings are themselves being elevated into greater esteem by the number of gentlemen adopting them. Officers of the army and royal navy do occupy the position of gentlemen, and latterly civil engineering has improved in its social status, for many gentlemen have adopted the profession. 2. We should only add an "s," and an apostrophe.

Polly.—For a fairy pool it is necessary to have a small space in the bazaar partitioned off by screens or otherwise. A corner of the room is very often utilised for the purpose. The partition must be sufficiently high for an assistant sitting behind it to be hidden from view. The fish are represented by articles of all sorts and various value, wrapped in paper. The assistant *outside* is supplied with several fishing-rods, and the anglers are charged 3d., 6d., or 1s. for a throw. When they have thrown the line into the pool, over the partition, the assistant hidden behind it catches the line, and fastens one of the parcels with which he is supplied to the hook, and the angler, feeling a "bite," draws up his fish. The screens must be hidden by rockwork or plants, and if a large palm or tree fern can be borrowed for the occasion, and made to overhang the pool, it adds very much to the effect.

Hypatia and Titania.—Press the flowers between sheets of blotting-paper, changing to dry paper every second day, and increasing the pressure on each occasion. "Titania's" writing is extremely unpleasant to read, as it dazzles the eyes.

Diogenes.—We do not give addresses. Ask someone at your school to tell you the name of a suitable work. We are much obliged by your selection of us as the subject of your dreams.

Gnome.—Use the artists' gold paint.

Lily of the Valley.—The institution for fatherless children at Reedham is very well known, and would be what you require.

H. S.—Wet the pipe-clay with water, until it becomes a thick paste, and rub it on the gloves; then leave them to dry, and brush out.

Millie.—Please read "Some Talks About Gardening," page 410, vol. ii.

Lynette.—Send to a cleaner's, as the hat will need re-blocking. Wash the antimacassars in tepid water, wringing them very dry.

Jeanie.—You will find the "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas (4s.), 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., very useful to you. Your writing is good for your age.

Toddie.—Thank you for a pleasant, kindly epistle. The smell to which you allude is probably that of the dye. We think there would be no chance of getting rid of it except by washing.

Mater Familias.—1. Pronounce as if the word were spelt Tritch-i-no-sis. 2. Take soup from the side of the spoon. We thank you warmly for the strong terms of approbation in which you speak of our paper.

Mary L.—Thank you for the original poetry, which is not, however, up to the mark of our pages. The two specimens of writing are neat and fairly good.

A. M. G. P.—We have read your interesting and well-written little letter with much pleasure, and have enjoyed its clever descriptions more than the poetry, the matter of which is good, but the rhyme and the diction most imperfect. Do not waste any more precious time over trying to write poetry; your forte is evidently prose.

Poodle.—1. Not longer than half an hour at a time; avoid fatiguing the voice. 2. Two hours, at least, for out-of-door exercise.

Saidee.—Try Bessemer's or Judson's gold paint. The directions are given with each bottle.

Butterfly.—Read "Pressed Ferns and Grasses," page 566, vol. i. Your writing is plain and neat.

Beatrice K.—Your trouble has probably arisen from too much and too early use of your hand, as you are only fourteen. We should advise complete rest for a year or more, and attention to your other studies instead. Take tonics and exercise.

Une Fille Simple.—For a recipe for "Pot Pourri," see page 335, vol. i.

Allie.—Any kind of ring is suitable for an engagement ring. It is a matter of individual preference.

Florence Fisher.—Try glycerine for the stains in your quilt. There is no doubt that vocal exercises are injurious when the singer is fasting.

Dotie.—Your quotation, "Stone walls do not a prison make," is from the poems of Richard Lovelace 1618—1658. It forms part of the "Althea, from Prison." See "Seasonable Dress" for this month. Four flounces, reaching to the waist, and a gathered bodice with a wide belt, is the latest method of making summer dresses.

Marialda.—The green broad-bean is meant.

Norah Love.—Read "How to be Healthy," page 138, vol. ii. Your writing and spelling are *both* faulty.

Eadgyth.—Use brackets, hanging baskets, and jardinières to decorate your stall, and borrow from your friends as many fancy china flower-pots as they may be kind enough to lend you.

A Tasmanian Admirer.—Many thanks for your appreciative letter.

Minna.—Write a courteous note, and say where and how the song can be obtained, but on no account order, nor give it to the gentleman, which would be quite unnecessary.

Moon Flower.—The treatment you advise is sometimes of use, in certain cases, to restore consciousness, and draw the blood from the head. Your writing and composition are both excellent.

Daisy.—Perhaps rubbing a little flour or some "plaster of Paris" into it might cleanse your fur. Write copies.

Marie Ada.—Your kind letter does you more credit than the specimen of your poetry on which you ask an opinion. We think anyone so conscientious and painstaking as we judge you to be will find better employment for her spare moments than this, as you do not promise to be a Tennyson nor an Elizabeth Browning, even at a modest distance.

E. Wheeler.—The recipe is quite right; the fault rests probably in the way you have applied it, as it should be used quickly, and rubbed off immediately that the articles are clean. Then apply the chalk, or else rotten stone and oil. You were too slow, and did not rub vigorously.

Heliotrope.—Call at once on the new vicar and his wife.

Jenny Wren.—The black enamel paint is to be obtained at an artists' colourman's, and other shops.

Seir.—We fear there is little to be done, excepting to wait until the hair may grow again, and keep the ends slightly curled, to prevent their getting into the eyes. Your writing is legible.

Scotland.—Such arrangements are entirely out of our way. We do not understand your last question. You had better inquire of a weaver.

Queen o' the May.—You are too young to learn singing at twelve years of age. Your writing is unformed.

A Chip of the Old Block.—Inquire at a good chemist's. Write copies of running hand to improve your own.

Janie.—We think there will be little change in the wearing of the hair. Your writing would be improved if you took more pains with it.

Lynette.—The poem about which you inquire is by Southey, and would be found in his works.

Tooseleen.—1. You must return the visit, but need only leave a card at the door. 2. Place the cheese on the bread before putting it in your mouth. Do not use the knife, as we have told you before.

Infelix.—"Of his going home" is correct.

Jessie H. D. and G. H. N. S.—See advertisements in the daily papers. Your writing is not very good, nor formed as yet.

Rosalind.—Inquire of the choir master. Your writing is large and legible.

A Reader.—Lady Franklin, the widow of the celebrated Arctic explorer, has been dead for some time.

Kathleen.—We think that such defects are often the result of putting a child down to walk too soon, and also of poor food, bad air, and other hardships. In reply to your confidential question, we do not consider you would do wrong. The "Australian Handbook" would help you to all such information. Your writing is excellent.

Little Grey Eyes.—Your writing is very good, but we think at fifteen years old you would be a little too young to go to a clerkship, unless obliged to do so from absolute necessity.

Dora Neville.—Black or coloured velvets may be re-dyed. Pale blue silk would form a very pretty trimming.

Mabulette.—1. You are very silly to leave your piano open, as the strings will soon be rusted by the sea air. 2. All such customs have arisen from the desire all Christians feel to do honour to the greatest festival of the year—the "day of days," as Keble calls it.

Duchess.—We do not quite know what you mean. Say "Lady Brown" when needful, just as you would say "Mrs. Smith." "Your ladyship" is a form of address now more generally left to servants.

Dorothy.—Juniper tar soap is for the skin. There is no cure, and the safest plan is to use tweezers to remove the hair.

Maud.—You ask us to recommend a quiet seaside place with good sands. Sandgate, in the Isle of Wight, or Lytham, in Lancashire, are the best places we know to meet your inquiries. But the answer will come too late to be of any use this summer. When will our readers understand that we are always many weeks in type in advance, and can never "reply in next number"?

Florence.—Your question has been answered in papers on health by "Medicus." Many questions are unanswered because replies have already been given. Let all who can afford it get the first volume, price six shillings.

TWEEDLEDUM.—Borax-water is said to be excellent for the washing of silver jewellery.

CORIOLANUS.—We think the sleeve puffs will continue to be fashionable this summer.

L. H. N.—Change of air, when she is better, might do good in restoring her strength. Your writing is untidy.

A CHINA FIGURE.—Such symptoms may arise from weakness; consult a doctor. Your writing is very good.

F. B.—Many thanks for your kind letter and enclosure.

JESSIE.—Take the trencher to a wood turner's, who will probably be able to suggest something. Why do you write backwards?

EDWINA.—We think you must mean "The Song of the Sewing Machine," page 136, vol. i. We can find nothing else that approaches the description given us.

CONSTANCE.—See the illustration to "Seasonable Dress," page 321, vol. ii. The dresses of the two figures at the table are the most effective and stylish now worn.

HELEN M. R.—The old prejudice and superstition about sitting down "thirteen at table" is derived from the last supper of our Blessed Lord with His disciples. Your hand appears to be very shaky.

POLLIE.—We should advise the dresses being sent to a cleaner, as people are seldom successful at home in doing them well. Your writing is too small.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.—Talc would be better and lighter than glass for your frame. Three or four colours only were used.

HUFFIE.—See "Seasonable Dress" for April. You will find a recipe for reviving black materials.

ETTA AND C. S.—Electricity is a power in nature, styled also the "electric fluid," exhibiting itself when in disturbed equilibrium or in activity by a circuit movement, the fact of direction in which involves *polarity*, or opposition of properties in opposite directions. Also by attraction for many substances, by a law involving *attraction* between surfaces of unlike polarity, and repulsion between those of like, and by producing heat, light, concussion, and often chemical changes. When the circuit passes between the poles, or through any imperfectly conducting substance or space, electricity is evolved in any disturbance of molecular equilibrium; whether from a chemical, physical, or mechanical form.

WINIFRED H.—"Dan" appears to have been a title of honour common with the old poets, such as "Dan Chaucer." It was derived from the Spanish "Don."

JEMIMA.—If you wish to go to Brussels to learn foreign languages and to complete your education, you cannot do better than apply to Madame Delap, 41, Rue St. Bernard, Bruxelles, for her prospectus. She is highly recommended by many English people.

A NAMELESS CORRESPONDENT.—We cannot inform you of the nature of the ingredients in any perfumer's lotions for the skin. Glycerine and lemon-juice mixed are harmless. "Fretting," if you cry, will certainly do your eyes no good, and if becoming "a little wrinkled about them," we suppose you do give way rather weakly, to their disadvantage. But as you complain likewise that, "when you laugh your nose turns red," as well as your eyes, it seems that crying suits your description of face the best of the two.

FLORA.—Inquire at one of the foreign libraries in London.

HESTER.—Ask the architect of the house, if you know who he is.

DI VERNON.—Railway sorting office.

CRIMSON BOWS.—Write to the British and Foreign Bible Society, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

M. L. H.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

IRENEE.—Embroidered dresses will still be worn during this summer. Read the article in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on the subject. Your writing is very good for fourteen.

QUEEN BEE.—Use boiled starch for your photographs. Your writing is pretty.

BLANCHE SEYMOUR.—The meaning of "A.E.T." is "for ever." This question has been answered many times, but, as it is your first inquiry, we answer it once again.

CHICKWEED.—Wash the silver jewellery with borax and water.

ETIQUETTE.—The visitor perhaps left her own card in mistake for her husband's, otherwise there was no reason why she should have left one. Dinner dresses are worn short, as well as long.

MARJORY.—It would not be right, even for your brother's sake, in his release from debt, to marry a man against your inclination, whom you had already refused, and for whom you had lost your respect, on account of his "unmanly persistence." Of course he would always know, and perhaps tell you, that you did not marry for affection sake, but sold yourself for money. Your brother would appreciate the self-sacrifice, but would be rendered miserable by what he should regard an unjustifiable act.

AN IRISH GIRL.—There is no reason whatever for supposing that your hair will not grow long again, on account of its having been cut short. It may be so in individual cases, on account of some individual delicacy. But the cutting short of hair as a rule, furthers its growth. Your "m's" and "n's" are all "u's," and all the letters are too large.

REASON.—Women develope much earlier than men. Girls of eighteen are often women and steady enough to be married, although physically too young; at eighteen a man is but a raw schoolboy, utterly unfit to be the head of a house and take charge of a family.

KEZIA.—You appear, from your account, to be suffering from some description of ague. Enquire about the kind of soil on which your house is situated and the water you drink, &c., and endeavour if possible to move to a different situation, and dryer soil, where you may have plenty of sunshine and as dry an air as possible. Quinine and cod liver oil should do you good.

FLO TAITERSHALL.—The repeated washings take the natural oil from the wool; and we fear that nothing can now be done to make it new again. The last authority on hygienic clothing, also, does not approve of thread-bare nor old clothes which have lost their power for doing good.

GINGER-BEER.—We do not think half past seven too early for you to go to bed in the winter; eight being a more usual hour in summer. We should think that your hand would be improved by writing copies, set by some one who writes a pretty hand.

IOTA.—We do not give addresses. Enquire at a music-seller's.

MARIAN.—Try sponging the black cashmere dress with a little ammonia and water, or wash with ox-gall, as so often recommended in our columns.

SNOWDROP.—"The Handbook of the English tongue;" by Angus, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., 5s.

LITTLE MATCHES.—'I lighted the gas." "I have lit the gas."

A LOVER OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."—We thank you for the advertisement you send us, but we could not recommend employment on such authority, of which we know nothing ourselves.

GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE.—If at fifteen you have "arrived at a ripe age," we are sorry for you, as you will attain old age very prematurely indeed. Endeavour to perform every little duty earnestly, and as in God's sight, each day as it comes; those to your parents, the rest of the family, and to your teachers; also attend to your religious duties, praying for more faith, love, gratitude, and humility, and trying to correct every evil temper, habit, and thought, yet trusting only for salvation to the death and mediation of Christ. No matter, then, whether anyone's prognostications respecting "the last day" be true or not, you need fear nothing.

ECILA.—The Princess of Wales has two sisters, one called Dagmar, and the other Thyra.

ESME.—We should have thought that in your large town or city you could easily procure pictures of Swiss costume. We advise you to purchase a book called "Swiss Pictures," published at 56, Paternoster-row. You will find there what you want, and it you choose you can sell the book at your bazaar stall, as it is a beautiful volume. Its price is eight shillings.

IGNORANT.—We wonder the chemist had no book of reference to tell you that sap green is a pigment, made from buckthorn or other vegetable substances. It is in every paint-box; but it is cheaper to buy ink than to make it.

SEAWEED.—Wash rusty black lace in strong tea. The infesting by the green fly is now considered as a sign of unhealthy plants. Fumigate with tobacco or tobacco-paper.

AGGIE.—We think the claret-coloured silks keep their colour very well. The lace might be dyed black.

GRETCHEN.—We greatly approve of the wishes you express, and the efforts you make, which, we doubt not, will prove successful. Read our article entitled "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," page 73, vol. ii. It will be necessary to be very observant of those whose dress, carriage, tone of voice, and general demeanour are such as are worthy of imitation. Without copying little peculiarities, which are especially and distinctively personal, you may learn much which may help you. One great secret of making yourself generally agreeable is—not by much talking yourself—but by the marked and undivided attention that you pay to what is said to you. Be the subject trifling or not, if sufficiently interesting to your friend to relate it, it should be your business to listen attentively, and not to let your eyes or thoughts wander. Speak gently, move quietly, be watchful over the little comforts and requirements of all in your company. These are rules essential to the good breeding to which you so properly aspire. We thank you for your kind appreciation of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

FATHIE.—We should imagine that your state of health needs attention, and may quite account for the depression of which you complain. Change of air and scene, and a tonic, might be of use, but a doctor should be consulted.

BIRD FANCIER.—We do not see that it would do any harm, either to you or the bird. Cut the nails, by all means if you can do so without frightening it.

QUERIST.—The "onion fair" in Birmingham takes place when the onions are gathered, in August or September. It is of somewhat ancient date, but does not appear to have any special origin more than that of any other market.

MAUD BARDOLPH.—The "singing" of the mouse is said to be caused by disease, and may be called a kind of bronchitis or croup. Your writing is not very good.

C. L.—The 21st January, 1861, was a Monday. Before attempting to earn your own living in the way you mention, it would be advisable to endeavour to perfect your writing and spelling. We suppose by "dose" you mean "does." You repeat this mistake four times. If your aunt has had the care and support of you since you were left an orphan, both your duty and affection will lead you to consult her wishes; nor do we consider you were justified in writing to tell us "she *is* rather a bad temper," even if you thought so. Patience and forbearance on your part, and an exhibition of good temper, appear to be more called for than such ungrateful complaints.

W. A. A.—Your pretty Easter poem, and all your kind wishes in prose as in verse, we gratefully acknowledge. We are glad you were pleased with our answer to your letter. The gracious acceptance of our desires and efforts to serve our correspondents amply repays us, and we heartily reciprocate the good wishes of your last gratifying letter.

ELEANOR.—We are not acquainted with any method of removing the unpleasant odour from certain furs, excepting that of hanging them in a strong draught, or out in the external air.

ETELKA.—All slang words are objectionable, and, as a rule, they consist of words thoroughly misapplied. Provided that your little flights of imagination do not interfere with your duties, nor tend to cherish feelings of discontent with your lot in life, we have no fault to find with them. Slope your writing a little more.

IMA.—The expression is taken from a proverb—"A wonder lasts nine days, and then the puppy's eyes are open," alluding to the blindness of dogs and cats at their birth. This is as much as to say that people are blind with astonishment, or dazed, for rather more than a week, but by that time they have been able to make inquiries, and to see matters more fully and correctly, and then the surprise ceases.

DOROTHY.—A governess is only entitled to holidays at Christmas and Midsummer, and from the preceding Thursday to Monday or Tuesday in Easter week. But all holidays should be a matter of private arrangement between the governess and her employer when the terms of her engagement are first made. Governesses in private houses are not subject, nor are their employers, to the rules that obtain in schools, nor bound by school terms in reference either to holidays or payments of salary. We have answered at once, but press of space may exclude our reply for some time.

CRESPO.—It does not come within the scope of our magazine to give information on such a subject, nor do we see that you would be benefited by further knowledge of scandalous society.

BETA.—Thank you for your kind and well-written note of gratitude.

BEATRICE ALLAN.—"Let them *first* learn to show piety at home, and to requite their parents."—Tim. v. 4. This is clearly the first duty. After that we have some blessed assurances about the "heart's desire" of each of us in Ps. xxxvii. 4—5. God will open a way for you in His own good time.

AURIEL.—"Hic jacet" is used as an epitaph, and means "Here he lies." We do not act as an advertising medium.

NELLIE.—Apply to the secretary at the hospital daily for information.

C. H.—Act ii., scene 1, *King Richard II.* contains very nearly the words which you quote, beginning from "This royal throne of kings."

CLEMENTINA QUEEN.—Pupils are obtained either through private friends or by advertising. Inquire at a good music-seller's.

A. M. P.—The effect of light upon certain colours is a curious study. Chemical properties which they possess are brought out, and doubtless the results of which you have had experience in reference to green glass is to be thus explained. This fact is singularly exemplified in reference to the effect of yellow window-blinds, as it has been affirmed, on cases of small-pox. The shutters, however, should be partially closed likewise.

ARIEL and EAD-GYTH.—Either write, or show your table to the upholsterer from whom you procured it. Possibly your house or room may be damp, but probably the wood was damp when dyed. We do not know what further you can do for your canary, and we advise your either procuring a small manual on the diseases and care of singing-birds, or consulting a bird-seller. The cause of fits, and how to treat them, would probably be explained in a manual such as the above-named.

ENQUIRER OF BEDMINSTER.—You have a good deal of natural taste for painting flowers or cards, but to sell them—however well executed—is by no means of easy accomplishment. It must be done by personal application at shops, and there is no fixed price; it must depend on what they can get.

LIZZETTA.—A concertina is a very suitable instrument for a girl, but you must ask permission of your mistress to play it in her house, or else only when the family are out.



VOL. II.—NO. 89.] SEPTEMBER 10, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

"MEET WELCOME TO HER GUEST SHE MADE.

ALTERATIONS were going on at the Thicket; masons and carpenters were at work, and it was evident that Lord Hazlewood intended to spend a good deal of time in Woodshire.

Before February had come to an end he had become a frequent visitor at the Hall, and was looked upon as an intimate friend by its master. Mr. Hurstone and Cecily were consulted about all the improvements at the Thicket. New rooms were planned; and schemes for extending and beautifying the grounds were talked over with Cecily, until Daisy wondered that her aunt was not tired of the whole matter.

But Cecily showed no signs of weariness, and there were certain tokens that told of much inward content. The gravity that had shaded her face when she had first come to the Hall had quite passed away. She was looking decidedly younger, and her beauty had gained a new glow and freshness that attracted all eyes.

Daisy often followed her with a wistful glance, of which Cecily herself was wholly unconscious. And Daisy found sometimes that her aunt gave answers which betokened a preoccupied mind, and she fancied that Cecily's old deep interest in her (Daisy's) concerns was gone.

As Lord Hazlewood came oftener and Cecily became more and more engrossed Daisy unconsciously drew nearer and nearer to Janet Alderstone.

The two girls had many a pleasant ramble in those early spring days. A faint tinge of green began to steal over the fine network of branches in the woods and the barren strawberry plant spread its delicate little blossoms over mossy banks. Yellow butterflies flitted in the sunshine and birds chirped and twittered in the merry pairing time. The earth was full of promises of sweeter things to come; but Daisy seemed to look at nature with saddened eyes. In her voice there was often a tone of disappointment and her smile faded more readily than it came.

There was no fear now of encountering Martha Weever in her walks. The poor creature had been removed from

[*All rights reserved.*]



"DAISY SEEMED TO LOOK AT NATURE WITH SADDENED EYES."

her cottage and put under kind restraint. Great hopes were entertained of her ultimate recovery; and the little Weevers, cared for and tended by a widow who had no children of her own, were leading a happier life than they had ever known before. All that Charles Hurstone could do to atone for his brother's harshness had been done. Throughout Hurst Gate and the adjoining parishes it was already well known that the master of the Hall was leading a life of charity and goodwill towards men.

There had been a talk of engaging a resident governess for Daisy, but she seemed to shrink from the idea. And here Janet Alderstone came to her assistance, by recommending the curate's widowed sister — a lady who had just returned from Paris and was looking around for employment. So it was arranged that Madame Brigaud should come to the Hall every morning to superintend Daisy's studies, and the plan answered very well.

Madame Brigaud was a quiet little woman of five or six and thirty, and an utter contrast to Miss Daughton. Madame's extreme modesty often led her to hide her light under a bushel, and of society airs and graces she had none. But she was an accomplished linguist and a thorough musician, and it was soon evident that Daisy would make steady progress under her care.

One afternoon, when February was far advanced, Janet Alderstone stood at the window of her sitting-room and watched for Daisy.

There were many rooms in Hollyoak farmhouse, and Janet's sanctum opened into the apartment where her father and mother usually sat. The Alderstones had homely ways, and lived a retired life, but Daisy was already beginning to think that there was no place like Hollyoak Farm for comfort and rest. There were no preserves so sweet as those that Mrs. Alderstone produced from her stores; no tea-cakes and gingerbread biscuits so good as those which Janet's hands had made. All old-fashioned countrified dainties were to be found in that house; and, better still, its tenants still clung to many unfashionable precepts. At the Farm it would have been considered ill-mannered to backbite one's neighbours, no matter how wittily and prettily the backbiting was done.

"Let none of you suffer as a busy body in other men's matters," was an injunction that was often on Mrs. Alderstone's lips; and children and servants had taken it to heart. When Mr. Alderstone went out to do his business in the world he was too sensible to seek to pry into the affairs of his acquaintances, and was spoken of as a man who minded his own concerns and kept a still tongue. But he was also known as one who would go out of his path to help a brother in need; and it is a noteworthy fact that the quiet persons are generally Good Samaritans. Great talkers, like the Priest and the Levite, are often prone "to pass by on the other side."

Both Mr. Alderstone and his wife were well stricken in years, and life was to them a peaceful waiting on the brink of the river. They craved for no excitement, and needed nothing that was not supplied to them. Reverses of fortune they had known, and outlived; but their children were safely provided for, and their hearts were at rest. George Alderstone, the popular writer, had made his name loved and honoured in the world, and had earned something more substantial than fame. And, by the death of her godmother, Janet had inherited a modest property, sufficient to keep her beyond the reach of want.

While Janet was standing at her window Mrs. Alderstone entered the room and came to her daughter's side.

"You are looking out for Daisy," she said. "The child does not wear so bright a face as I should like to see. Surely she is too young, Janet, to be burdened with secret sorrows?"

"She is fretting about Miss Woodburn," Janet answered. "She has never told me so, mother, but I know she grieves at finding herself displaced. Ever since her childhood she has occupied the chief place in Miss Woodburn's life, and now she finds another seated on her throne."

"Ah, Janet, that 'giving place' is always a sore trial," said Mrs. Alderstone. "I can remember how I suffered in my girlhood when my brother Harry found a dearer companion than his sister! It was very absurd, I know; but I had been his own familiar friend so long, and I did feel inclined at first to look upon his Bessie as a usurper."

"But you conquered the feeling, mother?"

"Yes, Janet; but it left me with a sympathy for other girls in a like case. I don't say that they ought to be petted and encouraged in their jealousy, for it is a form of jealousy. But I always feel compassion even for an old baby when a new one comes to put its nose out of joint."

"Dear mother, I believe you have compassion for 'the meanest thing that feels!'" said Janet, kissing the good old lady's cheek. "I think I should have been a hard, stern woman if I hadn't had such a mother. Do you know, I was just a little disposed to lose patience with Daisy Garnett?"

"I thought so, my dear," responded Mrs. Alderstone, quietly.

"Yes; you see, Daisy herself told me about the death of Miss Woodburn's first lover, and described the patient, self-sacrificing life that her aunt Cecily had led. And, really, when one sees how wonderfully handsome Miss Woodburn is, and how much better than handsome, one feels no surprise at the present state of things. Daisy ought to rejoice that the Earl is, in every way, worthy of such a woman."

"You are quite right, Janet dear, she ought to rejoice. Only these poor selfish human hearts of ours so often interfere with the 'oughts.' And we must try to be patient with each other's weaknesses."

Just at that moment Daisy's little figure appeared in sight, and the Alderstones agreed in thinking that it was very pleasant to look upon. The sunlight was bringing out all the rich gloss of her costly fur and touching her bright brown hair with gold; but her eyes were downcast and her cheeks as pale as one of the "fair maids of February."

"Poor child!" said Janet, and went to meet her at the door.

Mrs. Alderstone discreetly left the girls to themselves, and Janet drew Daisy into her cosy sitting-room.

It was a sharp day out of doors; a keen north-easter was blowing, and, in spite of all the sunshine could do, it was a shivering world. Janet's fire looked cheerful; the wainscoted walls of her low-ceiled room reflected the bright blaze and her easy chair held out its arms invitingly to Daisy.

"Take off your furs, and let us have a chat," coaxed Janet, putting on a little motherly air. "You are looking quite chilled, Daisy."

"I am chilled," Daisy responded, sadly. "It is a bright, hard, cold day—a day that seems fair and is really pitiless. The wind cuts like a knife."

Janet put a footstool for her friend, removed her fur cap with her own hands, and then took an opposite seat. Daisy looked up, and gathered comfort from the trustworthy face and honest eyes.

"Oh, Janet," she said, suddenly, "aunt Cecily is going to be married. She came into my room last night and told me. And I *can't* be glad!"

"Not glad for her sake, Daisy?"

"Not yet, but—I'm trying," Daisy answered, struggling with a sob.

"And the gladness will come by-and-bye," Janet said, cheerily.

"Yes; I believe it will. But, oh, Janet, life at Hurst Hall will be very unlike the life that I had pictured! I never thought of myself as the lonely little mistress of that big house."

"Dear Daisy, it is just that habit of 'picturing' that makes life so hard for imaginative people. They quarrel with realities because they are not exactly like their dreams."

"I know," sighed Daisy. "I can't be so grateful as I ought to be for Uncle Charles's love and my beautiful home. I never dreamt of that home without Cecily as the central figure in it."

"But, don't you see, dear Daisy, how wonderfully Cecily and the Earl seem to be fitted for each other? The one lost the betrothed of her girlhood and the other the wife of his youth. And, don't you know that the buried loves will often draw the living hearts together? Ah, when you are as old as I am, you will understand it all!"

This was the way in which twenty talked to sixteen, and sixteen listened with meekness.

Before the old clock in the hall had struck five Daisy was feeling soothed and comforted. And then there was a pleasant clatter of cups and saucers in the next room, and Janet opened the door of her sanctum.

The long, low room was glowing with ruddy fire light, and the peaceful old

couple in their easy-chairs had just awakened from a brief afternoon doze. On the table was the old fashioned tea-service of blue china, with the antique silver teapot and cream-jug that had descended to Mrs. Alderstone from her grandmother. There was brown bread and white; there were the crisp tea-cakes that Daisy always relished, and delicate fawn-coloured eggs that the cochins had laid. And in the middle of the white cloth stood the rustic-looking pot, that contained a flourishing fern, green and fresh in its setting of moss, as if it had only just been gathered in the Hurstone woods.

Daisy took her place at that hospitable board, and the old folks petted her in their quiet fashion. Does any one ever truly realise the strong influence of a real home? Home influence was just the very thing that Daisy needed that day, and she found it at the old farm.

There are people who have a power of creating a home wherever they go. Here and there you find a woman who can transform a lodging-house sitting-room into a haven of rest for a troubled soul. She does not even alter the arrangement of the furniture, perhaps, but she puts a book here, and a work-basket there, and rings for the tea-tray; and in five minutes she has created an atmosphere of comfort around her. Any tired man, coming in from the turmoil of the outer world would say to himself, "Here is a veritable home."

The talk and the tea and the petting did Daisy a world of good. At half-past six she was escorted home by Janet and Esther, the housemaid. Well was it for her that Hollyoak Farm was scarcely a stone's throw from Hurst Hall.

At seven she had to sit down to dinner in the great dining-room with her uncle and aunt Cecily and Lord Hazlewood. Cecily gave her many an anxious glance, and was unspeakably relieved to see a brighter look on her face.

"After all," thought Daisy, as she went to bed that night, "I ought to think more of Aunt Cecily's happiness than mine, and I have no right to insist that she shall only be happy in my way."

It *is* hard sometimes for us all to remember that human beings are not railway engines, and will not travel obediently on the iron lines that we have laid down for them.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Sweet Convent Bells. Trio. Music by J. L. HATTON.

The Wood Thrush. Trio. Words by BARRY CORNWALL. Music by J. L. HATTON.

WE would strongly recommend these two numbers as really beautiful trios for ladies' voices. The music is wedded to equally pretty words, and the pianoforte accompaniment in both is also very tastefully laid out.

Now Bring ye Forth the Tapers. Chorus of bridesmaids and choristers from the opera, *The Wedding of Camacho.* English words by F. E. COX. Music by MENDELSSOHN.

THIS wonderfully-effective chorus should be in the hands of all ladies' singing classes. The music of *Camacho* may be reckoned amongst some of the happiest inspirations of Mendelssohn, and in the English words here used the writer has entered into the rhythmical form of the music with the utmost success.

The Spinning Chorus. Arranged from Wagner's opera, *The Flying Dutchman*, by ARTHUR O'LEARY. Words by L. H. F. DU TERREAUX.

THIS is another work that should be better known. The music, every bar of which contains melody, presents no striking difficulty. Perhaps the accompaniment will most try the powers of the amateur, but we may add that the result will repay any trouble expended on it.

Rest thee on this Mossy Pillow. Trio. Words by Bishop HEBER. Music by HENRY SMART.

ALTHOUGH Henry Smart always wrote well, he certainly excelled most in his trios for ladies' voices, and amongst them this will take a foremost rank. If our young friends have not already made acquaintance with this lovely trio, we should advise them to do so without delay.

Kind Words. Trio. Words from the "After Glow." Music by C. PINSUTI.

It is not always May. Trio. Words by LONGFELLOW. Music by C. PINSUTI.

WHAT has been said of the late Henry Smart might be nearly literally repeated with regard to Ciro Pinsuti. Here we have two trios, the work of a thorough musician, the music well laid out for voices, and revealing beauties in every bar.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

The Scales, and How to Play them. By HENRY PARKER.

The Voice, its Production and Improvement. By HENRY PARKER.

WE cannot say that in the "Scales" we can discover anything more than what Kalkbrenner has already given us in his method. As to "how to play them," that is entirely a matter of opinion. With regard to Mr. Parker's treatise on the voice, it certainly contains many original suggestions, though whether they will infallibly achieve the result guaranteed must remain a matter of considerable uncertainty.

The Dream Queen. Cantata for female voices. Words by NELLA PARKER. Music by ODOARDO BARRI.

THE extremely pretty words and graceful ideas of this cantata seem to have been thoroughly appreciated and entered into by the composer, who has adapted them to some equally charming and graceful music. No. 1. Introduction and Chorus, "Now day has departed," though rather short for an opening number, reveals many beauties. without any extraneous modulation, which is nowadays so frequently resorted to, with such strained effects.

No. 2, Soprano Solo, "Dreary seems each day." Rather melancholy, but we suppose appropriately so.

An agreeable change is in store for us in No. 3, Mezzo Soprano Air, "Simple peasant maiden," a very pretty melody in waltz time.

No. 4, "O gentle sister mine." A smooth and flowing duet.

No. 5, Contralto Solo and Chorus, "Where the roses reign." The subject-matter both for solo and chorus being so trivial, albeit elegant, rather suffers from its triple repetition.

No. 6, Soprano Solo and Chorus, "Queen of happy dreamland." We must take exception, in point of time, to the first three bars, which are to all appearance in 6-8 time, though the figures 3-4 stand at the signature. Strangely enough, the same mistake happens again at the bottom of pp. 31, 35, and 37. Despite this technical error, the music of this number is exceedingly pleasing, containing near the close a cadence with a descending chromatic passage of no ordinary difficulty.

No. 7, Contralto Air, "O foolish heart," is thoroughly original and charmingly conceived.

No. 8, Mezzo Soprano Solo and Chorus, "O yield not, *despair not.*" To this we cannot award much praise, the themes being decidedly weak.

No. 9, Soprano Solo, "No more for rest or gladness," is rather strained in its effects, commencing well, but losing interest as it proceeds.

In No. 10, Solo and Trio, "At last thou hast found it," the last bar on line 2, page 51, seems to require some explanation; but as we go further on we find some smooth and pretty writing.

Finale, Chorus, "Come, sweet sister spirit," is an excellent number, the music aptly exemplifying the contentment of the maiden once more restored to earth and her simple home again.

We would recommend the composer, before the issue of the next edition, to carefully re-read his proofs, as so many typographical errors occur, one very important one appearing on the first page, bar 15.



Wherever the *Dream Queen* is heard, we are confident it will be a great favourite both as regards the words and the music.

LAMBORN COCK, Holles-street.

Dir Allein. Words by HERBERT GARDNER. Music by H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Dir Allein (To thee alone) is a musicianly setting of very pretty words for tenor voice, the melody commencing plaintively in C minor, with a happy change to the tonic major at the termination of each verse. We cannot help thinking it a pity that the music of all three verses is alike, for though undoubtedly interesting, we arrive at verse three with a slight feeling of weariness, that might easily have been avoided by a little varying of the treatment, to which the words also would have readily lent themselves.

The Pear Tree in the Court. Music by Madame SAINTON-DOLBY. Words by JETTY VOGEL.

MADAME DOLBY'S name is a sufficient guarantee for purity and goodness of style, and this simple song well sustains this reputation. The accompaniment is quiet and graceful, giving expression to the words, which tell of a solitary pear-tree left to dwindle away for want of sun and culture; yet "gladdening the hearts in the courtyard," and so not spending its life in vain.

The Humming Bird. By WALTER MAYNARD.

LIVELY and good, requiring a flexible voice, with a moderate amount of cultivation and clear upper notes. The accompaniment is telling and graceful, and the song must become a favourite when once heard.

Gavotte and Musette. By A. H. JACKSON.

A CLEVER and musician-like composition, dedicated to Mr. Weist Hill. The composer has satisfactorily caught the spirit of the old masters, and where one or two extra difficult passages occur, he has accommodatingly supplied an additional easier time, by which means this charming Gavotte is brought within the reach of any performer.

GODDARD & CO., 4, Argyll-place, Regent-street.

The Dove. With the original French words and an English imitation. Music by CH. GOUNOD.

A SMOOTH little Romance, with easy accompaniment and pleasing theme. Written in the key of G.



"HER SOFT VOICE MAKING THE SADDEST MUSIC IN HER MOTHER'S HEART."

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEARNING AND UNLEARNING.

"And still her loveliness
Waned like the second moon."

OUR space warns us to be brief, so we must not only take Time by the forelock, we must take a flying leap with him over the space of at least six months. These months have passed lightly with the busy and the well-employed, but they have gone heavily with the sick and sorrowful. The occupations of the young ladies at the Limes may be guessed: busy mornings, noontide walks, long golden afternoons, in which a ballad may be "flung to the moon," or an interesting book read aloud, but still the needle is busily plied. The articles that have engaged it are fit to be put in competition for one of the prizes of THE GIRL'S OWN, though perhaps some of them are too elaborate for anything but a bridal trousseau.

Frederic Townsly is on the eve of completing his career at college. At its close he will enter Lincoln's-inn-fields as a law student. His family are a little surprised, as they always thought the Church would be his choice, but Frederic thinks the Levite's office requires a higher call than mere human preference for its holy functions, and at the Bar he is in no danger of standing presumptuously "where angels fear to tread." Grave as a schoolboy and a youth, he appears still graver now. His ear seems early to have caught the whisper "passing away," that is breathed from all earthly things; but he is not morbid. Only Eleanor knows the secret of a dream destined never to be realised—of a hope that, like a star, lured him onwards, but has vanished, leaving him to "go forwards" without its gladdening ray, because duty urges it, and the command, spoken ages ago to dismayed hearts by the Red Sea, is yet spoken to every child

of man who believes in God and in a future better than this present.

Nettie Trevylyan pities James Lovell, and opines he will have a very prosaic wife; yet, with admirable consistency, Nettie scorns sentiment, and is so thankful that she is not sentimental! The educational results of her Continental tour have not yet appeared, unless it is in the kind of criticism so lamentably absent from the guide books. One very naïve speech of hers, however, will not be too easily forgotten. She was asked at an "at home" at her father's, if she did not find Antwerp and Malines interesting for their historic associations.

"Interesting!" she exclaimed. "Antwerp was sombre, and Malines sleepy; but I didn't know that the lesser countries of Europe, such as Holland and Belgium, had any history."

Mr. Trevylyan tried to cover the sincerity of this admission by entreating her not to talk nonsense; but on the day following he chid his hopeless little ignoramus for her deficiences. Had she not read of the religious persecution that raged in the Netherlands in the fifteenth century? Were not the pictures she had seen in the "galleries" as eloquent of it as the pages of a book? Had she not heard of the contest between the Duke of Alva and William the Silent, of Orange?

"Oh, yes!" she said. "Now she remembered! Alva was a Hun, and he was called the Scourge of God; and the Prince of Orange married Queen Mary, and reigned in England after James II. was dethroned."

Mr. Trevylyan would have reduced her ideas to something like order; but the further he penetrated into the confusion the more hopeless it appeared, unless he would begin where Cædmon began his song, at the very beginning of all things. That, after all the time, trouble, and money expended over her education, was too discouraging. Yet such wits as Nettie has are kept well exercised. She is quick to detect any incongruity in dress; she knows exactly what fashions came in last month, and is quite expert in making trifling alterations in her wardrobe, so that she may not appear behind them. Indeed, her mamma says that she wears out her things that way much more than in their actual use. Then, if such girls as the Townslys, or the Fittons, or the Oaklys, make the smallest conventional *faux pas* she is quick to detect it, and can privately lampoon them as if she were very much their superior. She has recently discovered that Frederic Townsly is quite a muff, and that his chances of success at Law are doubtful, though she thinks he might have done well in the Church.

From this little Flibbertigibbet let us turn to the girl, who, of all the girls in our story, claims, perhaps, the most respect. The reader may have inferred from some of our remarks that Anna Fitton had succumbed to the first severe shock of illness. But no; Anna lingers on, although she plaintively says of herself—

"Moi, je péris, comme une fleur
Qui n'a vu qu'une aurore."

Sometimes the hope is entertained that after much depression and suffering she will ultimately rally; but Anna never speaks hopefully of herself. She passed the crisis of her illness more successfully than anyone had dared to hope, but the subsequent prostration was severe, and the mental spring was gone for ever.

Nothwithstanding all was done that could be done to fan the flickering flame of life into a steady glow, it only burned up temporarily. When she was finally brought home it was evident to all that if she recovered, she could never be the ardent student, the clear yet imaginative thinker that she had been. Thought was gone, memory gone, books were a weariness, and existence almost a blank! She was in no way to blame for this; her mental conditions were no longer under her control. Deprecating the apathy, and yet bound to earth with it as by a chain of iron, she ceased to struggle, and learned, with touching meekness, to resign herself. The rector gave his Bible lesson on "Ambition" by Anna's request, and the text was of her choosing—

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." She knew that it was the text which had so impressed Henry Martyn when he was studying for the senior wranglership.

Eleanor listened with deep attention to what the rector said upon it, but she had already learned her lesson, and was in no haste to unlearn it.

Her friend, Evelyn, whose success as a candidate for examination in several grades had been far above the average, was led to wonder as she listened if the great things she had sought had been only for *herself*. And if they had, how could she help it? How could she trade with the talent she had gained—trade for the good of others? She was fond of teaching. She believed that she had the genuine teaching *vis;* but she had no opportunity for its exercise, and she was sure her parents would not allow her to be a teacher. Furthermore, she thought it was hardly fair for any gentlewoman to earn for her pleasure the money another would be glad of for necessity.

"I wish I knew what I could do that was not for myself," she inwardly exclaimed.

The Sunday-school and the night-school furnished work of a certain kind, but not scope for all the work that she was fitted to undertake. In a moment she thought of Anna's younger sisters, and of the way in which her illness had frustrated her plans for their advancement. Why could she not offer to devote a few hours of every day to their instruction? She was sure Edith would on occasion help her, and one of Mr. Fitton's greatest anxieties would be put to rest. It was an excellent idea—an idea that crystallised into action, and in it was the germ of many similar deeds of kindness and of patient well-doing for others which were to fructify along the pathway of Evelyn's life and make it beautiful.

She had discovered a use for her talent which would keep it from rusting. If accomplished, well-read young ladies, who are independent of their own exertions, would try to help in a similar way those whose only fortune must be their education, and who yet have scarcely the means to pay for books and lessons, they would find that they had rendered a service as sure of its memorial as any cup of cold water that has ever been bestowed.

This kindness of Evelyn's touched Anna deeply.

"I have wondered what the poor children were to do, and what papa was to do?" she said to her. "He is so heavily burdened that I always imagine him saying in spirit those pathetic words of the Jubilee Singers: 'Oh, my good Lord, keep me from sinking down!' But I am not so afraid for papa as I used to be. I have been humbled and shown how little I can do, and I am beginning to see that I can be done without. The children will be educated; papa and mamma will be sustained."

"Dear Anna, there is no doubt of it; and to teach the children will put the salt of a new interest into my weeks and days. They are such clever children, and so well-disposed."

"Yes, and Elizabeth has a fine *grasp*. She might in time go in for all that I have failed in. Will you encourage her in the idea? I know papa and mamma will be afraid, but they can hold her in more firmly than they did me, and if she is too 'intense' my example will be a warning to her."

It was clear that Anna did not think her own excesses should shut girls out of her privileges if they could use without abusing them. To Eleanor she said—

"I have made a wreck of myself, and I am verily to blame; for I went on madly, regardless of consequences. Such examples as mine are mischievous, because they are often quoted as a plea against the higher education of women. Yet when this movement commenced we needed raising to a higher plane. We had been satisfied with much that was frivolous and infantile."

"And yet if we try to be equal with men we must leave much of our own work undone," Eleanor replied. "Frederic predicts that some day there will be the confusion here that there is in America, and woman's work and man's work will be all mixed up."

"I never dreamed of equality," said Anna, sadly. "If I foundered, it was not on that rock. I wanted to achieve great things for my own family; and if I had been moderate, and had not made a god of intellect, trusting to it rather than to a Higher Power, I should not have so completely defeated my own object."

"Yet you must not reflect on yourself, dear; you did it for the best."

"Ah, Eleanor, it is too late—too late for anything but repentance. Everyone justifies me, but my own heart condemns. It is better for me to confess my sins than to dissemble or cloak them."

Eleanor said nothing to that, for she knew how holy is the Voice that speaks in the innermost recesses of the soul, and that it is better to keep silence before its still small whisper than to gainsay it.

It was seldom that Anna had the energy to talk so freely. In general she was shy and uncommunicative.

It was noticed that she looked forward to seeing Frederic Townsly, on the rare occasions when he came to the Limes for a few days. He was always sending her flowers, and little books that would not fatigue her in the reading.

One day he chanced to have half an hour with her alone. Immediately after he took his leave, Anna lay pillowed back upon her sofa with closed eyes, and her mamma saw that she had been weeping. Gently she bent over her and kissed her. Anna looked up, and a beautiful smile broke through the tears she was holding back.

"Frederic Townsly and I have had an argument," she said. "It was on the last line of this couplet—

"'No star is lost from space we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been.'

"It is not true. I might have been something that I shall never be."

A certain suspicion crept into Mrs. Townsly's mind.

"Tell me, my darling—you have never had any secrets from me?"

"If I had lived, I cannot tell, I might have been his wife,
But all these things have ceased to be with my desire for life,"

she said solemnly. "Mamma, I have forgotten all that I have learned these last few years, but I wonder if I could remember the 'May Queen?' I was such a little girl when you taught it me, and we never forget what we learned when we were very little, do we?"

"Try and say it again, my darling. I can assist your memory."

Without needing one reminder, yet with many a pause, she said it through, her soft voice making the saddest music in her mother's heart. Once she gave her hand a significant pressure. It was as she said—

"And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret,
There's many a worthier than I will make him happy yet."

"Mamma," she said when the poem was ended, "that little girl taken out of her rustic vanities has more likeness to me than I knew."

"Yes; 'He fashioneth their hearts alike,'" said her mother, with a sob.

"And if my lamp was not lighted late, it had been suffered to burn very low. The smoking flax has been breathed upon; it has not been quenched for not adding to the glory of the other lamps. The High Priest had too much compassion."

(To be concluded.)



SALADS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.



We cannot wonder that English cooks do not make good salads, for it is only the few English people who have been "educated up to them" who care to eat salads when they are made. If a good mixed salad were put upon a table, around which twelve average English men and women were seated, half a dozen would refuse it straight away; three more would quietly inquire whether there was any oil in the dressing, and, on hearing that there was, would shake their heads and say that oil did not agree with them; and the remaining three would probably accept it and eat it with relish.

We all know that there are a great many people in the world who are troubled with indigestion, and who have to be careful lest they should take food which disagrees with them. I pity bilious people with all my heart, yet I cannot but think that when objecting to salad many persons plead weak digestions when they ought to confess prejudice. There is not such a superabundance of inexpensive wholesome food in the world that we can afford to despise what is close to our hand. Therefore, if it is really nothing but prejudice which prevents our taking salads, let us overcome the weakness and give them one fair trial.

If we find that we are ill afterwards, we can avoid them for evermore; but if we find (as I think we shall, if we are properly constituted, and have no organic disease to contend with) that salads do us no harm, then let us continue to take them. After two or three trials we shall learn to enjoy them, and shall always be glad that our appreciation of good things has been thus extended.

When we were talking about soups we said that there were about five hundred different kinds of soup; I wonder how many varieties of salad there are. Truly their name is legion. All cooked vegetables, every kind of meat and fish, and almost every sort of green meat that is good for food can be converted into salad; and we need not be at a loss for materials for making salads so long as we can procure either cos lettuce, cabbage lettuce, endive, watercress, mustard and cress, potatoes, peas, beans, haricot beans, dandelion leaves, tomatoes, asparagus, radishes, onions, garlic, chives, corn salad, beetroot, celery, cauliflower, cabbage, cucumbers, sorrel, and herbs.

English people are very fond of mixing two or three kinds of green meat together when making salad. Thus they will mix lettuce, watercress, endive, onions, radishes, small salad, and beetroot. A real French salad, on the contrary, consists of one kind of salad only.

But whether we have a mixture of fresh vegetables, or whether we have one vegetable only, we may be assured of this fact — we can never have a really good salad unless we see that the vegetables are dry. Here is the great secret of success in salad-making, to have the vegetables dry. We might repeat the statement again and again, for until girls realise it and take steps to secure freedom from moisture in their salads, they will never be able to mix a salad properly. In a well-made salad the dressing coats the vegetable, as it were, and is absorbed entirely by it; in an improperly made salad the dressing has the appearance of a sauce, sinks to the bottom of the salad bowl, and has to be served separately, the reason of the separation being that water is hanging about the green leaves; and it is in the nature of things that oil and water should not agree.

"But what are we to do?" I can fancy I hear two or three girls saying; "we must have our salads clean, and they will never be clean unless they are well washed." Certainly they must be clean; but cleanliness may be secured without soaking the vegetables in water for an hour or two, until they are sodden. The heart of a lettuce is, oftener than not, perfectly free from both dirt and insects before it has been washed at all. Moreover, when freshly cut it is crisp, and that it will never be again after it has been soaked. Is it not, therefore, a pity to soak it just for the sake of being able to say that it has been washed?

After all is said and done, people who are determined to wash salad are not always successful in getting rid of insects. The usual method of cleaning a lettuce in English kitchens is to cut it lengthwise into halves, or, perhaps, into quarters, and then to rinse it in two or three waters. It is then shaken, and laid on a plate, and the water clings to it and drains from it, and people say, "How nice and fresh that lettuce looks!" Meanwhile, if we separate the leaves, we shall, in nine cases out of ten, find in the underpart tiny green insects, which have not been dislodged by the water, and which remain in their places undisturbed by the shower to which they have been subjected.

The only effectual mode of cleaning lettuce or salad is to separate the leaves entirely, and cleanse each one by itself. Some leaves will need only to be looked over and wiped with a soft napkin, and these are perfection. Others *must* be washed, but the business must be performed as quickly as possible, and the lettuce, when clean, must be broken into moderate-sized pieces with the fingers (a knife should on no account be used to cut lettuce); then put into a wire basket and shaken about till quite dry. If a wire basket is not at hand the pieces may be laid, a small quantity at a time, on a clean napkin, which can be taken up by the four corners and shaken as before. When one portion is dry a little more can be taken, and so on till all is finished; but if too much is put into the cloth at once the salad will be crushed and lose its crisp state.

When onions or herbs are added to salad they should be chopped small and sprinkled over the other ingredients, then mixed with them when the dressing is added. An excellent and much approved method of imparting what is called a "suspicion" of onion or of garlic to salad is to rub the bowl with the sliced bulb before putting in the lettuce. Another plan is to rub a crust of bread with garlic and toss this up with the salad. This bread flavoured with garlic is called a *chapon*, and it is generally used with endive salad. Tarragon and other herbs are mixed with lettuce, and they should always be chopped as small as possible before being used. Sometimes tarragon vinegar is used instead of fresh tarragon leaves, and it answers very nearly the same purpose, and can be obtained at any time. An easy way of making this vinegar is to strip tarragon leaves from the stalks, put them into a bottle, cover them with good vinegar, and let them soak for three or four weeks. At the end of the time drain off the vinegar, put it into small bottles, and store for use. Tarragon is so strong in flavour that it is always taken in very small quantities. Leaves which remain unused, therefore, may be utilised in this way, and so waste will be avoided.

When salad is quite dry it should be put into a bowl and set aside until wanted. The dressing should not be added to raw vegetables until the last moment, although dressed vegetables

should lie in the dressing for an hour or two.

Many housekeepers prefer to have the salad mixed at table, and people who understand how to mix a salad are always proud and pleased to display their accomplishments. If we were to watch the experts we should find that, supposing they had to mix a bowl full of salad, they would proceed as follows :—

First they would put into the spoon a saltspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of mustard, and half a saltspoonful of pepper, mixing these ingredients thoroughly and moistening the paste with one tablespoonful of vinegar. They would then toss the salad well in the sauce; when it was well mixed, they would add three tablespoonfuls of best Lucca oil, and toss the salad again, and they would most likely continue this process until you felt inclined to say, "Well, there is no doubt about that salad being thoroughly mixed." And, indeed, there must be no doubt about the matter; for I daresay you remember the old proverb says, when speaking of a salad, that a counsellor should put in the salt, pepper, and mustard, a miser the vinegar, a spendthrift the oil; while a madman should toss the whole.

Our accomplished friends would have made in this way a plain salad dressing. This dressing is good with all salads, and cold dressed vegetables of all kinds can be tossed up in it. Cold potatoes cut into slices, cold beans, peas, cauliflowers, haricot beans, &c., &c., or a mixture of these, are excellent with it, and if placed prettily on a dish and garnished prettily, they will supply delicious, wholesome, and tempting food.

Fish salads and meat salads—that is, salads mixed with lobster, crab, salmon, chicken, or any other kind of dressed meat or fish are best served with Mayonnaise sauce. This sauce is very easily made if once you know how to do it, and those only who will not follow the directions given exactly, fail in making it. This is the way to do it :—

Be sure that everything you use is cold, and make the sauce in a cool place. Unless this is done the sauce will not thicken properly. Take a round-bottomed bowl, and put in it the yolk of an egg. Beat it with a fork, and remember that the sauce must be beaten one way. If it is beaten first one way and then another, it will be likely to curdle. Add oil—the best salad oil only must be taken—a drop at the time, and, beat the sauce lightly between every addition until the oil and egg together make a paste as thick as paste. You need not be afraid of putting in too much oil, for one egg will take a pint of oil; and if you make more sauce than is needed, you can put it into a bottle, and it will keep a long time. When the paste is smooth and workable, you can add more than one drop of oil at once; but do not put in too much, and remember that one portion must be mixed thoroughly before another is added. When the sauce is quite thick, and you have used half the oil you mean to use, drop a little vinegar in. You will find that the sauce at once acquires a creamy appearance. Now drop in oil again, and then vinegar once more, until you have made as much as is wanted, and the sauce looks like very thick custard, and is sufficiently acid for your taste. It must be thick, however, for Mayonnaise sauce is intended to *coat* the preparation with which it is served, not to flow round it. A little salt and white pepper may now be added, and the sauce is ready.

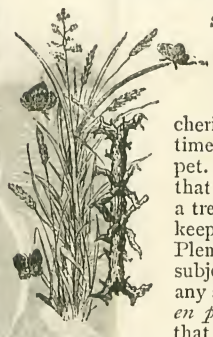
The appearance of a salad depends largely upon the garnishing. Here individual taste comes in, and you will generally find that the girl who can trim a bonnet can garnish a salad. Of course the colours must be contrasted prettily, and any ornamentation that can be obtained must be used and arranged effectively. Hard-boiled eggs, sliced tomatoes, sliced beetroot, chopped parsley, cray fish, prawns, lobster claws, and nasturtium flowers are all used in garnishing, and lobster coral, or the hard boiled yolk of an egg rubbed through a wire sieve, is a decided improvement.

I will now mention two or three salads not met with every day:—New potatoes cut in slices, tossed in salad dressing, and ornamented with eggs. Celery mixed with cold chicken or rabbit, and Mayonnaise sauce; garnish with beetroot and hard-boiled eggs, and sprinkle chopped parsley over all. Tomatoes cut into slices with haricot or other beans or green peas in the middle; garnish with lettuce, and mix them with Mayonnaise or dressing. Cold dressed roots, such as carrots and beetroot, mixed with cold beef or ham. Mix with dressing; garnish with minced gherkins or chopped capers. Equal quantities of watercress and young dandelion leaves; flavour with onion, and mix with dressing. Cold cabbage chopped small and cold potatoes; pickles, and beetroot are sometimes added to this salad; mix with salad dressing. Corn salad with beetroot and salad dressing. Many more might be mentioned did space permit.

I know there are people who persist in putting sugar, milk, and vinegar with salad. I have no directions to give to them, for I regard them as not being educated up to salads. I can only say that I congratulate them on possessing such excellent appetites, and I sincerely hope that they will always be able to gratify their simple tastes.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

HOW TO SELECT AND MANAGE SINGING BIRDS.



SHALL not, perhaps, be far wrong in assuming that a large proportion of the fair readers of this magazine cherish, or have at some time cherished, a feathered pet. My intention is not that of attempting to write a treatise on the art of bird-keeping—for space forbids. Plenty of information on the subject may be gleaned from any shilling manual, though *en passant* I would remark that German and French works on the subject are generally more accurate and exhaustive than English ones.

The few suggestions I have to offer are mainly such as I think would hardly commend themselves to the attention of one perusing a manual, unless already possessing some previous *practical* knowledge of the subject.

First, I would ask my reader, Do you wish to keep only one bird or many? If the former, choose one of the following birds, which are all better songsters when kept alone: canaries, chaffinches, rose-linnets, larks: (these latter have to be hung out of doors, and therefore are not *company*); goldfinches I purposely omitted, as, while most graceful, engaging little creatures, their thin, harsh twitter can hardly be called a song. Nightingales and warblers in general require too much attention; it is cruel to attempt to keep them unless one well understands their treatment, and resides where all the various things can be procured which they absolutely need.

If a single bird is kept other than the inevitable canary, I should in preference advise either a chaffinch or a skylark. Blackbirds, thrushes, and all talking birds are apt to be troublesome, and are uncleanly in their habits.

If more birds than one are to be kept, choose from the following list, where they stand in the order they should be added:—*Canaries*, rose-linnets, goldfinches, chaffinches, bullfinches, green-linnets, red-poles and siskins.

As a nice selection for a medium-size cage, I advise one or a pair of canaries, one rose-linnet or goldfinch, and one chaffinch, all, of course, male birds.

Bullfinches are often tyrannical and vindictive in their temper to their fellow prisoners. If they can pipe, they are valuable, and must be kept apart; if they can't, they are of no use, having nothing but their plumage and docility to recommend them.

Greenfinches, if kept in small cages, are apt to be quarrelsome; moreover, they have but little song.

I will now give a list of birds *not* to be added to the aviary: Tits of all kinds. The large species are cannibals, killing and often eating other birds; the smaller are hard to keep alive, and don't sing. Yellow-hammers are ungainly and clumsy in their movements, treading down, and hurting their companions; snow-buntings (so largely sold in London) have the peculiarly objectionable habit of flying about at random in the dark, when all the other birds are roosting, hurting themselves, and often killing others; robins will not thrive much better than nightingales, and are perpetual disturbers of the peace. In their wild state all birds shun them, the blackbird excepted, who seems to seek their company. It is curious to note that these two birds have the same gait, as also the chaffinch and magpie resemble in that respect. A few remarks on diet will perhaps not be out of place, the subject being one of the greatest importance for the welfare of birds.

Never buy mixed seeds; the mixtures sold always contain too much hemp and flax seed. Any manual will tell the deleterious effects of these seeds upon birds, though they for a while thrive, and sing more lustily than is natural when fed on this diet. Mix canary, rape, and millet seed in equal parts (the rape slightly predominating) as the regular diet; give a little hemp once a week, or, better, entice the bird out of the cage, with this seed. You can after a while give them a very little daily in your hand.

In cold weather more hemp may be given than in warm, and in *very* cold weather give a little fat (of roast meat) in small quantities. Chaffinches like butter; a very small quantity is good for them occasionally, as it in a measure replaces their natural insect diet.

The best and most inexpensive aviary is made by having a box made the size of any window available for the purpose, fitted outside the front, having a glazed casement opening outwards; the birds will then be confined, as it were, between two windows, an outer and an inner one. This construction should be lined with galvanised iron wire, so that either window can be opened without allowing the birds to escape.

The sand and other refuse of the cage can then be ejected outwards, and the birds cannot scatter husks and seeds over the carpet.

In such a habitation birds will rarely be ailing, and all they require is plenty of water, regular feeding, and an unlimited supply of fresh air, the outer casement always being left open, except at night, and during cold or rainy weather.

As a final recommendation, let me entreat all who keep little prisoners for their amusement to tend them themselves. If this seem a task, it is clear that they do not feel the interest in their welfare which alone justifies keeping birds at all. Birds left to the tender mercies of servants never live long, and the little attention they need serves to endear the little captives to their possessors.



FIG. 5.

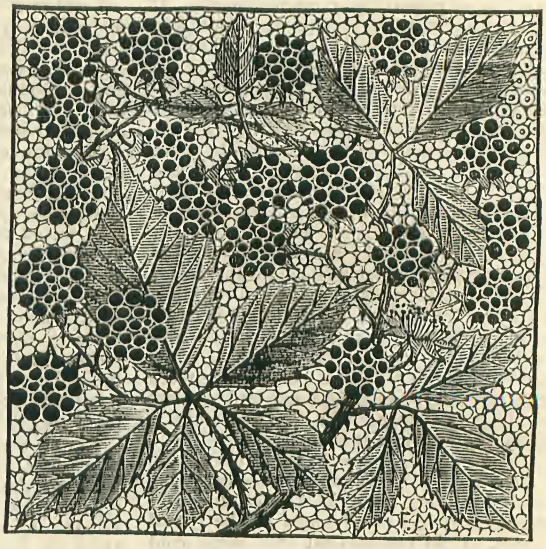


FIG. 6.



FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.

TILE-PAINTING AND DESIGNING.

TAKING into consideration the number of our readers who are learning the art of pottery painting, we think it will be useful to them if we supply a few additional designs to those published on pages 728 and 729 of this magazine.

Figs. 5, 6, 7, 8 are drawn from shrubs instead of flowers, as in the first four illustrations, and are treated rather more conventionally. Figs 5 and 6 are "autumnal" tiles, founded on the maple and the blackberry. The tone of colour should be rich and warm, yellows, reds, and browns predominating. The leaves might be put in in washes of colour, and the veins taken out before dry with the point or brush handle. Figs. 7 and 8 might be painted in blue, single colour tiles looking very well. In fact, blue is essentially a tile colour, for in very old houses the fireplaces were tiled round almost invariably with blue Dutch tiles. A design for blue treatment should be clear, well-defined, and nicely balanced, and should be effective, without elaboration or high finish. Fig. 8, drawn from the traveller's joy, is a plant eminently adapted to this treatment, the curves of the leaves and stems being highly ornamental.



FIG. 7.

Fig. 7 is founded on the palm, and requires no further comment.

In figs. 9 and 10 we have panels formed of two six-inch tiles, such panels being suitable for being worked up with ornamental tiles at top and bottom to form the sides of fireplaces. Fig. 10 is a figure of Autumn drawn in a *tily* manner, and could be worked in blue or colours. Symbolical figures of the seasons, arts, and sciences, &c., are usually chosen for tiles, as it gives a *motif* to decoration.

In fig. 11 we have an oblong tile panel, and it is suggestive of how such spaces can be treated. The wild rose supporting the head in centre is quite ornamental in character, the stems being made to assume a scroll form, and the colouring should, therefore, not be too natural. The head in centre, a portrait of Raphael, might likewise be painted in soft tones of colour. A panel such as this would be suitable for the top of a mantel-piece, and if several panels were required the head might be changed while retaining the same ornament. We may here recommend our readers to study Japanese painted pottery whenever they have an opportunity, as they, of all nations, are the most successful Ceramic artists. While being wonderfully true to nature they infuse a quaintness and variety in all their designs which gives their work that uniqueness which is so desirable in all artistic effort. It is for this reason we have gone to some pains to endeavour, and we trust with success, to show the sort of designs most suitable for tile painting. To place any design on a tile without method or thought cannot be considered art, no matter how well the individual thing may be executed. It is in filling out the tile appropriately, so that the lines shall flow gracefully, and the masses be well balanced, that we produce worthy designs.



FIG. 8.

Of course in a short article like this it is impossible to leave nothing unsaid that may further the subject under consideration, and all we can therefore hope to do is to set the reader thinking, and also direct the thoughts in the proper channel; so that a clear idea may be kept before the mind of what one ought to do, as all after success depends almost wholly on a right beginning.

FRED MILLER.



FIG. 11.

HOW TO IMPROVE ONE'S EDUCATION.—II.



AVING already discussed a variety of methods by which one can do something towards improving one's self, it now remains to speak specially of the actual work to be taken in hand. Writing for English girls, it scarcely seems necessary to remind them that they should know their own language well, and that excellence in English studies should be our *first*, though not our only, aim.

I. ENGLISH STUDIES.

To be a fair English scholar it is necessary *to be able to speak and write in a clear and correct manner*. Elegance and grace of style may be added to these, but though they charm us much they are not absolutely essential, while clearness and accuracy are altogether indispensable. To procure these qualities one requires a good sound knowledge of *English grammar and analysis of sentences*. When one always associates with well-educated people, one naturally acquires the habit of good speaking; nevertheless it is really essential that one should know and be able to apply the laws of language. Unfortunately, the study of English grammar has not always been made as easy and clear as it might be, and it is more than probable that many readers of this paper have decided that grammar is "very dry"; to these especially we would say that the subject is most interesting, and will not only repay you for any labour you may bestow upon it, but will give you much pleasure. Of the most clear and useful books on this subject, and most to be depended upon, the following may be named: "English Grammar and Analysis, arranged in a series of lessons for home use," by George Gill, price 2d.; "English Grammar," by Dr. Morris, 1s., published by Macmillan in the Primer Series; "Mason's English Grammar," published by Bell and Daldy; "Morell's English Grammar and Analysis," published by Longmans, London; "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster row. The two first of these are quite easy books, anyone may understand them; the last is for more advanced students, and "Craik's History of the English Language" is a useful book to study with it. All these books may be consulted with advantage; but it is not necessary to use them all to attain to a satisfactory degree of proficiency, while it is possible that many of our readers already possess some of them without actually knowing their worth. Having studied well the use of every word, and acquired the power of applying the rules of syntax, the next phase of our work lies in reproducing our own thoughts, of putting down for the eye to see what the mind has taken in. This is really what we call *composition*. No one who has studied her grammar well can write incorrectly, though it is not equally easy to all persons to find words to express their thoughts at once. A few hints here: Make up your mind what you want to say, and say it in the simplest manner possible. Never use a long hard word when a short easy one answers exactly the same purpose. Never use a word of the meaning of which you are not quite sure (look in the dictionary if you have a doubt). Avoid long sentences. In writing letters be perfectly natural, and write as you would speak if the person to whom you are writing were present.

Style in composition depends largely on the command of language that one has, that is, the number of words that come readily to one, as well as one's power of imagination. A good style may be best obtained by the careful reading of well-written books, and by trying to write from memory abstracts of what one has read. A good rule, too, to be observed in speaking is to avoid careless and inelegant speeches, and to speak as if what were being said were going to be put into print at once. The habit of exact, methodical speech, and of writing, in the most choice language, may be acquired by all who will take the pains to do so. Of the art of composition, Angus gives much help in the book already mentioned, and there is a composition primer in Macmillan's Series. A book on "English Composition," by Johnson, for pupils preparing for examination, and published by Longmans, also contains a good deal of useful information, put in a simple manner, and the specimens of exercises or short essays written by pupils is encouraging, and shows what can be done by ordinary people in this way. Of course it is not expected that these should all be perfect, and many girls doubtless will be inclined on reading some of them to say that they are not very good. Some at least will be encouraged by the use of this book.

Before proceeding further, it would be well here to remind the reader that though several books will be named on each subject of study, it is not in the least intended that they should all be consulted at the same time. The intention is rather to help the *many*, which must include students in various stages of mental growth; as well as to cover the ground of the various books which may already be in the hands of those who read this, and therefore to save expense in buying what is necessary.

To the student who works alone we will advise the use of one or two books at a time, and these mastered first, then a wider reading. The case is quite different where a good teacher is at hand to reconcile and explain the apparent differences which exist in different books on the same subject.

2. Of ARITHMETIC every girl should have some *practical* knowledge. One must keep up the practice of bills of parcels, the use of weights and measures, the working out of sums for wall-papering and carpeting, as well as know something of interest and stocks. All bills should be tested, and no girl who has the full charge either of her own or another's money should think of spending it without keeping a strict account. It should be easy also to calculate how much the odd ounces of the meat should come to, as well as the quarters of yards of dress material, &c.

3. ENGLISH LITERATURE, too, is a necessary part of a complete education, and much may be added to the store of knowledge on this subject during the *whole of life*. A knowledge of the chief writers of our country, with the time in which they lived, and the kind of work they wrote, should be perfectly familiar to us; and of the most important among them one should know something from direct reading of their style. The powers of observation and comparison should be sufficiently trained to help each one to form an opinion for herself, in preference to repeating the opinion of another, though much deference should be given to the opinions of well-read people. "Chaucer's Prologue," at least, should be well studied among the old writers; Spenser's "Faëry Queen," should not be a stranger to us; and Sir Philip Sydney's book on "Criticism," Bacon's "Essays," and some other writings of those times, should be quite mastered. Of course, Shakespeare will be widely read. The separate plays published in the Clarendon Press Series, with notes, are very useful for those who *study* Shakespeare, a work which gives immense pleasure and profit. Some of Milton's prose works, as well as his poetry, the poems of Dryden and Pope, and Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," should be read. One should also know something of the works of Addison, Defoe, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Charles Lamb, Burke, Cowper, Jane Austen, Lord Brougham, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Miss Mulock, Maria Edgeworth, Macaulay, and many others too numerous to mention here. It is of mental culture only that we are now treating, and we therefore do not specially name religious books, doctrinal or devotional, which have their own higher claims.

To study carefully English literature, Stopford Brooke's "Primer," in Macmillan's Series, will be found a great help, both to those who know very little and to more advanced pupils. "Chaucer to Wordsworth," by T. Arnold, published by Murby, is a larger and most useful work. "The "Biographical History of English Literature," in Morell's Series, published by Longmans, is prepared specially for students who are not very advanced, and has many helps in the form of questions and notes. Angus's "Specimens of English Literature," a companion volume to his "Handbook of English Literature," also will be found most valuable. Nothing, however, should deter students from reading *some* of the best works of our great authors for themselves; the common practice of reading some other person's view of a book, and of giving it out as one's own, is by no means to be admired. Honesty in this, as in every other work of life, will bring its own reward.

4. ENGLISH HISTORY, like English literature, forms a wide field of study; but intelligent reading in a systematic manner will abundantly repay all who will make up their minds to read up this subject for one or two hours a week. For those who feel they know very little on the subject, Edith Thompson's little book will be a pleasant teacher; but there are so many good books on English history that it is difficult to say which is best. It is only right, however, that no one should expect any single book to be perfect. "The Student's Hume" is one of the long-established histories, and those who *know it well* maintain that it is too useful to be set aside for more modern works. "Green's History of the English People" is a most enjoyable book, but unless the reader is fairly well informed on history, she will find after reading it that she does not *retain* a clear and comprehensive view of the subject. This book should most decidedly be read; but it should be used as the companion of "Student's Hume," which is quite different in style. "Bright's Public School History of England" is certainly one of the best books that can be used; but there are three volumes, costing respectively 4s. 6d., 5s., and 7s. 6d.

In studying history it is a very good plan to fix upon a certain period, a reign, or a dynasty for instance, and get up very thoroughly all its details. The lives of the chief men taking a prominent part in the history of their time should be read from another source where not sufficiently related in history; the literature of the time should be read where possible with the history of the time in which it appeared; Shakespeare's historical plays should be read side by side with

the history which they represent, and so on. The "Epochs of History" (Longmans) will here be of great use.

Every student of history should read Dr. Arnold's "Lectures on Modern History," as well as those of Professor Smyth: they could be obtained from any good library, and are valuable as showing what great teachers of history think to be necessary, and also in helping us to form judgments on historical events. For the few who are already well informed, and require deeper or more general historical reading, we would recommend that some acquaintance be made with White's "Nineteen Christian Centuries," Collier's "Great Events of History," Macaulay's "Essays, Biographies, and History," Hallam's "Constitutional History," and the works of Froude, Freeman, Stubbs, and Erskine May.

5. GEOGRAPHY as a study is so closely connected with history that it is scarcely possible to be well informed on the one subject without having a fair knowledge of the other. Geography may be studied in a variety of ways; it is possible to reduce it to a dry series of hard words; but it is also possible to make it one of the most delightful and enjoyable of studies. Much may be learned through the *eye;* indeed, a railway journey may be made intensely interesting (and far less fatiguing than it sometimes becomes) by following from time to time on a good railway map the stations, rivers crossed, &c., and deciding the county in which they are situated, noticing the direction (winding or otherwise) the river follows, the nature of the district, whether flat or hilly, whether pasture or cultivated land, whether the crops look good or poor, what the crops consist of, &c. In passing through railway cuttings the nature of the underlayers of the earth will be shown, and those who know a little geology will here find much to interest them. A boat journey on a fine day may be equally instructive. Few people will deny that a journey by rail through the Peak district, or from Exeter to Penzance, or by steamer through the Kyles of Bute, or from London to Plymouth, may not be made extremely instructive.

There are many good books on geography, but a good atlas is absolutely indispensable to an intelligent study of geography, no matter how good the book may be. Much is also to be learnt from good-guide books, such as Black, Murray, Baedecker, and more than most people seem to realise, from "Whitaker's Almanack." To work well at geography the student should accustom herself to *draw* maps (not *trace* them) in which she fixes exactly the things which she knows something about, whether mountains, rivers, lakes, or towns. Books of travels will be found to give excellent geography lessons, and they should in all cases be read with the map in hand, every place should be found, and this remark also applies to historical reading.

Every English girl should know well the geography of the British Isles (some charming descriptions of scenery by Wordsworth and other poets, as well as Scott's "Lady of the Lake," give a charm in this) and of the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain. The history of the latter should also be known; this would greatly add to the interest which attaches to the questions of the day, such as the war at the Cape, the occupation of Candahar, &c. Then we ought to know something of the countries which supply us with food. Does every girl realise that the food raised in our own country would only maintain the inhabitants of the country two days in the week, and that for the remaining five days we depend upon other countries? Then we should also know the countries which buy our manufactured goods, and those which supply us with raw materials, &c. We ought also to be familiar with the countries near us, those which we may probably visit some day, if we have not already visited them.

Some of the best books for the study of geography are Hughes's "Manual of Geography" (Longmans), Clyde's "School Geography" (Simpkin and Marshall), "The World of Waters, and Recreations in Physical Geography," by R. Zorulin (Parker and Son), Milner's Geography, edited by Keith Johnstone (56, Paternoster-row), and the most comprehensive book, published by Stanford, is called, "Geography: Physical, Historical, and Descriptive." It is a charming book, but rather expensive.

6. ELEMENTARY SCIENCE should also find a place in the studies of all girls of the present day. The present has rightly been called the "age of science," and there are so many good books on the subject that every girl could fairly well teach herself something of such subjects as botany, physiology, geology, &c. The pleasure of a country walk is increased tenfold to all those who have made even small progress in the study of botany or geology, and all the pleasures of a visit to the country, or a holiday at the seaside, may be recalled by looking over one's collection of plants and stones made during these times. Railway cuttings, sea-cliffs, and other places of disregard to many people become objects of intense interest to the young geologist, while of the practical advantages to health accruing from a knowledge of physiology one could write for some time.

"Macmillan's Science Primers," 1s. each, are capital books on special subjects, but will require a good deal of industry on the part of the student.

II. ON THE STUDY OF FOREIGN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—Of foreign languages *French* is the most universally-studied, though German is much more generally learnt now than formerly. As the only sure method of acquiring any proficiency in any language depends upon a thorough knowledge of its grammar, we begin at once to discuss the question of the French grammars. Of these, none is better than *Baume's*, published by Simpkin and Marshall (1st volume, 3s. 6d). It contains neither too little nor too much. Its rules are simple, and the exercises eminently practical, while the 2nd volume (4s.) containing the syntax, is invaluable. To all those who are familiar with Smith's "Principia Latina," the French books on the same principles are likely to be acceptable; and "Household French," by Havet (Sampson and Low), is a very practical French grammar. For those who have much time to give to French and wish to learn the conversational style, we recommend the complete French course by Havet. The familiar phrases, however, used in daily life, as well as accurate accent, cannot be obtained from books, and can only be acquired by colloquial lessons from a teacher possessing skill to guide conversation and to correct errors.

As reading books, Cassal and Karcher's "Modern French Readers" (Trübner) are very good. The junior course commences with anecdotes and short tales, and concludes with longer and very interesting stories. The second part contains extracts from the best contemporary writers, and is especially useful as showing the real idiomatic style of the most distinguished authors of modern France.

Having mastered the grammar, and acquired a good stock of idiomatic expressions by these means, the student should now begin to translate from the English into French, in order to acquire facility of expression, and the application of the rules already learnt. The first book for this purpose should be Neven's "Letters and Conversations," for translation into French (Williams and Norgate). It contains extracts from French authors translated into English, to be re-translated into French. The Key contains the original French. This arrangement lightens considerably the work of the student, by arranging the English in a more easy manner for putting into French. "The English into French," by Van Laun (Public School Series), may be used in a similar manner to this book. It has three volumes, but these three together are cheaper than Neven's book, and, moreover, each volume contains a good vocabulary. "Half-hours of French Translation," by Mariette, is a good book, but rather difficult. In making a special study of idioms, "First Steps in French Idioms," by Bué (Hachette), will be found very useful; but the book which every student who wishes to know French thoroughly should use is "Le Questionnaire Français," by Karcher (Trübner). It contains questions upon all the niceties of the language, and its systematic use must of necessity produce a thorough knowledge of French.

In reading French we would say that instead of devoting one's time to extracts from different authors one should read short original tales, such as those of Souvestre, viz.: "Au coin de feu," "Récits et souvenirs," "Sous la tonnelle," &c. After this we should recommend Erckman and Chatrian's stories, as "Madame Thérèse," "Le Conscrit de 1813," "Waterloo," "L'histoire d'un paysan," &c. The reader cannot fail to be interested in these works, and their natural, simple, and conversational styles make them extremely useful.

Hachette and Co. have published some very good reading books for advanced students, with explanatory notes, and biographies of authors, &c. The volumes devoted to About, Musset, and Töpffer are excellent; Colomba, by Mérimée, is a most valuable book, the notes, explanations of difficult passages, idioms, &c., being beautifully rendered.

French poetry may now be studied, and no better books for this can be found than Cassal and Karcher's "Anthology of French Poetry" (Longmans) and "Staaf's Littérature Française," especially the fifth volume.

Classic French authors may now be studied, such as Molière's "L'Avare," "Le Misanthrope," "Les Précieuses Ridicules," Racine's "Athalie" and "Esther," and "Le Cid" by Corneille. "Hernani," by Victor Hugo, may be studied for the purpose of comparing classic and modern tragedy.

For those who are beginning or are not far advanced in the study of *German*, "Schmid's Tales," 1s., published by Nutt, will be found useful. They are extremely simple. They have no vocabulary, but steady use of the dictionary is an advantage sometimes. For comparison of English and German words few books will be found as useful as Neuhofer's "German Vocabulary" (Norgate); and Aue's "Elementary Grammar," published by Chambers, 1s. 6d., will clear up most difficulties, as well as Meyer's "Grammar" (Collins), which is 2s.

For the second stage of study in German, Buchheim's "Deutsches Theater," with notes and vocabulary (Norgate), 2s. 6d., will be found a very useful work, while more advanced students will find "Prose Compositions for Translation into German," by Buchheim, extremely serviceable

As such full directions have been given for the study of French, it is not considered necessary to enter into further details on German, but no student should consider herself proficient in German till she can read Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell."

III. MUSIC AND DRAWING are generally classed as "accomplishments," and formerly so much time was devoted to them (especially to music) by some girls that they scarcely had time to do anything else. Now, however, music with most people takes its place

as one of the required subjects of education. There cannot be a doubt about music being a universally favourite subject, and one which gives very much pleasure to most people. With a few exceptions we may say that people of all ages and all ranks love music; and music often has the most soothing effect on the sick and suffering. There are many inducements to urge one, then, to persevere in the study of music, and every girl who does not live entirely for *self* will strive to do her very best in cultivating her voice, and in improving her playing. To those who are unable to take lessons from a good teacher, we would say that a *daily* practice of scales and excercises for at least twenty minutes (not necessarily together), is absolutely necessary. No one who really follows this out will find herself at a loss to appreciate the help of an occasional lesson, which we should strongly recommend. One other point: be most strict with yourself as to *time:* always count in your daily practices. The best excercise books to use are Carl Engel's "Piano School," and Bertini's "Petits Morceaux et Préludes," both published by Augener and Co. Clementi's Sonatines, and Kuhlau's Sonatas, also published by Augener and Co., afford excellent practice, giving good work to the left hand as well as the right.

As a study-book we recommend most highly "A Plan for Teaching Music to a Child," by Mrs. Frederick Inman, published by Simpkin and Marshall (1s. 6d.). It gives a great deal of very valuable instruction to those who teach themselves as well as to those who teach others. Mrs. Inman has a musical soul, and is perfect as a teacher of music. She has done and continues to do much good in helping to establish a love of good music.

The fourteen lessons in harmony, by J. E. P., published in the *English Mechanic and World of Science* from June 26 to Oct. 14, 1874, will more than reward every student who will carefully study them. By all means get them if possible.

To those who have only the use of the harmonium, as well as to others, we would remark that the practice of playing hymn tunes is one of the best chord exercises, setting aside the extreme usefulness of being able to play hymns well. Girls living in the country are often liable to be called upon to play the harmonium in church, and only those who have undertaken to do so without sufficient practice will realise the importance of giving some attention to this subject, while those who regret the want of a piano may console themselves with the knowledge of being able to "manage" the harmonium. Sunday music at home too, especially in country houses, is a source of real pleasure when the family join in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in the heart.

To all who play we would advise strongly the cultivation of the power to accompany songs. To accompany well requires a special training, a sympathy must be established between the song and the instrument, and the pianist does much towards making or marring a song. There must be a gentleness, a power of adaptation, and a certain forgetfulness of self in a good accompanyist; no desire to exhibit great execution, but the greatest grace in giving utterance to the most gentle sounds in order to add charm and effectiveness to the voice. All girls with brothers will find themselves wonderfully repaid for the efforts they make in doing their best when playing songs for them, and many a happy evening may be spent in practising together such an elevated form of self-improvement. Everyone is more or less familiar with songs, but there are one or two books we would recommend for family and social use. "Kinderfreund," parts I. and II., and "The Garland Song Book" (with piano accompaniment) published by Boosey and Co., are among these; also the "German Song Book" (the family singing book), by F. Weber (Augener and Co.), and Murby's "New Tunes to Choice Words," Parts I and II. Some progress in music may be made by every person, though all cannot become great musicians. Milton tells us that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," while Shakespeare says that "The man who has no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

Of drawing there is much to be said. It too has a refining influence on the mind, and is a very able educator of the eye, the hand, the ta te, &c., besides having a very effective use in making ourselves understood when we come face to face with people who do not understand our language, and we are reduced to representing our wants in rough sketches, or when one wishes to make one's self understood in giving suggestions or directions to workmen. All people cannot draw, but all people could be taught to draw, and it is not too much to say that, with proper teaching, drawing would be as easy and familiar to most people as writing is.

Among the higher influences of drawing we wish specially to speak of the cultivation of taste in form and in colour, in proportion, and in combination, &c. Mr. Ruskin says that "Perfect taste is the faculty for receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection. He who receives little pleasure from these sources wants taste; he who receives pleasure from any other sources has false or bad taste." We should strive, then, to cultivate this true taste and not be led away by the varying tastes of fashion.

With regard to improving one's drawing, the means seem greater than in many things. With a careful eye, a patient hand, and a diligent study of the object before us, we can do much by ourselves. One thing will be well to remember, not to be too ambitious, then we shall give sufficient time to secure success in our work step by step. Much help may be got by watching others draw, and only those who draw themselves will note all the little details which are secret springs of success, such as manner of holding pencil, of fixing light and shade, of sketching roughly, and lining in, of laying on washes, &c., &c. It is wonderful how much more interest one takes in drawings generally when one draws one's self, and with how much more real benefit and pleasure one visits a picture-gallery or art collection when one knows even a very little of art work.

The Science and Art Department, South Kensington Museum, has done much to advance the teaching of drawing in England, and more especially among designers and artizans, and they have issued many excellent copies and models, besides which, they test the proficiency in drawing of every grade of persons, and grant certificates. No better lesson could probably be given to anyone striving to improve in drawing than would be obtained by inspection of the drawings annually exhibited in the Museum, and no greater encouragement. Vere Foster, too, has done much in the same direction, and his books on drawing and on writing are well known throughout the country. A series of papers on sketching from nature has already appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and "The Handbook of Drawing," by W. Walker (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street), is certainly one of the most helpful of books that could fall into the hands of those who simply want guidance and counsel in their great work of self-help.

IV. NEEDLEWORK AND HOUSEKEEPING are the special and sole duties of women, and those who are ignorant on these subjects are much to be pitied. The happiness of life depends on the home, and the housekeeper has much to reproach herself with if discomfort and misery result from any neglect or ignorance on her part. In these days of cooking lessons, ambulance lectures, lectures on health and physiology, &c., and in the face of innumerable books which exist on the subjects of household interests, it seems scarcely possible that anyone could be quite ignorant. To our reader, we recommend the use of "Home Comfort," by J. Stoker (Stewart and Co.), "The Chemistry of Common Things," by Macadam (Nelson), "Home Duties" (Thomas Laurie), and careful study of the papers on "The Difficulties of a Young Housekeeper, and How She Overcame Them," by D. Hope.

Improvement in needlework is so thoroughly within the means of every girl that it seems scarcely necessary to mention them. Of course, practice, and patience, and determination not to be satisfied unless one does the *best* that can be done, are among the secrets of success. For those who are not obliged to work for themselves, the dressing of dolls for children's hospitals, and the making of garments as charity gifts, are good inducements to call forth earnest work. To those to whom the making and mending of their clothes is a necessity, we repeat "try, try, try again." If you have a garment that fits you well, take the pattern of it to make others from, and never be above asking someone to show you how to work; there always will be ready at hand kind and generous people who delight in helping those who help themselves.

J. P. MEARS.

BOTH IN THE WRONG.

CHAPTER III.

"So that is your 'gentle, docile little girl,' Arthur?" said Evelyn a little later, when Sophy's absence was first discovered. "She does not strike me as being specially docile. I do not mean to *me;* that would be too much to expect. But to *you* ——"

"I do not understand, my love," her husband replied, helplessly, and a little wistfully. "Something seems to have come over the child which I cannot make out. But try and be patient with her, will you? She will soon —very soon—grow to love and honour you; as who could help doing? I suppose she fancies, foolish child, that she is not quite the same to me as when I had only her."

"She is jealous, and looks upon me as an interloper," the young wife said to herself. But she did not breathe the thought to her husband, who was evidently so anxious to see her and his daughter on truly affectionate terms with one another; and to please him she exerted herself next morning to be even more than usually kind and conciliatory to poor Sophy, who came down to the breakfast table cold, silent, and, it must be confessed, rather sulky.

But her well-meant advances met with no better return than they had done on the previous evening. There was the slightest suspicion of patronage in her manner which stirred up every ill feeling in the girl's heart, though Evelyn herself was entirely ignorant of offence. But to be patronised by a stranger! She, who had reigned supreme hitherto at the Towers; she, who had been her father's own darling until supplanted by an intruder, should she submit to be patronised by her? Never!

Besides, to admit this stranger, with her beauty and her winning ways—for beautiful and winning she was in spite of all—was treason to the dead mother; and was *she* to

forget the loved and lost because her father did?

So the foolish child reasoned with herself, steeling her heart against the beautiful stranger, and even against her father, towards whom she felt a jealous, maddening bitterness, born of her absorbing love for him.

So all the young bride's advances met nothing but the most chilling of responses, monosyllabic answers, averted looks, and not the ghost of a smile. Evelyn merely shrugged her shoulders, and, smiling rather scornfully, told herself that the girl really was not worth any more thought or trouble.

"We are going for a ride, Sophy," her father said, as they rose from the breakfast table; "wouldn't you like to come with us? It seems a long time since you and I had a gallop together. I will ask Mrs. Gray to excuse you from your lessons this morning." He put his hand affectionately upon her shoulder as he spoke, but Sophy drew back coldly.

"I do not think I can go with you this morning, thank you, papa," she answered with flushed face and averted eyes; "I do not like to leave my lessons, besides——" she stopped short. "You and Mrs. Tremaine will not want me," was on her lips to say, but she did not give the words utterance.

Her father urged, and Evelyn, at his request, backed up his wishes, though, truth to tell, it was done reluctantly. But Sophy resolutely refused, and finding that urging her was in vain, they left her to herself, Evelyn with a sense of great relief.

The girl betook herself to the schoolroom and Mrs. Gray's company, and bent low over her French exercise as she heard the horses' feet on the gravel drive, and the merry voices of the equestrians. Her eyes were full of bitter tears and her lips were quivering, but for the world she would not let Mrs. Gray remark her trouble.

She stumbled through her lessons somehow, and the elder lady, seeing that her heart was not in her work, and guessing the cause, kindly excused all shortcomings, and, more kindly still, neither asked questions nor made remark.

Released at last, Sophy's first thought was to get clear of the house, and she was soon mounted upon her chestnut pony and cantering over the downs, in the opposite direction to the one she knew her father had taken, feeling the exercise and rapid motion a relief from the bitter mingled feelings surging in her heart.

And so things continued, week after week, with very little if any change in the relations between Evelyn and her step-daughter. Sophy would not or could not meet the kindly-meant advances. She still cherished the idea that she was miserably ill-used; that her father had been faithless to the memory of her own dead mother; that she was the only one in all the house who cherished that dear memory; that all sunshine had for ever gone out of her life; that she was neglected, despised, and altogether miserable. And so she hugged her sorrow, feeling that she was very hardly used, when all the time she was very far from blameless herself.

And Evelyn, after the first few days, grew tired of trying to make friends with such an unapproachable subject, and gradually gave up the attempt. It seemed a waste, she told herself, to lavish kindness and attention on such an iceberg. It would be better to leave the girl to follow her own whims and fancies. If she chose to come to her senses and behave better in the future, well and good; if not, why—with her usual customary shrug of the shoulders—she—Evelyn—would not break her heart.

"She is a stupid, spoiled child," the young



"A HANDFUL OF SUGAR."

wife wrote to one of her especial friends, "who thinks she is dignified and unhappy, when in reality she is only sulky and jealous. That is the true state of the case; but I do not like to tell Arthur so, for he dotes on the child, and will not admit that he sees any fault in her, though I can see very well how sadly troubled he is with her conduct. However, I have made up my mind to leave the young lady alone. We each follow our own way of life, interfering as little as possible with each other, and so manage very well. I should be sorry for a chit like that to spoil my happiness; for I am very happy indeed, dearest Nellie, and have got the best and noblest husband in the world."

And here followed a little rhapsody about Arthur's many perfections.

And so time passed on, and the two who ought to have been loving friends and companions were drifting gradually farther and farther apart, while poor Tremaine himself watched them, sorely troubled and puzzled, knowing not how to set things right, and bitterly regretting the breach between the two who were dearest to him on earth.

From her father, too, poor Sophy had seemed to be separated of late by a gulf which seemed daily to grow wider, and which she sometimes felt could never be bridged over, wilfully losing sight of the fact that the coldness and estrangement were due solely to herself.

And so the months of winter passed, followed by spring and summer, and very little change came to the little party at the Towers. Evelyn was careless and patronising; Sophy cold, resentful, and unapproachable; while Tremaine himself bitterly lamented the breach, but knew not how to heal it.

It troubled him sorely—kind-hearted, easy-going man that he was—and he wearied himself with endeavours to change the discord into harmony. Why would they not agree? Why could they not be as happy together as he had meant that they should be?

"What are you going to do with yourself all day, dearest?" he said one morning, as he rose from the table and drew on his riding gloves. "I am sorry I have to be away on this tiresome business all day, but it cannot be helped; and I should hardly like to ask you to accompany me, even if the weather were not so very uninviting," glancing as he spoke through the window, where the landscape looked dull and grey under the November sky, while a bleak north-east wind tossed the trees to and fro, and ruthlessly shook down their few remaining leaves.

"Oh, I shall be all right," Evelyn answered, with a little involuntary shudder as her eye followed his glance. "I only wish you had not such a long ride before you on such a dismal day. I wish you would take the brougham instead, Arthur."

He laughed pleasantly. "No, thank you, my dear; no closed carriages for me! I don't mind a cold wind, even when it blows across the downs; and Mahmoud has often carried me on longer journeys and in worse weather than this. So you and Sophy must spend a cosy day together and be ready to welcome me back in time for dinner. Good-bye, dearest; good-bye, Sophy!" patting his daughter affectionately on her cheek.

Sophy glanced up without the ghost of a smile, and offered him a cold kiss. Her father regarded her for a moment with a wistful expression, and then turned to leave the room, his wife following him.

"You will be cold if you come to the door, my love," he said; but Evelyn only replied with a bright smile as she took a fleecy white shawl from the hat-stand, and throwing it round her head, followed him to the front door.

Mahmoud, Mr. Tremaine's favourite horse, was standing there in charge of a groom, his sleek black coat shining, his head moving impatiently, and his eager feet pawing the gravel walk.

Evelyn was ready with her usual caress for her husband's favourite, and with a handful of sugar which the intelligent animal knew well to expect. She stroked and patted him; kissed his velvetty nose and bade him bring his master home safely and quickly. Then as Tremaine gathered up his reins and turned the horse's head down the avenue, she stood on the door-step watching him until the last moment, and waving him adieux.

The house felt very lonely and empty when she re-entered it, and yet it would be better by far, she told herself, to have no companion than silent, repellent Sophy, who had betaken herself to the window-seat with a book, and was crouched there reading, and never glanced up when Evelyn re-appeared. Mrs. Gray was away, so there was no one but the girl to keep her company.

However, the two interfered very little with each other, and scarcely met all day except at luncheon, which meal they partook of in almost unbroken silence. Sophy was out all the morning upon her chestnut pony, braving the dreary day and the bitter wind, and the afternoon she spent alone in the schoolroom, with her favourite dog for company.

Evelyn was restless and depressed all day, and would have almost been glad of Sophy's company to dispel a sort of nervous terror which seemed to have crept over her. But she would not condescend to ask any favour of the girl, and so tried to battle with her foolish nervousness alone.

The weary day passed somehow. The wind sank, and an intense coldness fell with the early twilight. The pools and little streams left by recent rain were turned to glistening ice; in the sky the stars began to gleam brightly and frostily. Evelyn declined to have the lamps lighted as darkness fell, but seated herself by the window to watch for Arthur when he should appear riding up the avenue. The time for his return was getting near, and how glad he would be to exchange the outer cold and gloom for the light and warmth of home! He might come any moment now. Why, there he was! She was sure that was Mahmoud's hoofs clattering over the stones of the yard; but why had Arthur come in by the back way? Perhaps to save time; perhaps he wanted to get home as soon as he possibly could. She would run and meet him, and bring him into the fireside.

She tripped lightly down the stairs with a happy smile of greeting; but at the foot she encountered Sophy coming out of the schoolroom with a pale, anxious face.

"Your father has come back," Evelyn said, speaking more pleasantly than she usually did to the girl.

"Mahmoud has," Sophy answered, in an anxious, frightened tone. "I saw him come tearing past the window and rushing into the yard; but he was alone! Papa was not on him. What has happened, do you think?"

Evelyn caught the significance of the news in a moment, and her face turned deathly pale. Without a word she ran past the girl, through the side door, and out into the stable-yard, where, travel-soiled and foam-flecked, with his bridle-hanging loose, and an ugly bruise upon his shoulder, as if he had had a severe fall, stood her husband's horse, while two or three of the men-servants were gathered round him in a sort of helpless bewilderment.

What did it mean?

(To be concluded.)

SAVINGS BANKS AND CLOTHING CLUBS.



THE management of a penny bank depends somewhat on the number of depositors and the average amount of deposits. If it be in connection with a girls' night school, it will probably not be a very large affair, at any rate at the beginning, and it may be managed on a very simple plan.

The teacher provides herself with a bank book, the pages lettered and ruled for accounts. Every depositor has a page allotted to her, with her full name and address at the top, and she receives a card, also ruled for accounts, and bearing her name and address. This she keeps herself, and presents it with the money she wishes to deposit at the teacher's desk at the hour fixed for the bank. The teacher enters the date and amount in the book and on the depositor's card, and drops the money into a cash-box before her on the desk.

A week's notice should be stipulated for before drawing out money from the bank, except under special circumstances.

When a girl has given due notice, and comes to draw out a portion of her money, the whole should be added together, the sum withdrawn subtracted from the total, and a line drawn, so that the balance left in starts a fresh account. This must be done on both card and book.

The bank book must without fail be balanced every night after the class is over, so that in case the book and cash do not agree, any mistake may be detected and rectified before the particulars are forgotten.

If a depositor loses or disfigures her card, a small charge—a farthing or a halfpenny—should be made for the fresh one, but the first is given gratis. This charge will not be objected to by the poorest, and has a good effect in making the girls clean and careful. Many of them take a pride in keeping their cards spotlessly clean and neat. They should be encouraged to make little bags to keep them in, and small pieces of print or cretonne offered for the purpose. Blank cards can be bought at any stationer's, and besides ruling them for cash, and leaving a blank space at the top for the girl's name and address, the address of the hall or mission room should be plainly written on each. If preferred, these cards can be printed for a small cost.

This simple plan of keeping the money will do well as long as the average amount in the bank does not exceed three or four pounds. If the affair begins to exceed these limits, it is better to communicate with the Post Office Savings Bank officials, who will provide gratis books for the depositors, with papers and full particulars for management. The advantage of lodging the weekly deposits in the Post Office Bank, is that they give interest amounting to one halfpenny per pound per month; though, strange it may appear, the poor people do not seem to appreciate the advantage of getting interest for their money.

For a bank on a large scale a more complicated system of accounts is necessary, and no sum less than one penny should be taken, the halfpence and farthings add so much to the trouble of adding the columns, and balancing.

To turn to the kindred subject of the clothing club, still supposing the bank to be in connection with a girls' night school, we must take it for granted, as is usually the case, that the great majority of depositors in the bank also belong to the clothing club. The two accounts must be kept quite separate, but it saves time and trouble to have but the one book. To arrange this, it is well to allot the two opposite pages to each girl, one of which is kept for the bank account, and the other for the clothing club, each having its character distinctly written at the top of the page. The depositor can either have two cards, or simply keep to the one, using the reverse side for the clothing money.

Before purchasing any material for a girl, she must have paid in something towards it, though it be but a trifle. It is most provoking to have a number of things left on one's hands by girls who have changed their minds, and no longer wish to have the material. This they will be chary of doing if they have any deposit in either bank which might be forfeited.

The needlework superintendent has a fund out of which she pays for the material she purchases. This is refunded to her from the bank as soon as the depositor has paid in the amount.

No girl must be permitted under any circumstances to take a garment home till it is completely paid for. One has to be very strict about this, or the result is endless loss and vexation. The superintendent of the bank enters at the head of the Clothing Club page of each girl the amount owing, for which she has received the bill, or a memorandum from the manager of work; as soon as this is all paid, she gives the girl a small check or ticket, signed with her initials, and on presenting this to the work superintendent the girl is allowed to take the garment home. This plan may sound at first unnecessarily complicated, but it will be found perfectly simple in practice, and is quite necessary to prevent confusion.

If there is a considerable demand for material of a particular sort and price, which is generally the case with calico and holland, it is much cheaper to buy the whole piece; a considerable reduction will be made for taking such a quantity, especially if the tradesman understands that it is for a charity.

Before actually purchasing or cutting off the material, the work manager should show the list of girls who have ordered work to the bank-keeper, who will see that she has nothing down against them already in her book. It does not do to trust too implicitly the word of any of the scholars. They are, at any rate, liable to make mistakes.

DORA HOPE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CONCHOLOGIST.—Write to the publishers of your large volume for a small introduction or primer suitable to the beginner.

LILY OF THE VALLEY and WATTIE.—Write for the *Cambridge Examiner*, published monthly, post free 7d. Address the Publisher, C. E. Claybrooke, Lutterworth.

NARCISSUS and COWSLIPS.—The "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would suit you, price 4s.

IMPETUOUS.—We could not give such an opinion. You would require lessons.

MUSK.—Write to both colleges, and make the inquiry.

LECTOR.—We do not give addresses, but any London directory would inform you. The books you mention would be of no use whatever.

SHIREEN.—We know of many homes such as that which you desire. You will find in the "Directory of Institutions for the Benefit of Women and Children" all the information you require. It can be had at Hatchard's, Piccadilly, W. Ask for part ii., and see page 146. The price is 6d.

E. S.—We should warn you that, owing to the fewness of the vacancies in the telegraph offices, the contest for them is very severe, and that the regulations for admission are often undergoing slight changes. Thus you should apply direct. See vol. i., page 543. Your age should be between fourteen and eighteen.

M. C. H. T.—We have already given a list of acquirements expected of a "companion" in a reply to former inquiries. You will find the question answered in the 1st vol. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. But though needlessly expending our time, we recapitulate for you. A companion should be an agreeable reader, able to place the emphasis on the right words. Should be quick at collecting scraps of information likely to interest her employer, and to give pleasant topics of conversation. Should be a good needlewoman, and able to make up an old lady's cap, or trim her bonnet, or perform such-like small services when away from home and without a maid; should write a good ladylike hand, and write quickly, expressing herself grammatically, and in good orthography. Should keeps accounts well, and either play or sing, and accompany herself agreeably to her auditors. In travelling she should study the coinage of the countries through which she is to pass; and make herself well acquainted with all the places of interest, so as to keep her employer informed of all. Also the best routes to be taken, and calculation of expenses in each. But there are two very important qualifications of a moral character to which we must give due weight—cheerfulness of manner, and great patience and good temper, these being supplemented by good breeding and extreme tact.

MUSIC.

SPERANZA.—The matriculation examinations at the London University are held in January and June. For information, address the Registrar, University College, Gower-street, London, W. For the Cambridge Examinations, address the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

INESILLE.—The last-named manual would be suitable for a beginner. Pray improve your writing, especially the capitals.

JANIE.—Mr. H. J. Stark is the lecturer to the "Ladies' Theory Classes" at Trinity College, Mandeville-place, W.

EDYTHE LOTUS.—Inquire of a music publisher. There is no hard and fast rule. The tendency in conversation is to drop the "e" before the "d" in the past tense and perfect participles, but in reading poetry and the scriptures it is fully sounded in many cases.

M. A. W.—Pronounce "Czerny" as if written "Tzerny," the "e" giving the same sound as in "Czar," "Tzar." "Compound triple" appears to have been the usual name, but in some recent manuals we find "Compound duple" is adopted. So "doctors in music," as in physic, agree to differ.

H M. D. G.—The piece of music you send us is written in F minor. We think, however, that there is room for improvement in your copying, as the accidental notes are very carelessly placed.

WORK.

M. A. G.—Make two kilted flounces, cutting them across the material; or else, make two flounces with gathered headings, about four inches wide; also a gathered bodice, and a small cape of the same to wear out of doors, with gathers at the neck.

COUNTRY GIRL.—We think your letter a very sad one indeed, and we feel grieved to hear of the useless life you lead. We are not told of any special gift or talent being needful to fulfil the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." We trust you will begin from henceforth to "run the race that is set before you," striving for an earnest, active spirit. If you be "not clever," you are, at any rate, just as wise as God made you to fit into your own place in life.

BANNIE and ANNABEL.—There will probably be some articles on netting at some future day. We are glad to hear that you found our recommendation so successful.

ONLY A CHESHIRE VIOLET.—You might have found the directions you desire in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, see vol. ii., page 223; full information being given. We take this opportunity of saying that we decline to write all over again directions for work, or information of any kind, as our correspondents so perpetually require of us, when they have only to look for what they want in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MONA LISA.—1. We should think that a skirt of the exact shade of the red threads in the pattern which you send us would be very pretty. The same silk could be used for trimmings and sleeves. 2. Yes, but it is not lasting.

CHINA BLUE.—Sponge with ammonia and water repeatedly, but we fear nothing will remove the shiny look, which is the fault of the dye.

FATIMA.—There is no newer arrangement of the hair than a coil of plaits at the back, fastened by a comb. Your writing requires to be formed.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—Turban or "toque" hats are usually made with crowns of silk or shaded satin this summer. We should advise you to have a top of shaded brown satin. A blue shepherdess plaid would be suitable, to form the scarf and bodice trimmings.

BLUE BOTTLE.—Try a Japanese parasol for your fireplace. We cannot agree in your opinion about either of the soaps you mention. The latter has been used for years at the Hospital for Skin Diseases, and your bad opinion would seem quite unfounded.

ELDER SISTER.—You ask seven questions, each requiring a long and well-considered answer. Kindly read the rules. For particulars about Kindergarten schools and training, inquire of the Secretary of the "Froebel Society," Mrs. Edward Berry, 27, Upper Bedford-place, W.C.

A SNEEZER.—1. According to the printed rules, you might have seen that silk was allowed, as well as crewels, for the embroidery. 2. When the names of writers are not attached to their articles, Editors do not reveal them. We are glad you like that on embroidery. Consult a doctor about your complaint. Many specifics are prescribed for hay fever. To leave the neighbourhood where there is haymaking, and come into town for a few weeks, or go to the seaside, we may safely prescribe.

LORNA DOONE.—Turkey red is very fashionable now as a material for little girls' pinafores and aprons. They may be trimmed with white embroidery, or white *torchon*, or other coarse lace. The colours in which they are embroidered with crewels must be selected so as to contrast agreeably with the red of the material. You could not say, "Papa drove I into town," but "Papa drove me." Your writing is too upright and large.

WHITE ROSE.—Crewels should be washed in bran-water, a lather being made, and wring through a machine. The secret of success lies in the thorough wringing.

GRANNY.—"Filoselle," otherwise called "Bourre de Soie," is silk thread used in embroidery, composed of the refuse of silk covering the exterior of the cocoon, and also other kinds of silk of inferior quality. Within the last fifty years it had greatly superseded floss silk, although it lacks much of the gloss of the latter. It is less expensive, and is kept smooth more easily in working. It is also used to form a textile for dresses, shawls, and scarves. The names by which it is known are French.

SNOWFLAKE.—Procure Judson's dyes, and follow the directions given with the bottles. Try merino wool.

A CONSTANT READER.—To clean straw hats from grease or paint employ turpentine, and should that leave any mark, finish the cleaning with a little spirits of wine.

PEGGOTTY.—To take the shine out of the back of a black silk jacket sponge it with ammonia. We could not pledge ourselves that it will "look new."

MURIEL.—The style of bonnets known as the "Grannie" and "Cherry Ripe" will be much worn this year. Your writing is fairly good.

RUBY.—It is likely that instructions for tatting may be given.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—You had better put on cuffs of the blue sateen to match the skirt of your dress. The latter will not be old-fashioned this year.

IVY X.—We think your plan for rearranging your Holland polonaise is a very good one. If it require trimming put on bands of Turkey-red. You might make yourself a round cape, which would be inexpensive, instead of your outdoor jacket. You spell well. Get a first book of arithmetic, and endeavour to improve your hand.

ART.

MARIETTA.—Not only is the name of the medium employed for painting on velvet given by the writer of the article, but there is an advertisement on the cover of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER which gives the address of the maker. See answer to "Colinette."

G. E.—The materials and appliances for engraving on wood are to be obtained at a manufacturer of engravers' blocks. The wood is box-wood, white-wood, and beech, and India paper, proof ink, tools, eye-glasses, sand bags, and pencils are all to be had at the same place. The London Directory will give you addresses. A manual, giving all due instructions, with illustrations, can be procured for you by any publisher.

KLAPPERSCHNABEL.—You can procure a manual of instructions at the shop where you get the modelling tools and plaster of Paris. Water should be poured into a basin—three parts *full*—*and the* plaster sprinkled in; the water then poured off which stands above the plaster, and the latter stirred up with a spoon (not of iron), which will be of the consistency of honey.

MINNIE MAY.—Try white copal varnish, or else bookbinders' varnish.

COLINETTE does not appear to know what she is doing in finding fault with our "not giving addresses." If we did we should become "advertising agents." Procure a manual on china-painting. Our correspondence columns are chiefly designed to give advice, not to teach. An artist's colourman would supply you with instructions and all appliances necessary. Ask for "Roberson's Medium." We thank you for your kind letter.

HOUSEKEEPING.

M. C. P.—To dry apples after the manner of dried Normandy pippins:—Boil the fruit till moderately soft, then take them out and peel them, and place them in an oven, heated as for bread. Leave them there for twenty-four hours, or until the oven be very nearly cold. It will be necessary to examine the fruit while in the oven, lest it should be charred. When the moisture has been dried out of them, and they become of a light brown colour, press them with the hand until they resemble flat cakes. In this state they will keep any length of time; and when required for use, are restored by immersion for some hours in hot water. Try two or three kinds of apples, and judge then which description answers the best for this drying. We are much gratified by the kind approbation of our paper expressed in your letter.

E. Y. and PENELOPE ANN.—The method of removing stains and discolourment from white marble mantel-pieces has been frequently described in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

AZALEA.—You allow your bread to rise too much, and keep it, when made, in too dry a place. You write a nice legible hand.

SWEET BRIAR.—Try white of egg for cleaning the leather of your chairs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISTLETOE BOUGH.—Your general health and nervous system are quite out of order, and you certainly should consult a doctor. But apart from this we charge you to avoid ever being alone, or ever neglecting to take a good walk daily. Busy yourself about something all day; go quickly from one occupation to another, and never sit still brooding only. Use plenty of friction in and after your daily bath, and dress quickly, and if possible be in bed regularly at 10 or 10.30 every night; banishing thought, and composing yourself to sleep at once. Do your utmost throughout the day to make everyone cheerful and happy around you; whatever you may feel yourself, do not depress them by your dreariness. This is one of a Christian's duties. You must not "make the heart of them sad, whom God has not made sad." See St. John vi. 37, and Hebrews vii. 25. The Holy Ghost alone inspires anyone with a desire to be a true and faithful "child of God." Let this fact comfort you. We are glad that you so much appreciate our magazine.

JOSEPHINE.—"Love begets love" it is said; and if you desire to love God, think much over His goodness and love and infinite forbearance to you, and to those you do love. Remember that "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." How much do you sacrifice for Him, in subduing your temper, checking hasty words, giving up time to His service, and the first thought daily to prayer, in return for so many mercies undeserved and ungratefully received from day to day? Take a "Concordance of the Holy Scriptures," and look out all the passages referring to the love of God in your Bible, and pray that He would enable you to love Him in return.

META.—No. 2 is the better hand of the two; it is less cramped.

MISTLETOE AND HOLLY.—1. If you receive such forward, under-bred young men at the house at your Christmas festivities—who presume to take advantage of the liberty traditionally accorded to those who meet under the mistletoe—why do you hang up any? Were it mixed with holly and other evergreens to adorn pictures, or to serve as flat decorations, the presence of these vulgar men would prove less objectionable, at least, in this respect. There are few positions in civilised society in which a lady cannot protect herself by a little forethought and quiet reserve and dignity of demeanour. Much freedom of manner generally paves the way to such forwardness on the part of the young men of whom they afterwards complain. 2. The term "punch," as applied to a beverage, is derived from the Indian word "*punj*," or "five"—referring to the five ingredients of which it is composed—spirit, water, lemon, spice, and sugar. The Punjab, in India, is so named from its being a region with five great rivers.

HELIOTROPE.—There is a clock in the Crystal Palace which tells the hour of the day or night in every part of the world, in exact correspondence one with the other; also another in Cheapside, at Sir John Bennett's.

BOBLEY.—See the "Art of Letter-writing" at page 237, vol. i. There are small manuals published on all occupations, amusements, and exercises. But we quite agree with your father, that it would be waste of time for you to learn to ride; and with your mother, that you should learn to mend your clothes, although while at school you could scarcely be expected to make them also. It is well that you are learning cookery; no woman, in any rank of life, should be ignorant of it, or any household business. Thank you for the tiny envelope and paper.

PROFITED READER.—Say grace yourself. It should be short, not a formal prayer, as sometimes is used in Scotland. In ships in which we have sailed the captain not only says grace, but conducts the Sunday service, just to avoid the difficulty you feel as to who should be asked.

HONG KONG.—Leaves or trees wither at earlier or later date in different years, chiefly on account of the dryness or moistness of the season.

LITTLE GEM.—You can get more suitable work for crewels than what you describe. *Sic* is Latin for "so," and means that a word is thus *written* (*sic*) for example. It is as if you put mark (!) of surprise, or to say that you accurately copy even an error.

HAREBELL.—If a father dies and leaves no will the estate or property may be divided, and the wife is in law entitled to only one-third. But, under the circumstances, it is not likely that this will be carried out. Even if it came to this the good God, who has given you heart to work for your mother, will provide.

GIPSY.—Pronounce as if written Hoeburn. The word Holborn is derived from Old Bourne or Old Stream. Both "l" and "d" are dropped, you perceive, and the Cockney "h" is prefixed. There was a small tributary stream running into the Fleet, which joined the Thames in the line of Farringdon-street. It is now covered over as a sewer, after being known for centuries as the Fleet ditch. In Scotland the name of Burn is still retained for a little stream of water. You must consult a doctor or a chemist on the other question.

TIGER.—Take no notice of anonymous communications, nor of persons who do not give the true address. A written letter must be prepaid, or double postage is charged. A penny is the lowest letter stamp; a halfpenny only franks printed matter up to 2 oz.

CURIOSITY.—Ghost is only the old English word for spirit. You ask if there are any ghosts. Yes, of course, but never visible, or they would be ghosts no longer. No one ever saw a spirit.

SISTER MARIE.—It would take a long time, and would lead us over very difficult ground to answer your question, "In what do Catholics differ from Dissenters?" All who do not belong to the Established Church of England are in one sense Dissenters, yet many of these Dissenters are also Catholics. All who are in communion with the Church of Rome are, in England, Dissenters; so are Plymouth Brethren, and Friends or Quakers, and all the various denominations of Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, and others. But in Scotland the Presbyterians alone are established, and all others are Dissenters. In the United States no body of Christians is connected with the State. In some continental countries all churches are equally endowed, according to the number of their members. We give no opinion on such matters.

C. S.—Showers of MSS. come by every post. We cannot undertake to return them, although we often do so, if name and address are written upon them. If not, they are hopelessly lost amidst the mass of materials that accumulates quickly, and has to be cleared away every week. We will inquire about your poetry; if reserved for use, you will hear of it in due time.

STAFFORD.—Ask a bookseller if there is any cheap manual on the subject of book-keeping, or ask a tradesman's wife, who will be pleased to obtain for you the information you seek.

TITMOUSE.—Corns may be relieved by soaking and scraping, but they will grow again if the boots press on the place. The inflammation of bunions is relieved by an ivy leaf soaked in vinegar, secured with a strip of brown paper, left on all night.

DELL.—Acid drops can be bought so cheap that it would be waste of time to make them at home. The same answer applies to many questions of the same sort. When we give recipes, it is usually for things not so easily bought.

HUDDERSFIELD.—If the maidenhair fern is in a pot, protect it by a bell-glass.

IVY KATHLEEN.—Try Judson's gold paint, sold in small bottles at any oilshop. Rubbing the frames will only make them duller. If the pictures are valuable, send them to a gilder, if you fail with the wash.

LOTTIE.—If the lockets are sold, ask the shopman what the monogram means. If you have seen them privately, the letters are probably the initials of the owner.

A. J. F.—If the date on your half-crown be 1817, the coin cannot be "one of the reign of George I." One of that date belongs to George III., of the first issue, and is worth 4s. 6d.; and, if in really perfect condition, 10s. We cannot tell you anything about the Spanish coin. The name you mention was that of a famous publisher at Milan.

CORALIE.—A plain or second-hand guitar could be procured for 25s. or 30s. 2. Always cut off dead stalks and leaves from plants.

BLOSSOM.—If the fur of your Persian cat be white, rub it well with flour, and brush it out. But be gentle, as the coat is so soft, and sometimes of a woolly character, and might easily be pulled out. Sometimes give it a little fish, never much meat, and not any fat. Greasy food would destroy the fur. A saucer of sop—bread cut into small pieces softened with hot water, and then milk poured over it—and a slight sprinkling of brown sugar is its best daily food. A *milky* pudding is quite suitable. 2. You must refer to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for numerous suggestions for sufferers from chilblains.

GRADATORY.—Pronounce as if written "ca-tee-go-ree," "leisure" after the manner of "ledger," only substituting the "s" for the "g"; and "Lomond." We are very glad that you find our paper so useful.

H. E. A.—We are much gratified by your kind letter. We are always glad to hear from "busy bees," so long working amongst, and well-earning the respect of all. Of the suggestion you have given respecting the quilt we hope to make use.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We sympathise with you in your wish to serve your friend and her anxious mother. Never cease in your endeavours to get her away from her dangerous position. If you succeed, all well. If she reject your advice, she will probably give you up, and spare you the pain of parting from her. 2. Sit on a small cane or straw chair, and rest on the back. Offer the hair at a hairdresser's.

FLICK.—Stretch a piece of canvas by means of tacks very evenly with the grain, all dress, which draws it awry, being first rubbed out. Then make some very dry and evenly-mixed paste with flour, remembering that wet may penetrate and make the colours run, and small lumps will also show through. The brush should be a flat one, of stiff bristles, and the canvas—not the map—brushed over carefully with it. Then lay the map upon it, and place a clean sheet of paper upon it, and a smooth flat heavy weight, which should not be removed until the next day. 2. If you write for our two catalogues—the "General" and the "Religious"—to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., you will be sure to see suitable books for prizes. We thank you for your good wishes.

CLUE.—You will find a shilling manual at any railway station that will give all the information you require.

HEATHER—The sunflower is a splendid gold-coloured star-shaped flower, of great size. The heliotrope is a cluster of very small dimensions of different shades of violet. How the latter flower was named after the sun it is hard to say, as it does not "turn to the sun," like the former, neither in England nor Scotland. *Helianthus* (sunflower), from *helios*, the sun, and *anthos*, a flower. *Heliotropium* (turnsole), from *helios*, sun, and *trope*, twining, in reference to the curling up or twining of the tiny flower branches. 2. Leave out the crimson cloth, and remake your two-shaded green dress by the illustrations given at page 321, vol. ii., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

KRIEMHILDA.—The Spanish language is exceedingly rich in proverbial sayings, and we cannot possibly tell to which of the latter you refer in so very vague a way. Your hand promises very well for the future.

BEATRICE.—We fear that you cannot remove the stains on your dark green velvet dress, as there was some acid in the ginger beer by which it was spotted. You will have to trim or re-model the dress.

LUCY NEAL.—You may polish both oilcloth and stained floors with beeswax and turpentine. The latter diluted with water—to the amount of a quart of water to a tablespoonful of turpentine—is the best thing for cleaning paint, but it must be washed off with care.

EDELWEISS.—We suppose that you mean to say "Fiesole." It is a beautifully-situated and ancient village on the summit of a hill near Florence, in which is the convent where Fra Angelico resided, and celebrated for the enormous Etruscan walls still standing there.

W. O. LYON.—We thank you for the recipe for furniture polish, which we have pleasure in giving our readers:—Half-a-pint of linseed oil, plain, half-a-pint of vinegar, quarter of a pint of methylated spirit.

HOMELESS.—It is impossible to say how often backslidings may recur. The effect produced on your mind by the affliction which has fallen on you should prove a great source of encouragement. Sometimes the result of continual falling away is the hardening of the heart and withdrawal of the grace of God, which "bringeth repentance." See Hosea iv. 17 and Hebrews vi. 5.

BARGEE.—Pronounce as spelt, "Transvaal," the "a" elongated, as it were, and sounded as it is in your adopted name. We are glad our recipe proved successful.

LUNETTE.—Learning recitations serves to strengthen the memory; but while endeavouring to do so household business should not be allowed to suffer. On this account have a note-book in your pocket, and enter every new item as it crops up in the course of the day, referring to it from time to time to ensure the execution of your engagement. Be likewise very methodical, having stated hours for the business of the day. 2. A fine pen suits you the best.

HOPE.—Write to the "Sandwell Training Home," Birmingham, as it is possible that you and your children might be taken in there; or they might give you some other address and the advice you need. You might also consult your clergyman and the magistrate of your district.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. II.—NO. 90.] SEPTEMBER 17, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XX.

"ALL IN THE BLUE UNCLOUDED WEATHER."

THE birds in the Hurstone woods, in general, had a quiet time of it, and performed their trills and shakes unheard and undisturbed. It was very seldom that any melody save theirs was heard in those sequestered shades; but there came a certain bright day in March, when the clang of church-bells drowned



(All rights reserved.)

"DAISY ALLOWED HERSELF TO BE LED BACK TO THE HOUSE."

every other sound. Clash, clash, clash; it was a strange, sweet clamour that had a faint tone of sadness in it, as all bell-music has. The sun shone gloriously; golden arrows shot down through latticed boughs, and spent themselves on the mossy floor, where anemones trembled at the lightest breath. On such a day one might have fancied the fairies venturing out of their winter nooks to sport among the spring-blossoms. But it was no fairy who came gliding along the wood-paths, in pale blue silk and lace. It was only a mortal maiden, weeping human tears, and decked with greenhouse flowers that could not put the anemones to shame.

Poor disconsolate Daisy had flown to the woods in her grief. No sooner had the bride spoken her farewells and set her foot in the carriage than the bells clashed out, and Daisy fled from the hall.

She did not stop to take off her bridal finery, nor even to fling an old slipper after the carriage. It was Lady Jessie Boyd who flung the shoe, and the little lord a handful of rice. The guests were not numerous; it had been a very quiet wedding; and when the hall-door was closed and the sound of wheels was dying away, Uncle Charles looked round in vain for Daisy.

But she was not long left to make her little moan to the birds and wood-anemones. Janet Alderstone's instincts had told her where Daisy might be looked for, and Mr. Alderstone went in search of her himself.

"Daisy," he said, taking her by the hand, "the dryads may be very good company, but they shall not engross you to-day. I have a thousand things to say to you."

"And I am utterly stupid; I have nothing to say to you, Mr. Alderstone," sobbed Daisy.

"That does not matter in the least. I will undertake all the talking, and you shall do the listening. Come indoors, Daisy."

"I will come presently," she said.

"No, it must be now. For your uncle's sake," he added.

Very reluctantly Daisy suffered herself to be led back to the house; and having slipped away to her room to wash off the traces of tears, she reappeared among the guests.

Mr. Alderstone brought news of Rhoda and Maud. Both had been overwhelmed with astonishment, he said, at the news of Miss Woodburn's marriage; and even Dr. Garnett had been shaken out of his self-possession for once. And as Daisy recalled all the contempt that the Garnetts had poured upon her mother's family, she could not repress a little smile of triumph. The smile chased away her tears, and she, in her turn, found something to tell.

First there was the little history of the Leesons to be related. They had been supplied with means enough to leave London, and return to their old home in the country town. A grateful letter had been received from the young dressmaker, telling of the renewed health and strength that the change had brought, and of the welcome given by old friends to her mother and herself.

Janet Alderstone stayed with her friend at the hall that night. It was a trial to Daisy to take her aunt's place at the breakfast table next morning, and a still greater trial to receive Mrs. Lunn, the housekeeper, when that stately dame came to her for orders. But she got through it all very well, and one by one her little hands gathered up the duties that Cecily had laid down, and wove them into the tissue of her daily life.

It was May before the aunt and niece met again, and their meeting took place in the earl's town house in Mayfair. Daisy spent a month in London, and then returned to Hurst Hall, full of joy at the thought that Cecily would come to the Thicket in July.

Summer in Woodshire was full of delights, and Janet Alderstone and her brother were Daisy's constant companions. There were long rides through the woods, and out upon the moors that lay beyond Hurst Gate, and extended to the hills. Daisy soon learnt to feel at home in the saddle, and exercise and fresh air brought a delicate bloom into her cheeks. She was gayer and more girlish in these days than she had ever been before in her life.

The three were riding slowly homeward across the moors one afternoon, and Daisy's glance wandered lovingly over the landscape around her. The hills were clouded here and there with a soft purple mist, and the waste land was flushed with all the rich colours of ripe summer. About half-a-mile from the winding road lay a large sheet of water, glittering, silver bright, in the sun, and bordered by the deep gold of gorse and the warm green of velvety rushes. It seemed to Daisy that the intense stillness of the little lake served to deepen the loneliness of the place. Not a single habitation was in sight; one or two shaggy ponies were grazing far away on the moor; but no human being could be seen.

"There's the old moor pond," said Mr. Alderstone, following the direction of Daisy's eyes. "Many a good day's skating have I had there in my boyhood."

"It is a long time since the pond has been skated over," remarked Janet. "We have not had a really hard winter for some years."

"Harriet Bellister used to be wild about skating," Mr. Alderstone said, smiling. "She got on famously in Canada, it seems, and braved the cold like the tough little creature she is. She gave me quite on eloquent account of her travels when I saw her in town."

"And wanted you to make her the heroine of a novel?" laughed Janet.

"She and Miss Sandon are inseparable," George continued. "Did you come across them, Daisy, when you were with Lady Hazlewood?"

"No," Daisy answered. "I looked about for Gertrude, but I never caught sight of her anywhere. And Maud told me that she had not met Gerty since last Christmas."

"Miss Sandon is going the pace that kills," said George Alderstone, gravely. "My cousin Harriet is as strong as one of those Shetland ponies yonder; but her friend was never meant for a hard worldly life. I never saw any girl more plainly unfit for physical wear and tear, and yet she gives herself no rest."

"If she only knew what peace was!" sighed Daisy.

"'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day,'" Mr. Alderstone murmured. "Ah, Daisy, what a number of things may hide our peace from our eyes! The pleasures of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, yes, and even the lawful anxiety of bread-winning, may come between us and the most precious thing of all. And the end may overtake us quickly—very quickly—and then we shall wonder that we ever thought of anything else."

There was a silence, broken only by the sound of their horses' feet, going at a walking pace along that quiet road. Janet was the first to break the pause.

"Do you remember a tale we used to read years ago, George?" she said. "It told of a stranger from another sphere, who suddenly finds himself in one of the cities of our earth. He is charmed at first with all he sees; he makes friends; he enters into the spirit of the hour. But one day, as he walks out with his companions, they come upon a spot where there are green mounds and headstones, and he asks what place it is? They tell him that it is their place of sepulchre—the resting-place of those who have done with the sorrows and joys of this life. And then, for the first time, he learns what death is, and realises that he, too, having become a dweller in our world, must taste of death. From that hour his gaiety is gone. He shuns the merry comrades he had loved at first; and when they press him to share their pleasures, he has only one answer—'I am to die; I am to die!'"

"I do remember the tale, Janet," Mr. Alderstone answered; "but it is a gloomy story as you have told it. Had the stranger been rightly taught he would have known that what looks like death is really life. The beautiful promise of immortality would have filled his heart with a new hope, and he would have gone on his way rejoicing in the thought, 'I am to live; I am to live!'"

Daisy looked back to the still pool in its flowery setting, shining in the sun. The summer sky was bright above; the summer air was sweet around; life was the reality, and death the dream. It was very fair, this human life of hers; and all her young instincts told her that God meant her to enjoy living. And she thanked Him that beyond it all lay, not the dark, impenetrable mist of death, but the clear sunlight of a glorious resurrection.

Afterwards, when unforeseen events had given new associations to the scene, she thought of that day's talk. But no more was said about grave subjects as they rode homewards. Mr. Alderstone began to speak of the quaint old fairy legends that yet lingered in Woodshire, and they were still busy in discussing the origin of some of those tales when the cottages of Hurst Gate came in sight. In the fields around

the village the wheat was fast ripening in the warm air; orchard-boughs were laden with fruit; juicy cherries were piled up in baskets ready for the market; and labouring men and women saluted them with smiling faces. Two sturdy boys and a pretty little dark-eyed girl made bows and curtseys from one cottage gate, and Daisy's eyes brightened at the sight of them.

"There are the little Weevers," she said; "how rosy and happy they look! Uncle Charles thinks that their mother will come back to them by-and-bye."

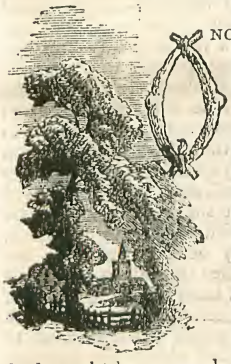
The friends parted at the gates of the Hall, promising to meet again before the day was done; and indoors there was a letter that set Daisy's heart in a flutter of delight.

Lord and Lady Hazlewood might be expected at the Thicket on the evening of the next day; the letter was written quite in Cecily's old strain, and was full of anxious inquiries about her (Daisy's) welfare. Cecily, the countess, kept her old love warm in her heart, and would never let it go, no matter what changes the coming years might bring.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, AND HOW SHE OVERCAME THEM.

By Dora Hope.



NCE again we find Margaret full of pleasure and excitement, at the near prospect of a visit from her sister and brother-in-law. They had now been married nearly a year, and were coming to spend the anniversary of their wedding-day at the old home

Margaret no longer felt extremely nervous at her sister's advent; a year's experience had taught her so much that she thought she might anticipate the visit without much fear. Nevertheless she was a little more particular than usual in searching in all holes and corners for any trace of dust or neglect, which she felt sure would never eseape Joanna's eyes, though it might have done her own. Duster in hand, she went from room to room, and not a table-leg or book-case-ledge was there which was not well scrutinized.

The weather having already began to turn chilly and autumnal, Margaret, without waiting till the orthodox time, the end of September, commenced to put away the thin blankets, and lightest cotton and linen garments, on a spare shelf at the top of the linen press, replacing them by others a little warmer. The light curtains and quilts she determined to keep in use a little longer, for she was in no mind to hurry the approach of winter, in spite of donning warmer apparel. But a little later on these two were all looked over, mended, and washed, and put away rough-dried but carefully folded and covered up, in the same convenient place, the upper shelves of the linen press, there to remain till the spring should come round again.

Margaret was interrupted in her occupation by the entrance of Betsy, with the announcement: "Mrs. Melrose to see you, miss, awaiting in the 'all."

"Oh, would she not come in?"

"Well, miss, I knowed you was busy, so I never asked her in, but she is sitting on the 'all chair, though," replied the maid, smiling pleasantly at her own shrewdness.

Margaret looked aghast, and began to run over in her mind all the callers who had been to the house lately, and to wonder how many of them Betsy had treated thus.

"Oh, dear me, Betsy, I thought you knew that you must always ask people in, however busy I am," said Margaret, agitatedly picking off the scraps of fluff that had clung to her dress from contact with the blankets. "I know you meant it kindly, but please don't do it *ever* again, it is enough to offend any one."

There was a half smile on Mrs. Melrose's face as she rose to greet Margaret, but she cut short the latter's apologies by declaring she knew exactly how it had been, and thought Margaret ought to congratulate herself on having so considerate a maid.

"I came to bring you some new wheat, for frumenty," she went on, when seated in the pretty little drawing-room. "Do you remember some time ago you were wishing you knew how to make that excellent dish, and I said I would tell you about it when the corn was ready?"

"Yes I do quite well, and I had been wondering if you would remember, but did not like to remind you of it," replied Margaret.

"Well, it takes some time to make, for, to begin with, you boil the wheat, a pint, say, in water till it is thoroughly well swollen; and this takes a good many hours to accomplish. I generally put it to soak overnight, then set it on to boil first thing next morning, and keep it on all day, so as to be ready for supper. Then take a handful of currants, and another of raisins, washed and stoned; stir these in a quart of milk, and set it on to boil with the wheat from which the water has been strained. Then add the beaten yolks of two eggs, with a little spice and sugar; stir over the fire a few minutes, and serve hot. If it is not sweet enough you can add the sugar at table, in fact many people do not sweeten it during the cooking. We very often have it for breakfast; if you make a good quantity you can always warm it when wanted, and it is just as good as though freshly made.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Melrose; I always fancied frumenty was a purely country dish, and could not be made in town, for some reason or other. I know I am very presumptuous to offer any suggestions to you, but have you ever tried stewed celery?"

"No, indeed, it is quite a new idea to me, in fact we cannot grow celery in our garden, and I do not like bought vegetables."

"Oh, I should be so pleased and proud if you would accept some of ours; we have quite a quantity, and we find it makes such a nice dish stewed either in water with melted butter poured over it when served or in milk, or broth. I will send Betsy out to get a few heads."

Betsy soon came in with some nice crisp young celery on a dish, and a search through drawers and cupboards ensued for a piece of paper and some string to wrap it up in.

"I have found it such a good plan" said Mrs. Melrose, who had been watching the search with some interest, "to reserve one shelf in my work-cupboard for pieces of paper and string. If one wants to make up a parcel in a hurry, it is often most provoking to have to hunt high and low for materials."

"You buy sheets of paper, then, I suppose, Mrs. Melrose?" asked Margaret.

"No, indeed, I never did such a thing in my life, nor string either, but every piece that finds its way to the house is folded up and put on the proper shelf, and there is a constant supply, though of course the stock gets rather low sometimes. I keep a little bag into which I put all the string, each piece folded together and tied, so that it does not get lost or entangled. In the same way I keep an old folio for scraps of writing paper, fly-leaves, etc., which are often wanted for memoranda of various kinds."

"What brilliant ideas you have, Mrs. Melrose; I shall certainly adopt those at once."

"Perhaps you would like another one. In addition to the tool-box, which is always in the box-room ready for use, I have a small wooden box in which I keep all sorts of odds and ends, such as castors of chairs and that kind of thing, and sometimes little pieces get broken off the furniture, and they are put in the box too, till the convenient season comes for repairing them. My husband often laughs at my little contrivances, and says I was cut out for an old maid, and ought never to have married, but in spite of his ridicule I find the house is much more orderly than it would be without these little neat ways."

"How does your farmyard prosper, Mrs. Melrose?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, capitally, thank you, though it is rather reduced in numbers at present, and deserves the title of farmyard less than ever. To tell the truth, I used to get really more eggs than I wanted, as we none of us care for them boiled, and we never put them in our milk puddings except on special occasions."

"Milk puddings without eggs! I never heard of such a thing. Betsy would scorn to make a pudding without at least two."

"Then I advise you to make a change in that department at once, for it is really quite unnecessary. If you allow them plenty of time to cook slowly, indeed, the milk thickens and it tastes so rich you would hardly know there were no eggs. Well, finding I had more fowls than were really needed, I exchanged some of them for two fine young goslings, one of which is being fatted up for Michaelmas. You know I am so patriotic and proud of my country's exploits that I never neglect an anniversary of that kind."

Margaret looked so utterly mystified that Mrs. Melrose went on to explain.

"Why, surely such a learned young lady as you must know that it is in commemoration of the destruction of the Spanish Armada that we always eat goose at Michaelmas?"

"I am very sorry to be so ignorant, but I really did not know it, and I do not quite see the connection now."

"Oh, there is no particular connection between geese and Spaniards, only Queen Elizabeth happened to be dining off roast goose when the news was brought her, and she was so delighted that she commanded that a goose should always be served on that day in memory of our country's deliverance. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but I dare say it is as true as the origin of most of our anniversaries. By the way, Miss Colville, to start another domestic subject, since attending those lectures in the town on hygienic cooking, I have been trying to carry out some of the theories propounded in them."

"Oh! I did not hear them. I think father was afraid of my trying experiments on him, so he did not recommend my going."

"The lecturer said a good deal about the excellence of haricot beans as an article of diet. 'Such a high-food value,' was his expression, 'and so nourishing; even better than lentils.' I have found them most excellent, and very easy of digestion. I should like my boys to make their dinner off them sometimes, but they do not quite approve of that idea, so I often make a stew of haricots and other vegetables, with just a little meat in, to take away the idea of a vegetarian diet, to which they strongly object, and I find it agrees with us all very well; or sometimes I use them simply as a vegetable. I put them

to soak over night. Next morning I set them on the fire in plenty of cold water, and let them simmer till quite tender, which will take about three hours. Then I drain them, and put into a stew-pan with butter, salt, and pepper, a few shreds of onion and a squeeze or two of lemon, toss them well, and serve at once. The liquor I save for soup."

After a little more conversation Mrs. Melrose took her departure. Margaret returned to her work much amused, and yet full of admiration for her original friend, the "lady with ideas," as Dorothy called her.

Shortly after Joanna and her husband arrived, and a few very happy days were spent in *réunion* with her family.

The party at dinner on the anniversary of the wedding-day was increased by the arrival of Wilfred Trent, and the young man was cordially received by his future sister and brother.

The year had wrought many changes in the family. Joanna and Arthur were, as the former declared, settled down into a sober married couple; Tom changed from a noisy, mischievous schoolboy into a business man, as he fondly thought; whilst Margaret had grown from a child into a woman.

"Certainly, being engaged does make one feel rather old," she said, as she and her sister lingered for a little final chat that evening. "How differently I felt twelve months ago, when I was so dreading your leaving me alone with all the cares of a household. When I think of it, it seems as if years had passed, and that was long ago, in the 'sunny days of childhood' that we used to sing about."

"Why, dear, you will feel much older when you are a year married," said Joanna, with cheerful conviction.

"Oh, but I am not going *ever* to be married, Joanna," cried Margaret, emphatically. "I don't mind being engaged, but ——. Why, how could I ever leave papa and those sweet boys? and, however could they spare me? It is simply absurd to think of such a thing."

And here we must leave our little heroine for a time; and where could we better leave her than in the company of those dearest to her, and happy in the consciousness of having striven to do her duty?

Perhaps before we next meet her she may have changed her mind.

BOTH IN THE WRONG.

CHAPTER IV.



WHAT it meant was that two miles away from home Arthur Tremaine was lying upon the road, helpless and unconscious! Riding home in the gathering darkness, his horse's feet had slipped on a treacherous ice-encrusted pool, and he had fallen heavily upon his side, flinging his master with violence to the ground as he fell.

They found Tremaine as he lay there, and quickly and carefully he was borne home, and the assistance of both surgeon and physician called into requisition. But for long their best skill was powerless to rouse the injured man from his deathlike unconsciousness. He had sustained a severe wound on his head, and the surgeon feared serious internal injuries, while coupled with these was the exposure to the severe cold of the night air. There was cause for the gravest anxiety.

And so, suddenly, fear and trouble fell upon the inmates of the Towers, and for days the angel of death hovered over that stately home with his sword drawn.

From his deadly stupor Tremaine only woke to the delirium of pain and fever, and each day the doctor paid his visits he grew graver and graver, and had no word of hope or encouragement for the young wife, who hung upon his verdict as if her very life depended upon his word.

She watched by her husband's side with unwearied love and care, with no thought for self, apparently unconscious of fatigue in her terrible dread and anxiety.

Poor Sophy was excluded from the sick-room, though she pleaded hard to be permitted to share the watching.

"You could do no good, my dear child," said old Dr. Merlin, who had known her all her life. "It is no sight for you, nor would he know you. Rest assured that you shall hear when there is the slightest change, and God grant it may be a favourable one. Go and rest, my dear," he added, pityingly, touched by the white misery of her face.

But Sophy could not rest. Instead she would sit for hours just outside the bedroom door, that she might ask news of each and all who passed out. And there she would wait in a sort of heartbroken patience, torturing herself with the recollection of the breach that had grown between her father and herself, reviewing her own coldness and sullen behaviour, and seeing all at last in its true light.

"Oh, papa, papa," she moaned to herself, "I will be a better daughter to you than I have been if only you will live! To please you I will even try to love her, though it was she who seemed to separate us first. And yet—no; it was I. I was so jealous of your love. But you really loved me all the time, didn't you, papa? And you'll love me again, if only God will spare you to us."

And then she would bury her face in her knees, with broken prayers, which seemed too deep and heartfelt for utterance.

And so the weary days of anxious suspense passed by, and the fear and gloom deepened.

One day old Dr. Merlin with difficulty prevailed upon Evelyn to go and rest for an hour in the drawing-room. He thought there might be a change that night, he told her, when she would need all her strength and endurance.

"I am not at all tired now, doctor. Please let me stay," she pleaded. "I cannot bear to leave him."

"My dear lady," he replied, with gentle authority, "there cannot be any change just now; or, if there were, you should be called at once. You have not closed your eyes for so long that, though your anxiety causes you to forget your fatigue, I fear your strength may fail you when you most need it. Let me persuade you to rest for an hour at least, and you shall be told when the smallest change comes."

Reluctantly she obeyed, and slowly left the room for the drawing-room, as she had been bidden. Dr. Merlin had spoken of a crisis coming soon, and though he had spoken very guardedly, she could tell only too well that he feared the worst results. The fever had run its course with such unabated violence that the strength of the patient was almost exhausted. Was it possible that all medical skill, all love and care, all prayers and tears, would be impotent to stay the death angel's sword?

"He means I shall need all my strength for the last good-bye," she said to herself. "Oh, I cannot bear it! It would kill me to lose him!"

Sophy was sitting in the drawing-room as she entered with her weary step and wan, white face. The girl was standing by the window looking out over the wintry waste of country with eyes that saw nothing, and with a heart full of bitter trouble. She did not turn round as Evelyn entered; she hardly was conscious of her approach. But the young wife, almost wild with anguish, and with a passionate yearning for sympathy in her extremity, drew nearer, and, sinking down upon a chair, held out her hands imploringly towards the girl, with a piteous cry of entreaty, "Oh, Sophy, help me to bear it!"

Sophy started at the words, but more at the tone in which they were uttered, and turned hastily round. She saw her young step-mother sitting there, with her wan, white face, and grief-dimmed beauty; with dark shadows under her blue eyes, caused by sleepless nights and anxious watches, and with a world of misery in her appealing tones. It seemed to Evelyn just then that she must have some help, or the strain would be too great to be borne.

The piteous appeal of her tones, and the sight of the young wife's anguish, roused all that was best and noblest in the girl's heart. In a moment she had forgotten all the soreness and bitterness of the past—all the small jealousies and trifling annoyances; and she remembered only how the wife was breaking her heart for the sake of one who was the dearest on earth to his daughter's heart, and who even now might be slipping away from them. She only remembered how dear he was to both of them, and in the unity of their common sorrow she impulsively sprang forward and threw her arms round Evelyn's neck, with a gesture of loving sympathy that spoke more eloquently than words. Then, with a tender womanliness, she drew the weary head down upon her shoulder, and smoothed the golden hair, until Evelyn's overcharged heart found the relief of tears. She wept hysterically for a time, with passionate sobs that shook her from head to foot, while Sophy waited silently and patiently until she grew calmer. Not a word was spoken between the two of regret or forgiveness, but peace was proclaimed, and in this hour of bitter sorrow all the barriers had fallen down between them, and this storm of trouble had done what the calm sunshine of prosperity had failed to do.

"Don't give up all hope," Sophy whispered at last. "I *cannot* think God means to take him from us, and he so dear to both of us." And then she persuaded Evelyn to lie down upon the sofa, and sat by her side until she fell into an easy slumber, when she stole away silently, returning almost immediately to be ready, when the weary eyes unclosed, with a refreshing cup of tea and dainty little repast to tempt her appetite.

But it was the thoughtful care and the girl's unaccustomed gentleness which did Evelyn more good than the fragrant tea; and as she kissed the girl and glided back to her anxious watch it seemed to her as if her misery was robbed of its overwhelming bitterness by the thought that she had gained the girl's heart.

And Sophy stole away to her own room to pray, to watch, and, if it were possible, to sleep. And her heart was warmed and

light-ned, even in the midst of her anxiety. Evelyn had only said, in acknowledgment of her little attentions to her, "Thank you, dear." But the tone had said far more than words could have expressed, and Sophy was more than repaid.

In spite of all her anxiety, Sophy slept that night, and for a time forgot all sorrow in the happy oblivion of youthful dreams. But from these she was roused in the early morning hours by a light at her bedside, and woke to see Evelyn standing there looking down upon her with eyes full of happy tears.

"Thank God, Sophy, he is better," she whispered, in scarcely audible tones. "Dr. Merlin says he has taken a turn for the better now, and the fever has gone. I must go back to him at once, but I could not help coming round just to let you know. And now you can go to sleep again with a happy mind." She bent down to kiss her as she spoke, and then glided away quickly and silently as she had come, leaving Sophy to weep out all her gladness, her thankfulness, and her relief in a burst of happy tears.

It was a long, weary convalescence, but the invalid gradually improved, and in the hearts of none of his dear ones did there seem to be any room for impatience. He was saved; he had not been taken away from them, and that was more than enough.

He used to wonder in the first days of his convalescence, in a sort of weak bewilderment, how it came about that his wife and daughter seemed to be so much together now; why they would sit side by side and chat so much together in low tones, and why Sophy had lost that hard sullen look which had grown almost habitual to her fair, girlish face. And he wondered still more with returning strength as he saw what fast friends those two seemed to have grown. He wondered what had wrought the change, but, while rejoicing over it, he did not like to speak of it. Could it be a reality? Could it be that the old difficulties had melted away, and that in future peace and love were to reign supreme in his home?

At last one day, when he was far advanced on the road to recovery, and he and his wife happened to be alone, he said, half inquiringly—"You and Sophy seem great friends, dearest?"

And then his young wife answered, with a happy light in her eyes—"Yes, thank God! there will be no more dissensions in your home, Arthur. There were faults on both sides; we have both been to blame. But sorrow taught us both a lesson we are not likely to forget. When we thought we might lose you," and her voice faltered, "we found each other; and that terrible time drew us close together, and now I think I can truly say we love each other more and more every day. Are you satisfied, Arthur?"

"More than satisfied," he replied, with a smile of utter contentment. "It was the one cloud in my sky. Why, I would gladly have suffered ten times as much as I have done to have brought this about and seen you and my little girl such good friends."

"And so good came out of evil," she said, softly; "and there was a silver lining even to this cloud."

THE EYES AND THE EYESIGHT.

By Medicus.

In one of the largest cities of the world, which must be nameless, else there are plenty of people living who would know at once to whom I referred—in one of the world's largest and wealthiest cities there lived and flourished, not a great many years ago, a celebrated physician. He never would have been a great physician had he not had brains to begin with, and had he not devoted himself to study. When I knew him, his practice lay principally among the Upper Ten, and it is not too much to say that he was an universal favourite, especially with children, ladies, and the more delicate and nervous class of invalids. Now, quite apart from his undoubted cleverness as a doctor, there is no doubt his extreme punctilio went far in enabling him to hold the place he did in the esteem of his numerous patients. This punctilio surrounded him, if I may so speak, like a rosy cloud, and not only the man himself and his actions, but his belongings. He was pleasant to look at; that is, he was a perfect gentleman. Without any appearance of affectation, he talked the most beautiful English; he talked like a book that is read aloud by an elocutionist. He dressed *well*, and that is saying a deal. His carriage or chariot was a picture; it always looked new, and his horses were a constant source of admiration; they stepped as if they loved the labour, they held their heads as if proud of their kind master. Well, when this doctor made an appointment with a patient, he kept it to a second. If he said, "I will call on you again at two o'clock to-morrow," then, unless something very extraordinary had happened, the doctor stepped out of his carriage just as the hour began to strike; if *something extraordinary* had happened, his assistant would be there to explain. Again, the very medicines which were brought to his patients were gotten up in the most elegant manner imaginable. It was a pleasure to look at them. To look at them was too long to try them.

"There is no occasion," he used to say, "why physic should be nauseous." Therefore, his pill-boxes were works of art, the pills themselves small and perfectly round, and either gilded, silvered, or enamelled with sugar. His mixture-bottles were of the purest crystal, cut and adorned; the mixtures themselves were always pretty as to colour, and tasted more like liqueurs than anything else.

"Oh!" I think I hear some of my young girl readers exclaim, "that is just the kind of doctor I should like to attend me when ill."

"But I wonder," thinks another girl reader, "why our 'Medicus' is telling us this story. Perhaps he wants us to take physic, and he is merely giving us the sugar-plum beforehand." This makes me smile, because the guess is so very nearly a correct one. Nevertheless, I do not want my readers to take nasty physic, *but* I have taken in hand and promised to write for them a series of papers having relation to their health and comfort, and I may add happiness, and in these papers I must, in order to make things as plain as possible, sometimes mix up a little physiology. Now, if they will promise not to miss that portion of my papers, I think I can promise to prove that, to parody the good doctor's words, there is no occasion why physiology should be nauseous any more than physic.

But all the physiology I shall trouble you with to-day shall have a very practical bearing. You are blessed, I hope, with good eyesight, and I wish to tell you how to preserve it; or, on the other hand, your eyesight may not be very good, then I wish to show you how to make the best of it.



"AND THREW HER ARMS ROUND EVELYN'S NECK."

The eye is in reality one of the most delicate, perfect, and beautiful optical instruments in the world, far more perfect than anything that man could construct. If ever you have had the curiosity to take a small telescope or opera-glass to pieces, you will have found that it consists of a tube or tubes, in which are placed many glasses or lenses of different size and shape. So likewise does the eyes, and perfect sight depends upon the perfect shape and clearness of these.

But a photographer's camera serves better to illustrate the mechanism of the eye than any other instrument I can think of. If when with a friend who was being photographed, you have during the momentary absence of the operator lifted that mysterious black cloth behind the instrument, and peeped in, you would see a small picture of your friend in colours—upside down—on the pane of opaque glass at the back of the camera. Now, your eye may be aptly compared to this apparatus of the

photographer. It is a strong circular box, darkened internally by a peculiar pigment, having an opening in front to receive the picture, lenses to reflect it and bring it into focus, and a curtain called the iris, which is grey, hazel, brown, or blue, as the case may be, and a hole in the centre of this curtain called the pupil, to regulate the amount of light admitted into the chamber of the eye. The picture of anything one looks at after passing through the lenses and pupil is painted on a curtain composed of nervous fibres spread out on the inner side of the back of the globe of the eye, and these fibres unite to form one large nerve which runs backwards till it joins the brain, and by means of and through this nerve the brain takes cognisance of the picture painted on the inner curtain of the eye.

Were it possible for anyone to look through your eye from behind, that person would see in your eye a tiny picture of whatever you happened to be looking at at the time, just as you saw the picture of your friend in the camera of the photographer.

The eye is protected by eyelids and eyelashes, and not only by these, for there is a gland fixed above it which secretes a constant supply of water, called tears, by which the eyeball is kept moist. These tears escape by two little openings at the inner corners of the eye, and find their way by a canal into the nose, unless, indeed, they flow too abundantly, as when one laughs over-much or weeps; then they overflow, as a matter of course.

Now, an apparatus so delicate as the eye must of necessity be liable to a great many ailments, and the eyes of young people, and especially girls, are more easily hurt than those of their elders.

Some of these ailments are congenital; that is, they are born with the individual. The eye itself may be badly shaped, and this would result either in what is called long-sightedness or short-sightedness. On the other hand, the globe of the eye is moved by a set of muscles which draw it from side to side, or up or down, according to whichever way one wishes to look. If one of these muscles is too short, it will prevent the eye from moving correctly, draw it to its own side, in fact; hence squinting will be the result—a condition which a surgical operation, by no means a very painful one, will mitigate if not remove entirely.

Long-sightedness is more rare in the young than short. Little can be done for it, if the girl is in good and robust health, except by wearing convex glasses, which must be purchased at the shop of a scientific optician. Round glasses are not so nice; they should be so shaped that there is no difficulty in seeing over them. If the girl is not very strong, then I should advise the use of iron tonics—the dialysed iron of the shops—or quinine wine and steel drops, plenty of wholesome exercise, and the cold bath with sea-salt in it every morning. Cold water frequently applied to eyes and brow by means of a sponge will also do good.

Short-sightedness. This is a condition which also necessitates the wearing of double eyeglasses (not single). The sufferer should not delay consulting the head physician at some eye hospital. Good may be the happy result; and she should at all times avoid fatiguing either the eye or the brain.

I mentioned the curtain of nerve filaments spread out on the back of the eyeball. This may come to be the seat of trouble, and a kind of nerve blindness be the result, in which the sight fails often without any apparent cause; especially does it often come on after long reading in a bright light, but sometimes the patient can only see in broad daylight, while there are occasional attacks of headache, and many other distressing nervous symptoms. I can hardly lay down exact rules for the treatment of this disagreeable complaint, as it arises from so many different causes. But, as a general rule, the health must be most carefully studied; the diet should be nourishing, and partaken of with regularity; plenty of exercise in the open air is imperative; everything that distresses the mind or fatigues the body should be avoided, and if possible change of residence, either to the seaside or a bracing hilly part of the country, should be tried. These, with some nervine tonic, will often work wonders. Perhaps the phosphate of zinc, with diluted phosphoric acid and tincture of iron is the best tonic that can be taken. Dose according to age, but any respectable chemist could compound such a mixture.

Young girls often suffer from a kind of fatigue of sight, if I may call it so. I mentioned the muscles that move the eyeball. This ailment is caused by weakness in them. The symptoms most noticeable to the sufferer herself are a pained and confused feeling after reading for any length of time, or the letters get mingled up together, and the eyes feel weak and painful, and often spots and flying images like small transparent hairs appear before the eyes.

This condition of the eyesight shows that the strength of the body is far below par. Rest must be taken whenever fatigue of either body or eyes is felt. Frequent cold douches to the eyes do a great deal of good, and the cold salt water bath should be used every morning, and probably steel drops will be needed, and either cod-liver oil or the malt extract now sold in all chemist's shops; from five to fifteen drops of the tincture of steel is the proper dose, according to the age; five drops for five years, six for six, and so on. Spectacles may do good in a case of this kind, but I doubt it very much.

I will say nothing here about the more dangerous inflammations of the eyes. They form a class of most painful affections which it would be wrong of me to attempt to treat on paper. When anything of this kind takes place, rest must be enjoined, a dose of Epsom salts taken, and the eyes covered with pledgets of wet lint. Nothing more had better be done till the doctor arrives.

Girls suffer at times from what is commonly called weak or sore eyes. In these cases not only is the eye easily tired and pained, especially by a bright light, or by reading, or working on any white material, but if examined, the insides of the lids will be found red and somewhat inflamed, there is often a little matter about them in the morning, and the eyelashes do not grow as they ought to.

The eyes should be bathed three or four times a day with very cold water, and independent of this, an eye-wash should be used; I do not think anything is better than two or three grains of powdered alum to an ounce of rose-water. This should be used three times a day. A gentle laxative should be taken once a week, and cod-liver oil regularly three times a day. A warm foot-bath with a handful of mustard in it should be used every night, care being taken not to catch cold during the day. The work should be light, the exercise in the open air abundant. Too much care cannot be taken of a girl suffering thus; the loss of sight is a terrible accident, and this ailment may be the forerunner of that calamity. Sulphate of zinc, three grains to an ounce of rose-water, is a very nice application for sore eyes, and so is cold green tea; it should not be too strong; it ought to resemble pale brandy in colour. In-growing eyelashes is a very painful complaint, but they must not be cut, but extracted with a fine forceps. Sometimes a kind of eruption comes out on the margin of the eyelids, and the eyes are nearly closed of a morning. The state of the health here wants seeing to, and once again I may recommend good pure cod-liver oil. That purchased from the fishmonger is not only the cheapest, but it is free from adulteration. If money is no object, get the light-brown cod-liver oil. The eyelids should be smeared with a little nitrate of mercury ointment every night and a cold douche used three or four times a day.

Every girl knows what a *stye* is; many know to their sorrow. It admits of no harsh treatment, hot fomentations by day and a bread poultice at night, and when it breaks it ought not to be squeezed. A dose of Epsom salts will tend to remove the inflammation. But depend upon it, if you are constantly taking styes one after another your blood cannot be in a very pure condition. You might try the old woman's remedy of a mixture of sulphur, cream of tartar, and treacle. Yes, I admit it is neither nice to take nor pretty to look at; there is neither poetry nor romance about it, *but*——. I must add, in conclusion, that if you would preserve your eyesight and have it strong and good, you must live well and regularly, avoid cold and damp either in the feet or body, rise early, and do not forget the bath; in fact, obey all the rules that regulate the health of the human frame.

Never fatigue the eyes. Do not work in the gloaming, nor in too great a glare of light, and do not read in a railway carriage.

Exercise in the open-air strengthens every part of the system, and the eyes as well. Do not be afraid to read the very smallest of print, nor to try to decipher even the most distant objects in a landscape. This is the best of exercise for young eyes; but give the eyes rest at the very first sign or feeling of fatigue.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

AN ALLEGORY



THE mountain top was all aglow in the sunlight.

Below the valley lay in shadow; dark, cool, and green, with the river winding through the verdant meadows and the trees forming grateful shadows from the noonday heat.

But on the bare rough sides of the mountain the sun shone with relentless brightness, and all the air was quivering in the sultry glow. No cool shade there; nothing but the blazing sunshine and the great granite boulders, the rough shale, the steep weary mountain paths, and the fierce pitiless heat. But the pathways of the toilsome ascent ended in the golden glory; in sweet glowing colours, that would soften and deepen as evening drew on, and would be shining in all their unearthly radiance, when the vale below would be wrapped in gloom.

And up the weary ascent many pilgrims were toiling, casting back no longing looks to the cool green shadows they were leaving behind them, but directing their gaze to the golden glory before. And in watching its brightness, to which their every step was bringing them nearer, they forgot to notice how steep and weary was the way; how the stones and slippery shale hurt their tired feet, and how pitilessly fell the scorching blaze of the sun on the bare mountain side.

In the cool valley, Gustave was resting, leaning against a green bank, grassy and flower-bestrewn. Birds were singing overhead, cool fruits hung within easy reach of his hand; deep was the shade around him; a little stream went singing and gurgling over the

stones at his feet, a soft fragrance of flowers filled the air. From this cool retreat the young man looked out into the hot sunshine, and watched the pilgrims, as they passed him by, toiling up the weary ascent of the mountain. And as they passed many of them spoke to him.

"Come with us, Gustave," they said, "night will come on, and then the valley will be dark."

But the young man only laughed. "Night is a long way off yet. The mountain path for you, if you like, but *I* do not care to leave the shade, the birds, the fruit, and the flowers."

And he stretched himself on the grassy bank and watched them as they went on their toilsome way, and some few looked back at him wistfully, beckoning him on; but he only shook his head, and laughed again.

Presently a little child came past—a lovely boy, with flowing locks, and a look in his bright blue eyes like that the angels have who "do always behold the face of the Father."

And Gustave called to the child: "Where are you going? Stay here with me, 'midst the flowers and the birds; the sun is hot, but it is cool and shady here."

The child paused on his way, and answered, "I cannot stay; I am going to climb the mountains to reach the top before the golden glory fades away."

"Nay," said the young man; "the mountain path is not for such as you! The way is long and rough, and you are small and young, and your little feet are tender; you cannot climb the mountain, child; stay with me."

"I am not afraid," the boy answered; and a light seemed to break over his little face. "I know the way is steep and long, but I have a Friend to help me over the difficult parts. He is a very kind friend, and always helps the little children, so that the way may not be too hard for them, and He will help *you* too, Gustave; for He has travelled along the way Himself, and knows how steep it is sometimes, and how hot the sun shines and how tired we get. Come with me, Gustave!"

"But the valley is so cool and pleasant," pleaded the young man; "and the mountain looks so steep and bare, and storms come sometimes, and there is no shelter then."

"But my Friend will shelter me," said the child. "He won't let the storms beat too hard, and He will help me until I reach the mountain top, where there are no storms. Come with me, Gustave, for night will be here soon, and it will be very dark in the valley then, and storms come here as well as on the mountain side. Let us go up together; dear Gustave, come with me." The child held out his hand.

The young man hesitated a moment, and half made a movement to rise and go with the boy; but the sun shone hot, the shadow was so tempting, the birds sang so sweetly, the cool breeze kissed his brow so lovingly, and night would not come yet. So he fell back again, and answered, as he had answered the pilgrims before: "The mountain path for you, if you choose, but I do not care to leave the shade."

A sad, grieved look came over the child's face as he passed on his way, and Gustave watched him as he joined the band of pilgrims—some so faint and weary—toiling along the rough path that led to the golden summit.

But the boy was young and active, and the road did not seem so hard to him as to many who went the same way; and as Gustave watched he saw how tenderly the child was lifted over difficulties that would otherwise have made the road impassable to his young feet. But before he was half-way up the mountains—before his young feet had time to grow weary, and before the storms had broken over his childish head—loving arms appeared stretched out for him, and the boy was carried for the rest of the way. Quickly he vanished from Gustave's sight: no more toil now; no more pain, or trouble, or weariness; no fierce storms to rage, no pitiless sun to scorch; Gustave knew he had safely reached the mountain top, and was hidden from his gaze in the golden light, at rest there for ever.

And thoughts began to come unbidden into the young man's mind. Night would come; the flowers would droop and close; the birds would cease their merry lays, and darkness would settle over the valley. He began almost to wish he had followed the child's bidding and to think that it might have been well for him had he started early on the journey, before the cool valley had begun to tempt him so strongly. Perhaps he too might have been helped along, as the boy had been; perhaps too——but no, it was too late now. He had chosen to remain amongst the shadows and flowers, and the mountain path looked steeper and drearier than ever. So he turned away from looking at it, and forgot his regrets in the songs of the birds, the gurgling of the brook, and the scent of the flowers.

And onwards and upward, still ever looking to the bright goal, toiled the band of weary pilgrims, leaving the valley farther and farther behind them, and amidst storms and sunshine ever nearing the golden summit.

And Gustave still reclined on the flowery bank. One by one other pilgrims passed him, and some spoke and beckoned him on, but he laughed scornfully, and resolutely turned his eyes away from the mountain tops.

But presently a young and lovely maiden came along the way; fair as fancy's brightest dream, with the golden glory reflected in her long rippling tresses, with heaven's own light in her eye, and a sweeetness not of earth on the fair face, which, with a steady purpose, was set toward the mountain tops. And as Gustave gazed in surprise and admiration at the radiant vision she paused on her way, looking at him and pointing to the shining summit with one hand, while the other was held out to the young man.

"Madeline!" he cried, "stay here with me! I cannot let you leave me!" And his whole soul was in the words.

But her purpose did not waver. "I am going to climb the mountain side," she said. "Come with me, if you will. I cannot linger here."

And as he gazed with love and reverence into those clear, heavenly eyes, Gustave rose and took the maiden's hand, saying: "For the sake of those eyes, those golden tresses, and that face—than which no angel's can be fairer—I will leave the valley I have loved so much and climb the mountain with you, Madeline."

But she chid him gently. "Not for *my* sake, Gustave. Think of the darkness you are leaving behind and the golden light we shall reach at last."

"But it *is* for your sweet sake, and your sake alone," he persisted. "What care I for golden lights! I never want anything more than to be always with you, and the light of your eyes is more to me than any golden glory. What worth would it be to me unless you were with me when I reached it, my heart's treasure!"

And the maiden shook her head. Then, looking back into his eyes that were regarding her with such worship and reverence, she felt that it was sweet to be so loved, and forgot to chide him.

Together they went on their way, but Gustave never once raised his eyes to the mountain tops. He forgot the pilgrims on before; he never thought whether the road were rough or smooth. Holding Madeline's hand he was content to follow wherever she led him, and, gazing with unwearied love and worship at her wondrous beauty, he thought of nothing else.

The maiden tried to lead him on. She tried to keep her eye unwaveringly on the mountain top; but it was so sweet to turn aside and meet the love that shone in his earnest gaze that she let her eye wander, and began sometimes to forget to look above.

"You are leading me up, Madeline," he said, "and I am going for nothing but for your sweet sake. To me heaven is in your glance and in your voice, and I ask nothing more."

And his words did not pain her as they had done when he had uttered them at the first. She was growing more accustomed to his love and homage, and they were so sweet that she forgot what was to be the goal of the journey on which she had set out so hopefully, and, thinking so much of them, she neglected to lift her eyes to the mountain top, nor knew that they had taken a wrong turning, and that the golden glory was beginning to fade from their sight.

On, on they wandered; lost to all but the happiness their mutual love had brought them; on they wandered along smooth broad paths and shady lanes, and never looked to see where the path they were pursuing would lead them.

The golden light grew fainter and fainter, and still they were wandering farther and farther away, and, forgetting everything but each other, they thought not what dangers might be around them.

The light faded.

Suddenly a bank of black clouds rose; the heavens were overcast, and a fierce wind came tearing down the mountain side—the herald of the coming storm.

It came. A brilliant flash of lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder that shook the earth. Madeline started up, wild with terror.

"It is nothing," said Gustave, trying to reassure her. "Do not fear; it will pass over." But even as he spoke, as if to give the lie to his words, there was a second glare of lightning; a shock and a crash, and the broad spreading tree under which but a moment before they had been sitting lay a charred and shattered ruin at their feet.

"Oh, save me, Gustave! I do not know where I am!" Madeline cried, and in her terror she clung to him for protection. "Where have we wandered to? I am so frightened! It is so dark, and I cannot see the light of the mountain top. Oh, who can save us? The lightning will kill us!"

They had wandered into a deep forest glade, and now the trees enclosed them on every side. The lightning glared around, the thunder crashed, while ever and again a sudden shock told of some forest tree that had been smitten by the electric fire. The heavens were black above them. It seemed that death surrounded them.

Then in a moment the clouds broke and the rain came down, not as the gentle showers come to moisten the parched earth, but in a fierce torrent, like a second deluge; while a mighty wind rose, and the tall trees bent and snapped before its fury.

"Oh, let us kneel and pray for deliverance!" cried Madeline, almost wild with terror. "Oh, if we were to die here, and never reach the mountain top after all!" And, drenched with the rain, her face pale, and her blue eyes distended with terror, the maiden flung herself on her knees upon the ground, with almost inarticulate cries for help. Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, Gustave knelt by her side, and prayed as never had he prayed before.

And even as they prayed the lightning began to glare less wildly; the roll of the

thunder died away, and the wind sank, though still the rain fell in heavy drops, like a penitent sinner's tears. Darkness was still around them as Madeline in a faltering voice prayed *that light* might be given to show them the path they had wilfully lost; that the glory of the mountain top might once more shine before them to guide them on the way—the way which they would never more forsake.

"The light will come," she whispered, as she rose from her knees, with a holy radiance overspreading her face, subduing and chastening her wondrous beauty.

So they waited there in the gloom, holding by one another's hands till the light should come. It broke at last. A bright little ray came streaming through the darkness of the forest, that broadened and brightened, showing a way through the trees and thick bushes, that led to the path they had missed.

They found it again; the narrow path, steep and rough, stony and bestrewn with briars; but they took it joyfully, and kept it with chastened, saddened hearts. And Madeline no longer trusted in her own strength to keep her purpose steady; nor did Gustave say, as he had said before, that he asked nothing but to have Madeline's beauty always by him.

No, both had learned a lesson. They knew now that there are times and seasons when human strength is very weakness, and when human love avails not. When the storms and tempests come he is utterly helpless who trusts to a human arm—his own or another's.

These two had wandered far out of the way, and the path was more weary and toilsome than before, but neither uttered a word of murmuring. They set their faces resolutely in the direction whence they knew where the glory must shine as soon as the clouds should depart. And as the clouds rolled away they saw the mountain top at last, and joined the number of the pilgrims toiling up the road, whose weariness and darkness seemed to grow easy and light, the oftener they looked to the radiant glory of the goal towards which they were pressing.

And onward still they go; not without many a stumble, not without much pain and weariness. Storms beat upon them on the bare mountain side, yet cannot harm them. And the long way is cheered by the pilgrims' songs of joy, for they know they will soon reach the summit where all their toil will end for ever.

And the prize is not very far off. By-and-bye, when darkness, blank and dreary, shall have settled down on the valley beneath, the storms will all be over; the golden glory of the mountain tops will grow fairer and brighter; the toil, the danger, and the weariness will all be over, and "at eventide it shall be light."

STORIES ABOUT SNAKES.

ONCE in my home in Ceylon, when I was a little girl, we discovered a large rat snake coiled up in a corner of the chimney. It was during the rains, and the creature had come inside for warmth, probably fallen from the roof, that was an open raftered one, whilst it was asleep. Well, there was a general stampede out of the room of ayahs and children, and the men-servants were summoned to dispatch *the bold intruder*. Now, rat snakes are not venomous, but it is a fact that any species of creeping reptile is shunned by mankind, however harmless, and there is an inherent desire to kill and destroy it. The snake in question was about seven feet long, and three or four inches in diameter at the thickest part of its body. It was yellow in colour, like the old gold so much in favour now with fashionable dames. The men came with long poles to get rid of the intruder, but whether they were too timid to approach it, or the snake was too wide awake when awakened, I cannot tell, but the creature glided swiftly out of the room into the verandah where we children were looking on with the ayahs, and went down into the compound. My little brother in the meantime had escaped from his ayah's vigilance, and was disporting himself in the compound, under the shade of the cocoanut trees. I shall never forget what followed the snake's escape! The men rushed after it, but so quickly did it trail along they could not even reach its tail! The men were in hot pursuit; my little brother, a baby boy of three years, stood laughing and cooing with delight at the fun, his little legs widely astride, when, horror! the snake glided towards the spot where he stood. The men in pursuit stopped suddenly still, the ayahs screamed, my own heart beat with dread.

But judge of what followed. The snake glided, or rather writhed, swiftly between my little brother's legs, without touching him, and disappeared quickly out of sight, probably in the crevice of a tree or hole.

It would be idle to tell my readers what superstitious meaning was held by the natives at my little brother's escape, but they believed he was especially singled out by the great God from earthly harm. And, strangely, it seemed as if there was some truth in their belief, for before one year had passed away my little brother had entered into the better land. Suddenly, without any pain, he passed away one morning, his only suffering an intense thirst, which was afterwards explained by the doctors.

A GREEDY SNAKE.

AND now another strange story, but without any superstition attached to it, of a snake. Our garden in Ceylon had been laid out by a Dutch gentleman, and consisted of terraces upon terraces out upon a hill-side. On these terraces grew the most splendid mango and nutmeg trees. The garden was famous then, and is still, for its wealth of fruit and spice trees.

One morning I was walking leisurely down the stone steps leading from an upper terrace, when I saw at the foot a most revolting sight that made me quickly retrace my steps. But curiosity and pity mastered disgust, and I turned to look at what I had fled from. I crept silently towards the snake, and threw a stone at it; but it never moved, for it was busily engaged swallowing an unfortunate frog. I thought to release its unfortunate prey, and threw another stone with more force than before, but the snake—a cobra, as I discovered—steadily continued its meal. Finding I could do nothing, and dreading what the cobra might do when his appetite was appeased, I slowly ascended the stone steps. When I reached the top I turned to look again. Every vestige of the poor frog had vanished, and the snake was gliding sleepily away. About three months afterwards my husband killed a snake, and from the description he gave me of it, for I was ill at the time, I fancy it must have been the same greedy snake that I had seen demolish the unhappy frog.

Now one more story and I have done. Snakes are very fond of eggs, and are great enemies to poultry. We noticed that a wise old hen used to lay her eggs in the clothes-basket, or sometimes on the top of the bed, and wondered at the reason. Often we discovered whole shells of eggs that were quite empty, and could not account for so strange a fact, nor could we get any eggs but those the wise old hen laid in the clothes-basket or on the bed-top. The poultry-house was very comfortable, and arranged for the comfort of its occupants. Baskets full of straw were made for the hens, but still this wise old hen preferred laying her eggs in a more public place. The reason we discovered at last, for we set a servant to watch. A snake had hidden itself in the leafy roof that covered the hen-house, and would watch its opportunity. As soon as the hen had deposited her egg and left the basket, it glided down and sucked its contents, leaving the empty shell with a small puncture from which it had drawn its contents.

Probably the wise old hen had discovered her enemy, and sought refuge in the clothes-basket. Much as she disliked the intrusion of human folk, she preferred their presence to the snake's. But the reptile was doomed. We watched for him, and had him quickly dispatched.

We no longer had to complain after this, and the wise old hen left off paying visits to the basket, and we were no longer disturbed with her cackle.

THE RANZ DES VACHES.

THE Ranz des Vaches is a strain of an irregular description which, in some parts of Switzerland, is sung or blown on the Alpine horn in June to call the cattle from the valleys to the higher pastures. "Though of little musical value," remarks a writer in Mr. Grove's "Dictionary of Music." "a fictitious interest has long been attached to the Ranz des Vaches owing to the surroundings in which they are generally heard. Sung to a pianoforte accompaniment in a concert-room, they would sound little better than a string of semi-barbarous cadences, but heard at dawn or at sunset in some remote Alpine valley, and sung with the strange gradations of falsetto and chest voice softened by distance, they possess a peculiar and undeniable charm.

The following example of the Ranz des Vaches is sung in the Alps of Gruyère, in the Canton of Friburg:—



CONSOLATION.

By Anne Beale.

WHO says that in this fair, wide world no creature she can find
To care for her, or cherish her, or ease her weary mind?
Who says that in this lovely earth or yonder heaven above
There's nothing that will cheer her grief or win her soul to love?

Oh! let her look around and learn how many a heart beats high
At every kindly-spoken word and every generous sigh;
How many an eye that shrinks and weeps beneath a glance of scorn
Will brighten at a pleasant smile like earth at glance of morn.

Or let her wander forth at eve and greet the cottage child;
Forget her selfish weariness and join its gambols wild;
Mark how it claps its hands with glee, and laughs and shouts amain,
And greets her as a friend if e'er she chance to come again.

Or let her bow with filial awe before the old grey head,
Or listen to the good wife's tale of eighty summers fled;
Or stop to say a kindly word before the sick man's door,
And hear them wish her back again and ask to know her more.

All nature then would seem to her ten thousand times more fair;
She would behold her works and make new friendships everywhere;
Would find fresh verdure in the plains, new radiance in the skies,
And thank her God for giving her a soul that never dies.

The lark that seeks to bask its wing in the open fount of day;
The little stream that cheerfully pursues its fearless way;
The breeze that moves the harebell blue as it blossoms on the heath;
The birds that sing so constantly and never dream of death;—

All would speak plainly to her heart of joy, and love, and truth,
Recall the bliss of infancy, the happy dreams of youth;
And, better still, with heavenly tones would whisper in her ear
Of One who binds the broken heart, and dries the mourner's tear.



BOOK-BINDING.—III.



OUR volume is now bound in cloth, and needs only to be lettered. I do not propose to teach the art of decoration in connexion with this art, because it would prove very costly to the mere amateur to procure all the requisite appliances; while, to those who propose to adopt the trade as a means of livelihood, I do not consider that the reading of certain rules would obviate the necessity for the personal inspection of some practical demonstrations. Suffice it, therefore, that I should give a few words on the subject of lettering, ribbing the back, making and affixing "head-bands," binding in leather, velvet, silk, and vellum; elastic backs, half-binding, and a few other matters connected with the work.

To letter the back of a book, the cheapest method is to procure a "spring type-case," and brass or leaden type—the letters of various sizes, and in sufficient numbers to enable you to duplicate any letters at will. This type-case must be heated before the letters are put into it, taking care that, if leaden, the type be not so heated thereby as to melt. You will also require "spaces," or blank squares, to divide words and letters if need be. Take great care in the arrangement of the letters, copying the form which they shall take, and their size, from some good example. See that a perfect level be obtained, which may be effected by pressing them up against the vertical slabs of a marble chimney-piece, or even a letter-weight, prior to the final tightening of the screw. Then warm again over a stove before application to the back or side of the book. If the lettering be applied to leather—a "lettering-piece," or otherwise—press the type upon the space designed for them, "in blind" (or without gold); then damp it with vinegar, and as soon as dry take a small painting brush, and dipping it in glair, paint over the lettering, applying two coats of the glair. Then take a gold leaf from the book, lay it evenly on the gold cushion, and cut it with the gold knife, so as to cover all the lettering. Raise it by means of a pad of cotton wool, having given the latter the right amount of greasiness by delicately touching your hair with it, which will make the gold leaf adhere to it. Should the latter look thin, or broken in any part, breathe on it, and quickly lay another leaf over it. Then taking a heated burnisher of a suitable size—so warm that when wetted it dries immediately, but does not hiss—and, placing the flat edge within the stamping of the letters, rub it evenly backwards and forwards. Then wipe away any superfluous gold with the gold rag, which must be impregnated with a little oil. Remember that the heat of the burnisher, which must be regulated before use by means of a sponge and some cold water, is a matter of great importance, for it will dull the gold if used too hot, and, the latter will not adhere, if too cold. You will readily perceive that more tools and materials would have to be purchased, if lining and decorative stamping should have to be done, since, for the mere lettering, you will have to add the following appliances to your collection:—

A small spring type-holder, 5s. to 6s.
Cast brass type, per 100, 12s. to £1 10s.
Deep-gold leaf, 1,000 leaves, £2 6s. to £2 7s.
Gold knife, 1s. 6d. to 3s.
Burnishers, 4s. 6d. to £1.
Handles (one) for burnisher, 9d.
Gold cushion, 3s.
Prepared glair (a pint can), 1s. 6d.
Also book-binders' varnish, to be used where glair has been applied, and then polished.
A small sponge, &c.

Leaving the subject of lettering, let us consider that of employing leather for binding, instead of cloth, the various kinds needing some variety in their several modes of treatment. Into all these we have not space to enter, but shall give a sketch that may serve so far for all. Lay the skin on the table, and be careful that you do not cut it cross-wise or diagonally; select a part where it is of a uniform thickness throughout, lay the book open flat upon it, and draw a pencilled line all round it, to show the exact size. Then, with the knife well sharpened, cut out the cover, leaving a space between the knife and the pencilled line of about three-quarters of an inch every way. This margin will be required for turning in. As Russian and Morocco leather are thicker than cloth, a "French knife" will be requisite for the purpose of paring or thinning the edges, more especially just at the head and tail of the back. Hold the knife in a very sloping direction, laying two fingers on the upper side of the blade, and, as the cover lies on a thick sheet of glass, or on a marble slab, cut away the thick, rough, inside part of the leather, after the manner of shaving, pushing the blade forward, with the back towards you. The leather will require to be held firmly, and an examination of the thinning process should be frequently made to ensure its evenness, and that no holes are produced by over-shaving. Russia, Morocco, and calf need to be damped with a sponge, before being glued all over on the inside; but, in reference to the shaving process, calf needs only to be pared at the head and tail of the back; and the damping of it with a sponge, accomplished when the cover is on the book. The leather being glued, lay the entire open book flatly down upon it; then take all up, stand the book on the fore-edge, and draw the cover well down with both hands, across the back and over the sides, and cover the head-bands with a scrap of paper each, to preserve them from the glue. It is very usual to turn in the edges of leather by means of paste, instead of a continuation of glue. The rest of the covering process is as for calico.

In covering with roan—as with calf—only the head and tail of the part covering the back should be pared. In using velvet, the back only should be glued at first; and, then, when set, the sides. In case the pressure of the fingers should have marked it, raise the pile by holding it over steam, and, perhaps, giving a gentle brushing the right way of the velvet. Should silk or satin be employed, you must line it first, by affixing thin paper with a slight coat of thin glue to it; and when pressed, and quite dry, then proceed to cover the book—first, the back only, and when set, then the two sides.

There is no description of binding-material so indestructible as vellum; of these are three kinds—the Roman, Oxford, and Artists'. The latter has a very white and artificial surface; the Oxford is, on the contrary, left in its natural state; and the Roman, which is darker in colour. There is also an artificially-made substance called vellum, which is much in vogue in France, but is composed of unsized paper which has been dipped in a bath of diluted oil of vitriol. The genuine article is made from calf-skins. A book-cover made of vellum will need careful yet rapid sponging before use. That called artists' vellum will scarcely bear this treatment. All parts designed for gilding will require to be painted with glair, then work-in "blind," preserving a uniform and common outline for the glair painting and "tooling." Much gentler handling is to be adopted in reference to vellum than leather; and the mallet must be only warm, not hot, otherwise it will cut the strip out and leave the boards in view very quickly. The gold must be laid on and worked in when the glair is dry. Also, you will have to scrape the compartment on the back allocated to the leather lettering-piece, with a sharp knife, to produce a roughness on the greasy surface sufficient to ensure the adherence of the pasted label.

I gave a table to show the order to be observed in the process of binding in the first part of this series; but did not include the insertion of "head-bands," because they are not affixed to calico-bindings. By these I mean the small strap, or finish, of coloured silk or cotton, either worked or cut from a piece and pasted on, at the head and tail of more handsomely-bound volumes. I reserved this decoration for some notice when dealing with those materials with which they are associated. They may be purchased ready-made, and worked in silk or cotton, at from 2s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. for a piece of a dozen yards. But they may be cheaply manufactured at home by using coloured calico of some bright and suitable colour. Get a piece with a very fine stripe—for example, in white and red—and with a small cord make what workwomen call a "piping" of it, with glue; and using the folder, making the calico fit in closely round the cord. Cut it when dry to the proper width to fit round the back of the book, about an inch wide or more; then glue the head and tail of the book, and place the head-bands in position upon them, smoothing the ends of the calico inwards up and down the back. After this, the spring-back is put on, the book lined, and the covering with leather to follow. The working and tying on of superior head-bands I need not here describe. Like the decorative work of the coverings, they can be learnt when the novice has thoroughly acquired the art of binding in its cheaper and simpler forms.

Should you wish to bind music, an atlas, or any wide volume which should lie flat on the table when opened, a "flexible" or elastic back should be made, instead of a "spring" or open one. In this case a few other appliances will be needed, such as a "bakers' rasp," some fine unbleached calico instead of brown paper, and a solution of indiarubber instead of glue. This solution is sold in tins, one being sufficient for a dozen 8vo. volumes. Three coats of it should be applied to the back of the music book, and two to a strip of the calico, which latter should lap over half an inch on each side. In preparing the back for the solution you must rub up and indent the folded edges composing the back with the bakers' rasp, so as to leave crevices for the reception of as much of the solution as possible. The head-band is secured by glueing a piece of fine calico all down the back covering the ends of the head-bands.

In leather binding, whether flexible or otherwise, it is an improvement to make bands or ridges at certain distances from each other across the back, the usual number being five. To make them you should glue a piece of leather on one of paper, and put a heavy weight upon it. When dry, glue it again a second and third time, drying on each occasion under pressure as before. Then cut narrow strips of the width and length suitable for the back of your book; mark the places for the five bands with the compasses, moisten the glue on each with hot water, and affix them according to the "marking up." The irregularities of the ends are to be bevelled off, and the sharp angle of the boards, if necessary; but they usually fit into the grooves. For "blind-tooling" lines across, above, and below each rib or band, on the back, you will need an extra tool, called a "pallet." Damp

the back with clean water and a sponge, warm your pallet over the stove, and then, the book being fixed in the lying press, rub it firmly backwards and forwards in a straight line, re-heating the pallet as the leather dries. If requisite, damp the places two or three times during the "blind-tooling." Take care not to burn the leather, for fear of which melt an ounce of lard and one and a quarter of white wax in a pipkin, and, when blended, rub a little on the inside of a waste piece of leather, and the pallet upon this from time to time, during the "blind-tooling," which will make it slip well to and fro in polishing the line indented. A good deal of work, in short spaces at a time, after the method called "giggering," may be necessary to produce the depth of colour and high polish desirable. A line all round the covers on each side may be marked up with a folder and straight-edge, and produced as now described.

When giving directions for lettering the back, I alluded to "lettering-pieces." They should be of a different colour to the rest of the back, and if a second be used for the number of the volume, it should be of a different colour to that of the title. First damp it, and then pare it as thin as you dare to make it with the French knife. Cut it to the size of its allotted panel, pare the extreme edges still more, and then with a little stiff paste affix it well to the back, taking care that no portions of it should overlap the ridge of the side grooves.

Such instructions as are essential to the work I have now given, and, with sincere wishes that my readers may find them thoroughly intelligible, I take my leave.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

LADIES' WORK AMONG SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.



O one can deny that this is an age of much talking. There is talk in season, and out of it, about everything; talk on paper, and off. This being the case, it is highly satisfactory to know that there is much noble doing, too, going on among us, and our girls may be proud to know that some of the most practical and earnest of this real, active work is organised and carried on by women. There is no better and brighter example of this than "The Soldiers' Institute" and "Sailors' Welcome," both opened at Portsmouth, by the single-handed effort and Christian energy of one woman, Miss Robinson. It was our good fortune the other day to visit these two institutions, and we want now to tell our girls a little about them, because we think that to hear of such things will help them on to do similar work.

Let us start, then, at once, for our expedition into the busy heart of our great, national seaport town; we have a good deal to see, and we shall not find that we have too much time. It is a long walk, so we will get into one of the many trams that go rattling up and down the thronged, noisy streets, helpful and kindly to everyone except canine passengers; these are charged 1s. each, whereas their master or mistress can travel for any distance for 2d. A dog, and a dog of no very great size or fierce appearance, is our travelling companion to-day on our road to Miss Robinson's two scenes of life long-labour. We naturally expostulate a little with the tram conductor at this apparent imposition on our tiny, four-footed friend. "It is our rule!" Such is the cabalistic and evidently, in his eyes, all-sufficient sentence with which that official meets, in stolid calm, all our complaints; and seeing no hope of redress, we subside into a corner. Then we soothe our ruffled feelings by turning our attention towards our fellow-passengers, two military men, who are enveloped in public affairs, and a portly dame, who seems absorbed in the effort of freeing her purse from an immense and intricate confusion of petticoat folds, until at length we find that our destination is reached, and we descend at the door of "The Soldiers' Institute."

We stand now in the wide entrance hall, and from thence are led into a waiting-room, where a man, whose civil manner and prompt address stamps him at once as an old soldier, tells us that one of the ladies who manage the institution in conjunction with Miss Robinson will be with us in a few minutes, and meanwhile engages us himself courteously in conversation. He proves a very agreeable companion, so agreeable, indeed, that we scarcely know how the minutes are flying, until, at last, he begins to make excuses for the tardiness of his superiors, saying that his ladies' hands are so full of work they often cannot attend to visitors. He offers to "lead on" himself, in default of a better guide, but just as we had half made up our minds to accept his proposal, Miss L., one of Miss Robinson's most competent and efficient helpers, makes her appearance, and bids us follow her.

First we are led into the bar on the ground-floor, where people are hurrying hither and thither in a lively way that reminds us, in turns, of a colony of ants, and of the kitchen in the fairy-tale, where the prince's wedding feast was being prepared. Here we are told various wonders in the way of cheap provisions: a cup of tea and quite a mound of bread-and-butter are served out to the soldiers for one penny, a plate of meat with vegetables for fourpence; other poor people may also have meals here at a comparatively low rate, but not on such moderate terms as military men. Everything is singularly clean and neat in this department, and makes us almost wish that we wore a red coat, that me might enjoy the privilege of making this our dining-room.

From the place where the men find food for their bodies, we go on to the apartment where their minds will get plenty to feed upon, if ever they feel inclined for such diet. Here we see that the reading-room is in favour with the frequenters of the institution, from the spell of a calm and silence that pervades it, as well from the many books that muster on its shelves, and the varied magazines and papers that are scattered over its tables. One man is reading, a second is bending, with an earnest face full of grave, important meaning, over a sheet of writing paper which he is laboriously and conscientiously trying to fill from top to bottom; it is evidently a much harder task for him than drill or sword-exercise, but he is resolved that his relations at home, in the distant country village, shall have their pennyworth while he is about it. A third poor fellow has plainly had enough of it last night on sentry's duty somewhere, for he is stretched at full length on one of the broad, comfortable sofas that surround the room, and is fast asleep, dreaming, it may be, of the green fields where he and his school-fellows used to play at soldiers—it may be of real, hard service that he has seen in his time. We ask Miss L. if men are ever inclined to grow noisy and disorderly in this room, which is evidently given up to them as a place of thorough freedom and relaxation, but she tells us that such a thing rarely if ever occurs; the mere thought that Miss Robinson and their other lady friends and teachers are near has a softening, harmonising charm for the soldiers' natures; besides, the institution is carried on on strictly temperance principles; no intoxicating liquor is sold within its precincts, and thus the men escape the grand temptation which leads on to riotous talk and behaviour. If a man ever appears in the institution at all the worse for drink, he is instantly and summarily expelled from the place, and thus taught a useful lesson, which it well becomes highly cultivated ladies to insist on in their dominions.

Next Miss L. takes us upstairs into the lofty, airy dormitories, where the little beds stand side by side in long rows, and look as if they might just have floated out of dreamland to meet weary heads and limbs. There are smaller, but still large and comfortable bedrooms provided for the reception of married men and their wives; the soldier's wife is far from being forgotten in the institution. There is one room in the house set apart for holding mothers' meetings for these women, and the basket, filled with neatly put-out-of-hand needlework and ready balls of cotton and thimbles, shows that this is by no means the least flourishing department of the establishment.

Now we are in the room where the Bible classes for the soldiers are held, the Bible classes that have led many a man, who wears the colours of an earthly sovereign, into the ranks of the great King's army. There is the teacher's chair, which is generally filled by Miss Robinson herself. A class is daily kept here for any who will come in to hear the good gospel tidings, and there is never wanting some who will draw near to seek the food of eternal life; though, of course, the Sunday classes are more numerously attended than the week-day ones. Next we are led up another flight of stairs, down which come floating softly towards us, in clear melody, the words, "Sweet and low, sweet and low," and ever as we mount up higher, the strains become fuller and more distinct. We enter a room where another of the ladies of the institute, Miss G., is sitting at the piano singing. This evening there is to be an entertainment in the large hall, into which we were taken just now on the ground-floor. A well-known lecturer is going to address the meeting, and glees are to be sung by some of the soldiers whom she has trained, leading them with her own voice, and she is now practising a little to be perfect to-night. Many of the men, she says, have correct musical ears, and a taste for harmony, which repays cultivation. These entertainments are frequently held in the institute, and are in great favour with the soldiers, who prove, by the eagerness with which they attend them, their readiness to come to places of amusement where rational recreation is provided for them.

We now sit down for a little while, and talk to the two ladies about the general working of the institution. They speak with joy and thankfulness of what it is doing for the soldiers, and say that until they came here they never could have imagined the great powerful influence which ladies gain over the roughest and wildest fellows among them. They tell how Miss Robinson's whole heart and soul are in the noble Christian work of love, which her Master has put into her hand to do, and how bravely and truly she does it with her might. Many tales they likewise tell of wonders wrought by sympathy and love, of victories gained over evil in its hardest, darkest forms, by gentleness, and patience, and long-suffering. They speak of the lively intelligence which dawns in the men's faces as, day by day, they come to this home of blessing and grow familiar with it; of letters full of gratitude and love received by Miss Robinson from soldiers on distant foreign service, of testimony borne to the enduring nature of her work, on fever-stricken death-beds in Indian swamps, and death-beds

shaken by the cannons' thunder. They have something to say also of disappointment and failure, but what earthly Christian worker has not? Every fibre of these ladies' thoughts and feelings is evidently given to that which they have undertaken to do for God, and when our little chat with them is over, we part with hearts the larger and the softer for their words.

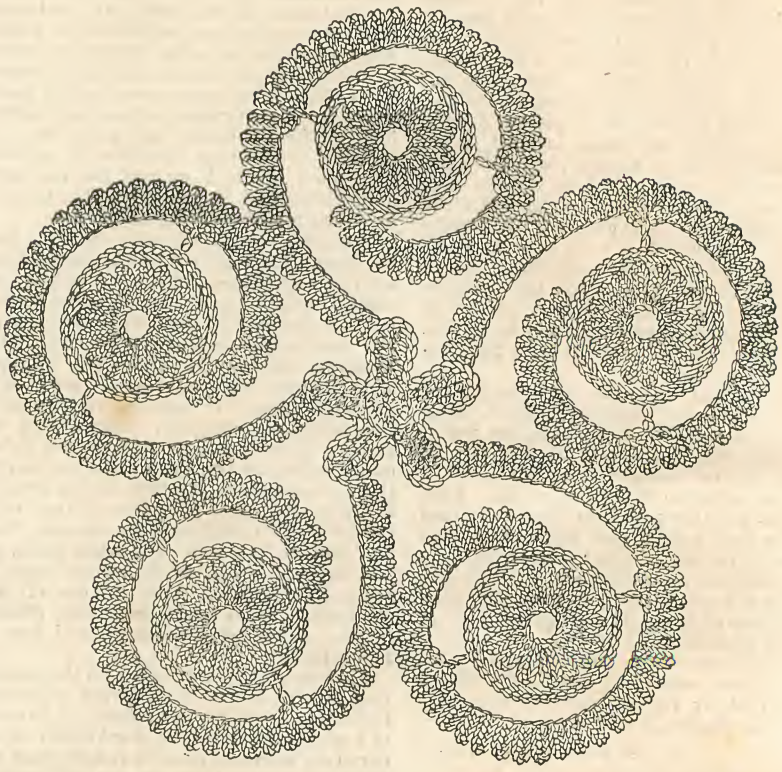
We now go on to "The Sailors' Welcome." Miss Robinson seems to have an especially tender corner in her heart for her sailor lads, who are, in a manner, apparent pets with her. This Sailors' Welcome is fitted up in a far more pretty and fanciful way than the Soldiers' Institute; the rules of the two establishments are much the same, the scales of prices are equal for food, and in both houses the beds are charged at the low rate of sixpence each, but in other things "The Institute" and "The Welcome" are different.

When the sailor men and boys land on the quay, and come wandering up the streets of the town, one of the first things which attracts and rivets their attention is a brilliant star of light, with the word "Welcome" shining out in the midst of it. Naturally enough they stop to inquire its meaning, and they hear that this radiant welcome is meant for none other than poor Jack himself. When they go indoors, they find everything arranged to suit Jack's taste as far as possible. Along the passages upstairs there runs a row of small rooms, all made accurately on the pattern of a ship's cabin; there is a little narrow bed, and a shelf with a Bible upon it, and a text hanging above telling of the dear Lord who walked upon the waters. As we glance out of the tiny window we can hardly believe that we shall not see the break and swirl of waves below. Over each of the cabin doors, as we pass along the corridor, a suggestive title meets our eyes, a title that may wake up lively thoughts and fancies in the lads' minds. Here is one called "The George and Margaret," in remembrance, we suppose, of the generous lady and gentleman who provided the money for the fitting-up of this cabin; another has the word "Sunbeam" written over its entrance, calling to mind the yacht of that name, well-known to fame; a third has the inscription "Auntie," and brings back to the memory, perhaps, of some worn, weather-beaten seaman a kind, mother-like face that used to smile on him in days long ago. Downstairs most convenient arrangements are made for the toilet of the men, so that Jack can make himself as smart and spruce as he pleases, before he goes out to take his morning stroll through the town. The whole place has a neat, trim, spicy air about it that reminds us, at once, of a man-of-war. "The Welcome" is carried on on the same strictly temperance principles as "The Soldiers' Institute." Like the latter, it has its comfortable reading-room, and Bible classes are also held here frequently by the ladies.

Both these two great and good institutions have been entirely established by the energy of one woman. Miss Robinson has met with obstacles of all kinds; failure of funds, occasional want of sympathy, her own weak physical health, but still she has persevered, strong in almighty love, in faith in God, in hope for man. Other ladies, as brave and devoted as herself, have gradually gathered round her, money has come in from sources from which she the least expected it, men have daily filled "The Institute" and "The Welcome;" for with Christ's work comes always Christ's blessing. Glad and thankful may English women be, when they gaze on pictures like this, of what women in England have done and are doing. Let our girls lift up joyfully their bright young eyes, and see what a glorious inheritance of woman's work lies before them.

ALICE KING.

MY WORK BASKET.



CROCHET STARS.

The centre star is made separately, as well as the rosettes. Make a chain of 5 stitches and close.

1st Row.—2 double crochet stitches into a chain stitch. Repeat this five times.

2nd Row.—2 double crochet into one stitch, 5 chain stitches; return down the 5 chain by passing the thread through each, 2 double crochet into the same.

The five rosettes to which the spirals are attached are worked as follows:—

1st Row.—16 chain stitches; join to form the ring.

2nd Row.—7 chain stitches; single stitch into chain of last row; repeat 16 times, fasten the cotton off, and begin the next row in the middle stitch of the 7 chain.

3rd Row.—1 single crochet into middle stitch of 7 chain in last row, 1 chain; repeat till the 16 loops are worked in; join.

4th Row.—Double crochet into every stitch. This completes the rosette.

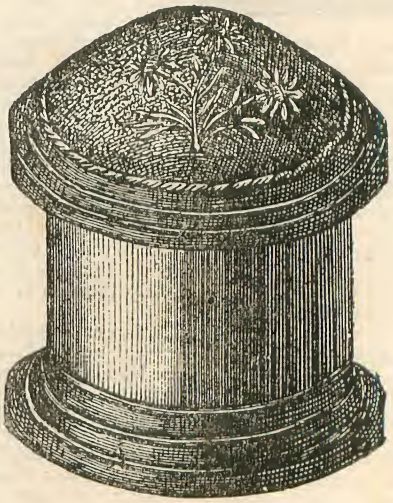
The spiral is begun on a stitch in last row of rosette, work 3 chain; return down these 3 chain with double crochet stitches; 1 single in next chain of rosette; turn the work.

2nd Row. — Single crochet on double crochet in last row; 3 chain stitches; return with double crochet stitches down the 5 chain stitches just made, and join to rosette.

After this work 12 sets of these scollops and join to the rosette with a treble crochet into seventh chain of rosette, counting from the stitch to which the spiral is attached; then work 24 scollops, and join to the 18th stitch of the chain round rosette. Continue working these scollops until you have made 49, then join to the centre star on the left side of each leaf. The five spirals are worked alike, and joined in three places to keep them together.

EMBROIDERED POWDER BOX.

The box is in ivory, spa, olive wood, or any of the fancy woods used for knick-knacks. On the lid is fixed a circular piece of twilled silk, satin, velvet, or any of the new embroidery canvases, decorated by a spray of daisies in painting, wool, silk, or chenille. Stuffed with wadding, bran, &c., the lid will

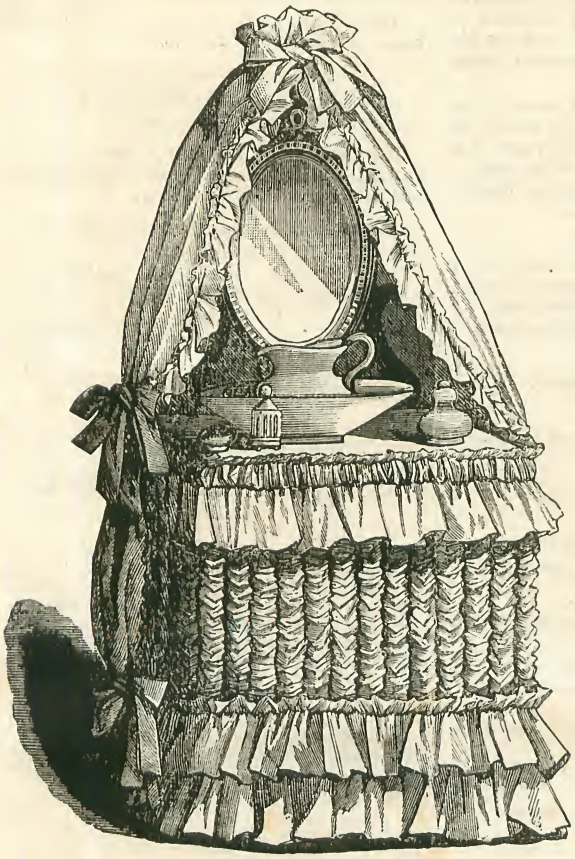


EMBROIDERED POWDER BOX.

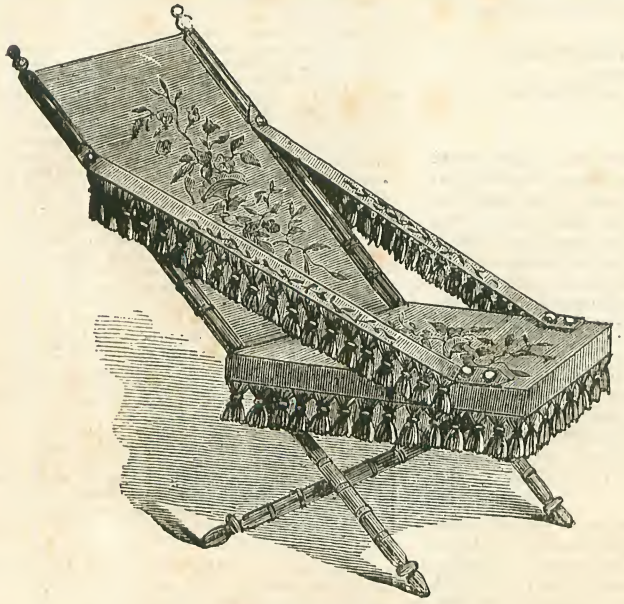
serve for a pincushion. The box itself may be prettily enhanced by painting or spatter-work.

Elegant Dressing-Table.

The dressing-table is always a point of attraction, and when tastefully got up lends a great charm to the room. A pretty and simple style of fitting is shown in our cut; the petticoat or lower part consists of puffed muslin placed over tightly-stretched glazed cambric of some bright colour which shows prettily through the transparent *bouillonnés*.



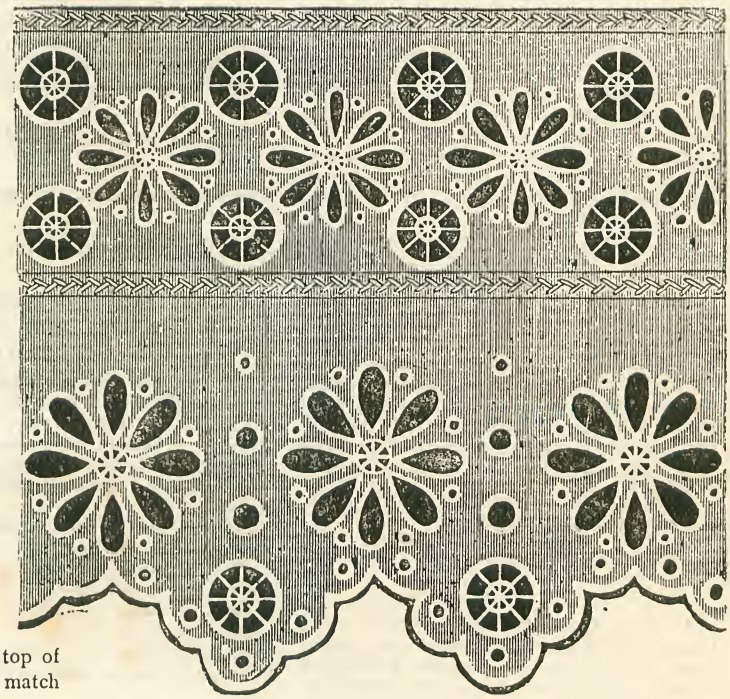
Two flounces surround the edge and a third frilling frames the top of the table, the 2-inch runner being threaded through by ribbon to match the lining. At a convenient height above the swing-glass is fixed in the wall a rod terminating in a circle or crown; this supports the narrow muslin curtains, gracefully tied back with ribbon-holders. If preferred, the carpenter can add to the table itself a frame for the hangings. The ewer and basin should be replaced by the jewel-box, dressing-case, satchet, and various etceteras.



Lounge Chair.

Lounge Chairs.

Light chairs, covered in needlework, now grace every fashionable boudoir and drawing room. The slender bamboo frames form merely a mounting to the embroidery, and are stained black or deep brown, occasionally picked out with gold. The groundwork materials range from velvet and satin to the simpler sheetings, oatmeals and even Java canvas. The design, whether floral or arabesque, is appropriately arranged for back and seat, the one narrow and climbing, the other more distributed over the surface. When arm-straps are buttoned to the chair a running pattern in keeping is worked upon them. The style of embroidery, outline, Holbein, or crewel stitch, depends quite upon taste; crewels, touched up with silks, are generally employed for the work, and of late gold thread has brightened up the whole. A fluffy worsted fringe completes the edge.



Embroidered Insertion and Bordering for the Bottom of Afternoon Tea Aprons, made of Linen or Ecru Holland.

Our old embroidery patterns are coming into use again in a new guise, and many of our young friends will be ransacking their old stores to supply designs for the "hundred and one" purposes for which they can be employed. The accompanying design is suitable for the aprons now so much in vogue. The work is done in button-hole stitch, with fast-coloured cottons or washing crewels. The pattern is traced on the material with a coarse cotton; the open leaves and holes cut with a sharp pair of scissors. The wheels are first worked by carrying a thread across the opening, and returning half way, by closely sewing it over; then, from taking the thread half way between this line and returning as before, and making a bar on the opposite side. When this is sewn over, the rest of the bars are worked in a similar manner.

The centre of the star is embroidered in a knot-stitch, and the small ring is done by passing the thread alternately twice under and over the cross lines, then worked in button-hole stitch. The eyelet-holes must be carefully fastened off on the wrong side. The insertion is separated by a row of herring-bone stitch, between two straight lines. This pattern also looks well worked with white embroidery cotton on black sateen.

WOMEN AND MUSIC.



E extract the following from Mr. Crowest's new work, "Phases of Musical England":—

"Women are eminently fitted, physically and intellectually, to follow music both as a study and an accomplishment. The emotional element is very strong in woman—stronger, perhaps, than in man, and this force is a desideratum when considered in its relation to music. She is also the personification of all that is artistic, delicate, sensitive, sympathetic, tender, and true—qualities which combine, indeed are essential, to form both the real art and artist. Hence the attitude which women bear to music becomes a subject of some interest, and one which is worthy of every consideration. Possessing the higher qualities in a more marked degree than do men, it seems far more consistent to reason that women, in preference to the stronger sex, should be called upon to transfuse into the art those qualities which form the very essence of all true musical work.

"Physically, there is no great obstacle in the way of her adopting the art generally as a serious study and a profitable work: indeed, she has in this respect also many advantages. Her fine long hand, and pliant lissom fingers, her easy and flexible wrist, would prove of inestimable benefit in those branches of the art where brilliant execution is needed; such, for instance, as in pianoforte or violin playing, to acquire which execution, and to keep the same in a state of perfection, demands from males an enormous amount of regular practice."

VARIETIES.

A HINT FOR LETTER-WRITERS. — The turn of a sentence has decided the fate of many a friendship. So when one is tempted to write a clever but sharp thing, though it may be difficult to restrain it, it is always better to leave it in the inkstand.

THE LITTLE THINGS WHICH FORM OUR LIVES.—Character is formed by a variety of minute circumstances more or less under the control of the individual. Not a day passes without its discipline, whether for good or for evil. There is no act, however trivial, but has its train of consequences, as there is no hair so small but casts its shadow. It was a wise saying of Mrs. Shimmelpenninck's mother, never to give way to what is little; or by that little, however you may despise it, you will be practically governed. —*Smiles.*

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No;
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.

—*Sir A. De Vere Hunt.*

A REPUTATION FOR TEACHING SHE-BEARS.—Printers sometimes make funny mistakes. A lady teacher once ordered an advertisement to be inserted in a newspaper, which spoke of "the reputation for teaching which she bears." The printer omitted the word "which," so the clause was made to announce to the world her "reputation for teaching *she-bears*."

HOW MEN WOULD LIKE TO GO TO HEAVEN.—"I have something to ask you," said a young eagle to a learned melancholy owl. "Men say there is a bird named merops, who, when he rises in the air, flies with his tail upwards and his head towards the ground. Is that true?" "Certainly not," answered the owl, "it is only a foolish tradition of man! He is himself a merops, for he would fly to heaven without for a moment losing sight of earth."—*Lessing.*

THREE THINGS THAT CANNOT BE HIDDEN.—If there are two things not to be hidden—love and a cough—I say there is a third, and that is ignorance, when once a woman is obliged to do something besides wagging her head.—*George Eliot.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A "BONE of contention" my first has oft been;
In the park, in the season, my second is seen;
My whole, only get him to do your desire,
A favourite he with son, daughter, and sire.

1.

Be this to thee thy friend and hound.

2.

This to a maiden's ear the sweetest sound.

3.

In me is the first woman always found.

4.

The good and bad by this alike are bound.

ALICE LEGG.

BEAUTY'S TOILET.

OTTO of roses, warranted to retain its fragrance in all climes - *Virtue.*

Essence of jasmine, apt to evaporate, therefore to be kept close—*Friendship.*

Essence of violet—*Humility.*

Beautifying lotions—*Tenderness and Constancy.*

An excellent bloom to preserve the complexion—*Early Rising.*

Best lip salve—*Smile of Benevolence.*

Cold cream—*Prudence.*

Fine eye-water—*Sensibility.*

Best rouge—*Modesty.*

Pomade divine—*Contentment.*

Drops to remove stains—*Honour and Rectitude.*

Drops to prevent *ennui*—*Employment.*

Sal-volatile—*Wit.*

Best sticking plaster—*Faithfulness.*

Best patent pins—*Repartee.*

A lotion to prevent wrinkles—*Cheerfulness.*

A mirror—*Reflection.*

QUESTIONING THE CUCKOO. — The most singular feature in the cuckoo, according to the superstitious lore of many of the countries of Europe, is its power of telling how long people have to live. It is believed that if, when you first hear a cuckoo in the morning, you put the question in a respectful manner, it will immediately repeat its note just as many times as you have years yet to spend in this world.

QUITE CONTENTED.—If thou hast but little, make it not less by murmuring. If thou hast enough, make it not too much by unthankfulness. She that is not thankfully contented with the least favour she hath received hath made herself incapable of the least favour she can receive.—*Quarles.*

THE ART OF SHOPPING.—"What's the price of this article?" inquired a deaf old lady. "Seven shillings," said the draper. "Seventeen shillings!" she exclaimed; "I will give you thirteen." "Seven shillings!" replied the honest tradesman, in a louder tone, "is the price of the article." "Oh! seven shillings," the lady sharply rejoined; "I'll give you five."

SITTING IN JUDGMENT.

It was a maxim very old and trite
Ages before our grandames saw the light,
That man be called nor happy nor unblest
Till he be called to take his last-long rest.

THE BEST POSSESSION AND THE WORST. —Best of all possessions is common-sense, and folly is the curse of curses.

THE TONGUE OF WISDOM.—Wisdom at once saith little and saith much.

A DANGEROUS ENEMY.

Of all the ills that happen to men
Temper is cause of nine in ten.

WHEN WE GO UP AND WHEN WE GO DOWN.—Be not elated by success, my daughter, and be not cast down in sorrow.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 711):—

CIRCASSIA
Calpe* A R A B Abyla*
(Gibraltar) LOMBARDY
PEARL
EURYCLEA (The Nurse of Ulysses.)

* Anciently the "Pillars of Hercules."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

LIVERPOOL.—See "Marmalade Pudding" and "Rich Cake," in the Answers to Correspondents, page 400, vol. ii. For icing a cake see page 288, vol. ii.

S. A. G.—To make inexpensive ginger beer see page 46, vol. ii. How strange it seems that our correspondents who "enjoy THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER so much, and read every word," should not be able to find recipes for themselves. We fear there is some indolence concerned in it, which we should not encourage. They are too lazy to look.

HUGIN and MINN.—Use enough flour to make them into a stiff paste. We should advise your going to a training school at once.

NAVY BLUE.—A pound is, of course, required for a "pound" cake. It was not needful to say so, we think. The 29th July, 1865, was a Saturday.

POPPET:—Both kinds will do for pickling. The seeds should be gathered one week after the blossoms have fallen off. The recipe for pickling is:—Take one quart of nasturtium seeds, throw them into cold salt and water, and let them remain three days and nights, changing the water three times. Lay in a sieve to drain, and rub till dry in a cloth. For the pickle, take one quart of vinegar, ¼ oz. each of mace, nutmeg, and white peppercorns. One *échalote* minced, salt ½ oz.; boil ten minutes, skim well, and when nearly cold pour over the fruit placed in jars, and tie down closely.

MADGE.—To make "Eccles cakes," first crumble some stale pound cake and sweet biscuits together; mix with the crumbs some chopped apples, currants, candied peels cut finely, mixed spices, a little butter, and sugar, a little essence of lemons, and some of the rind grated. Then moisten the whole with a little thin raspberry jam, and mix all thoroughly, and press it into a jar for use. This description of preserve is called "Banbury meat," although there is no "meat" in it. To make "Eccles cakes," first procure some pieces of tin, about a foot long, by six or eight wide, and upon these roll out sheets of "puff," or flaky paste, about an eighth of an inch in thickness, or rather more, so as to cover the tins. Spread a layer of the "Banbury meat" over them, and roll out a sheet of paste to be laid over each; trim the sides, divide the cakes into squares, bake in a moderately hot oven, and sprinkle white sugar over them when taken out. 2. Your writing is good, though written backwards.

AMATEUR COOK.—Sufficient flour to make into a stiff dough, not too stiff, or they will be tough.

ELLEN.—We consider that the foreign method of frying fish, viz., in sweet olive oil, is far preferable to dripping. It should cover the fish well. As a rule, the burning arises from being too dry.

EDUCATIONAL.

SENSITIVE SYLVIA.—'The composition of a letter being defective" simply meant that it was not expressed in accordance with rules of grammar nor in elegant style. We feel sorry for your distress at any backwardness in education for your age. But we do not see any just cause for being driven "nearly mad." The chief part of a girl's educa-

tion is usually accomplished between sixteen and twenty one. And what she then learns is far better acquired than in the enforced study of earlier years, the brain is more developed, and the will to learn is in her favour. You are but a child as yet; so take courage. We did not mean to discourage you.

QUIS.—The founding of a mathematical prize or scholarship at University College, London, to the memory of Miss Watson has been inaugurated because, having been the first woman to become a student of mathematics in that college, she proved to be one of the most brilliant pupils the college had ever had. In announcing the award at the distribution of prizes, Professor Clifford said: "A few more students like Miss Watson would raise University College to a status far surpassing that of institutions twenty times as rich, and two hundred times as long in existence." Serious illness cut short her studies, and she was obliged to leave for South Africa, where she died last December, aged only twenty-four years.

MARY (OF GLASGOW).—The School for the Daughters of Naval officers at Richmond-on-Thames, is well recommended. Apply to the head mistress, Miss Quinan.

A FRENCH GIRL.—The quickest method of learning a foreign language is by conversation; not merely of an artificial character, so to speak, but in daily life, so as to comprise all kinds of subjects, and every word in ordinary use. Residence with foreigners, and total disuse for a time of your own language, is essential. But during this period daily study of the grammar, reading, and writing in that language are most desirable. If you have a good ear, and have a well-formed mouth, practice will make you mistress of the "th." Certainly, while a resident in England, you may reasonably, and with perfect propriety, adopt our mode of life and rules of etiquette. The old proverb you quote is good authority for so doing. We thank you for your kind and complimentary letter.

A SILENT MEMBER.—A good subject for your "Debating Society" would be the best way of employing your time day by day, so as to suit the convenience of those with whom you live, while benefiting both them and yourself, a due regard to health being maintained.

KATY CROOME and PUNCH.—Write for information to the "National Training School for Music," Kensington-gore, London, W.C., where free instruction is offered to English subjects. Some of the scholarships carry with them exhibitions for maintenance. "Punch" should write to the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. For admission by examination, fee, one guinea, which is remitted on the success of the candidate. The entrance fee is £5, and for instruction, per term £10. The address of the "College of Preceptors," is 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. The certificates are recognised as guarantees of a good general education. Fee, 10s. Pupils' examinations held half-yearly.

DE IANTHE.—Any educational bookseller will get you a Rudiments of Latin or Primer without difficulty.

MOSS.—The specimen you enclose is one of the large and extensive genera of mosses called *Hyperum*, or feather-moss, of which Miller enumerates no less than five hundred species.

BETH.—The "Introduction to the Study of School Management," price 1s., published by W. Collins and Co., Bridewell-place, New Bridge-street, E.C., will help you. Afterwards you can get the larger works of Currie, Robinson, &c. We should advise the old-fashioned back-board; bead bags to hold on the head while walking in the schoolroom and house, and the elastic "chest expanders." Many thanks for your prettily-written letter, and its recognition of our efforts.

AYALA.—"Domestic Economy," for elder girls and pupil teachers, by Joseph Hassell, A.K.C., will suit your purpose.

ETHEL B. K.—Try the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study, Secretary, Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham.

WINNIE F.—Your letter has interested us greatly, and we are glad to hear that God has so greatly prospered your persevering industry, and we commend your desire to show gratitude where due by cultivating every branch of education that may be turned to the benefit of your friends. We think the best and quickest method would be to enlist the services of a good visiting teacher. If near a school, you would probably find a master who would gladly give you an hour's lessons on certain days in "book-keeping," and all else you desire to learn more perfectly.

STELLA.—We advise you to order the current number of the "Journal of the Women's Education Union," price 6d., Chapman and Hall, 136, Piccadilly, London, W., or the head office of the above-named Union, 112, Brompton-road, S.W. The address of the London School of Medicine for Women is 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square. Apply for particulars of the course, &c., to Mrs. Thorne. If your schooling ceased at twelve years old, and you are now seventeen, you will have great trouble in making up for the five years' loss of time, even had your education so far been of a high order. From the style in which you express yourself, it is evident that you have much to learn. You should not distinguish the current month by a cypher, instead of its name.

THERESA A.—You do not inform us sufficiently well as to the object of sending the girl abroad, to enable us to give an opinion. If advancing satisfactorily where she is, why make any change, and incur extra expense? Is it on account of the accident, or for the benefit of learning conversational German and French, that her going abroad is proposed? It might be of service in either case; but the advantage of removing her from the school and the masters in Edinburgh to strange ones in London we regard as very questionable. It would probably tend to throw back a delicate girl in her studies for some time.

GYP. E.—1. Read Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England." 2. The tulips should lie completely down.

WORK.

SHEFFIELD.—The best recipe for cleaning sable and furs in general is to sprinkle them with hot flour and sand, and brush them well afterwards. Then to beat out the dust with a cane, comb it with a wet comb, and then press with a warm iron. For ermine, plaster of Paris should be employed instead of the flour and sand, but the rest of the process should be similar to that above described.

CONSTANCE.—You employ the word "if" six times in eight short lines, and on the last occasion improperly for "whether." Unless the moth be in your velveteen dress, we do not see how the pile could "wear off" as much when you are not wearing it, and it lies by in a drawer, as it would if you wore it every day when riding, boating, gardening, nursing the baby, &c. The material, in an case, appears to have been of very inferior quality.

A DEVONSHIRE GIRL.—You do not inform us of the nature of the spots on the serge. If grease, we have given recipes many times for removing them; other stains may be so produced as to remove or change the colour of the stuff, and re-dyeing alone will restore it. Your bookseller will give the information you require. Brown will be one of the colours most worn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUTHIE.—In case of unsettled freehold property, and intestacy, the eldest son inherits. Leasehold and personalty goes to the widow—one third—and the remaining two-thirds are shared by the children alike, the eldest son sharing in these latter like the younger children.

GWEN FROU.—Remove the young dove, when a fortnight old, from the old birds, and feed it by hand with wnatever the latter gave it, crushing and softening it as they would have done.

QUEEN MADGE.—Equinoctial gales are caused by the general atmospheric disturbance attending the change in the direction of the great aerial currents, consequent passing of the sun from one hemisphere to the other. They generally prevail in the temperate regions at about March 20th and September 23rd, and are called the "Vernal" and "Autumnal" Equinoxes, or "equal nights" to the days.

SECNARF.—We are unable to give you lessons in the art of teaching. Procure some coloured pictures and tell them the stories they represent. We supply such at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBERS.—We are assured on good authority the water in water beds does not need to be changed, as it suffers no deterioration, the bed being air-tight. 2. The 17th of April in 1862 fell on a Thursday.

AMY BUCKLER.—The 1st volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER began with January 3, and ended with September 25, 1880.

MABEL ESSINGTON.—Half rise from your chair in shaking hands with ladies who arrive at the "Dorcas Society" meetings later than yourself. If, however, the lady were an elderly person, and you a young girl, it would be more seemly in you to rise altogether.

NOTE-PAPER.—Our insertion of amateur contributions entirely depends on their merit, not on the age of the girl from whom it comes. You write very nicely.

"MOTHER HUBBARD."—Your question has been so many times answered, we cannot spare time to do so again.

ALWAYS HOPEFUL.—We regret that we could not prescribe for your deafness, if all the doctors who have attended you for that purpose have failed. We presume that you have had your ears well syringed by them.

CALYPSO.—You write and express yourself far better in English, than a large proportion of our correspondents who are English born. Rest your aching back. Do not vainly try to fight against nature, when she so clearly points out what your condition requires. Lie down on an incline plane, or even on the floor—out of a draught, of course—with a small pillow under your head, and your eyes turned away from the light. Learn your lessons thus. Two hours a-day at least—divided if more convenient—should be invariably spent in a completely recumbent position, or your weakness of the spine may result in a curvature.

TIMBUCTOO.—To attempt to cure timid children by a process of frightening them, and proving their fears to be well grounded by floggings, appears to us the most idiotic, as well as the most cruel of plans. A lesson might be taken from modern horse-breakers. Gentleness and coaxing prove more powerful agents than brutal whipping, or the use of a whip at all. Even for telling falsehoods supposing them not to be of a malicious character ("against thy neighbour") being an evil result of great moral or physical timidity, should never be visited with corporal punishment; simply because consitutional defect in the character is only thereby augmented. Disobedience and rebellion of an aggravated nature, and above all any act of cruelty, should be the only exceptions, when corporal punishment may be judiciously administered; but even then never, under the most extreme circumstances of juvenile depravity, after the age of ten years; nor in ordinary cases after four. Between the ages of two and four, all such means of training should be concluded. Probably to the health of the child in question, the origin of her nervous timidity may be traced, and the imbecile method adopted for her cure will permanently confirm the defect. We are disgusted beyond expression at the conduct of the so-called "mother."

TWO JERSEY GIRLS.—You have fallen into the error of asking a question which we have already twice answered. Perhaps you would like to know that the word "addled" is derived from the Saxon *a-idlian*, to be empty, and the Welsh *aadl*, or rotten. The so-called "Addled Parliament" held its sessions between April 5, 1614, and June 7. 1615.

M. E. H.—A rosemary wash for the head is made just as you would make tea. Pour boiling water on a quantity of leaves, and cover them well to make the decoction draw thoroughly, then bottle it. You will require a wash of borax and campbor, to clean the hair on every alternate night, as the rosemary will make it sticky, and disposed to knot. Procure it at a greengrocer's, or a chemist would make the wash according to your directions. 2. Add as much flour as required for stiffening them sufficiently.

LANCASHIRE.—We thank you for telling us of the cure for "bed-sores." It is one with which we have not been practically acquainted, but of which we had heard long ago—viz., the placing of an earthenware pan under the patient's bed, containing a gallon or two of clean cold water, changing the water twice a day. The bed linen and night-dress of the patient must, at the same time, be kept smooth, and free at all times from wrinkles.

AUDREY.—You can procure the ingredients you require from any chemist in the right proportions. When at the chemist's, ask for the best plasters he can recommend, and try them.

HONOUR.—We advise you to seek information and advice of the lady superintendent, Miss Hobson, of the Training College and School for Deaf Mutes at the Elms, Castlebar-hill, Ealing. This lady should be seen or addressed at No. 1, Nottingham-place, Regent's park, W. The cards were circulated in the House of Commons.

E. N. SALOP.—Your son appears to be one of the many sufferers from wearing shoes with pointed toes. They tend to force out the joint, and likewise to bend the nail inwards. For some days lying-up on a sofa is indispensable to accomplish a cure, poulticing the nail to reduce the inflammation. Then begin to change its shape, by cutting it the reverse way to that in which finger-nails are cut—*i.e.*, making the half circle or crescent-form to cave inwards, instead of rounding outwards; the centre of the rim of the nail being concave instead of convex. Then take a small piece of glass, and gently scrape away the nail in the centre, from the quick upwards to the rim, so as gradually day by day to thin it there to a reasonable degree. This, together with the method of cutting, will tend to raise the sides out of the flesh; relieving the pressure inwards. It is a simple cure, which we have known to succeed in cases where all other plans failed. Till all inflammation be reduced, no shoe must be worn. Ask your doctor about the application of iodine to the joint, as it might be of use. Let him wear square-toed shoes henceforth. Do not thin the middle of the nail so much as to risk its cracking through, which would be a serious accident. A cold water bandage (dry ones over them) have, we have heard, been of great service to some in reducing swollen and inflamed joints.

C. A. G.—The children of your father's first cousin (or cousin-German) are your second cousins; and your father's first cousin is your own "first cousin once removed."

APRIL SHOWER.—Law-copying can be obtained by personal negotiation only, and requires previous training. Instruction is given at 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn; address Mrs. Sunter. The fee is five guineas, but we doubt her having a vacancy.

JOAN OF ARC.—Wash the dress in oxgall and water, which will set the colour. It is best to keep your milk in crockery vessels.

GERALDINE POWELL.—See "University Hoods, and How to Make Them," page 564, vol. i. Inquire of the Civil Service Commissioners.

BEN LEDI.—To cure "hay fever" immediate change of air, and if possible to the seaside, or, best of all, to make a voyage at the hay-making season, before it is commenced, is the best cure. In reference to medicine, large doses of quinine, taken two or three times in the day on the first outbreak of the complaint, together with the inhalation of ammonia. If the difficulty of breathing and the cough be severe, they should be treated like bronchitis. This is a general sketch of the treatment, but individual cases are for special consideration and direction, by a doctor in personal attendance.

META DUTT (Calcutta).—We thank you for so kind and appreciative a letter. Space fails us in our magazine to add to our list of contents already made. We think that, from the answers to correspondents, writing on religious subjects, much advice and instruction may be derived.

NELLIE WALTON. — Southend-on-Sea, Essex, is a very enjoyable place, and comparatively inexpensive. For a subscription of 1s. weekly a family has access to a lovely shady garden full of seats. There is a tramway on the pier, a mile and a half in length, sea bathing, and pleasant country drives.

ARUM LILY.—We are sorry to hear that your poor aunt's bequest has tempted you to make a pitiable object of yourself, and a laughing-stock for all sensible people. "Æsthetic dress" has been scouted almost out of sight, and only appears on the stage in burlesque performances. As to making your hair "frizzy," we hope you will not succeed. Why should you look like a white negress? Whether "æsthetic," or ladylike and reasonable, young girls do not require stays. Whalebones in the dress-bodice will keep it from being wrinkled. We advise you to desist from sending off what seem to be rockets from all your "t's." They look crazy.

RECONNAISANCE.—Aching in or behind the eyeballs, produced by reading or other employment, may be caused by some degree of congestion from over-straining. If so, it may be necessary to wear suitable spectacles (possibly for a time only), and to employ some drops to reduce the congestion. You should consult an occulist, as the case might be serious. You write a neat legible hand.

GRETCHEN.—Spots on a veil are objectionable, as they move about and dazzle the eyes. Plain thin ones do no harm, and benefit by preserving them from dust. 2. Avoid cheap soap, as it is always full of alkali.

GYP B.—Many thanks for the "tribute"; the idea is pretty, but we cannot say it shows a genius for poetry.

A SCOT.—About an inch would be needful between the pegs. We have reason to be well satisfied with the reception with which our paper has met in every class of society, from the high-born maiden to the hard-working domestic servant. We write for no particular class, but for "girls," and they all have much in common, whether in the palace or in the cottage. Both have God to glorify and Heaven to gain.

ZANA.—In the upper classes of society gentlemen and gentlewomen never address each other as "sir" and "ma'am." Anyone so doing would be regarded as ignorant, or at least "old-fashioned." It is quite right, however, in the lower so to address persons of superior position. Much may be learnt by associating with highly-bred as well as highly-educated persons, but it is not necessary to do so to be well-bred yourself, and you may, moreover, be essentially so, and yet unacquainted with many little rules of etiquette. So that, if you cultivate tact, speak gently, move quietly, listen attentively to the person addressing you, and avoid all tricks, you will be recognised as well bred when you go into society, even though ignorant of certain less important rules, with which your new associates may be familiar.

HEATHER.—Go to some basket warehouse, and inquire for what you want. We thank you for your kind letter, and are glad that our directions for decorating a table with Christmas-cards has proved such a success.

TIMBERIE BUKKOOP.—The reason that no answer was returned to your question was that there was a full answer on page 15, vol. ii. In future, before writing, please consult THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

TERESA ADELAIDE.—Thank you for your kind letter, and the assurance of the help our paper has brought to you. Nov. 5, 1863, was Thursday; the 20th Nov., 1866, was Tuesday.

FLOPSY.—1. King Charles II. 2. It depends on the flowers you put in it.

DAISY B.—Read "Puddings, and How to Make Them," page 27, vol. ii., also "Useful Hints" and "Answers to Correspondents." From 1s. 6d. to 2s., we believe, but you must inquire in your own neighbourhood.

SWEETBRIAR.—See vol. i., pages 420 and 499.

KUBY.—See page 127, vol. i. We do not comprehend your last query.

E. F. L.—"Home Sweet Home" is by J. Howard Payne, from the Opera of *Clari, the Maid of Milan*.

NELLY O'R. asks fifteen questions in her letter. For information respecting intermediate examinations, address J. K. Ingram, Esq., LL.D., University of Dublin. Examinations are held at various centres. 2. See "Velvet Painting," page 504, vol. ii.

NELLIE W.—Apply at the Religious Tract Society for tracts, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. There is a College for Working Women at 5, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, where you would find what you need.

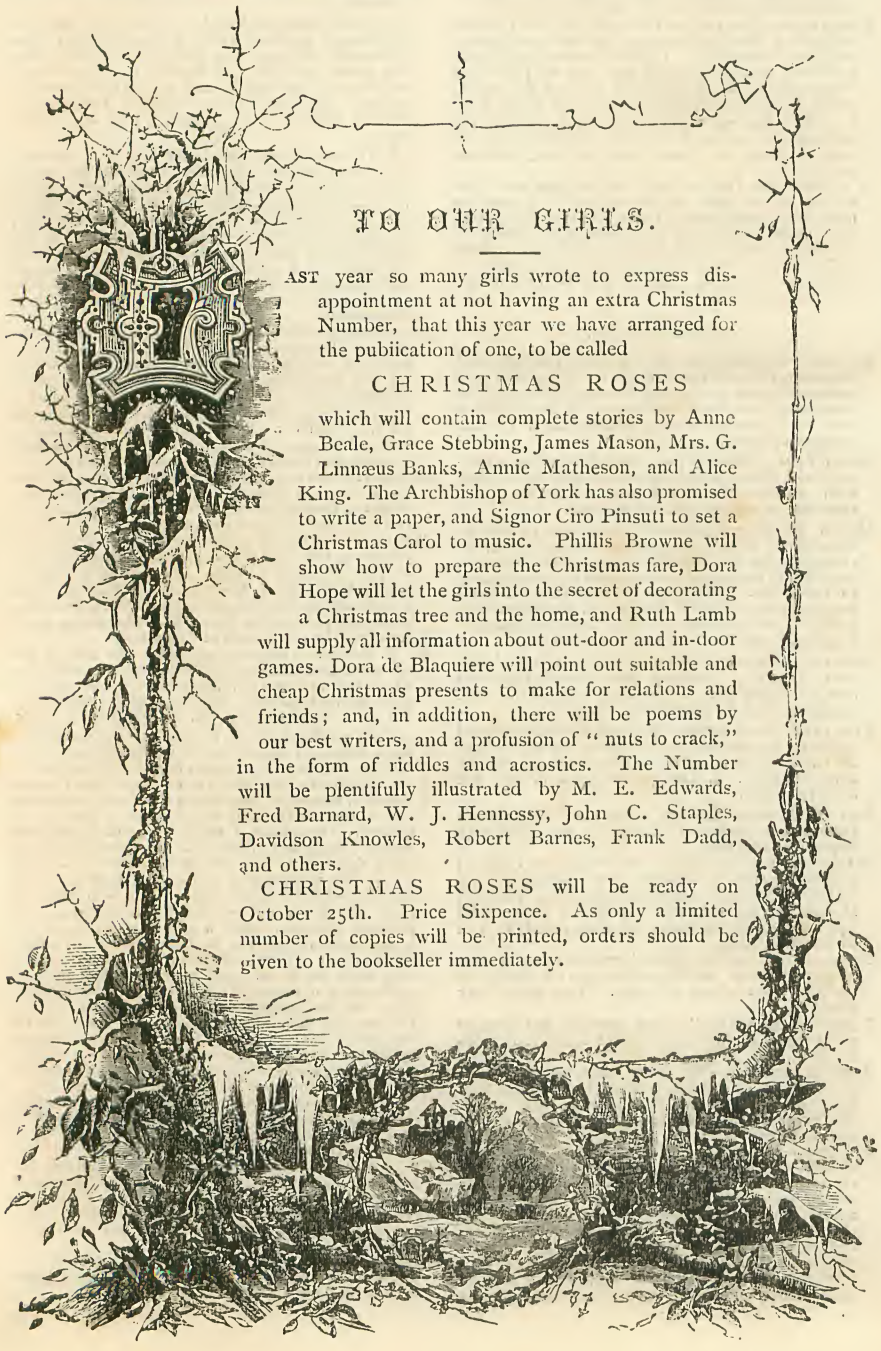
EUCLID.—Llewellyn, last ancient British Prince of Wales, was killed at the battle fought on the river Wye, Radnorshire, A.D. 1282. Young girls would not be eligible to be received as hospital nurses. At the age of twenty-five you might be taken in to learn the vocation; but many are the moral and physical requisites in intending nurses.

REV. W. ESCOTT.—The question you have asked is a well-known and difficult one, and perhaps you may not be aware that it formed a subject of discussion some two or three years ago in one of the weekly papers. The result of the inquiry was that it was discovered to be a late Latin translation of a Greek scholiast on a passage in a play in Euripides. The quotation, as given by you, is not quite correct, or else we have mistaken the handwriting. The right version runs thus: "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" We have great pleasure in solving the mystery for you, more especially as the question has puzzled so many classical scholars.

ONE OF THE BIG GIRLS.—We have given all the information you require respecting ministers and cathedrals already, to which we refer you. The former was a church connected with a monastery. 2. "Tablespoonfuls" is correct.

VIOLET.—We greatly commend your writing, which is beautifully regular, and every letter correctly formed. 2. Keep back your silkworm eggs from being hatched as it is useless to bring out the grubs before the mulberry leaves are out. Let them remain in a very cold place until the warm weather towards the end of May has provided food for them. The worms do not attain their full size and maturity until eight weeks old, during which time they change their skins about four or five times.

WAPPY.—A "polariscope" is an optical instrument, employed for experimenting on the polarisation of light. The most beautiful and brilliant colours are shown by it, and it enables you to see most delicate microscopic objects to very great advantage. The "polarisation of light" was first discovered by Huygens, when investigating the cause of double refraction, as seen in the Iceland crystal, and the discoveries of Malus, in 1810, directed the attention of opticians to the science. Since then other great men have added to the discoveries made, and, amongst others, Prince Leopold has written an admirable work on the subject.



TO OUR GIRLS.

LAST year so many girls wrote to express disappointment at not having an extra Christmas Number, that this year we have arranged for the publication of one, to be called

CHRISTMAS ROSES

which will contain complete stories by Anne Beale, Grace Stebbing, James Mason, Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, Annie Matheson, and Alice King. The Archbishop of York has also promised to write a paper, and Signor Ciro Pinsuti to set a Christmas Carol to music. Phillis Browne will show how to prepare the Christmas fare, Dora Hope will let the girls into the secret of decorating a Christmas tree and the home, and Ruth Lamb will supply all information about out-door and in-door games. Dora de Blaquiere will point out suitable and cheap Christmas presents to make for relations and friends; and, in addition, there will be poems by our best writers, and a profusion of "nuts to crack," in the form of riddles and acrostics. The Number will be plentifully illustrated by M. E. Edwards, Fred Barnard, W. J. Hennessy, John C. Staples, Davidson Knowles, Robert Barnes, Frank Dadd, and others.

CHRISTMAS ROSES will be ready on October 25th. Price Sixpence. As only a limited number of copies will be printed, orders should be given to the bookseller immediately.



VOL. II.—NO. 91. SEPTEMBER 24, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THOU HAST FINISH'D JOY AND MOAN."

SUMMER and autumn had passed away and winter had fairly set in before Mrs. Bellister and her friend arrived at Clover Mead.

Daisy had her first glimpse of the pair in church. They came in rather late, and a good many heads were turned at their entrance. Mrs. Bellister, a plump little woman, with a round, rosy face, was very richly dressed, but her colours were too gay for Daisy's sober taste, and she looked almost vulgar beside her young companion. More fragile than ever, Gertrude seemed to have gained in style and elegance. Daisy could not help glancing at her when they stood up to sing, and encountered the eager gaze of those great bright eyes. An indescribable feeling of pity and tenderness filled her heart; and yet the dainty little lady, delicate though she was, did not seem to stand in need of compassion at all.

In the porch, after service, Daisy was met with outstretched hands and cordial greetings.

"I am more than glad to see you," said Gertrude's silvery voice. "How happy you must be now, Daisy!"

"Yes, I am happy," Daisy replied. "Have you come to make a long stay at Clover Mead?"

"As long as Mrs. Bellister wants me, I shall remain. The air here is a wonderful tonic, they say, and I think I need strengthening. Between ourselves, Daisy, I am a sad wreck."

"Ought you not to lead a quiet life?"

"Quietness is impossible with Mrs. Bellister. We have a crowd of people coming at Christmas, and we are arranging for balls and theatricals. By the way, how did the Garnetts' charade-party go off last year?"

"Very well, I believe; I don't remember it distinctly. So many things happened just then."

"I had a furious letter from Maud," said Gertrude, lowering her voice, as they walked towards the churchyard gates, and I must own I used her rather badly. I wrote and said I was sorry she was pained; it was all that could be done."

"She was deeply hurt," answered Daisy. "I saw her distress, and it was real."

"The whole affair was most unfortunate," Gertrude confessed. "I daresay I have made her my

[*All rights reserved.*]



MRS. GEORGE ALDERSTONE.

enemy for life; but it can't be helped. Is that beautiful woman the Countess of Hazlewood?"

"Yes," said Daisy, smiling at Cecily.

"And she is your aunt, and everybody raves about her. Oh, Daisy, what a fortunate girl you are! I believe the fates are kind to good, quiet little souls like you."

They parted at the gate, Gertrude tripping off to Mrs. Bellister's brougham, and Daisy walking homewards by her uncle's side.

There had been real friendliness in Miss Sandon's manner, and Daisy could not help hoping that she had caught a glimpse of Gertrude's better self. She called at Clover Mead with Mr. Hurstone on Tuesday, but Mrs. Bellister and Miss Sandon were not at home. Before the week was ended, however, the ladies from Clover Mead returned the visit, and the two girls found an opportunity to say a few confidential words.

"You really are looking delicate, Gertrude," said Daisy, with a ring of true sympathy in her voice. Gertrude met her gaze with a grateful look and a sigh.

"I often feel very weary, Daisy," she replied. "But," she added, almost in a whisper, "I cannot get away from Mrs. Bellister at present."

At the other end of the room Mrs. Bellister was talking volubly to Mr. Hurstone, standing at the open door of the conservatory, and holding forth upon the different shades of the camelias. There was no fear that Gertrude's low tone would be overheard.

"I am her paid companion," she went on, bitterly. "Of course, no one knows that I receive any salary; it is understood that I am to be treated as a guest. But I am a servant, Daisy, just an upper servant, and that's all!"

"But, Gertrude, there are kind, good people whom it would be pleasant to live with. Or there is your uncle's house."

"They do not want me at home," Miss Sandon answered, decidedly. "The General says that I have acquired expensive habits; and my mother, being a confirmed invalid, finds her own income barely sufficient for her wants. She has a nurse always with her, and a daughter is of no use at all."

"Oh, Gertrude, is not that the daughter's fault?"

"Yes, Daisy, perhaps it is. I always hated being with sick people; but, anyway, a nurse is necessary now, for mamma is nearly helpless."

"But, Gertrude, if you are uncomfortable at Clover Mead, you need not stay there. Does Mrs. Bellister expect too much of you?"

"She is a wonderfully robust person, and she won't let anybody take rest," sighed Gertrude. "Nerves and headaches, and ailments she doesn't understand. We are like the troubled sea, always in motion. I should have liked it once, I daresay, but one can have too much even of pleasure."

"Especially if one is not strong."

"Ah, yes, I wish I could have just one quiet hour with you, Daisy. There are many things that I want to say."

The quiet hour was secured a day or two later, by Janet Alderstone's influence. She went to Clover Mead, and kept Mrs. Bellister amused while Daisy and Gertrude took afternoon tea together at the Hall.

It was what country-folk call an old-fashioned winter. Every day the weather grew colder and colder, and the crystal sheet on the village pools became thicker and thicker. The roads were as hard as iron, and in the wheel-ruts the thin ice crackled under one's tread; but the people of Hurst Gate were well cared for, and many basins of soup found their way to the homes of the sick.

Daisy had led her friend to the little breakfast-room, and there they were as warm as hot tea and a blazing fire could make them. At six Gertrude was to be sent home in a carriage to Clover Mead, to be in time for Mrs. Bellister's seven o'clock dinner.

"Daisy," said Gertrude, breaking a silence that had fallen upon them both, "I have a daily-increasing desire for rest. I do not mean mere bodily rest; it is the spirit that pines for repose."

"'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest,'" repeated Daisy, in her softest tones.

"I am coming to Him, Daisy, or, rather, I think that He is coming to me. I am so heavily-burdened with troubles and sins that I can hardly reach His feet. You know how wicked and selfish I have been; it is my own fault that my mother and my uncle do not want me."

"Christ wants you," said Daisy.

"When I talk to you I seem to get nearer to Him. Ah, Daisy, I think His true servants make us see how sweet His service is!"

"And you will enter that service, dear Gertrude?"

"Yes, if He will receive me."

Long after her uncle's brougham had taken Gertrude back to Mrs. Bellister, Daisy sat and mused by the fire, planning how she could best help this friend of hers. She thought that she would ask Mr. Hurstone to let Gertrude pay them a long visit; and when she was thoroughly rested and strengthened, perhaps Lady Hazlewood's influence might find her a happier home than Clover Mead. Her meditations were cut short by Uncle Charles himself.

"There is to be skating on the Moor Pond to-morrow," he said. "Would you like to see the skaters, Daisy? It will be a fine day, I think."

"Yes, I should like it very much," Daisy answered, still thinking more of Gertrude than the skaters. And then orders were given for the carriage to be ready at eleven the next morning.

The day dawned clear and bright, and Daisy looked out upon a sparkling world from her chamber window. Uncle Charles was in excellent spirits; skating had been a favourite amusement of his early boyhood, and he was full of stories of old times and old doings. The open carriage, heaped with buffalo and bear skins, came round to the hall-door at the appointed hour, and Daisy's spirits rose as the horses trotted briskly along the road.

The moors were no longer silent and deserted; from all parts people were flocking towards the great pond, on which the skaters had already begun their evolutions. Carriages were to be seen, too. The Earl and Countess of Hazlewood were looking on, and Janet Alderstone was standing by her father's side, watching the gliding figures with an amused face. Daisy soon made her way to her friend's side.

"Look at Mrs. Bellister," said Janet, laughing. "She prides herself on her skating, but she is too short and stout to show to advantage on the ice. What a gorgeous hat that is. I wonder why she will always deck herself out in such a gaudy fashion!"

"She looks like a tropical bird," said Daisy. "What a contrast to Gertrude?"

"Yes; I am beginning to own that there is a charm about Miss Sandon. You know I was prejudiced; but she is not nearly so frivolous as I expected to find her, and she bewitches one with her bright eyes and silvery voice. Look at her now—what a graceful little winter fay she is!"

The light figure of Gertrude, in a tightly-fitting costume, all silver-grey cloth and chinchilla, went skimming along like a sprite. Daisy was not near enough to see her face, but there was not the least token of weariness in that easy movement, and she followed Gerty with a fascinated gaze.

"Who is that in light grey?" asked Lord Hazlewood, joining the two girls. "Cecily has been admiring her a good deal."

"It is Miss Sandon; she is a friend of mine," Daisy answered. "I never saw anyone skate so beautifully."

At that moment one of the earl's servants stepped up to the little group, and spoke to his master.

"Are you girls thinking of venturing on the pond?" Lord Hazlewood asked. "You must be careful to keep on this side if you do. Carter has just told me that the ice yonder was broken up for the water-fowl yesterday, and of course it is only covered again by a very thin crust. He is gone to warn people off the spot."

The earl's closing words were drowned by a loud shout. There was instantly a rush of the crowd towards the other side of the pond, and Daisy and her companions were borne along by the throng.

"What is it?" cried Daisy, grasping the earl's arm.

"Someone has gone in, I am afraid," he answered. "But Carter and some of my people are on the watch. They will—what's that?

"What?" cried Daisy, agonised.

But Lord Hazlewood gently freed himself from her hands, and pushed his way to the edge of the lake. Recognising him, the spectators parted to left and right; and then the girls caught a glimpse of a large pool in the ice, and floating on it a little grey cap trimmed with fur.

Daisy had afterwards but an indistinct recollection of what followed. She remembered vaguely the cries and lamentations of the crowd, and then the vision of a young white face, calm in its last sleep. Poor Gertrude! Rest was given to her, indeed—a rest for body and soul too. The feverish little life, with all its perplexities and troubles, had come to a sudden end.

After what seemed a long dream, Daisy woke to the consciousness of being lifted out of the carriage and borne upstairs to her own room. Kind hands were busy about her; Cecily's hands unfastened her furs and outer garments, and helped to smoothe her pillow. And throughout the remainder of that weary day Cecily kept watch by her side.

Mrs. Bellister indulged in a violent burst of tears and hysterics, and would have been glad to forget that her selfishness had forced her companion to go to the Moor Pond. Gertrude had pleaded headache and weariness as an excuse for staying at home; but her complaints were met with a sneer, and she had braced herself up to do her part. Well, it was all over now. No need to play the world's game any longer; no need to wear a mask and live a false life. Gertrude had done with shams and deceits for ever and ever.

Janet and Daisy went together to the pretty village churchyard to choose her resting-place. They found a quiet nook near the east wall of the old church, where a yew was casting its mourning shadow over the frosty grass. All around the landscape, in its winter garb, was bright with December sunshine; the sky had the intense clearness and purity that is oftenest seen in early spring; and a robin, perched upon a leafless elm, was trilling his cheery song.

Daisy's thoughts went back to the day when she had first seen Gertrude Sandon at Portland-place, and had little dreamt that in the space of one brief year she should be choosing the spot for her grave. She remembered, too, the last talk they had ever had together, and Gerty's timid trust in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

"Maud will not see the grave till the flowers are growing over it," she said to Janet. "She will come here when the May blossoms are in bloom, and the trees have put on their leaves again. And, perhaps, Janet, she may feel, as she stands here, that death is only love's winter, not its destruction."

* * * * *

Mr. Alderstone has watched the developing of her character with earnest eyes. Daisy's heart was won unawares in those sad days in Dr. Garnett's house when George Alderstone first came into her young life. In those days she had thought of him as a light-bearer, sent to brighten the gloom of her dark path; but she did not realise that he was destined to tread that path by her side. As husband and wife the pair will travel peacefully together to that eternal land where partings are unknown.

We shall not follow Daisy Garnett any farther along the path of her life; but leave her, dwelling in the old hall, living amongst her best earthly friends, loving and beloved. Happier days are in store for her than she has ever yet known; days when the girl's feelings shall change and deepen into the feelings of a woman, and childish things shall be put away without a sigh. Sorrows, too, will come; other graves, besides Gertrude's, will be wept over with bitter tears, but God's sunlight will be shining upon her still.

There are not many changes in the busy town of Bridleton as the years move on; it is, and always will be, one of those bustling, smoke-bedimmed places where poverty and suffering are ever to be found. But a stranger, wandering through the town, may chance perhaps to come upon a certain street in which our little heroine first saw the light. The house in which Daisy was born still remains; but it has been so enlarged and improved as to be scarcely recognisable; and the visitor will be told, with some pride, that this is the Children's Hospital, founded in memory of Doctor Andrew Garnett by his daughter.

The room where Rose Garnett sat working at her baby-garments, and Daisy played her solitary childish games, is a pleasant chamber in these days. Little sick children do not grow tired of the sunny pictures and bright texts upon its walls; and kind nurses move to-and-fro, bringing fruits and flowers to the small beds, or sit beside them to read the newest story-books. The yard is now converted into a veritable garden, much larger than it ever was in old days, and flowers and green things have been coaxed to grow in spite of soot and smoke. The Michaelmas daisies still bloom in their season, and make friends with china-asters and dahlias.

It is no new tale that the flowers have to tell each other as they stand grouped together in the autumn sunshine; it is only the old story that will never have an end while the earth endures.

And yet what a beautiful tale it is—the tale of patience, and long-suffering, and steadfastness! In all the world, perhaps, there is hardly any nobler thing than the fortitude which is lovely amid unloveliness, and fresh in the midst of decay.

This is the story that the Michaelmas daisies are ever whispering in the misty town-garden; and the nurses repeat it to the sick children lying within doors. And the lesson of the Michaelmas daisies becomes wrought into the daily life of many a suffering little one, just as it must be wrought into your life and mine if we are to live worthily and truly. For to each of us is given the power of living and growing, no matter in what dreary corner our roots may be planted; and the Master keeps watch over the blossoms, even when they are opened for His eye alone.



A GUIDE TO GOOD HABITS.

THERE is a simple plan, girls, for making good things easy—do them so often that they become habits. Unfortunately, however, bad things are to be made easy in the same way. So the subject of habits has two sides—one full of cheerfulness and encouragement, and the other quite the reverse.

The sooner in life we form good habits the better. Indeed, it is only early that we can reasonably hope to form habits at all. If you are going to teach bears to dance, or dogs to fetch and carry, or parrots to talk, or cats to open doors, you must begin betimes. The same with girls. Is cheerfulness to be a habit? Begin it now. And truthfulness? Begin it now. And generosity? Begin it now. Yes, my friends, now is the time.

Never mind the difficulty: there is very little in this world that is good and easy at the same time. The gold that is refined in the hottest furnace, says someone, comes out the purest in the long run; or, as Jean Paul puts it, "the canary bird sings the sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage."

No one, for example, would call the acquiring of the habit of industry an easy matter; but, for all that, industry should grow to be about as natural as breathing. I don't mean in the style of Clara, who has got into the way of always sitting with a piece of embroidery in her hand, which truly looks very industrious; but if you watch you will see she only does about two stitches every ten minutes. She is no model. Be you actively industrious—five hundred stitches every ten minutes, if that be possible. "Work apace, apace, apace," says the old song, "Honest labour bears a lovely face." The habit of frittering away time in doing nothing is very easily acquired, but happiness goes hand in hand with occupation, as, girls, I have pointed out to you before.

For those who are working for their living, the habit of industry is of special importance. Our business—just because it is our business—should be always kept in view, and we may quite well do this without falling into the objectionable practice of keeping a sharp eye always on the main chance. No one wants you, industrious girls, to push matters as hard as the man who, on his first and only visit to the top of the Great Pyramid, left there a packet of handbills and leaflets, puffing the superior qualities of his patent hairpins.

One of the most striking features in connection with good habits is their influence upon health. Look at Florence's mother. Why, people were quite certain about her immediate death at least twenty-five years ago. Good habits have falsified these predictions, and she may even live a few years yet to furnish a still more striking example of how life may be prolonged by regular ways and common sense.

As a healthy habit, there is that of early rising. That this is highly favourable to long life is acknowledged by everyone who has paid any attention to the subject. And yet how few of us ever see the day break, or can claim acquaintance with the rising sun.

In connection with eating and drinking, too, good habits are of great importance. No doubt, health now and then requires us to be careful, and will even insist on our adopting a particular diet. But happy is that girl who acquires early the habit of eating what is set before her without raising objections or making wry faces.

There was a boy once who took it into his head to refuse to eat cold mutton. His father heard of it. "Let Andrew," said the father, "have cold mutton for breakfast, cold mutton for dinner, and cold mutton for supper, till he has learned to like cold mutton." This seems rather harsh treatment, but Andrew possibly grew up to bless the memory of his father, for

implanting in him comparative indifference as to what he either ate or drank.

One of your foolish habits, girls, is very often timidity. You are nervously afraid about nothing—at least, most frequently it is about nothing; for substantial dangers do not occur every day of our lives. Some of you are terrified at the thought of going into a dark room, and others tremble at a mere sound, like a girl I met with in a book a while ago. She was reading a story in her own bedroom late at night, when suddenly she heard a thump. Up she sprang, put out the candle, and then, without undressing, covered herself up, her head in the quilt, and her heart beating so that you might have heard it. Now, the thump was only the great dog knocking his tail against the door! Had *that* girl cultivated the habit of self-possession—as I recommend you to do—no such sound would ever have frightened her, and she might long ere this have finished her story in peace.

Absent-mindedness is another habit worth speaking about, if only because it sometimes leads to such odd results. You have all heard of the lady who was going to give a visitor a glass of wine, but she was dreaming about something else, and poured him out a glass of vinegar instead. Then there was the other lady who put salt on all her visitors' pastry instead of sugar. These things happen very much through defective training. Some people, by good training, remember and attend to everything; others, by the fault of their upbringing, remember nothing, like that worthy family I encountered the other night, who had left home and forgotten to take the latchkey to let themselves in again.

The only occasion on which absent mindedness seems excusable is over an interesting book. But you must not understand me as recommending the example of the industrious student who was walking along a country road reading, and marched into the middle of a pretty deep stream before she knew where she was.

This leads one to speak of the habit of reading. A great many contrive to get through the world without this habit; but life to them must be a sorry affair. Hettie tells me she went to stay for a month recently with a wealthy family, and all the books they had in the house—and a big house, too—were a Bible and a French novel. "Such a wearisome month!" says Hettie. To readers there are never either wearisome months or wearisome minutes, provided there are books at hand; and for this reason, girls, if for no other, make books your constant companions.

One has not far to go for examples of bad habits. The observant eye, which, for the purposes of these papers, I have had to keep upon you all, has shown me many a peculiarity which, my dear friends, you would be better without. Laura, to begin with her, has the habit of fussiness. It is just a habit, and, perhaps, after this hint in season she—for Laura is a nice girl—will set about attaining that high standard of good breeding which consists in taking everything coolly.

Julia's bad habit is self-admiration. She forgets that that state of mind most often ends in disaster. That is just what the deer did when it looked in the water admiring its own figure, and paid not the least attention to the hunter's horn.

Then there is Janet. When she is embarrassed, she always gives a little, short, nervous cough, and that is her bad habit. Her sister Kate has the funny habit of—when she thinks she is alone—carrying on a soliloquy in a low voice.

Charlotte talks too much. Her agreeable rattle has before now furnished life and spirits to many a dull party, and I would not therefore chide her unreasonably. But, Charlotte, you do talk too much; and it would be a good thing if you now and then remembered the confession of that great man who set down in one of his books, "I never talked much at any one time in my life without saying something or other I was sorry for."

Our last example will be Isabella, who has long had the bad habit of looking only to herself. Take care, Isabella. Your ideas are in danger of growing narrower every day, and by the time you marry that duke, who at present exists only in your mind's eye, there won't be a pin to choose between you and the duchess who once on a time persuaded her husband to decline to allow great public improvements on the ground that they might raise the price of the butter and eggs used in her family.

A safe rule for the formation of good habits is to take care to frequent only the society of those who are well bred. I don't think that a certain girl whom I have perhaps mentioned to you already would curtsey like a telescope shutting up, if she had been much with those who were worth imitating.

Those who would form good habits must act when alone just as they would were people present. Take such a habit as slovenliness, for example, for which "Nobody sees me" forms a too-frequent excuse. Girls, beware of the first step in that direction. Without habits of neatness and order you are not worth speaking to. A young man was once much struck with a girl, and thought her perfection, of course; but one day he chanced to get a glimpse of her own room, with everything in it at sixes and sevens, and after that he never mentioned her name.

When you are sure that a habit you have fallen into is really a bad one, there should be no delay in giving it up. "Only once more." No, indeed, Nanette; let your resolution be "Never again." Gradual reformation is a mistake, and life is too short for any other way of correcting faults than that of just at once throwing them overboard.

It is a method which, at least, should always be tried; but the worst of bad habits is that they take so firm hold of us. Everyone knows this who has acquired any awkward tricks of fingering either on the piano or the violin, or who has picked up a faulty pronunciation of a foreign language. If we could only correct a bad habit by a resolution to be taken in a moment how delightful it would be. But Nature is against that easy process, and we must sometimes work harder to unlearn bad habits than would be necessary to form three times the number of good ones.

What a fine argument this is for keeping a careful watch over ourselves. My compliments, then, to everyone who can lay her hand on her heart and say she is honestly striving to begin life with a great stock of good habits. I have considerable hopes of some of you, for it is clear you are trying so hard to begin right that you can hardly fail to end satisfactorily.

JAMES MASON.

SEASONABLE DRESS, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.



A NEW BONNET.

THE first morsel of news about dress which occurs to us is the brave attempt now being made by a number of ladies, with the Countess of Bective at their head, to help the suffering woollen trade of our dear native country by wearing only goods of British manufacture. This patriotic attempt has been joined by some of our princesses, and a large number of ladies of high rank, and the principal tradesmen throughout the kingdom, and the best dressmakers have all promised to help to the utmost of their power.

To understand the subject, it is needful to explain that English wool, as grown by the English farmers and spun by English manufacturers, makes into shiny materials known as alpacas, *poil de chèvres*, mohair, and many other names. All these were much worn both in France and England up to the year 1874, when a sudden freak of taste sent them out of favour, and they never since have been recognised by fashion. This seems the more a pity when we remember that they are amongst the best wearing, lasting, and prettiest materials in the world. Fashion, however, insisted that nothing should be worn but materials with a dull surface—cashmeres, merinoes, *vigognes*, and the dozen other products of French looms which fall in soft undulating folds, have no stiffness or dress, and reflect no lustre whatever. The effect of this has been, we are told, to destroy the English woollen trade in dress textiles entirely, and this is one of the causes that has rendered farming in England so bad, for the farmer found no market for his wool, as nobody wore materials into which it is woven.

So now, if we want to be patriotic, we know what we must do, and must bear the fact in mind when we buy our winter dresses, that all shiny materials are of English manufacture, and all the dull cashmeres and merinoes French. But you must not run away with the thought that our English manufacturers might have followed the fashion perhaps, and have made soft materials, too; but this they could not do with the alpaca wool, and the expense of changing the machinery is so great they could not accomplish it. Besides, it seems that the French are such good dyers, and so blessed with sunshine and soft water, that we cannot compete with them.

And now we will turn to our seasonable dress, and tell what we know of present and coming styles, so as to help our girls to be beforehand with their plans, for no economical



A VARIETY OF NEW COSTUMES.

dressing is ever accomplished, we think, without much previous thought and planning how to do the best possible with everything we have, and how to add the new so as to make the old look better and go further.

Amongst new and useful materials—being, however, only old ones revived—we find striped velveteen and watered silk, also moire antique; both of the last-named are used as trimmings and bodices, not as whole dresses. They are mixed with nun's cloth, cashmere, silk, cotton, and even with sateen. For instance, a moire skirt may be used with a polonaise or belted bodice and tunic of lawn gingham, cashmere, or nun's cloth, now more generally called veiling. With polonaises a moire or watered silk sash is tied low round the hips, and with a round waist a moire belt is used with a knotted double ribbon of the same hanging at the side, or a chatelaine bag of the same. The chatelaine bag is illustrated in our picture (see background). Jackets and pointed bodices of moire are much worn for best or evening dresses, the skirts being of foulard, Indian muslin, white muslin, barège, or grenadine. Black grenadine skirts look well with black moire bodices, the grenadine being sometimes mounted over a coloured silk or sateen skirt, in which case the stockings match the colour of the skirt. The grenadine most worn is a square-meshed coarse canvas sort, not stiff or shiny.

From this it will be gathered that the making over of old dresses is very comfortably provided for by Dame Fashion this autumn, and that during the winter evenings, with a little management we shall be able to make use of summer dresses; and now that we can cover our old silk dresses with grenadine, we have no excuse for being shabby-genteel in half-worn dirty light silks, for we can have them dyed and turn them into pretty new dresses.

Jerseys are still worn, but now they are generally beaded in all kinds of designs, and edged with handsome fringes of jet; they are buttoned down the back and are very much used with black satin, silk, and cashmere skirts very much gauged above the flounces. Of course the possessors of skirts with no bodice are in clover, between the watered silk, the striped velveteen bodices, and the continuance of Jerseys. It always seems easier to turn over and re-make a skirt than a bodice, and it is wonderful what can be done with an old skirt and a few yards of new material.

We have not said anything yet about the striped or ribbed velveteens. The skirts are made in loose wide-kilted plaits, with a plain scarf tunic of light tweed or cashmere. Very effective mixtures are made of colour; for instance, the velveteen may be of a light uncertain browny yellow, and the tunic of a rich dark plum colour; grey may be worn with garnet, or dust colour with a chestnut-brown. The jacket is made of the velveteen, with no other trimming than buttons, with which it is fastened. Velveteen is a very favourite material with English girls, and the news of its return to vogue will be pleasant.

The tunic of all dresses is now the plainest part, as it is usually quite untrimmed, shaped like a scarf, and arranged in two or three deep folds round the basque, and the ends arranged in a large bow at the back. The skirt may have four, five, or six flounces, and the bodice may be a plain long basque, a style which offers great inducements to the home-worker.

Large bows and long sash-ends are used for woollen dresses, and added to a gathered waist and short skirt, give a quaint, old-fashioned look to the young maidens who array themselves thus. To tell the truth, the adoption of Miss Kate Greenaway's sketches of children's fashions have made our little ones look so quaint and bewitching that our older girls are inspired to copy them too, an idea which is equally effective, if not carried to excess. Anything looks better, to my mind, than to see a young girl arrayed in the extreme of thoroughly conventional Parisian fashion, and looking like a plate from a fashion magazine!

Our illustration shows a variety of costumes. The extreme left is a travelling or walking dress of tweed or cashmere; the bodice, made in the coat style, may be of a different material to the skirt, or for a really useful ordinary dress all may be alike. The hat is a round-crowned straw with a trimming of gauze round it. The two young girls in the centre show quiet and pretty styles. The first would be suitable for a bridesmaid's dress if made in white or coloured cashmere, and would prove a most useful dress afterwards. The third figure wears an evening dress, which, though so stylish and pretty, can be made up inexpensively, and without much trouble. The foundation may be an old dress, either black or coloured. The flounced skirt may be of Madras muslin, grenadine, gauze, or Spanish lace; the fichu is a half-handkerchief of muslin, rounded at the corners, and trimmed with lace.

The fourth figure shows a pretty walking dress of brown *vigogne* trimmed with a bordering. The hat is one of those with an open side, under which are placed a flower or else a ruche of lace. The fifth figure wears a flowered sateen, made up with a plain one, a neat straw hat tied beneath the chin, with lace strings. The bodice of this dress is a plain basque, edged with a fine kilting of the plain material.

Shoes are still more worn than boots, which is a very good thing for girls with small allowances, as they are much less expensive. All shoes either lace or button, and the stockings, if they do not match the dress, are generally black.

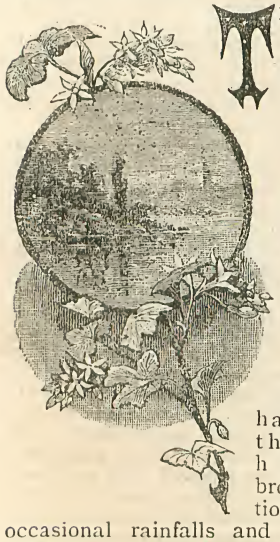
There is no sign of a decrease in the popularity of gathering, or gauging, as it is more properly called. Gauged bodices and sleeves have almost become the rule with all washing and thin pliant materials, and very often the whole space in front and round the hips for more than a quarter of a yard deep is gauged to the top of the trimming of the skirt. This style is very suitable to slight young girls. With these gauged hip skirts the becoming Swiss bodice or belt, pointed top and bottom both back and front, is much used. Some have *bretelles*, some are embroidered, and some are quite wide and lace up at the back. They may be made of plain sateen to match a sateen dress, of sateen, moire, velvet, or brocade, and the *bretelles* (of the same) are often edged with lace. At a recent garden-party, a Swiss belt of blue velvet, embroidered with gold-coloured flowers, with *bretelles* to match, and deep-turned back cuffs, and wide round collar to match, was worn with a wood-coloured sateen dress. Perhaps some of our girls who can embroider may take the hint thus given, and begin in time to prepare these little additions to a plain dress, which will make the difference between a pretty and becoming appearance and one in which care and taste are both lacking.

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

THE EPILOGUE.

"How shall I rend the chain?
How drink rich life again
From those pure urns of radiance, welling free?
Father of Spirits! let me turn to Thee!"



THREE years have passed since James Lovell and Catherine Townsly were made one in the church in which the latter had been both baptised and confirmed. They have been to the youthful couple very happy years, though they have not brought exemption from the occasional rainfalls and briery paths that come into the lot of ordinary mortals. The marriage was deferred a little longer than had been intended that the merry clash of wedding-bells might not strike too discordantly on ears filled yet with the slow, sad funeral chime. Passing up the churchyard path to the south door, where the bride entered, the party had in sight a mound covered with fresh sods, and some knew that underneath slept a flower fairer than any that blooms upon the lap of earth. One passed it with an eye that sought and yet shunned it, and a pretty, lively-looking little lady who watched the ceremony from the side-pews in the aisle remarked that Frederic Fitton looked as if he were called to take part in an execution.

This young lady, who is not easily forgotten as Miss Nettie Trevylyan, had a similar event in prospect. Her charming (?) ignorance, her coquetry, and conscious little fascinations of manner had proved irresistible to a gentleman of almost three times her years, and one who had always amused his bachelor friends by the standard of perfection he declared essential in the woman who should have the honour to be his wife.

Was Nettie this paragon?

Some said that he married her with a vague idea that he was going to form her mind. But Nettie had a mind that declined either being formed or *in*-formed; so it is possible that the experiment ended as unsatisfactorily as such experiments usually do. Rumour has it that there are between them frequent rehearsals of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle; but then rumour has a great deal to say on most subjects, and is not always to be believed.

Evelyn Oldfield's mission to the little Fittons did not last many months, from the happy circumstance that Mr. Fitton resigned his curacy for the really-comfortable living of Broughtonwick, procured for him through his own rector's representation to the patron, of his gifts and fitness for it. The living was worth £800 a year.

Yet the time that Evelyn had spent over these children had not been lost either to her or to them. She had prepared them for another teacher; she had tasted the luxury of doing good, and she and her sister Edith had grown alert for opportunities of being helpful. Their little library might almost be called a circulating one, so many pilgrimages did their books make to youths ambitious of self-improvement.

And though to give a course of music lessons to some young girl, qualifying to teach, or to read French with her, cost them more than even the loan of books, they did not hesitate in many instances to volunteer their kindly assistance, but acted on the precept, "Freely ye have received; freely give."

At the time that the living of Broughtonwick was offered to Mr. Fitton, his gladness and thankfulness for this transition from narrow means to comparative affluence were deeply chastened by the affliction with which his house was visited.

Oh, that it had come sooner! not sooner for him, but sooner for his dying child! The joy of it might have been as an elixir of life to her. But there was no hope of that now. He must even be cautious how he told her, lest joy should be as dangerous to her as its opposite.

So, sitting by her bedside, he prepared her for it by a few minutes' quiet converse, and then communicated the good news very calmly.

"Oh, dear papa!" said Anna, "what a heavy burden of care this must relieve you from! Now I should be able to say *Nunc Dimittis*. Oh, I wanted so to help you—it was the passion of my life; but God has come to your help, and He has made a quick ending of all your troubles."

"Not of all. The heaviest remains; for, my dear child, it does seem hard that you, who have been my sweet little comforter and my sympathising friend through so many dark days of adversity, should not be permitted to enjoy my prosperity."

"But think how much better off I shall be," she said. "My wasted energies will all be given back; I shall be always learning and loving, where there is no ache of head or heart, no clay idols, no forbidden fruit, or inordinate thirst of the soul, bringing trouble on the brain. None of these things—all harmony and obedient will and joyous submission! Is it not beautiful? I thought I had got past feeling, but I often lie awake and think how beautiful!"

"I am thankful for that," said her papa; "you are not torn reluctantly from our embrace."

And then, with an arch smile and a last play of lambent humour that was innocent as the shaking of an angel's wings, she added—

"But I'm afraid St. Peter will shake his keys at me when he sees me at the Celestial Gate. He will tell me that I have come before anyone wanted me."

There is a humour that rives and thrills, and this was of the kind. Well for us that we hear so little of it. Mr. Fitton did not hear from Anna another word that might not have been echoed from the "land that is very far off." A few days after she slept so long and so peacefully that they could not tell to a moment when the repose of this life glided into that of the eternal rest.

They had not long laid her in her last, quiet home beneath the shadow of the church ere they had to set their faces towards "fresh fields and pastures new." Perhaps it was well for them that it was so.

And how has Eleanor developed? She has developed beautifully, as Catharine said she would. Losing herself she has found herself, and all who wanted her have found her too. Duty has not achieved the conquest over inclination without a struggle, but now wherever she moves she falls into her right place naturally. It was hard at first to rise when Catharine did, and go through the duties of the day with her. But Catharine, in consideration of her lack of strength, was indulgent till her health improved. The more active life, and the equal balance of mind that variety of occupation induced, helped to improve it. Her patience and her temper were not always found perfect. Sometimes the yoke her elder sister put on her galled her.

She disliked to defer to her in everything, and to find when she had acted on her own judgment that she had blundered. Yet, whatever differences arose between the sisters, they soon disappeared before the mutual resolve to be conciliatory and forbearing.

Eleanor's dislike to domestic duties vanished in proportion as she became at home in them; for, outside of our own particular sphere, we nearly always take pleasure in doing what we find we can do well. She learned, too, that the commonest and most trifling tasks may be ennobled by the spirit that is brought to bear on them.

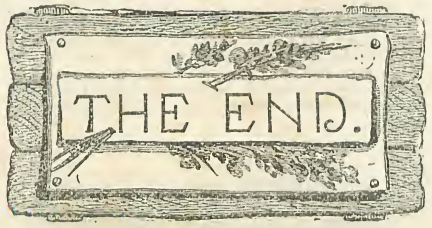
"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Keep thou the first, and thou shalt find
The second follow thee."

If we were to recapitulate all the lessons Eleanor learned during the last year of Catharine's home life, we should expand this into a moral essay. So we will forbear.

One happy consequence of it was that the pleasant, busy hours the sisters passed together bound their hearts more closely to each other than they had ever been. The last six months, Eleanor's thoughtfulness and care exempted Catharine from most of her little responsibilities, so she had time to employ for herself. This was not, in her estimation, a small compensation for the pains she had taken in teaching Eleanor.

Mrs. Townsly ceased to wonder what would become of them all when Catharine was not there to look after them; and Frederic to indulge in inuendoes against blue-stockings. Insensibly Eleanor dropped into the old habit of writing lengthily to him when he was away, and his affectionate response to her letters showed that she had regained the old place in his regard.

Then, for the sacrifice she made! Looking back on it, it lost the magnitude that it had in contemplation. Her intellect had been vitalised by the new currents of thought and feeling it had come in contact with. Her daily reading and her music practice had yielded her a richer return than she had contemplated. The lighter books, read aloud in the afternoon and discussed with Catharine and her mother, had rekindled her animation and restored the flow of winsome speech. When more abundant leisure came to her, she found she could study with greater ease than she did when she was poring continuously over manuscript.



VARIETIES.

Ordinary Faults in Piano Performances.

The faults most frequently found in piano-forte-playing consist in exaggeration of feeling and expression, in too strong or even vehement accentuation, and in want of rhythmical feeling, indistinctness of execution, a continual change of time, hurrying or dragging the time, slurring, an indiscriminate use of the pedal, thumping, want of evenness in the movements of the hand, the habit of throwing the body about, and of flinging the hands into the air; lack of accuracy and faithfulness in interpreting the original text, interpolation of strange passages, changing the terms of expression given by the composer; unnecessary doubling of the notes where the author desires single notes, playing in octaves the notes with the little finger indistinctly, and last, not least, playing chords in the *arpeggiando* manner where firm chords are indicated. All these are faults worthy of serious censure and should be carefully avoided.—*Pauer.*

Rings for the Sentimental. — The most modern form of sentimental ring was invented by French jewellers in the early part of the present century, and afterwards adopted by English ones. In it, a motto is formed by the arrangement of stones around the hoop; the initial letter of the name of each stone forming amatory words when combined; as in the following examples:—

R uby	L apis Lazuli
E merald	O pal
G arnet	V erde Antique
A methyst	E merald
R uby	M alachite
D iamond	E merald

A Word about Duty.—Duty is far more than love. It is the upholding law through which the weakest becomes strong, without which all strength is unstable as water. No character, however harmoniously framed and gloriously gifted, can be complete without this abiding principle; it is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of ruin, astonished at our own desolation.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

The Signs of a Little Mind. — Inattention to what you have on hand at the moment, be it what it may, the doing one thing and thinking of another at the same time, or the attempting to do two things at once, are the never-failing signs of a little, frivolous mind.

The Greatest Effect in Music.—Mozart was once asked what, in his opinion, produced the greatest effect in music. "No music," was the laconic reply. He meant the cessation of music. A pause not only acts beneficially; it likewise depicts the greatest excitement, heightens the expectation of the hearer, and is particularly effective in sacred music.

What Girls Should Be. — A woman must be a pleasant creature. Be sure that people like the room better with you in it than out of it, and take all pains to get the power of sympathy and the habit of it. Girls should be like daisies: nice and white, with an edge of red if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quickly that they do it, and that it would be very wrong if they didn't do it.—*Ruskin.*

For Those who Sing out of Tune.

Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.—
Coleridge.

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 814).

L E A L
A M O
N E V E R
D E E D

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Laura.—May is usually spelt with an "a." If applied immediately on the carpet; throw on enough to absorb ink stains, remove with a knife, and wash with soap and water.

Irene.—The simplest method of staining floors is to purchase either oak or mahogany stain, by the quart, at any oilman's; apply with a brush, after diluting with water. It is better to try a little first to see its depth of colour. Afterwards varnish; the varnish may be also obtained at the oilman's, by the pint; the floor must be very clean.

Fenius Farsa.—Fumigation with tobacco-smoke and syringing with tobacco-water are generally used; but the presence of these insects shows weakness in the plants.

Amy.—Stand the white coral in water until clean; while in the water it may be gently brushed with a soft hairbrush, but, as a rule, pouring water on it and steeping it in clean water will usually clean it sufficiently. Mothering Sunday is said to be so called in England from the universal practice of allowing servants and others to return home to see their families on that day.

WORK.

E. P.—The white satin dress would be very pretty with red or maroon ribbons. An excellent recipe for macaroni cheese was given at page 525, vol. ii. Apparently you do not read "Useful Hints."

A Foreign Girl.—Work the shoes in coarser wool with a larger sized crochet needle.

A Young Servant.—Purchase a little emery powder from the ironmonger, and make it into a small strawberry-shaped cushion, with the aid of a little red cloth or velvet. You must make a stout lining first, to prevent the powder coming through.

Langley.—White flannel, or coloured trimmed with a figured silk, is the new fashion. Consult our article on "Seasonable Dress." There are so many pretty hats, it is impossible to advise you, as you do not give any particulars; the most useful are those trimmed with rows of black lace, as they are suitable for any event.

Brown-eyed Flo.—Oatmeal cloth may be recommended as an excellent washing material, looking better after each wash. Black kid gloves are not worn with light dresses; tan and buff colour are more used.

Leisure is one of the many applicants for advice on the subject of finding something to do at home. We can only advise her to try for herself, when she will soon prove the impossibility of the task.

EDUCATIONAL.

Dix-neuf Ans.—All the information you require on these points may be found in a small handbook, called the "Englishman's Year Book," published by Hatchards and Co., Piccadilly. We give information in answer to questions, but cannot turn our magazine into a guide book. Use the soap with the least alkali in it.

Miranda.—The fifth proposition of the 1st book of Euclid is called the Pons Asinorum, because it is the first difficult theorem where the dunces stumble.

Emma D.—We think you might write copies even though you have no regular instruction. Read "Help for Study at Home," page 599, vol. ii.

Little Daddy.—The "Handbook of the English Tongue," and the "Handbook of English Literature," both by Angus, will suit your purpose. They are published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Old Wakie.—You would find the "New Companion to the Bible," published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., at 2s. 6d., a great help in reading the Holy Scriptures. Read "Helps to Study at Home," page 599, vol. ii. We should advise you to procure a copybook, and try and write a few copies to enlarge your handwriting. You would find English History a good thing to begin your studies upon.

MUSIC.

Dorette.—Consult our music reviews, and inquire at a musicseller's.

E. M. T. (Aintab, Syria.)—Many thanks for your pretty card. The lady you inquire about is living in London, though rarely singing in public.

Honor Bright.—Inquire at the best music publisher's. Tobacco-water is generally used to syringe the bushes.

L. M.—The word "plagal" is French, from the Greek, and signifies "slanting." It means that the principal tones lie between the fifth of the key and its octave, or twelfth; it is said of certain melodies or tunes. The definition of "authentic" is having an immediate relation to the tonic; of "plagal," having a corresponding relation to the dominant below the tonic. A plagal cadence is one in which the final chord on the tonic is preceded by the chord on the sub-dominant.

F. S. P.—The song you mention has the first line for a title. Thank you for all your kindly appreciation of our labours on behalf of the girls. Such

letters [illegible]
them for [illegible]ing that we are really helping
reward. [illegible]th of duty, are our best

[illegible] VOUS.

CLARICE CAREW.—[illegible] minutes; chilliness is the thing t[illegible] you should keep y[illegible] bathing and always. [illegible] with water
DRAPERY.—Your writing is [illegible]gh for a clerkship of any kind.
A. A. H.—There are convalescent hom[illegible] Folkestone and Dover, but no governesses both at that we know of. There is a ladies' [illegible]s' homes Leonards-on-Sea, 11, Cross-street, [illegible] at St. also one at Southport, at 28, Alexandra road[illegible]
ARDYL.—*Dolce far niente*, means "sweet idle[illegible] but has been characterised by most grammarians as an utterly meaningless sentence.
E. H. M.—We do not answer privately. The [illegible] prize essay is published, and your pupil may judge of her own faults by the virtues of that.
TOMBOY.—We think there is no vulgarity in writing on fancy paper, which is much in vogue just now. Untidiness and careless writing and composition are the gravest offences against good taste.
A. M. N. A.—The handle must be freshly coated, there is no way of cleaning it.
SEABDWELL.—Your question has been answered over and over again in the correspondence column.
HAREBELL.—We do not give paper patterns. Try a little ammonia to the stain, diluted with water.
ADA W.—For making skeleton leaves, see page 582, vol. i. Writing good.
BELLE.—1. The 10th of July, 1856, was a Thursday. 2. The word is spelt both ways rightly: choir or quire. The latter is old-fashioned, but not wrong.
K. V. (Durban).—We think friction with oil might do good. Consult a doctor, as there must be a reason.
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.—The paper makers who buy torn paper and newspapers always advertise in the daily papers.
JEANIE.—We regret to hear of the unanswered letters, but we hope you have looked for the answers, as we have had several complaints of the kind from correspondents who have been replied to. "Giroflée" is the French name for the stock or gillyflower. We should wear the cream cashmeres untrimmed if they are clean. We do not think that "truthfulness" means rudeness, and we hope you will avoid the latter in your intercourse with us.
MONICA.—We do not know of any other opening than the one you mention.
MOSS ROSEBUD and LILY OF THE VALLEY both deserve our best thanks for their prettily written and encouraging letters. The writing of the former might be improved by being made more legible; but the latter writes legibly and well for her age.
EVANGELINE.—We believe that "Gipsy Queen" was answered, but large bundles of answers have to lie by till there be space for their insertion. We sympathise in your trouble. Your hand, though legible, is much too large and the tails too long for literary or business correspondence. Your husband might be eligible as a traveller or a buyer, perhaps, for some commercial house. We are unable to say for what occupation your own qualifications would suit you.
E. H.—1. Those who bestow such wholesale condemnation on any class of persons show themselves sadly lacking in Christian charity, and in constituting themselves "judges," merit the severe reproofs administered to such by our Lord Himself and His apostle St. Paul. 2. We do not express opinions on points upon which the most conscientious persons are found holding very opposite views one from another. The question is one of personal conviction.
BUTTERCUP.—1. Consult the temperance society to which you belong. They will decide the matter for you. 2. To play a wind or string instrument requires a good ear. Your own ear might be improved. We could not tell whether playing on a wind instrument would give you a headache.
A MOTHER'S HELP.—We cannot give addresses, according to our rules. Indian corn, and also boiled potato peelings, and the inferior sweepings of a flour mill, and a little sprinkling of oats, all kneaded together with water so as to make a thick paste, is very good for poultry. See our article "How to Rear Fowls," page 315. We advise you to write copies.
BUTTERCUP.—Beware of using cold baths without consulting your own doctor, and judge of your constitution. Many really benefit by a quick sponging with cold water who would be seriously injured by immersion in it. Certainly, with any known weakness of the heart it would be dangerous. Warm baths of five minutes duration, taken before going to bed, you might safely enjoy. We are gratified by your kind commendation.
UNE AMIE.—Your letter evinces a lack of that delicate feeling of propriety which all girls should possess.
E. U. SALOP.—Use beeswax and turpentine to polish and refresh your oaken cupboard. To cover the front, make a pair of serge or velveteen curtains, hanging them to a small brass rod by rings. This rod can be purchased at any ironmonger's, and can be put up with its little socket ends by yourself.
VIOLET ALDOUS.—Inquire of any bookseller. We see it for sale everywhere.
KATE WOLESLEY.—Half a crown a night is the usual price, we believe, for a bedroom in most places. We should advise moving from one place to another.
BIRDIE and M. E. H.—We thank you both for your very nice letters, which do you credit. The statements you have made are perfectly correct. We were acquainted with the fact before you wrote, but are obliged to you for taking the trouble of writing.
NETHERLEY.—We acknowledge your letter and suggestion with thanks. The plan, however, would not come within the scope of our work.
A LITTLE CONTRIBUTOR.—The first mention of "money" in the Holy Scriptures is to be found in Genesis xxiii., 9th verse. This example consisted of silver.
IRIS.—It would be an impertinence to give a private address, even of a man well known to the public. Clean the gloves with benzoin or ammonia.
SWEET SEVENTEEN.—A little butter rubbed on will remove the tar, afterwards use some drops of turpentine, or benzoin.
BETSY TROTWOOD.—You are probably suffering from indigestion or debility. Read the answer to "Madge," at page 367, vol. ii.



May (reading the Prospectus of the new volume): "*Dear me, why we girls are so fortunate every year! And just to think that there was a time when there was no* GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *and now every one reads it!*"

RUBY.—The "Judas [illegible] a leguminous flowering tree of the g[illegible] common in the East; on one of which [illegible]ing to tradition, hung himself. [illegible] tree in the United States of [illegible] this name, having beautiful red f[illegible]
KETTIE.—We do not gi[illegible] the sort.
A. C. E. L.—See "O[illegible] Card Table," which faces the numbe[illegible] and arrange the cards in that manner, [illegible] directions are given with the picture.
A PERPLEXED ONE.—W[illegible] you solve is a good one. By God's blessing you may have been taught a lesson, "[illegible] shew piety at home." Tim. v. 4. We und[illegible]
E. A. HUGHES.—China [illegible] are hung up by means of wires [illegible] sold already twisted at the back, so as [illegible] the edges in four places in front, [illegible] up the back, terminating in a hook or loop by which they are suspended to a nail. Procure one at some fancy china shop, and then, with a pair of pliers, you might make other[illegible]
ETHEL.—To remove st[illegible]dy's paint from linen, procure a penny[illegible] of acid, dissolve it in a pint of [illegible] soak the linen in it for a few [illegible] We are indebted to a correspo[illegible] this recipe, which she has tried with [illegible]
FRANCES.—We are muc[illegible] for so kindly giving us the [illegible] we have copied for "Ethel's" [illegible] us by your hearty appro[illegible] of our paper. You write a [illegible]
KATHLEEN W.—We are unable [illegible] adopted name. "Katharine' [illegible] We do not give addresses of [illegible], but advise you [illegible]
LAILA ROOKH.—The [illegible] reference [illegible] you [illegible] see the "[illegible] no" [illegible] Chaucer. "Troilus and [illegible] hils, "De Consol. Phil., lib. ii.
GIPSEY.—You should write to the secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and he will give you all the information and assistance which you require.
JESS.—Add crumbs of bread to your list, rolled into little pellets, also peas, barley, wheat, a lump of rock salt to pick at, and some fine gravel. They might have vetches also, and certainly fresh water daily. Hemp seed should be sparingly given, as it is heating. Preserve them from cold and damp. A little saffron may be put into their water, and a small allowance made of hemp seed at moulting time. People who keep birds should provide themselves with a manual, at least, to guide them as to their treatment. The above list of food is suitable for pigeons, and doves may be fed in the same way.
A YORKSHIRE HOUSEWIFE tells us that she has read our article on "A Housekeeper's Difficulties," and proceeds to advise us to "boil them half an hour," &c. We thank her for the somewhat unique recipe for cooking, and so utilising the said "difficulties." She concludes by saying that they are "to be eaten with fried bacon," and are "considered an excellent spring medicine." No doubt all our trials and difficulties prove such to us—metaphorically speaking. We thank her for her kind and well-intentioned letter, but the "bacon" part of the recipe seems rather perplexing.
SWEET-TOOTH says she is a confirmed "Goppopist," and asks to have one of the cant phrases of the æsthetics—viz, "Quite too too"—explained to her. We are not in the confidence of such eccentric folk, and by no means approve of the silly freak of fancy that diverts any words in the language from their true English meaning. By so doing, people turn themselves into feeble imitators of "Madame Malaprop" and "Mrs. Brown." 2. Sweet things disagree with some people, and as they tend to produce acidity in the system, they tend likewise to produce decay in the teeth. Accept our thanks for so kind a letter.
F. WILLIAMS.—The earnest desire to love and serve God is implanted in the heart by His Spirit. Take courage in the assurance that He has not left you to yourself, but is "striving" in yours to make you more what you ought to be. Endeavour to follow His guidance, and do not think so much of your own shortcomings and unworthiness as of your Saviour's merits and His willingness to "Save to the uttermost all who come unto God through Him."



THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONGST THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS VOLUME.

The Hon. Mrs. Armytage.
Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.
Joseph Barnby.
The Dowager Lady Barrow.
Anne Beale.
Sir Julius Benedict
Lady Benedict.
Richard Blagrove.
Dora de Blaquière.
Phillis Browne.
Helen Marian Burnside.
His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.
Sophia F. A. Caulfeild.
Harriet Childe-Pemberton.
Emily H. Davidson.
Cotsford Dick.
The Author of "The Dingy House at Kensington."
Sarah Doudney.
The Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D.
S. E. Grumbridge.
J. W. Hinton, M.A., Mus. D
Ardern Holt.
Dora Hope.
The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"
Marie Karger.
Alice King.
The Author of "Kind Hearts."
Ruth Lamb.
Mary Laybourn.
Henry Leslie.
Mary Randolph-Lichfield.
Lady Lindsay (of Balcarres).
Coralie de Lorraine.
Edwin M. Lott.
James Macaulay, M.A., M.D.
Professor Macfarren, M.A., Mus. D.
Augusta A. L. Magra.
James Mason.
Clara L. Mateaux.
Annie Matheson.
Isabella Fyvie Mayo
J. P. Mears.
Medicus.
Anne Mercier.
Gertrude Moberly.
Fred Miller.
Fairleigh Owen.
J. A. Owen.
Edward Oxenford.
Nella Parker.
Rev. F. Peel, B. Mus.
Charles Peters.
M. M. Pollard.
Madame Sydney Pratten.
J. A. Purday.
Mrs. Runtz Rees.
Gordon Saunders, D. Mus.
Mary Selwood.
Louisa C. Silke.
Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.
John C. Staples.
Humphrey J. Stark, B. Mus.
Grace Stebbing.
Madame Antoinette Sterling.
Sarah Geraldina Stock.
Mrs. Tom Taylor.
Clara Thwaites.
Berthold Tours.
The Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."
The Author of "The Truce of God, and other Poems."
A. H. Wall.
Frederick E. Weatherly, M.A.
M. A. Whateley.
The Author of the "White Cross and Dove of Pearls."
The Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy."

ARTISTS.

John Allen.
Fred. Barnard.
Robert Barnes.
Rudolph Blind.
W. H. J. Boot.
Isabella G. Brittain.
Frank Dadd.
A. C. Corbould.
Frank Dicksee.
G. H. Edwards.
M. Ellen Edwards.
H. French.
Ernest Griset.
W. J. Hennessy.
Arthur Hopkins.
W. L. Jones.
O. Kelly.
Davidson Knowles.
A. Laby.
T. G. Laybourn.
John N. Lee.
Fred. Miller.
Melton Prior.
A. Quinton.
J. Mc L. Ralston.
J. Reannie.
William Small.
J. Catterson Smith.
John C. Staples.
F. Emeric de St. Dalmas.
Edward Wagner.
E. J. Wheeler.

LIST OF COLOURED AND TONED PAPER PLATES

Misgivings	*Frontispiece.*	Jocund Spring	*To face page* 417
Evening Prayer	*To face page* 90	To My Mother	497
Christmas Card	193	Lady Maud	561
Margaret	209	Innocence	640
The Earliest Flower	348	Michaelmas Daisy	758
Christmas Card-Table	363	Daily Work	769

INDEX.

A

About Industry and Idleness, 707
Academy, The Royal, 780
Acrostics and Answers, 14, 32, 79, 95, 137, 155, 239, 270, 303, 331, 366, 395, 471, 487, 535, 575, 579, 607, 638, 711, 775 813
Action, In, 734
Acquaintance Table, An, 155
Addled Parliament, The, 767
A Dead Heart, 260
Admiration and Imitation, 366
Advantage, To the Best, 744
Adversity, Virtue in, 579
Advertising our Defects, 711
Advice, Sound, 654
Affectation, On Naturalness and, 663
Afternoons, Holiday, 85
After The Storm, 408
Aggravating School Girl, That, 9, 30, 44, 76, 94, 110, 125, 141, 148, 171, 174, 205, 236, 254, 285, 317, 334, 351, 363, 381, 396, 411, 427, 445, 458, 476
Agnosticism, The Meaning of, 719
All About Coffee, 743
All From a Little Kindness, 196
All Hallows Day, The Meaning of, 384
Almond Icing, 288
A. L. O. E. The Meaning of, 494
Also and Likewise, 391
Amateur Contributions, 299, 496, 645, 780
Ambition, 221, 241, 261
Ambition, Eleanor's, 489, 523, 549, 586, 615, 652, 682, 709, 766, 788, 812
American Cities, Fanciful Names for, 366
American Dough Nuts, 494
American Heroines, Two, 58
Angels, Household, 392
Anecdote of Haydn, 731
Animals, Bits About, 62, 123, 247, 311, 355, 595, 712, 727
Animals, Buried, 302
Anne, 235
Answers to Correspondents, 14, 32, 46, 63, 80, 96, 112, 127, 144, 160, 176, 192, 206, 222, 239, 255, 270, 287, 303, 318, 336, 351, 366, 383, 399, 415, 431, 447, 462, 479, 494, 511, 527, 543, 559, 575, 590, 607, 623, 638, 654, 670, 687, 704, 719, 734, 750, 767, 782
Apples, A Nice Way to Bake, 525
Apples, To Dry, 800
Aprons, 472
Apron, Neapolitan, 332
April, To, 433
Aquarium Cement, How to Make, 287
Armchair, 333
Art, 632
Art of Cheerfulness, The, 734
Art of Conversing Agreeably, The, 675
Art of Letter-writing, The, 42
Art of Shopping, The, 660
Art of Verse-making, The, 50:
"Aspirations!" 88
Assisi, A Day at, 781
At Peace with Everybody, 127
Attire, Mourning, 398
Australian Bush Cookery Recipes, 439
Ayr, The Rose of, 664

B

Baby, How to Wash and Dress the, 474, 611, 699
Bad Company, In, 127
Bad News should be Told before Dinner, Why, 734
Bad Tempers, Good and, 263
Bag for Ball or String, Crochet, 92
Bag for Bathing Towels, 373
Bag for Crewel or Crochet Work, 517
Bag, Pence, 92
Baked Milk, 14
Ballad, 537
Ballad Story, A, 137, 168, 267, 330, 388, 455, 550, 634, 723
Ball Game as played in Japan, A New, 638
Ball, Nursery, 736
Banbury Cross, 137
Banneret Screen, 756
Barber's Pole, The Origin of the, 416
Barley from the Spinning-Wheel, 654
Basket, Card, 516
Basket, Embroidered Wicker, 172
Basket, Fancy Wicker, 93
Basket, My Work, 13, 40, 92, 172, 269, 332, 372, 460, 516, 596, 608, 684, 756
Basket, Roundwork
Basket, Square Wicker, 516
Basket, Sweet-scented, 172
Basket, Three-tier Work, 517
Batter Pudding, Scalded, 525
Battlefield, On the, 631
Bazaar, Our, 627
Bead Cape, 460
Bead Flowers, How to Make, 356
Bear, Spectacled, 14
Beatrice de Cenci, 480
Beautiful and Useful Life, A, 366
Beauty, What is, 814
Beauty's Toilet, 814
Bedroom Slipper, How to Work, 223
Bed Sores, The Best Way to Prevent, 494
Beheaded Words, 638, 654
Bells, Fairy, 780
Bells, The Message of the, 203
Best Advantage, To the, 744
Betwixt Cup and Lip, 309
Beyond Life and Behind the Sun, 607
Bible Classes, About, 338
Biography, For All Readers of, 331
Bird, A Very Wise, 455
Birds, Bits About, 455
Bits About Animals, 62, 123, 247, 311, 355, 595, 712, 727
Biscuits, To Make Rice, 480
Black Cashmere, Faded, 238
Black Ribbon, To Clean, 407
Black Lace, To Restore Rusty, 303
Blind Horses Finding Their Own Stalls, 595
Blind Mare, Polly the, 123
Blossoms, To, 233
Blue Blood, 416
Blue Cornflowers, 716, 726, 749, 762
Boil Rice Indian Fashion, To, 759
Boil Sweetbreads, To, 671
Boil a Treacle Pudding, How to, 462
Books, Looks and, 129
Bookbinding, 342, 426, 810
Book Markers, 460
Book of Common Prayer in Foreign Tongues, The, 55
Books of the Living and Books of the Dead, 46
Book Shelves, Border for, 172
Border for Small Table-cover or Book Shelves, 172
Both in the Wrong, 769, 796, 804
Bouquets Bright and Beautiful, How to Keep, 407
Box, Pincushion Work, 93
Box, A Shell Trinket, 100
Boy's Jersey, To Make a, 319
Boys' Names, Hidden, 155, 175
Brave Revenge, A, 303
Brave Woman, A, 337
Breakfast, Curry for, 759
Breakfast Dishes, 759
Breakfast Rolls, 759
Bridal Etiquette, 176
Bride, The Mountaineer's, 360
Broken Bread, Take Care of, 643
Brook, The, 648
Buns, A Good Recipe for, 126
Buns, Rice, 669
Buried Animals, 303, 331
Buried Birds, 487, 503
Buried Fabulous Creatures, 463, 487
Buried Fish, 239, 270
Buried Heathen Deities, 579, 607
Buried Islands, 127, 155, 487, 503
Buried Mountain Ranges, 503, 535

Buried Mythical Heroes, 331, 366
Buried Names, 412, 429
Buried Names, Girls', 32, 46, 175
Buried Rivers, 95, 127, 395, 412
Buried Shell-fish, 579, 607
Buried Towns, 95, 175, 366, 395
Buried Trees, 331, 366
Buried Vegetables, 270, 303
Busybodies? What are, 734
Butter, To Freshen, 486
Button-hole and Satin-stitch, 504
Buying Life with Money, 638
By Hook or by Crook, 439

C

Cakes, Fish, 759
Cake, Johnny, 14, 497
Cake, Madeira, 669
Cakes, Oatmeal, 525
Cake, Plain, 14
Cake, Potato, 144
Cake, Sponge, 439
Cakes, Queen, 303
Cake, The Best Pound, 407
Cakes, To Make Buckwheat, 479
Calamities Seen in Two Lights, 303
Calves' Feet Jelly, 525
Cambridge Exam, The, 645
Cambridge Local Examinations, 115
Cambridge System of Instruction by Correspondence, 643
Candlelight, A War by, 503
Canary, How to Cut the Claws of a, 176
Canon Law, 47
Cap, A Lecture on a Mob, 313
Cape, Bead, 460
Cap, Old Lady's, 92
Card Basket, 516
Carrot Marmalade, To Make, 352
Case, Embroidered Music, 596
Case for Work, 460
Cashmere, Faded Black, 238
Cats, 727
Cats Plotting to Attack a Dog, 355
Cats, Revenge in, 727
Cat that Introduced a Successor—Grey Tom, A, 38
Cat, The Travelling, 778
Cecil, The Meaning of the Name, 384
Cecilia, The Meaning of the Name, 384
Cement, How to Make Aquarium, 287
Chalk Drawings, To Set, 432
Champflower, and How She Spent Her Christmas, Miss Rosamond, 156, 161, 184
Chamois Leather Gloves, To Wash, 144
Change Surnames, To, 207
Character, Acquiring a Good, 366
Character, How to Read, 638
Charade, An Original, 85
Charades, 155, 175
Charade, Numerical, 429, 462
Charcoal, 238
Charity and the Left Hand of Malice, The Right Hand of, 402
Charlotte Russe, 14
Charms and Knots, 775
Cheese Cakes, Potato, 303
Cheese, Macaroni, 525
Cheese, Rather Hard, 734
Cheese Soufflé, 155
Cheese, To Prepare Macaroni, 400
Cheerfulness, The Art of, 734
Cherry Jam, 494
Chilblains, Remedy for, 51, 238, 525
Child, Led by a, 776
Childlike Faith, A Parable of, 264
Children of the City, The, 455
Child's Mission, The, 723
Chimes, Listening to the, 63
China and Japan, Tea-making in, 239
China Painting, Medium for, 407
China, A Wedding in, 468
China, Wise Sayings from, 487
Chit-Chat, What Became of Twelve Baskets of, 63
Christian Name, My, 435
Christmas, 200
Christmas Carol, An Old, 208
Christmas Decorations, Hints for, 169
Christmas-tide, Puzzles for, 198
Christmas-tree, The, 147, 190
Christmas Wish, The Editor's, 193
Churchyard, In the, 216
Cities and Towns, Buried, 174
Cities, Fanciful Names for American, 366
Clan of the Smiths, The, 486
Clasped Hands, 306, 323, 340
Classification of Noses, A, 174
Class Teaching, Infant, 730
Clean Filters, To, 47
Cleanliness of Person, 366
Clean White Kid Gloves, To, 734
Clear Soup, How to Make, 633
Clerkships in Post and Telegraph Offices, 112
Clever Cats, Teaching Tricks to, 227
Clothing, and How to Make it, Seasonable, 73, 133, 204, 257, 320, 401, 484, 529, 620, 673, 760, 80
Clothing Clubs, Savings Bank and, 798
Club, The Girl's Own, 564
Coals for Nothing, 515
Cockney, Meaning of the Word, 383, 640
Coffee, All About, 743
Coffee Stains, To Remove Tea and, 126
Coffee, To Dye Gloves with, 271
College Pudding, 126
Colours Used in Glass Painting, 671
Cookery Recipes, Australian Bush, 439
Cold in the Head, 687
Coloured Fire, To Make, 400
Comedones, 172
Common Prayer in Foreign Tongues, The Book of, 55
Companion, Duties of a, 799
Competitions, Prize, 143, 153, 175, 191, 432, 463, 473, 558, 572, 592, 603
Complaint, An Unanswerable Reply to a Common, 654
Concertina, How to Play the, 488
Conquer Evil, How to, 303
Consolation, 809
Constancy of Love, The, 772
Contrast, In, 248
Content, The Fountain of, 503
Contributions, Amateur, 299, 496, 644, 780
Conversing Agreeably, The Art of, 675
Cookery for Invalids, 453
Cookery Recipes for Hot Weather, Some Egyptian, 702
Cooling Treatment for Fiery Tongues, 270
Copper, To Clean, 543
Copying Inscriptions from Monumental Stones, 407
Corner in Crochet Braid, 461
Cornflowers, Blue, 716, 726, 749, 762
Correct Musical Taste?" What is "A, 83
Correspondence, Instruction by, 274
Correspondents, Answers to, 14, 32, 46, 63, 80, 96, 112, 127, 144, 160, 176, 192, 206, 222, 239, 255, 270, 287, 303, 318, 336, 351, 366, 383, 399, 415, 431, 447, 462, 479, 494, 511, 527, 543, 559, 575, 590, 607, 623, 638, 654, 670, 687, 704, 719, 734, 750, 767, 782, 799, 815, 823
Cough, Hoarseness, and Throat Irritation, Simple Recipes for, 525
Cough, Treatment of Hooping, 271
Counsellor, The Powerful, 79
Counter-hemming, 783
Country in November, The, 132
Country Flowers, Our, 61
Country Life, 299
Country, The Government of Our, 214, 419, 531, 651
Crabbe's Tales of Literature, 575
Cream, Tapioca, 525
Crewels, How to Embroider in, 96
Crewel Embroidery for Dresses, 228
Crewel, Meaning of the Word, 416
Crewel Work, How to Wash, 96, 431
Crochet a Jersey, How to, 223
Crochet Bag for Ball or String, 92
Crochet Cloak, Child's, 517
Crochet Edging—Mignardise, 756
Crochet Gaiter, 516
Crochet Petticoat, 93
Crochet Star, 268
Crochet, Wool, 275
Croquettes, Fish, 233
Cross, Banbury, 137
Cross-stitch Powdering, 684
Cuckoo, Questioning the, 814
Cup Puddings, 126
Cure for Warts, 14
Curiosity, A, 303
Curried Lobster, 759
Curry for Breakfast, 759
Cushion, Spanish Sofa, 517
Cushion, Sofa, 460
Cut Flowers, To Preserve, 720

D

Dado, The Meaning of, 640
Daisy, Michaelmas, 497, 513, 532, 545, 569, 577, 593, 609, 629, 641, 657, 673, 694, 705, 721, 745, 758, 778, 785, 801, 817
Dangers Ahead, 734
"Darby and Joan," 68
Dark Things Made Light, 744
Daughter, A Good, 395, 599
Daughters, The, 79
Day at Assisi, A, 781
Day, How to Pass the, 175
Days, Lost, 127
Days of Old, Learning to Write in, 270
Days, Seven, 573
Deaf and Dumb Mother's Experiment, The, 579
Dead Heart, A, 260, 300
Decanter, To Remove a Stopper from, 480
Decorations, Hints for Christmas, 169
Defects, Advertising Our, 711
Deities, Buried Heathen, 579, 607
Designing, Tile Painting and, 728
Desponding, A Thought for, 654
Deus Nobis Hiec Otia Fecit, 222
Diamond Puzzle, 412, 429
Diamonds, Well Used, 734
Diarrhœa, Household Recipes for, 571
Dick, Our, 712
Difficulty, In the Midst of, 734
Difficulties of a Young Housekeeper, and How She Overcame Them, The, 4, 118, 182, 265, 345, 413, 491, 553, 579, 613, 691, 747, 803
Dinners in Society, 314
Discoloured Pianoforte Keys, 494
Dishes, Breakfast, 759
District, and How I Visit It, My, 59
Division of Time for the Musical, A, 366
Dogs, Keen Scent in, 247
Doleful Tale, A, 56
Doll's Letters to Her Mistress, A, 605, 693 764
Domestic Life, The Queen's, 292, 375
Door, To Decorate, 271
Double Acrostics and Answers, 14, 32, 79, 95, 127, 135, 239, 270, 303, 331, 366, 395, 471, 487, 535, 575, 607, 638, 711, 775
Double Knitting, 211
Dough Nuts, American, 494
Dove, A Little of the Serpent and a Little of the, 654
Drawing-room, Music in the, 238
Drawing-room, The, 328, 379
Dream, My, 163
Dresses, Crewel Embroidery for, 228
Dressing-gowns are Made, How, 444
Dressing-gown, How to Make a Gentleman's, 724
Dressmakers, Gentlewomen as, 782
Dress, Manner and, 14
Dress the Baby, How to Wash and, 474, 611, 699
Dress when Sitting for a Photograph, How to, 79

Drinks, On Summer, 547
Duchesse Screen, The, 756
Durham Degrees for Women, 748
Duties of Servants, The, 534, 646
Duty, A Word About, 813
Duty before Revenge, 62
Dye Gloves with Coffee, To, 271

E

Eagle's Nest, The, 739
Earliest Flower, The, 289
Earnest People, 366
Earthly Things, Vanity of, 750
Eastern Nebabs, Real, 703
Easter Eggs, and How the Girls Made Them, 393
Easier than People Suppose, 127
Eating Oranges, 256
Eccles Cakes, 814
Editor's Christmas Wish, The, 193
Edith, 359
Eddystone Lighthouse, 64
Education, How to Improve One's, 794
Efforts, Little, 48
Eggs, Pickled, 373
Eggs, To Preserve, 271, 668
Egyptian Cookery Recipes for Hot Weather, Some, 702
Egypt, Wedding in, 100
Eis Wool Shawls, To Wash, 431
Eleanor's Ambition, 489, 523, 549, 586, 615, 652, 682, 709, 766, 788, 800
Electricity, 784
Embroidery, A Grammar of, 108
Embroider in Crewels, How to, 96
Embroidery for Dresses, Crewel, 228
Embroidered Music Case, 596
Embroidered Screen, Fourfold, 14
Embroidered Wicker-basket, 172
Emperor, A Rude, 331
Embroidery on Net, 26
English Girl and the Late Czar of Russia, An, 462
Equinoctical Gales, 814
Essay, the First Prize, 574
Etiquette, Bridal, 176
Eve and Eden, 284, 296
Evening Prayer at a Girl's School, 91
Evening Thought, An, 734
"Evening," "Until the, 644
Everyday Dreams and Everyday Duties, 503
Every Girl Her Own Toy Maker, 666
Everyday Needs, Hints for, 670
Ever Precious Time, 462
Ever Young and Ever Fair, 63
Eve, the Meaning of the Name, 384
Evil, How to Conquer, 303
Evil Put to Flight, 412
Exam., The Cambridge, 645
Examinations, and How to Prepare for Them, 425
Examinations, Cambridge Local, 115
Examination in Scriptural Knowledge, A Girl's, 243
Examples, For All Who Would Follow Three, 198
Exhibition, A Visit to Our, 644
Exhibition, The Girl's Own, 616
Exterminator, Rat, 407
Eye, The Uncultivated, 579
Eyes of the Poor and the Eyes of the Rich, 654
Eyes and Eyesight, The, 805

F

Fabulous Creatures, Buried, 462, 487
Factory, The Sunbeam of the, 625, 645, 661, 678, 689
Faded Black Cashmere, 238
Faded Upholstery, To Restore, 303
Fairy Bells, 780
Fairy Pool, A, 783
Faith, A Parable of Childlike, 264
Falsehood Than One, More Forms of, 14
Family, The Genius of the, 631
Fanciful Names for American Cities, 366
Fancy Wicker Basket, 93
Fancy Work, Pocket for, 596
Far North, In the, 579
Father's Choice, The, 496
Father, I Promised, 1, 17, 34, 53, 65
Faults in Pianoforte Playing, Ordinary, 813
Fear Thou Not, for I am With Thee, 52
Feed Your Tortoise, How to, 544
Fender Bright, To Keep, 271
Festival at Whiteland's College, Mr. Ruskin's May-day, 584
Fiery Tongues, Cooling Treatment for, 270
Field for Conquest and Control, A, 574
Filoselle, Meaning of, 799
Filters, To Clean, 47
Fire, To Make Coloured, 400
First Prize Essay, The, 574
Firs, To Preserve, 543
Fish, Buried, 239, 270
Fish Cakes, 759
Fish Croquettes, 238
Fisher-maid, The, 647
Fishing for Compliments, 391
Flower, A, 456
Flowers, To Preserve Cut, 720
Flower, How to Copy a, 155
Flowers, How to Make Bead, 356
Flowers, Our Country, 61
Flowers for Picture-frames, Grasses, Mosses, and, 46
Flowers Say, What the, 252
Flower, The Earliest, 289
Fluctuat nec Mergitur, 222
Flying Minutes, Running Hours and, 654
Fly Pattern, 333
Folding Stool, 172
Food for Thought, 155
Foolish Woman, How to Know A, 744
For a Song, 472
Foreign Tongues, The Book of Common Prayer in, 55
Forget and Forgive, 680
Fortune, A Great, 734
For Self, or For Others? 289
For Wilfred, 189
Foundation of All Good Breeding, The, 73
Fountain of Content, The, 503
Four-fold Embroidered Screen, 14
Fowls, How To Rear, 315
Frame for Mottoes, &c., 40
Frames, Glasses, Mosses and Flowers for Picture, 46
Frame Making, 139
French School-girls, 232
Friendship Beyond the Grave, 748
From Strength to Strength, 417, 434, 449, 469, 481, 510, 519, 538, 552, 566, 580, 598, 635, 650, 668, 686, 701, 714, 732, 742, 753
Front, Pianoforte, 41
Fruit, To Eat, 480
Furniture Polish, 407
Fur, To Wash, 366

G

Gaiter, Crochet, 516
Game as Played in Japan, A New, 638
Garden, In My, 345
Gardening, Some Talks About, 409
Gardening, Window, 483
Garfield's Mother, President, 723
Generous Sacrifice, A, 779
Genius of the Family, The, 631
Genius, The Dawn of, 579
Gentleman's Dressing-gown, How to Make, 724
Gentlewomen as Dressmakers, 782
Ginger Beer Powders, 494
Ginger Beer, To Make, 46, 127
Ginger Bread, Soft, 439
Ginger Nuts, 494
Ginger Wine, To Make, 46
Girls, A Prayer for, 424
Girls at Work and Girls at Play, 155
Girls' Buried Names, 32, 46
Girls' Examination in Scriptural Knowledge, A, 243
Girls, French School, 232
Girl's Influence, A, 425
Girls, Literary Work for, 587
Girls' New House, and How They Furnished It, The, 69
Girls' Names, Our, 91, 235, 359
"Girl's Own" Club, The, 564
Girl's Own Exhibition, The, 616
Girl's Own, The, 52
Girls' School, Evening Prayer at a, 91
Girl's Summer Afternoon Walk, A, 52
Girl, That Aggravating School, 9, 30, 44, 76, 94, 110, 125, 141, 149, 171, 205, 236, 254, 285, 317, 334, 351, 363, 381, 396, 411, 427, 445, 458, 476
Girls' Weak Points, How to Discover, 579
Girton College, 128
Glass Painting, Colours used in, 671
Glass, To Clean, 271
Gloves with Coffee, To Dye, 271
God Tempers the Wind to the Shorn Lamb, 607
Goitres, 47
Gold and Silver, The Stamping of, 624
Gold Lace, Stains on, 407
Golden Pudding, 126
Good and Bad Tempers, 263
Good Breeding, The Foundation of All, 73
Good Daughter, A, 395, 599
Good Examples, For All Who Would Follow Three, 198
Good Habits, 395
Good Resolution, A, 270
Good Spirits, The Secrets of, 46
Government of Our Country, The, 214, 419, 531, 651
Grammar of Embroidery, A, 108
Grasses, Mosses, and Flowers for Picture Frames, 46
Grave, Friendship Beyond the, 748
Grease from Silks, To Extract, 14
Great Fortune, A, 734
Guide to Good Habits, A, 819
Guipure on Net, 372
Guipure Work-case, 372
Guitar, How to Play the, 350

H

Habits, A Guide to Good, 819
Hair Getting Thin, To Prevent, 144
Hair, Wash for the, 400
Ham Omelet, 238
Handbag, Travelling, 332
Handel Made Simple, 744
Handsome Features, Kindly Feelings and, 95
Hands, Clasped, 306, 323, 340
Hand, The Language of the, 607
Hanging Pocket, 269, 372
Happiness, The Art of, 366
Hard Cheese, Rather, 734
Hay Fever, To Cure, 816
Haydn, Anecdote of, 731
Head, Cold in the, 687
Health Enjoyed and Sickness Improved, 46
Healthy, Happy, and Beautiful, How to be, 66
Healthy, How to be, 138
Heart, A Dead, 260, 300
Heart, An Affair of the, 309
Hearts, Two, 464
Heathen Deities, Buried, 579, 607
Heaven, How Men would Like to Go to, 814
Herbs, What May be Done with Simple, 581
Here and Hereafter, 297
Her Majesty's Household, and How it is Governed, 20
Her Majesty's Household, and How it is Managed, 154
Heroines, Two American, 58

Heroes, Buried Mythical, 331, 366
Her Sweet Revenge, 81, 97, 113, 130
Hidden Boys' Names, 155, 175
High Tea, The Meaning of, 720
Hints for Christmas Decorations, 169
Hints for Every-day Needs, 670
Hint to the Peevish, 462
Hints on Surgery, Some Useful, 249, 387
Hints, Useful, 14, 126, 238, 303, 407, 439, 486, 494, 525, 571, 669, 759
History, The Right Way to Study, 503
Hoarseness, To Remove, 127
Holiday Afternoons, 85
Holiday, How to Make the Best of it, The, 697
Home Duties, Talking About, 126
Home, Help for Study at, 599
Home, Not at, 631
Home Trades, 139, 342, 426, 810
Honeymoon, Origin of, 415
Honesty, Rare, 62
Honiton Medallions, 756
Horses Finding their Own Stalls, Blind, 595
Horse, The Butcher's, 355
Hotch Potch, Recipe for, 415
Hot Weather, Some Egyptian Recipes for, 702
Hour-glass, The, 775
Housewife, 684
Household Angels, 392
Housekeeper, and How She Overcame Them, The Difficulties of a Young, 4, 118, 182, 265, 345, 413, 491, 553, 613, 691, 747, 803
"How do You Do" in Japan, 462
How to Form a Small Library, 7, 122
Humble Folk, Lofty Spirits and, 155

I

Ill News Comes, When, 711
I Love Old Songs, 16, 740
Imitation, Admiration and, 366
Important Rule in Manners, An, 775
Improve Your Pianoforte-playing, How to, 11
In Action, 734
In Contrast, 248
Industrious Husband, The Unpunctual Wife and the, 270
Industry and Idleness, About, 707
Industry, A Reason for, 155
Infant Class Teaching, 730
Influence, A Girl's, 425
Injustice Punished, 62
Ink Spots, 439
In My Garden, 345
I Promised Father, 1, 17, 34, 53, 65
Inscriptions on Monumental Stones, Copying, 407
Instruction by Correspondence, 274
Instruction by Correspondence, Cambridge System of, 643
Intellect, Women of, 423, 451
In the Churchyard, 216
In the Night Watches, 264
Invalids, Cookery for, 453
Invalids, Occupations for, 75, 202, 364, 715
Invalid, The, 305
Iron, How to Wash and, 18, 107, 219
Islands, Buried, 487, 503
Ivory, To Clean, 240

J

Jam, Cherry, 494
Japan, A New Ball Game as Played in, 638
Japan, Tea-making in China and, 239
Jardiniere for Work or Waste Paper, 757
Jelly, Calves' Feet, 525
Jersey, How to Crochet a, 223
Jersey, How to Make a Boy's, 319
Joan, Darby and, 68
Johnnie, 731
Johnny Cake, 14, 407
Johnny and Peacock, 123
Journal, How to Keep a, 467
Journey, The Sister's, 456, 465, 486
Julia, A Song for, 28
Jumping Down One's Own Throat, 711
Just Out, 775

K.

Keeping Warm, A New Way of, 366
Kerkintilloch, The Meaning of, 256
Kidney Toast, 759
Kindly Feelings and Handsome Features, 95
Kindness, All From a Little, 196
King of the Cats, The, 309
Kitchen, A Letter from a, 215
Kitchen Fender, To Keep Bright a, 271
Kneft, The Meaning of, 239
Knit Mittens with a Thumb, How to, 160
Knitted Leaf Edging, 461
Knitted Petticoat, 41
Knitting, Double, 211
Knitting, Patterns for, 54
Knitting, Rack-frame, 420
Knitting, Sock and Stocking, 157
Knots, Charms and, 775
Kufta, 703

L

Labour Here and Rest Hereafter, 303
Lace, Stains on Gold, 407
Lace, To restore Rusty Black, 303
Lace Work, Point, 309
Lady Maud, 561
Ladies' Work among Soldiers and Sailors, 811
Lady, The Derivation of the Title, 751
Language of the Hand, The, 607
Lawn Tennis Balls. A Good Way of Using Old, 486
Lawn Tennis, Nets, 15
Leaf Edging, Knitted, 461
Leather, To Clean, 336
Learning to Write in Days of Old, 270
Leaves, Skeletonised, 64
Lecture on a Mob Cap, 313
Led by a Child, 776
Legend of Sir Thomas Gresham, The, 479
Lemon Marmalade, 407
Letter from a Kitchen, A, 215
Letters to Her Mistress, A Doll's, 504, 693, 764
Letter-writing, The Art of, 42
Letter-writers, A Hint for, 814
Library, How to Form a Small, 7, 122
Life, A Beautiful and Useful, 366
Life, a Well-spent, 377
Life Frittered away, 127
Life, On the Voyage of, 744
Life, The End of, 155
Life, The March of, 4
Life, The Queen's Domestic, 272, 375
Life, The Stream of, 330
Life's River, 120
Light, Keeping Close to the, 331
Light of the Next World, In the, 63
Light of the Setting Sun, In the, 654
Light, Dark Things Made, 744
Linen or Calico, To Bleach, 400
Linen, To Give a Fine Gloss to, 407
Linseed Tea, To Make, 223
Lion, When One Should be a, 303
Listening to the Chimes, 63
Literary Work for Girls, 587
Little Efforts, 48
Little Kindness, All From a, 196
Little Things that Form our Lives, The, 814
Little Words, 744
Lobster, Curried, 759
Local Examinations, Cambridge, 115
Lofty Spirits and Humble Folk, 155
Lonely, Philosophy for the, 366
Looks and Books, 129
Loss, The, 79
Lost Days, 127
Lost Ring, The, 309
Lottery, A Prize in the, 49
Love, The Constancy of, 772
Love, The Philosophy of True, 654
Loveliness of Woman, To Increase the, 711
Love Old Songs, I, 16, 740
Loving, Doing, Thinking and Speaking, 331
Lowly Pilgrim, The, 429
Low Sunday, Why Called, 271
Lullaby, A, 24

M

Macaroni Cheese, To Prepare, 400, 525
Macaroons, 126
Madeira Cake, 669
Mahogany, To Remove Stains from, 128
Maid of Saragossa, The, 725
Malice, The Right Hand of Charity and the Left Hand of, 412
Manners, An Important Rule in, 775
Man's Extremity, God's Opportunity, 53
Marble, To Clean, 655
March of Life, The, 4
Mare, Polly the Blind, 123
Marion, The Meaning of the Name, 384
Margaret, 209, 500
Marking Ink, Recipe for Good, 439
Marmalade, Lemon, 407
Marmalade Pudding, To Make, 400
Marmalade, To Make Carrot, 352
Manner and Dress, 14
Martyr of Antioch, The, 463
Mary, 91
Mat, Crochet, 268
Mats for Dinner-table, Novel, 757
Maud, Lady, 561
May-Day Festival at Whitelands College, Mr. Ruskin's, 584
May, The Queen o' the, 22, 38, 57, 78, 89, 102, 116, 135, 145, 166, 177, 209, 234, 245, 258, 277, 294, 310, 325, 347, 357, 374, 390, 403, 430, 436
Mean Wish, A, 734
Meat, Scotch Potted, 759
Medium for China Painting, 407
Meeting and the Parting, The, 224
Mendelssohn at the Piano, 126
Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," How to Play, 537, 548
Message of the Bells, The, 203
Method in Teaching the Pianoforte, On, 582
Michal and Mary, 551
Michaelmas Daisy, 497, 513, 532, 545, 569, 577, 593, 609, 629, 641, 657, 673, 694, 705, 721, 745, 758, 778, 785, 801, 817
Mignardise and Crochet Edging, 756
Milk, Baked, 14
Milk Rice, Oriental, 702
Mildew, To Remove, 768
Miller's Daughter, A Tale of a, 503
Miniature, Stories in, 309, 391, 515, 631
Minds, Our, 395
Mind to Work, Setting the, 63
Minster, The Meaning of the Word, 640
Mint Sauce, 238
Mission, The Child's, 723
Miss Rosamond Champflower, and How She Spent her Christmas, 156, 161, 184
Misteen, 281
Mistress, A Doll's Letters to Her, 604, 693, 764
Mixture, Waterproof, 14
Mob Cap, A Lecture on a, 313
Moles, To Remove, 336
Momentous Question, A, 395
Months, New Names for the, 412
Morning, A Spring, 366
Mosses and Flowers for Picture Frames, Grasses, 46
Mother, President Garfield's, 723
Mother Shipton and her Prophecies, 539
Mother, To My, 497
Moths' Eggs, To Destroy, 494
Mottoes, &c., Frames for, 40
Mould on Fabrics, To Remove Spots of, 407
Mountaineer's Bride, The, 360

Mountain Ranges, Buried, 503, 535
Mountain Top The, 806
Mountains, Sunrise among the, 781
Monumental Stones, Copying Inscriptions on, 407
Mourning Attire, 398
Mouser, Strange, 62
Moving Picture, An Extraordinary, 3
Mr. Ruskin's May-Day Festival at Whiteland's College, 584
Mull, The Meaning of the Word, 640
Mummet, The Meaning of, 751
Murder Will Out, 376
Music, 273, 781
Music, 24, 105, 208, 216, 300, 360, 440, 493, 500, 601, 648, 740, 772
Musical, A Division of Time for the, 366
Music Case, Embroidered, 596
Music in the Drawing Room, 238
Music, New, 287, 349, 412, 555, 703, 762
Musical Taste"? What is "A Correct, 83
My Christian Name, 435
My District, and How I Visit it, 59
My Dream, 163
My Garden, In, 345
Mythical Heroes, Buried, 331, 366
My Treasures, 634
My Work Basket, 13, 40, 92, 172, 268, 332, 372, 460, 516, 596, 600, 684, 756 812,

N

Names Buried, 412, 429
Names for American Cities, Fanciful, 366
Names, Girls' Buried, 32, 46
Names, Hidden Boys', 155, 175
Name, My Christian, 435
Names in Scotland, The Commonest, 270
Names, Our Girls', 91, 235, 359
Nasturtium Seeds, To Pickle, 814
Nature, On Sketching from, 36, 124, 179, 279, 283, 405, 521, 567, 737
Naturalness and Affectation, On, 663
Neapolitan Apron, 332
Nebabs, Real Eastern, 702
Necessaire, Toilet, 13
Needlecase, 172
Nervous, A Word With the, 298
Nest, the Eagle's, 739
Net, Embroidery on, 26
Nets, Lawn Tennis, 15
Never-ending Influence, 331
Never Give Up, 136
New House, and How They Furnished it, The Girls', 69
New Music, 287, 349, 412, 493, 555, 703, 762 787
New Names for the Months, 412
New Year Like Mother? What is The, 222
Night Watches, In the, 264
Noblesse Oblige, The Meaning of, 271
North, In the Far, 579
Norwood Pudding, 670
Noses, a Classification of, 174
No Standing Still, 95
Not at Home, 631
Note of Safety, A, 95
November, The Country in, 132
Now is the Time, 127
Numerical Charade, 429, 462
Numismatics, The Meaning of, 223
Nursery Ball, 736
Nurse the Baby, How to, 699
Nursing, The Profession of, 499

O.

Oatmeal Cakes, 525
Occupations for Invalids, 75, 202, 364, 715
Oilcloth, To Paint Worn, 207
Old Christmas Carol, An, 208
Old, How the Young Should Treat the, 51
Old Pot-Pourri Jar, The, 713
Old Songs, I Love, 16, 740
Old-fashioned Wedding Rings, 711
Omelette, An Easy Way to Make, 525
Omelette, 759
Omelette, Ham, 238
Only Happy and the Only Great, The, 503
On Trial, 515
Opportunities, Slighted, 270
Oranges, Eating, 256
Oriental Rice Milk, 703
Original Charade, An, 85
Origin of Salutations, The, 744
Other People's Happiness and other People's Things, 379
Our Bazaar, 627
Our Country Flowers, 61
Our Country, The Government of, 214, 419, 531, 651
Our Exhibition, A Visit to, 644
Our Fellows and Ourselves, 270
Our Girls' Names, 91, 235
Our Mutual Friend Puss, 456, 518
Our Own Conduct and Other People's Happiness, 239
Our Patty's Victory; or, a White Hand, 506, 525, 540, 556

P.

Pack Oil Paintings, To Varnish and, 447
Painting, Medium for China, 407
Painting, Terra-Cotta, 225
Painting, Tile, 728
Painting, Velvet, 504
Palestine Soap, Recipe for, 400
Papier Mache, To Clean, 240
Parable of Childlike Faith, 264
Parlez-vous Francais, 471
Parrot Acquaintances, 247
Parrot at the Register Office, The, 455
Parrots, Memory and Longevity of, 311
Parrots, Revengeful Character of, 309
Parting, The Meeting and the, 224
Part Singing, On, 151
Paste, Short, 303
Path, On the Teacher's, 607
Patterns for Knitting, 54
Patty's Victory; or, a White Hand, 506, 525, 540, 556
Pause Before Saying "Yes," 579
Peacock, Johnny and, 123
Peacocks' Feathers, Screens of, 256
Pearls, To Clean, 239
Pearls, To Restore the Colour of, 543
Peevish, Hint to the, 462
Pence Bag, 92
Penwiper, 332
Petticoat, Crochet, 93
Penny, A Tale of a, 561, 589, 606, 621
Petticoat, Knitted, 41
Pharamond, King of the Franks, 480
Philosophy for the Lonely, 366
Philosophy of True Love, The, 654
Philosophy, The Sluggard's, 744
Photograph, How to Dress When Sitting for a, 79
Photographs, Spots on, 223
Photographs, To Mount, 494
Pianoforte, For Violin and, 440
Pianoforte Front, 41
Pianoforte Keys, Discoloured, 494
Pianoforte Playing, How to Improve your, 11
Pianoforte Practising as it Should be, 46
Piano, Mendelssohn at the, 126
Pianoforte, On Method in Teaching the, 582
Pickled Eggs, 303
Picture, an Extraordinary Moving, 3
Picture-frames, Grasses, Mosses, and Flowers for, 46
Pies and Tarts, 244, 394
Pilgrim Satchel, The, 40
Pilgrim, The Lowly
Pincushion and Tape Measure Combined, 40
Pincushion Work Box, 93
Pins, Take Care of the, 63
Pithy Postcript, A, 79
Plain Cake, 14
Plate, To Wash, 655
Play the Concertina, How to, 488
Play the Guitar, How to, 350
Play Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," How to, 537, 548
Pocket for Fancy Work, 596
Pocket, Hanging, 269, 372
Poem for To-day, A, 21
Poem, How to Recite a, 307
Poetry, 4, 8, 16, 21, 24, 28, 33, 48, 52, 53, 56, 88, 91, 104, 120, 129, 136, 163, 189, 193, 201, 203, 208, 209, 216, 222, 224, 233, 248, 260, 272, 273, 289, 297, 299, 305, 320, 324, 345, 368, 377, 392, 408, 424, 433, 435, 439, 456, 464, 471, 472, 496, 497, 536, 551, 560, 561, 568, 573, 631, 632, 644, 645, 647, 656, 664, 670, 680, 696, 713, 731, 752, 780, 781, 809
Poet's Love and the Poet's Lamp, The, 503
Point de Neige, 160
Point Lace Work, 307
Polariscope, The, 816
Polish, Furniture, 407
Polly's Farewell, 309
Polly, the Blind Mare, 123
Poor, The Difference Between Being Rich and, 95
Porridge, How to Make, 336
Post and Telegraph Offices, Clerkships in, 112
Potato Cakes, 144
Potato Cheese Cakes, 303
Pot-Pourri Jar, The Old, 713
Potted Meat of the Beef that has been used for Beef-tea, To Make, 670
Potted Meat, Scotch, 759
Pound Cake, The Best, 407
Powerful Counsellor, The, 79
Practical Suggestion, A, 571
Prayer at a Girls' School, Evening, 91
Prayer for Girls, A, 424
Preceptors, The College of, 782
Preserve Eggs, To, 271, 668
Preserve Furs, To, 543
President Garfield's Mother, 723
Pride, What it Takes to Gratify, 303
Prize Competitions, 143, 153, 175, 191, 432, 463, 478, 558, 572, 592, 603
Prize Essay, The First, 574
Prize in the Lottery, A, 49
Promised Father, I, 1, 17, 34, 53, 65
Prophecies, Mother Shipton and Her, 5
Proverbs for English Readers, Turkish, 579
Public, How to Sing in, 409
Puddings, 27
Pudding, College, 126
Pudding, Cup, 126
Pudding, Golden, 126
Pudding, How to Boil a Treacle, 462
Pudding, Norwood, 670
Pudding, Scalded Batter, 525
Pudding, To Make a Rich Plum, 400
Pudding, To Make Marmalade, 400
Puff Paste, 303
Purchase a Piano and Keep it in Good Order, How to, 761
Purées, Thick Soups and, 718
Purled Lace, 207
Pussy, What the Superstitious say About, 654
Puss, Our Mutual Friend, 457, 518
Puzzle, Diamond, 412, 429
Puzzles for Christmas-tide, 199, 239
Puzzles, Square, and Answers, 63, 79
Puzzle Word Re-tailed, A, 734

Q

Queen o' the May, The, 22, 38, 57, 78, 89, 102, 117, 135, 145, 166, 177, 209, 234, 245, 258, 277, 294, 310, 325, 347, 357 374, 390, 403, 430, 436
Queen Cakes, 303
Queen's Domestic Life, The, 292, 375
Question, A Momentous, 395
Quickly Prepared Dish for Luncheon or High Tea, 669
Quite Contented, 814

R

Rack-frame Knitting, 420
Rainbows, 677
Ranz des Vaches, The, 808
Rat Exterminator, 407
Rats, The Two, 712
Read Character, How to, 638
Reading and Thinking, 238
Reading Made Uneasy, 63
Recite a Poem, How to, 327
Recipes for Hot Weather, Some Egyptian, 702
Redness of Skin Caused by Cold, To Cure, 127
Regret, A, 697
Remove a Stopper from a Decanter, To, 480
Reply to a Common Complaint, An Unanswerable, 654
Rest, 33
Rest Hereafter, Labour Here and, 303
Revenge, A Brave, 303
Revenge, Duty Before, 62
Revenge, Her Sweet, 81, 97, 113, 130
Revenge in Cats, 727
Resolution, A Good, 270
Rheumatism, Simple Remedies for, 571
Ribbons, Recipe to Clean Silks, Satins, and, 407
Ribbon, To Clean Black, 407
Rice Biscuits, To Make, 480
Rice Buns, 669
Rice, Indian Fashion, To Boil, 759
Rice Milk, Oriental, 703
Rice, Savoury, 759
Rich and Poor, The Difference Between Being, 95
Rings, Old-fashioned Wedding, 711
Rings for the Sentimental, 813
Rivers, Buried, 95, 127, 395, 412
River, Life's, 120
Robin Hood, 271
Rolls, Breakfast, 759
Rosamond Champflower, and How She Spent Her Christmas, Miss, 156, 161, 184
Rose of Ayr, The, 664
Rose, The, 601
Rosemary Wash for the Hair, 815
Round Workbasket, 92
Royal Academy, The, 780
R. S. V. P., The Meaning of, 656
Rude Emperor, A, 331
Russe, Charlotte, 14
Running Hours and Flying Minutes, 654
Ruskin's May-day Festival at Whitelands College, Mr., 584
Rust, To Preserve Steel from, 704
Rusty Black Lace, To Restore, 303

S.

Sacrifice, A Generous, 779
Safeguard and a Pleasant Guide, A, 412
Safety, A Note of, 95
Sailor's Yarn, A, 678
Salads, and How to Make Them, 790
Salutations, The Origin of, 744
Saragossa, The Maid of, 725
Satchel, The Pilgrim, 40
Satin-stitch, Button-hole and, 50
Saturnian Reign, The Old, 416
Sauce, Mint, 238
Savoury Rice, 759
Saving Banks and Clothing Clubs, 798
School, Evening Prayer at a Girls', 91
School Girls, French, 232
School Girl, That Aggravating, 9, 30, 44, 76, 94, 110, 125, 141, 149, 171, 174, 205, 236, 254, 285, 317, 334, 351, 363, 381, 396, 411, 427, 445, 458, 476.
Scorches, 126
Scones, 759
Scotch Potted Meat, 759
Scotland, The Commonest Names in, 270
Screen, Banneret, 756
Screen, Fourfold Embroidered, 14
Screen, The Duchesse, 756
Screens of Peacocks' Feathers, 256
Scriptural Knowledge, A Girl's Examination in, 243
Seasonable Clothing, and How to Make it, 73, 133, 204, 257, 320, 401, 484, 529, 620, 679, 760, 810
Seasons, The, 299
Seaweed, How to Mount, 176
Seaweed, To Press, 494
Secret of Good Spirits, The, 46
Secret of Perfection, The, 309
Selah, Meaning of the Word, 608
Self-help and Mutual Help, 503
Serpent and a Little of the Dove, A Little of the, 654
Servants, The Duties of, 534, 646
Servant, Without a, 571
Setting Sun, In the Light of the, 654
Seven Days, 573
Seven Sleepers, The Legend of, 384
She-Bears, A Reputation for Teaching, 814
Shell Fish, Buried, 579, 607
Shells and Seaweeds, Uses for, 99
Shell Trinket Box, A, 100
Shopping, The Art of, 660, 814
Short Maxims for Everybody, 654
Short Paste, 303
Sickness Improved, Health Enjoyed and, 46
Significant Signatures, 164
Signs of a Little Mind, The, 813
Silks, Satins, and Ribbons, Recipe to Clean, 407
Silks, To Extract Grease from, 14
Simple, Handel Made, 744
Simple Herbs, What May be Done With, 581
Sing in Public, How to, 408
Singers, The, 201
Singing-birds, How to Select and Manage, 799
Singing, On Part, 151
Sister's Journey, The, 456, 465, 486
Sit in Banco, The Meaning of, 671
Six Words, A Will of, 711
Sketching from Nature, On, 36, 124, 179, 279, 283, 405, 521, 567, 737
Skeletonised Leaves, 64
Slander, 324
Sleeplessness, A Cure for, 240
Slighted Opportunities, 270
Slipper, How to Work a Bedroom, 223
Sluggard's Philosophy, The, 744
Small Library, How to Form a, 7, 122
Smiths, the Clan of the, 487
Smoke, 568
Snakes, Stories About, 808
Society, Dinners in, 309
Sock and Stocking Knitting, 157
Sofa Cushion, 460
Soft Cap for Invalid, 92
Soften Water, To, 336
Soft Gingerbread, 439
Soldier Made Soup from a Flint Stone, How a, 515
Soldiers and Sailors, Ladies' Work Among, 811
Song, For a, 472
Song for Julia, A, 28
Songs, I love Old, 16
Songs Without Music, 68
"Songs Without Words," How to Play Mendelssohn's, 537, 548
Sound Advice, 654
Soufflés, Cheese, 155
Soufflés, 142
Soup, How to Make Clear, 633
Soups, and How to Make Them, 498
Soups and Purées, Thick, 718
Soup, Recipe for Palestine, 400
Spanish Sofa Cushion, 517
Spectacled Bear, 14
Spinning-wheel, At the, 331
Spinning-wheel, Barley from the, 654
Sponge Cake, 439
Spring Morning, A, 366
Square Puzzles and Answers, 63, 79
Squatter Expelled, The 712
Stains, To Remove Tea and Coffee, 126
Stamping of Gold and Silver, The, 624
Standing Still, No, 95
Star, Crochet, 268
Starry Sky, The, 186, 252
Starch, How to, 383
Steel from Rust, To Preserve, 704
Stop and Think, 95
Stool, Folding, 172
Stories in Miniature, 309, 391, 515, 631
Storm, After the, 408
Stormy Night, On a, 331
Story, A Ballad, 267, 330, 388, 455, 550, 634, 723
Story, How to Write a, 665
Study at Home, Help for, 599
Strange Mouser, 62
Stream of Life, The, 330
Streamlet, The, 568
Strength to Strength, From, 417, 434, 449, 469, 481, 510, 519, 538, 552, 566, 580, 598, 635, 650, 668, 686, 701, 714, 732, 742, 753
Stopper from a Decanter, To Remove a, 480
Sudden Resolutions, 395
Summer Drinks, On, 547
Sun and Shade, 656
Sunbeam of the Factory, The, 625, 645, 661, 678, 689
Sunburn, To Remove, 80
Sunday Scholars out of School, Our, 436
Sunday School Treats, 707
Sunshine at Last, 353, 369, 385
Sunrise among the Mountains, 781
Surgery, Some Useful Hints on, 249, 387
Surnames, To Change, 207
Superstitious Say about Pussy, What the, 654
Sweetbreads, To Boil, 671
Sweetbriar, 560
Sweet Revenge, Her, 81, 97, 113, 130
Sword of the Tongue, The, 738
System of Instruction by Correspondence, Cambridge, 643

T

Table, An Acquaintance, 155
Table Cover, Border for, 172
Take Care of Broken Bread, 643
Take Care of the Pins, 63
Taking Time to Think, 303
Tale, A Doleful, 56
Tale in Everything, A, 654
Tape Measure Combined, Pincushion and, 40
Tapioca Cream, 525
Tarentella, The Meaning of, 528
Tarts, Pies and, 244, 394
Taste"? What is "A Correct Musical, 83
Tea and Coffee Stains, To Remove, 126
Teachers' Path, On the, 607
Teaching, Infant Class, 730
Teaching the Pianoforte, On Method in, 582
Teaching Tricks to Clever Cats, 227
Tea-Making in China and Japan, 239
Tea Table Cover, Small, 516
Tea Once Cost, What, 303
Te Deum, The Origin of, 750
Tempers, Good and Bad, 263
Tennis Nets, Lawn, 15
Terra-cotta Painting, 225
That Aggravating School Girl, 9, 30, 44, 76, 94, 110, 125, 141, 149, 171, 174, 205, 236, 254, 285, 317, 334, 351, 363, 381, 396, 411
Thick Soup and Purées, 718
Think, Stop and, 95
Thinking, Reading and, 238
Thought, Food for, 155
Thought for the Desponding, A, 654
Thoughts on Treasured Trifles,
Those Who Have Nothing to Say, For, 744
Those Who Speak of Themselves, To, 155
Three Good Examples, For all Who Would Follow, 198
Three-tier Work Basket, 517
Three Things That Cannot be Hidden, 814

Tide Comes In, When, 168
Tile Painting, 728, 793
Time for the Musical, A Division of, 366
To April, 433
Toast, Kidney, 759
To Blossoms, 233
To-day, A Poem for, 21
Toilet Necessaire, 13
Toilet table, and What Should Lie Thereon, 443
Tomatoes, To Cook, 207
To My Mother, 497
Tongue, The Sword of the, 638
Tooth Powder, 64
Tortoise, How to Feed Your, 544
Tory, The Meaning of Whig and, 495
Towel, Worked, 516
Towns, Buried Cities and, 173, 366, 395
Toymaker, Every Girl Her Own, 666
Trades, Home, 139, 342, 426, 810
Travelling Cat, The, 778
Treacle Pudding, How to Boil a, 462
Treasures, My, 634
Treats, Sunday School, 707
Trees, Buried, 331, 366
Tree, The Christmas, 147, 190
Trial, On, 515
Trinket Box, A Shell, 100
Trousseau, Marking the, 32
True Love, The Philosophy of, 654
Truly Zealous, 711
Trust, 8, 104
Truth, Unchanging, 366
Turkish Proverbs for English Readers, 579
Turned Stitch, The Meaning of, 223
Twelve Baskets of Chit-Chat, What Became of, 63
Twenty-one, 388
Two American Heroines, 58
Two Hearts, 464
Two Safe Rules for Every Action, 155

U.

Unanswerable Reply to a Common Complaint, An, 654
Umbrella, The Derivation of the Word, 751
Unchanging Truth, 366
Uncultivated Eye, The, 579
Un Lapin du pays de Galles, 175
"Until the Evening," 644
Unpunctual Wife and the Industrious Husband, The, 270
Upas Tree, The, 512
Upholstery, To Restore Faded, 303
Useful and Beautiful Life, A, 366
Useful Hints, 14, 126, 238, 303, 407, 439, 486, 494, 525, 571, 669, 759
Useful Hints on Surgery, Some, 249, 287
Uses for Shells and Seaweeds, 99

V.

Vain, Waiting in, 519
Valance, Ringed, 269
Valance, with Ribbed Crochet Leaves, 684
Valentine, Your, 320
Valiant Knight, The, 309
Vanity of Earthly Things, 780
Vanity, The Height of, 127
Varieties, 14, 32, 46, 63, 79, 95, 126, 155, 174, 238, 270, 303, 331, 366, 395 412, 429, 462, 487, 503, 535, 575, 579, 607, 638, 654, 711, 734, 744, 775, 814, 823
Varnish and Pack-oil Paintings, 447
Vase, 333
Vase, A Tale of a, 515
Vegetables, Buried, 270, 303
Velvet Painting, 504
Verse-Making, On the Art of, 378, 502
Victory; or, a White Hand, Our Patty's, 506 525, 540, 556
Vine Leaves, Rolled, 702
Violin and Pianoforte, For, 440
Virtue in Adversity, 579
Visit From St. Barbara, A, 391
Visit to King Arthur's Castle, A, 496
Visit to Our Exhibition, A, 644
Voice, Weakness in the, 160
Voyage of Life, On the, 744

W

Waiting in Vain, 519
Waits, The Term, 559
Wall Basket, Embroidered, 333
War by Candlelight, A, 503
Warts, Cure for, 14
Wash and Dress the Baby, How to, 474, 611, 699
Wash and Iron, How to, 18, 107, 219
Wash Chamois Leather Gloves, To, 144
Wash Crewel Work, How to, 96, 431
Wash Eis Wool Shawls, To, 431
Wash for the Hair, 400
Water, To Soften, 336
Waterproof Mixture, 14
Wedding in Egypt, 100
Wedding in High Life, At a, 309
Weddings of the World, 100, 468
Wedding Rings, Old-fashioned, 711
Well-spent Life, A, 377
What is the New Year Like, Mother? 222
What of To-morrow? 651
What One Should Look to, 330
What the Flowers Say, 250
What Then? 496
When the Tide Comes in, 168
Which Can See Best? 631
Whig and Tory, The Meaning of, 495
White Kid Gloves, To Clean, 734
Whitelands College, Mr. Ruskin's May-day Festival at, 584
White Silk Handkerchiefs, To Preserve the Colour of, 336
Whole Art of Being Loved, The, 530
Whooping Cough, Treatment of, 271
Wicker Baskets, Fancy, 93
Wilfred, For, 189
Will of Six Words, A, 711
Wine, To Make Ginger, 46
Willow Pattern, The, 432
Window Gardening, 483
Winter, 272
Wisdom, Seeking for, 503
Wise Sayings from China, 487
Wish, A Mean, 734
Wish, The Editor's Christmas, 193
Without a Servant, 571
Wives and no Wives, 79
Woman, A Brave, 337
Women and Music, 814
Women, Durham Degrees for, 748
Woman, How to Know a Foolish, 744
Women of Intellect, 423, 451
Woman, To Increase the Loveliness of, 711
Women, What a Great Traveller Thought of, 63
Woman's Duty in Woman's Province, 579
Woodpecker, The, 127
Wool Crochet, 275
Words, Beheaded, 638, 654
Words, Little, 744
Word Re-tailed, A Puzzle, 734
Work a Bedroom Slipper, How to, 223
Work Basket, My:—
Toilet Necessaire, 13
Fourfold Embroidered Screen, 14
Frame for Mottoes, &c., 40
Pincushion and Tape Measure Combined, 40
Pilgrim Satchel, 40
Pianoforte Front, 41
Knitted Petticoat, 41
Pence Bag, 92
Round Work Basket, 92
Soft Cap for Invalid, or Old Lady's Morning Cap, 92
Cap, Old Lady's Morning, 92
Work Basket, Round, 92
Pincushion Workbox, 93
Fancy Wicker Basket, 93
Crochet Petticoat, 93
Sweet-scented Basket, 172
Needlecase, 172
Embroidered Wicker Basket for Knitting or Music, 172
Folding Stool, 172
Border for Small Table Cover or Book Shelves, 172
Crochet Star, 268
Crochet Mat, 268
Hanging Pocket for Odds and Ends, 269, 372
Ringed Valance, 269
Travelling Hand Bag for Wraps, &c., A, 332
Penwiper, 332
Neapolitan Apron, 332
Fly Pattern, 332
Vase, 333
Embroidered Wall Basket, 333
Arm Chair, 333
Guipure on Net, 372
Guipure Work Case, 372
Bag for Bathing Towels, 373
Bookmarker, 460
Case for Work, 460
Sofa Cushion, 460
Bead Cape, 460
Knitted Leaf Edging, 461
Corner in Crochet Braid, 461
Card Basket, 516
Worked Towel, 516
Small Tea Table Cover, 516
Square Wicker Basket, 516
Crochet Gaiter for Little Child, 516
Three-tier Work Basket, 517
Child's Crochet Cloak, 517
Bag for Crewel or Crochet Work, 517
Spanish Sofa Cushion, 517
Work Basket, Three-tier, 517
Work, Pockets for Fancy, 596
Pocket Fancy Work, 596
Embroidered Music Case, 596
Housewife, 684
Cross-stitch Powdering, 684
Valance with Ribbed Crochet Leaves, 684
Duchesse Screen, The, 756
Honiton Medallion, 756
Mignardise and Crochet Edging, 756
Banneret Screen, with Cretonne Embroidery, 756
Novel Mats for Dinner Table, 757
Jardiniere, or Receptacle for Work or Waste Paper, 756.
Crochet Stars, 812
Embroidered Powdered Box, 812
Elegant Dressing Table, 813
Lounge Chairs, 813
Afternoon Tea Aprons, Border for, 813
Work for Girls, Literary, 587
Work, Point Lace, 309
Worker, The, 267
Write a Story, How to, 665
Write in Days of Old, Learning to, 270
Writing, the Art of Letter, 42
Wrong, Both in the, 769, 796, 804

Y.

Yarn, A Sailor's, 678
Year Like, Mother? What is the New, 222
Years Ago, 550
"Yes," Pause Before Saying, 579
Young Housekeeper, and How She Overcame Them, The Difficulties of a, 4, 118, 182, 265, 345, 413, 491, 553, 613, 691, 747, 803
Young Lady's Bow, The, 462
Young Should Treat the Old, How the, 51
Your Valentine, 320

Z.

Zealous, Truly, 711